

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 15:

"We'll stop somewhere far enough away from Vegeta-sei to meet with the king. Don't know what's planned afterwards."

Bra looked at the far corner of the room. Even more waiting... it was unnerving. "Okay. Guess I'll wait here." She heard Goten laugh at the other end of the line. The first time she heard of him in a month and she couldn't even ask him how it had went. "Studying is pretty much as awful as everything else. When I know the maths I don't know how they call the equations and it's just... a mess."

"But you're good at it anyway?" He laughed again. It sounded strained. Bra huffed softly, not wanting to alarm him. Yes, she managed somehow, but it didn't make it any easier. "Got some assignment as well. Guess my training starts."

"I've got to go. Don't do something stupid."

"Yeah. You too." He hung up before she was finished talking. She held the phone a while longer before she let it fall down on her bed. One month and she was willing to go to the training assignment just to get out of it for a day or two. Bra hadn't thought for a moment that the saiyans they had first met on the ship had actually been nice. In some way. She only learned it when she had tried to befriend someone at the university. Most of the students were women and some of them even had weirdly coloured hair, so Bra assumed she would fit right in. Unfortunately she had deeply underestimated the racism and classism that no one wanted to hide that was rampant at that place. Possibly everywhere on the planet. It wasn't Bra's weird hair. It weren't her eyes either, not alone. But she didn't have a tail and her fellow students didn't have a lot of trouble telling her that a tailless colony freak isn't allowed to talk to them.

Bra groaned and rubbed over her eyes. She had never been a very easygoing person and making friends was... not something she was good at. But that had never been necessary anyway. She was the daughter of the richest family on the planet. *Everyone* wanted to be liked by her. Nothing had prepared her for the complete opposite. Rolling around, she grabbed the phone again, the one she had gotten on the first day at uni. Worst of all, she hadn't lied to Goten in the slightest. She was able to follow most of the subjects in general, but everything was named differently and she had to catch up to a lot of basics for the engineering classes. She hadn't lied, she was smart

and learnt quickly and that was the only thing that made her not fail completely. Still it required so much hard work. Not that she had anything better to do. University was enough, she didn't dare to wander around the city too much. She itched to do some workouts, at least go jogging, but maybe that was weird for the locals as well. She would figure it out, should she really have to stay longer. Until then...

Assignment to mission 34-FR-9. Multiple day training course, Palace building 64-1-3-5

