

# Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

## Kapitel 19:

Bra hadn't heard from Goten for over two weeks and when the news hit. She saw the video, how Yasai popped Freeza's head like an overripe fruit, but she knew that Goten was somewhere around her as well. She didn't know how to feel about it, now that it was over. Now it was final, this universe would never be like her own. She would probably never be born here. But all that Bra could think of was that hopefully she'd get to see Goten again.

Despite everything, it didn't change much. Of course everyone talked about it and some mused what it meant for the Saiyans and the galaxy as a whole, but in the end it was for the important people to act. The ones who were just doing their jobs... weren't involved in it. And if she was honest, Bra didn't mind. It was so mundane that it felt nice after months of stress and craziness.

"Morning Bura!"

Nana dropped her bag and flopped down on the chair next to Bra. She hadn't been sure what to make of her, Nana was kind of skittish and somewhat silly, but she also immediately took Bra under her wing, showed her around the office and supervised her. Bra didn't know if that had been planned, but then again... it was nice being treated like a person again. Of course she had gotten some weird looks on her first day, but now that she had a tail it had decreased tremendously. And considering that some of her colleagues had hair in multiple colours, it wasn't that obvious anymore.

"Heard today there'll be an official announcement from the palace. If Sabji is okay with it, we could watch it later."

Bra rolled her eyes and eyed the door on the far end of the huge office. "Her *highness* probably understands that we want to know what's going on, now that the big leader is gone." That was the only unpleasantness of her new occupation, but nothing could be perfect. Sabji was the head engineer and boss of the place Bra had been transferred to. And she was probably the most unlikeable person she had ever met. Which meant something, considering it included Yasai.

"Shh, Bura. Not that she hears you!" Nana looked over her shoulder worriedly, as if Sabji would pop up suddenly.

"Don't worry, she went into her office twenty minutes ago. We're safe." Bra leaned forward and smiled, which seemed to set Nana at ease.

"Still. Better safe than sorry. So, what are you working on?"

Bra quickly went through her review of the latest documents for the new spaceship Nana was working on. She didn't understand everything, but it helped Nana if she asked questions. And she was a much better teacher than anyone at that damn university. The only problem seemed to be that she considered herself a bit of an artist on a planet where no one cared for art. It was kind of obvious, with her hair in bright pink, purple and dark blue, her box braids pulled back out of her face and her equally colourful clothes. It looked nice though, with her dark skin. Bra wondered if it was impolite to tell someone that she liked their style...

"Okay, good, let's go over this section again. I think we need to work out the new ventilation system more, I put a lot of effort into this and I'm presenting it this afternoon and... what?"

Bra tried to suppress the grin, but it was hard. She couldn't tell Nana that she acted exactly like Trunks when he was nervous. It was adorable. "Nothing. How about you phrase it like that then..."

Later that afternoon Bra was sipping some of the coffee-tasting drink they got for free and was smoking in the break room, enjoying the silence. The office was sometimes too noisy and she needed a bit of quiet now and then... So far she didn't know if they were allowed to watch the news, but they would show it again for at least a few days anyways. Bra didn't expect much to change for the people on the planet. Her musings were interrupted suddenly when someone threw the door open and quickly walked to one of the benches on the other side of the room. When she heard something that sounded a lot like sobbing, she finally stood up from the couch she had been lying on and to get a look. It was Nana, curled into a ball and crying like a child. Bra didn't know what had happened, but she figured her boss had something to do with it...

"Hey Nana, everything good?"

Nana looked up, her eyes red and swollen and surprised. "Oh, oh Bura, I thought no one... I'm sorry, this is awful, I shouldn't..." She started crying even harder thanks to the embarrassment and Bra decided to have mercy on her. She sat down next to her and patted Nana's knee, making sure she stayed close enough for comfort.

"What happened?"

Nana didn't answer for a long while. Bra startled, lost in thought again when she actually did. "My... our proposal for the new ship. Sabji didn't like it."

Of course she didn't. From what Bra had learned in the two and a half weeks she was working at the place, Sabji was a really good engineer but hardly ever trusted anyone else to do a good job. She knew it was a royal facility, but Bra wouldn't have minded if

they had transferred her somewhere else.

"Well, if the bitch said what she didn't like we can try and make it better, right?"

"Bura! Don't talk like that!"

"Just saying what everyone's thinking..." She smiled and Nana even stopped crying out of terror. It was a start. "Well, are we allowed to watch the announcement?"

Nana nodded and wiped her tears away. "Yeah. It starts soon."

"Then let's get you presentable again, right?"

