

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 16:

Session 1 – 15-259-14-2547

Introductory session with student Bra. Mixed heritage, father Saiyan, mother unknown species. Height 189, weight 31. Below average built, strength enhanced, no obvious disadvantage due to heritage. Amputated limb (tail), effect of it not completely discerned. Student was routinely engaged in physical activity common on her home planet (unknown) which focuses on agility, flexibility and balance. It probably compensates the balance problems due to the amputated tail. Discoloured eyes, but no noticeable problems in eyesight.

Student was taught basic fighting skills. Saiyan style, student confirmed that she was trained by her father. No experience in using ki, no previous transformation into oozaru state.

Student was shown first forms to practice. Depending on the pace the student can pick up new techniques the preliminary training schedule will be adapted.

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Bekya leaned back from her desk and stared at the wall, her mind wandering away from her report. She wasn't quite sure what to make of her new student yet. Bekya had been told that she had been selected for her long experience and loyalty and most likely trustworthiness, but that was exactly what made her curious. Bra was a weird person, but nothing about her explained why someone that high up the ladder wanted her to be trained, and at that age nonetheless. No one had told Bekya but it was obvious that the girl hadn't been born with such a high power level, and there's only one way to do it without her actually fighting. And that was out of the question. Someone wanted to know what Bra is capable of. But for what reason... Bekya huffed, looking over what she had written so far. She had looked at the medical report and if it goes as Bekya already planned it, the girl at least will have her tail back. It should start growing when she used her body in the way it was supposed to. Whoever the father was, that idiot shouldn't have let that race of savages cripple his own daughter like that. Bekya raised her eyebrows thinking about it. Maybe it had been an accident. Either way she didn't want to ask Bra about it, no need to bother her student by making her think back to something that traumatic.

Outline for Session 2 – 5...

Session 7 – 65-259-14-2879

Progress with student Bra is stagnating. She is able to pick up new techniques quickly but fails to use them in actual sparring. Her insubordination isn't improving, usual means of discipline actually enhance the problem.

Bekya stopped at the sentence. Somehow it doesn't seem right to mention it in her report. She had treated Bra like any other student she had had, ignoring that she was way older but she hadn't expected Bra would react differently than all the girls Bekya had trained before when disciplined. But when Bekya thinks back to it, the first time Bra had simply refused to follow an order and Bekya had slapped her for it Bra had looked as if someone had insulted her heritage. And every time after that Bra had immediately shut down, refused to continue her training and one time even tried to walk out. Having had a Saiyan father obviously didn't mean she had been raised like one. She did react well to encouragement though. Bekya didn't mind adapting her teaching techniques and if it meant going to such extremes and treating Bra like a foreigner with high sensitivities... well. She needed this experiment to go as well as possible. It had been an honor that they had asked her in the first place and honestly... she was curious. Bra wasn't like anyone she had ever met. Bekya bit her lip and stared at the few lines she had written.

Student reacts well to positive reinforcement. During the next session, instead of...

For someone that loudmouthed she sure was afraid of a lot of things! Bekya threw her bag in the corner of her living room, annoyed with herself and Bra and the whole day. Every time they made progress with her ki control she backs off and refuses to work on it anymore. Bekya couldn't understand what the problem was. Bra had shown to be a natural in controlling ki but the moment Bekya asked her to actually use it she just shut down. They already swapped their training room, since the ones in the royal facilities made Bra nervous. Bekya couldn't think of any reason why, but she decided it wasn't worth trying to decipher the stupid brat. Sparring went well sometimes, other times Bra managed to get a punch in and usually stopped right after. For being so offended when she is hit Bekya thought that Bra would be a little more willing to give her all. Bekya had already tried to remind Bra that they are doing this on royal orders, she tried to tell her that she's tainting her honor and that of her family by acting like a stubborn child, but whatever species she is mixed with didn't seem to give a damn about the most important saiyen values. It was grating on Bekya's nerves and she was running out of ideas what to do with her. She had to write something in her progress reports and for that she had to find out what made Bra tick.

Sighing, she rubbed her eyes. As if that would be an easy task.

Bra immediately threw herself on her bed when she came back to her tiny apartment. She was exhausted beyond believe. Not enough that she had training sessions almost every day now, she was also expected to deliver at university. And absolutely no one had any compassion or understanding left for her. Bra had been surprised after the first few sessions with Becky that she hadn't been *disciplined* at uni the same way, but they used the at least as effective version of verbally humiliating her. Calling her stupid, calling her mixed trash, using her as an example of what it looks like to be a failure... Even if she had started the same course at home she would've needed time to adjust. She was an economics major, not goddamn engineering on a level that hadn't even been invented on Earth yet! And the way they approached everything was so different! Bra was good at math, *very* good, but although numbers were supposed to be the same they used equations she had never heard of before. All the free time she had left she tried her best to get the missing pieces, without any help or tutoring, all by herself and she was just... so fed up.