First floor, third turn, fifth room. That had been all she got. Probably sent by Yasai. Bra laughed dryly. She was so desperate she would even welcome it to see the bitch again. Nappa hadn't shown up after he had dropped her off and definitely no sign of lil Vegeta. Well, training martial arts was some kind of workout as well. Better than nothing.

~~~~~

She had gotten a care package of sorts with the apartment. It had a few clothes in it; a school uniform, a few changes of casual wear and a workout set. Bra figured it was the right time to wear it, although it was awfully tight and short sleeved. It was still winter in the beautiful capital of the planet... Bra absentmindedly picked on the hem of the shirt while she looked at the clock on the wall. Whoever it was who was going to train her was late. Bra looked around the room, wondering what they were doing there anyway. Didn't look like a gym. The floor was tiled and some sort of tank was standing next to the wall, right in the middle of it. Bra raised an eyebrow when she finally heard some steps come closer and it rose even higher when she saw the person who finally walked through the door. It was a tiny woman, probably even shorter than Bra. Thick, black hair, pulled back in a massive bun, olive skin and the same tight uniform her dad was always wearing. This one was aubergine, though.

"Are you Burra?"

Bra slowly nodded while she was getting assessed.

"Where's your tail?"

"Don't have one. Who are you?"

The woman stopped with her once over and took a datapad from the tech next to her. They were all wearing light blue. What did they even...

"I'm group leader Zukka. I was told you are a bastard of my father and volunteered for a few training rounds to test how quickly adults can raise their base power. If that is even possible."

Bra tried not to laugh in her face. So this was her grandmother... she had expected something else. Bra wondered why Yasai had sent her. Didn't Zukka have anything better to do? "Why shouldn't it? Well, guess we'll find out anyway. How is this going, do we start with some stretches or..."

Bra didn't finish her sentence. She barely realized that Zukka had moved before a fist connected so violently with her stomach that she immediately threw up everything she had eaten that day. The second impact broke her spine. Everything went still after that.

The first thing she felt was cold and wet and cold, so cold. Her eyes hurt, opening them hurt too much so she closed them again. After a while, it became easier, still floating in the cold... she opened her eyes again and it was green, green and cold and... Zukka was sitting on the other end of the room, watching her. Bra looked down, her body floating in... it was the tank. She panicked, her heart beat rising up dramatically until the tech knocked against the window and gestured for her to calm down. Bra tried to move and rip off the mask and get out out OUT until the tech pushed a button and drained the fluid. Bra ripped off the mask the moment the liquid sank below her head, breathing so hard her sides started aching. When the fluid was gone completely, a wave of water hit her. She gasped, but it was gone quickly and a door on the side of the tank opened. She stumbled out of it, against the towel Zukka held in her hand.

"What..." Bra coughed again, trying to get her voice working. "What was that?"

"Training. Seeing how quickly you can get stronger."

Bra's eyes moved wildly while she pulled the towel around her. This didn't make any sense. Zukka had almost killed her and... Bra looked up. Zukka didn't look too happy either. So that was it. Instantly Bra tried to lunge to the side, but Zukka grabbed her hair and pushed her down on the floor. Bra felt a foot between her shoulder blades. The foot came crashing down, hard and Bra lost all feeling in her limbs.

"Are you still there?"

Bra whimpered and the foot crashed down again.

The second time she woke up in the cold and wet she started struggling instantly, punching against the glass. She just wanted to get out, to get out and away and not do this again, the next time Zukka would kill her and prove that mixed are weak and that it doesn't WORK and that she won't get stronger by almost killing her and... the fluid drained. The door opened and before Bra even managed to get out of the tank Zukka yanked on Bra's foot and made her stumble down. Bra tried to turn around, struggle, why had she never learned how to shoot energy, why did she have to be so helpless, why did it have to...

This time it was an energy attack piercing through her stomach. Blood was rising up until Bra spit it out, unable to scream although it hurt too much. She passed out quickly.

She didn't struggle the next time. She waited until the tank opened and tried to run again. Didn't work. Didn't work again and again and again, so often until she lost count of it, of the short burst of pain so immense they were enough for a lifetime. *Multiple day assignment.* She stopped struggling. She just stood tall and waited for it.

If she couldn't escape... she would face it head on.

~~~~~

The next time Zukka wasn't waiting for her near the tank. She was sitting on the other end of the room, drinking something hot out of a plastic cup. Bra waited until the liquid surrounding her was drained and the short water shower washed over her before she slowly exited the cabin. She stopped after two steps, waiting. Zukka took a sip and gestured to the towel on the table next to her.

"Why should I get dry if you're gonna get me back into that thing again anyway?"

Zukka took another sip and put the cup on the table as well. "We're done. You're power did rise into the range of an elite."

"Really." Bra got closer, her feet leaving wet prints on the tiles. The moment she stood in front of Zukka she pulled her fist back and punched as hard as she could. Instead of seeing Zukka's bloody face though she only felt pain surging through her wrist. Zukka pressed a little harder until Bra started moaning in pain and her knees almost gave up.

"You'll learn how to do that with another teacher." She let Bra go and handed her the towel. "It's been three days anyway, we're gonna get something to eat."

"Why do you think I want to do that?"

"Because you know I just followed an order. There's clothes for you, get dressed."

Zukka obviously didn't want to move and Bra was too tired to keep on fighting. It had been an order, alright. Not that it justified Zukka actually following it, but she wouldn't hurt her until she got another order to do so. Bra slowly got dressed. Her wounds were healed but she was weary and incredibly exhausted. There was also a coat and a scarf. It was not hers. Zukka grabbed her own stuff and they walked through the building in quiet. They didn't take the subway, instead they went outside where it was snowing again. Zukka pulled her jacket tighter and Bra almost grinned.

"Poor performance for a soldier. Everyone else doesn't seem so bothered."

Zukka didn't even stop walking, she only huffed which formed small clouds in front of her. "I'm not from the capital. Where I'm from the weather is hotter and very humid. This is just shit. Don't know why the capital had to be here."