When they were watching the speech half an hour later, Bra was still not over the scene she had to witness. Of course everyone could see that Nana had bawled her eyes out, but no one seemed to care. That either meant compassion was even worse than Bra had assumed for those damn people or that it was such a common occurrence that no one cared. Somehow, Bra figured it was the latter and that didn't sit right with her at all. She barely listened to the king ramble about how the Saiyans will go ahead as a shining example for the new order of the galaxy and how it's a time to show what Saiyans are made of bla bla... They weren't any wiser after it, just as she had expected.

And it only took two days to confirm all of Bra's suspicions. She had been late that day, the subway had some kind of malfunction and it was definitely too cold to walk for twenty minutes, so Nana was already there, her face swollen and one of the piercings in her nose missing. She had one on each side, golden and shiny and hard to miss.

"Who did this?"

Nana looked up, startled at how furious Bra was staring down at her. "Wha... good morning." She tried to smile but grimaced immediately. It hadn't been too long ago that Bra had been on the receiving end of a slap like that. "Nana. Who hurt you?" It took so much to stay even that calm, which wasn't saying a lot. The two people on the desk next to them were already staring. "I... I had a meeting with Sabji this morning. She said our report was sloppy and that I spent too much time with unnecessary details instead of working out our new plans for the engine and..."

"And then she hit you?"

Nana shrugged, not looking up. "She had to reprimand me a second time, it's just fair. I got away last time."

"*Fair*. I think you and me have different ideas about that." Bra felt a rage boil inside her that was more intense than she had ever felt. Why was it that this planet treated everyone like trash who was the least bit nice and pleasant? She was so sick of it! Without thinking, Bra stormed off, right into the devil's den. Sabji was sitting on her desk as if nothing had happened and for her that was probably even the case. She

looked up, her gaze piercing through one good eye and one artificial one. Maybe that was why she was such a bitch. Bra couldn't imagine the Saiyans were nice to disabled people.

"Get out of here before I make you." She snorted and got back to her work when Bra stomped around the desk and pulled Sabji out of her chair.

"I'm so sick of people like you on this fucking trash planet!" Sabji tried to get Bra's hands off, but she only released one to backhand Sabji hard enough to crash against the wall. She pulled her back and punched her again, noting with satisfaction the splatter of blood that flew on the desk, all over the monitor and the keyboard. Bra had acted just like them. But that seemed to be the only language they understood. She let go of Sabji and took a step back, looking at the damn woman coughing and rubbing the blood from her nose.

"You know, I'm just an intern with nothing to lose. If you hit another one of them I'll be back and you'll get more than a bloody nose."

Sabji stared at her with pure hatred, but she didn't say anything. Maybe she couldn't.

When Bra walked out, her heartbeat caught up with her actions and she let out a deep breath. Her hands were shaking from the adrenaline. But she had done it. She had done the right thing. No one dared to say anything to her for the rest of the day, but when she got ready to leave, Nana pulled her outside where the other engineers were already waiting.

"Bura, we've got something for you. A little surprise."

She tried to ask but they didn't say more, just ushered her to the subway. On the way, one of her male colleagues, she didn't remember his name, stepped next to her and quietly told her: "I had a meeting with the boss this afternoon. She was pretty beaten up and didn't scream or punch me as usual." He smiled and Bra wanted to hug him and everyone else. This was insane! And this was what she had helped save.

When they reached their destination, Bra immediately recognized the tiny blinking neon sign as a bar. Well, saying thanks seemed to be universal between cultures.

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"...and she took my carefully presented report and threw it out the window! Just like that! I was only glad she didn't throw me right after." Another guy she had barely ever spoken to started laughing and everyone chimed in. Bra couldn't feel quite as cheerful while listening to all of this and she was also way too sober for the rest of them, but there was a lot of pent up frustration and it was nice to see them unwind. They obviously needed it.

"What about you, Bura? Are the superiors in the colonies like that?" Someone slapped her on the back, spilling her drink on her knee. She managed a strained smile while

she rubbed at the wet spot. "I... I knew a few who were kind of mean, but in general no one got violent."

"No one?" A woman with short black hair and incredibly huge eyes stared at her with an open mouth. "Damn I should just migrate there."

"But this is the best place to work on ships." Another woman with a short afro responded.

"I know." A collective sigh went through them and Bra decided it was a perfect time to excuse herself. When she got back, Nana was already bouncing eagerly. Bra wondered what would come now, since it was quite late and no matter how amped up everyone was they still had to show up the next day anyway.

"Bura, it's getting late and we're leaving. You just have to say who you want." Nana nodded happily, obviously quite drunk already. "Who I want? For what? I'm not drunk, I can get home by myself."