At least Becky was nice. Probably the only person on the planet who was a little bit helpful. She was a good teacher, she had hit Bra for not following an order but stopped it right away when she noticed that it didn't have the desired effect. And she had changed the training rooms without Bra saying anything. She never would have. They just reminded her so much of the room in which Zukka had... Bra pressed her lips together, not trying to think about it. Since every time she did, she felt as if a steel band was pressing down on her ribs, taking her breath away and making her heart race so much she was sure she was about to faint and only her stubbornness had kept her from running out of training so far until... until they had left the damn building alone. Becky was nice, but Bra still couldn't make it easier for her by doing what she wanted. When this whole fiasco had started, she had thought getting hit would be the worst. In the end it was hitting someone else. She really didn't want to hurt anyone, and now that she knew how to manipulate ki, she definitely would if she used it.

Bra rubbed her head against her pillow, too tired to cry. And she still hadn't started preparations for the lessons next day. It had been part of her deal to do all this, a deal in which Goten would've been gone for a month and it had been way longer than that already! Suddenly, Bra shot up, her eyes moving frantically. That was it!

Not long after, she stood in one of the tall office buildings of the palace district. She had tried Nappa's apartment, but he hadn't been there, or he had ignored her. Either way this was where Yasai had brought them first. He probably worked here as well. Bra walked briskly to the reception, shaking of the remaining snow from her coat. The woman behind the desk didn't even bother to look at her until Bra cleared her throat. She wouldn't go away until she got what she came here for!

"Hi. Is, ehm, Commander Nappa present?"

The receptionist stared at her for a while. The saiyans obviously hadn't ever heard anything of politeness. "And you are?"

"Bra."

She raised an eyebrow. "Only that?"

"Yes!"

"Mhm." She turned back to her monitor and typed something. A few moments later turned around again. "Doesn't have time."

Bra frowned, feeling a vicious anger rise inside her. She was done with people acting like she was the last piece of vermin on this goddamn trash planet! "Where's his office?"

The receptionist looked taken aback and actually smiled uncertainly. "Why? He doesn't have time for you."

"He's going to make some, because I'm a personal protégée of Commander Yasai and I have to talk to him about urgent matters!" She almost screamed the last part. The entry hall had some nice acoustics.

The receptionist sneered but got back on her computer and started typing again. "He'll come down. You can wait over there."

Bra turned around to a few empty seats on the other side of the hall. She nodded, gritting her teeth to keep from being even meaner to the receptionist. She had done her bit, Bra could release the rest of her anger on Nappa. Everything had been so much easier on Earth... She had been too famous to be ignored. Being the least of everything... it was an experience Bra hadn't needed.

A couple minutes later, Nappa stormed into the hall. Bra quickly stood up and walked over, her little speech about letting her talk to Goten already prepared, but the moment she opened her mouth she got a slap that sent her to her knees. Her ears were ringing, making it hard to think for a good few seconds. Absentmindedly she noticed the wide splatter of blood on the polished floor, right before the pain started to kick in and make her forget everything else. When she wanted to touch her cheek Nappa grabbed her arm and pulled her up again, shaking her hard enough for her head to fly back. The pain made tears shoot up her eyes and she hissed, but he didn't let go.

"What do you think you're doing here? Aren't you busy with your mediocre work that you have time bothering important people? Eh?" He shook her again for emphasis before he pushed her away. "If you do that again you'll get more than a slap! I don't have time for dumb children." He stormed away as quickly as he came in, leaving Bra stunned and hurt in the hall. When she got a hold of herself and turned to leave, the receptionist threw a pair of tissues on the counter. "You should clean that up."

Bra flipped her off, not caring if she understood the gesture and made her way back to her own place. Or better, the place she had been graciously given. This man had raised her dad in another time. It's a wonder he had turned out alright after all.

Becky had shown some concern when she saw Bra's face. It was clear that it hadn't happened from a training session, not the way half her face was black and blue and the swelling so bad she hadn't been able to talk for a good day. They had done some ki control, the only thing that Bra actually enjoyed and left it at that. Becky hadn't asked. She knew that Bra was some weird experiment for some of the higher ups, and Bra was glad that she didn't have to explain her humiliation. Not for the first time she couldn't understand how this race of violent, racist assholes hadn't been killed sooner. Or why she had even bothered to spill information that would keep them from getting killed. So far only one of them hadn't deserved it, and even then she didn't feel too much pity.

On the third day after the incident, the swelling had went down almost completely and Bra was trying to get through some advanced physics textbook when it hit her. There was nothing that could force her to do anything. Without her, Goten wouldn't cooperate and if he knew how she was treated here... grinning madly, Bra threw the textbook away and put on some music from her phone. And relaxed.