She started walking faster and Bra had a hard time keeping up. Once they were outside the gates Zukka went over to the parking lot. Bra was still irritated that the saiyans weren't flying on their damn planet and especially that the vehicles they used instead didn't hover either. Their technology was so advanced, but in that aspect... it was almost ancient.

"Come on, it's cold!"

Reluctantly, Bra got inside. The drive was mostly quiet, Bra only looked outside the window and got her first real look of the city. It was bleak. The buildings were all rectangular in dim colours, everything except the roads was covered in snow and there were barely people outside. From time to time there was some lonely advertisement but besides that Bra didn't find anything that would distinguish one road from the other. Only when they had arrived the city center it got better. Shops and cafés, more people. Still bleak though. Zukka stopped in front of a huge café, or maybe it was a restaurant? As far as Bra could tell it at least occupied two stories. It had a tiny sign over the front entrance and tiny windows, barely wide enough to get a glimpse inside. Not like the huge, open windows Bra was used to from Southeast City.

"Bura, come on!"

And so little traffic. Bra didn't know what time it was, but that shouldn't matter. They were right in the middle of the city! Inside, Zukka immediately walked to one of the tables in the back. At least it was better from the inside, with round lights that spread warm, yellow light, looking like a sea of lamps on the ceiling. The restaurant wasn't crowded, but easily half of the tables were occupied. Bra looked around, trying to see the waiters. They were all wearing black and... one of them wasn't saiyen. She almost wanted to point out to Zukka that the xenophobia obviously didn't stretch out to the ones working in the service industry but she kept her mouth shut. She was too tired for that kind of discussion.

The moment they sat down, Zukka immediately grabbed one of the menus and quickly flipped through it.

"What do you want?"

Bra slowly turned the pages, barely looking at it. "I don't know what any of this is. Just order something."

Zukka eyed her a long while. "Is the food that different in the colonies?"

"I'm not from there." Bra leaned back, waiting what Zukka would do. Her hair was still uncomfortably wet and she already felt nervous from her lack of cigarettes. It didn't help, she had to stand Zukka for a little while longer. The waiter came shortly after, and Zukka immediately rattled off a long list names. Bra used the moment to close her eyes for a while. She just wanted to go home and lie down. *Home...*

"I wondered why someone from the colonies volunteered for this."

Bra opened her eyes again, smiling. "Didn't volunteer. I wasn't aware it would mean three days of attempted murder."

Zukka huffed again.

"What?"

"Listen Bura, this is not the kind of assignment that I'm thrilled about. I couldn't say no, it was an order directly from the palace."

"Yeah it's from Yasai. I know what she wanted to prove."

Zukka grinned. It looked threatening on her, but then again all saiyans Bra had encountered so far were pretty threatening.

"You know her? I haven't met her yet."

Bra grunted in response. The waiter brought them their drinks and Bra waited until he was gone to take a sip. It was a weird flavor, but it wasn't bad. She took another one, trying not to gulp it all down. "Don't think I'll ever forget what you did to me, Zukka."

She looked up and the smile had vanished from Zukka's face. "If I hadn't done it they would've send someone else. It's not my fault, I just did my job. There was no way to reject."

"Why you, though? Aren't you too important, being the mother of the prince?"

Zukka eyed her drink, moving it around the table a bit. "That doesn't make me important. I was told you come from a place where family has a high value. And since we have the same father..."

Almost. Bra took another sip. It wasn't as if she didn't know that what had just happened would've happened anyway, but Zukka was the only one she could immediately blame. "You said I'm gonna get trained. You know more than I do right now."

"You'll get your assignment." The food arrived, a lot of dishes in rather tiny portions. Zukka started to eat and explained everything to Bra. She reluctantly ate some as well. It could've been so much better, but Yasai had to ruin it all again. Maybe she was a super saiyen already, erasing every possibility Bra had to punch her damn teeth out. She only hoped that Goten had done that already.

When they were done, Zukka drove Bra back to the palace grounds. She grabbed Bra when she wanted to get out.

"Hey. This was not ok, even if you are only some mixed."

Bra pulled her arm back violently and stared at Zukka for a while before she left.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Two days later she got her new assignment. Training with an instructor, three times a week. After she had slept most of the time since she got back into her apartment she just accepted it. It couldn't get much worse.