Two days later, she got some very desperate messages from Becky. She felt a little bit guilty, but decided to ignore it anyway. The messages got even more desperate the next two days until they stopped. University didn't contact her, but she was a grown ass woman and universities were the same here at least in that respect. She could do whatever she wanted.

On day five, someone knocked on her door. It wasn't the time for her food, so she ignored that as well. It knocked again a minute later. "I know you're in there. Open the door!"

So it was Nappa. He definitely could come in if he really wanted to, so Bra turned around on her bed and continued scrolling through the photos on her phone. It was painful, all the happy ones with Pan, but it was so normal and nice that it was bearable.

"I just want to talk. Open the door."

They all said that. Bra almost wanted to shout it back at him.

"Please, Burra."

She stopped scrolling for a second. Had he just...? She sat up, staring at the door. If she was honest, he couldn't do shit. He would hardly drag her to her lessons and sit next to her so she wouldn't bail, so there was nothing to lose. Sighing, she got up.

"Yeah?"

He huffed and she enjoyed the worry written plainly over his face. He pushed her aside and walked into the room. Bra only mouthed 'you're welcome' and closed the

door behind him.

"Why aren't you going to your lessons anymore?"

Bra looked at the ceiling, taking her sweet time answering. "Hmmm, maybe because I don't want to? This isn't working out for me. I don't see why I should do it."

"You said you would!" He was looming over her, but she didn't care. He couldn't harm her. There was too much at stake. She slowly stroked her cheek, still dark blue. "I did, but now I don't want to anymore. Goten's not back. If you want to get rid of me I'll gladly go. Just put me on the next spaceship and I'm out of here."

He moved a step back, staring at her with his black eyes. She had always liked that about her dad, it made him look so different from everyone else. Now she started to hate that piercing stare from everyone around her. "What do you want?"

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me, Burra. You know I can't let you go. You're the guarantee we gave our king so that Yasai..."

Bra laughed, harsh and loud. "As if I give a DAMN about Yasai's standing! She can rot in hell for all I care!"

They stared at each other, until Nappa gave in a good while later. "I can't let you go. I would prefer it if you would continue with your lessons. Tell me your conditions."

She pressed her lips together. So this was all she was going to get. "I want to talk to Goten. At least once a week!"

"You can't, he's..."

"And with whom will I share all my secret knowledge, hm? If I can't talk to him I'm gone the second you leave this room!"

It took a bit of contemplation, but finally he nodded. "What else?"

She grinned. Now they were getting somewhere. "I can't do university lessons and training without help. I don't know what you're getting out of me learning how to build spaceships, but if you want me to continue I need some tutoring. I haven't been schooled here, and only the fact I'm incredibly smart has managed me not to drown completely. Someone nice. Deal's off if someone else hits me or insults me."

He huffed, but nodded again. "You most likely stay here anyway, and you proved to Yasai that you learn quickly. Better make you a productive member of society."

"And a guinea pig to see if mixed people train well? I'm not gonna tell you where I'm from."

"I don't care." And he looked like he meant it. He obviously liked Yasai, but he also

didn't seem to be behind her newest obsession too much. "What about training?"

"That's fine. But give me some money, I need to get out of this place or I'll go crazy!"

Nappa grinned and grabbed his wallet from one of his uniform pockets. "Now that's an easy request."

"I mean it. Enough for me to get around."

"If you want to travel, you can fly outside the city. The cities around the equator are nice this time of the year." He handed her a card. "No one will question you if you show them this."

She eyed it, but it was very nondescript, only some numbers.

"My call. Now. Or... I'll use this well." She grinned and moved her hand away quickly when he tried to snatch the card back.

"Don't think I can't force you!"

"And who's your bait for the super saiyan then, huh?"

He sneered, his hand twitching, but it stayed at his side. "You stupid brat, Yasai should've kicked you out the airlock!"

"But she hadn't." Bra smiled at him sweetly.

He briskly walked out and Bra quickly grabbed her coat and followed.

"*Are they treating you well?*"

"Yeah." Bra smiled, ignoring the little tear that was running down her cheek. "When you get back here I'm ready to kick Yasai's ass."

Goten laughed. He sounded so tired. "And you? When do you come back?"

"I don't know. They all can comfortably ascend now, and I've been hanging back with Yasai for a while, but she wants to depart the next few days. I was told one of the other's was going to pick me up."

"What does that mean? Why can't Yasai take you to this hellhole?"

"I don't know shit. I'm sorry, no one is telling me anything and after..."

He fell quiet so suddenly that Bra immediately perked up. "What? What is wrong?"

"Nothing. I'll tell you when I know more. I'll do my best to get back to the planet. We've done our bit, when I'm back we can start finding a way back home."

She smiled, although she didn't feel very joyful. "Yeah. I'd like that."