Nana frowned and said: "No no, Bura, who do you want to fuck! This evening is for you, right? Before we all go?"

Bra eyed them all, their eager faces. All eleven of them. Nappa had asked her a while ago and if she wasn't mistaken this was their actual way of showing someone their gratitude. But Bra had enough of Saiyan customs for a day. "Thanks, but... but no. It's not how we do it where I come from. But I had a great evening."

There were a lot of confused looks and questions if she was sure or if they had offended her but in the end they accepted what Bra still hadn't understood until then: That they were too different to ever feel comfortable around each other.

When Bra walked the few steps from the subway to her apartment building on the palace grounds, only the snow crunching underneath her feet, the thoughts were running through her head like a storm. Back at home, she had never hit someone. She had been mad, seriously mad when she thought back to the work she had done for several animal rescues and how she had wanted to hurt some owners like they had their poor pets, but she never did. Because she knew that those people would get their punishment. But here... people like Sabji weren't only tolerated, she was one of the most prestigious engineers on the planet. Bra had looked it up. And she was sure that the matter wasn't over, that Sabji would get back at her somehow. It made her sick, thinking that she had to become like them just to... be a good person. When Goten got back, she wanted to leave this place and never come back. And if possible, she wanted to take her dad with them. He deserved better.

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Surprisingly, nothing followed the days after the incident. Bra was on edge for a while, but after it stayed calm she started to relax. Everyone was treating her kindly, helping her out when her understanding of rocket science met a limit and trying to get her acquainted with life in Vegeta-miyako in general. Bekky had done some work in that area, but now Bra realized how different it had been. They just acted as if she

was an exchange student, telling her about all the places to get good food and what it was made of, where to go for some entertainment, what clothes were the latest trend and some customs Bra still could hardly grasp. Though she wasn't too enticed about the idea of watching what sounded like cage fights in her free time, and even cinema and theater, which *were* a thing didn't spark an interest. She would've loved to listen to some music, but no one else on the damn planet seemed to do that! Still, she wasn't ungrateful. She had already lived through the alternative and this was much better. If only Goten would finally come back...

When Bra finished her smoke break, Ebi was waiting next to her desk. He was a tall, pale guy with long, dark brown hair. She nodded and when he didn't move she looked at him inquiringly. "Yeah?"

"Someone's waiting for you outside."

Bra frowned and said: "What? Who?"

"Don't know, but she wanted to see you. That's all." Bra shortly looked after him, wondering who in hell even knew her to pay her a visit. The moment she stepped out the front door though it became clear as day.

"You!"

Yasai was casually leaning against a wall, barely recognizable in a huge jacket and a beanie that she had drawn deep into her face. "Good to see you too, Bura. Come on, let's walk."

Bra didn't move an inch. "I don't think so. What do you want? Where is Goten?"

Yasai sighed and came closer. "Gohtin is where he's supposed to be, on Commander Cilek's ship. I wanted to see you so can we walk now, a few steps? Or do I have to carry you?"

Realizing that Yasai wasn't going to spill anything if they didn't get going, she finally nodded. Snow was slowly falling, but it had become less and less in the last few weeks. Maybe it was time for spring. When they were a decent distance from the building, Yasai started chuckling which convinced Bra that the bitch had lost it completely.

"What's so funny."

"I only came over to thank you for punching my mother."

Bra eyed her for a moment, and then it dawned her. "Sabji is your mum? Well, that explains a lot..."

"Don't worry Bura, she's the worst and she definitely deserved it. Who would've thought there's something to you after all. Didn't think anyone would dare..." She continued chuckling, way too happy.

"You're welcome, I guess."

"She actually filed a complaint, that's how I know. No one's bothering right now, too much going on with Freeza being dead and his empire in ruins, but still. Made my day."

This was so wrong. If Sabji was really Yasai's mum, she shouldn't be so happy to know her mum had been hurt. She hated this planet so much, she couldn't even comprehend it anymore. "Good for you. And... congrats on killing Freeza."

Yasai stopped and slapped Bra hard on the shoulder. She stumbled forward, but Yasai was still beaming so she figured it wasn't meant to hurt her. "Thanks to you, Bura. I won't tell anyone else that some mixed were involved, but, you know. I know. And don't worry, I'll keep my mother from being a pain in your ass."

If she expected her to be grateful... "Aha. Are you here to get some reward for your service to the empire?"

Yasai huffed, which seemed a strange reaction. "I accompanied our prince back home. That's all. Anyway, don't want to keep you from your work any longer. If you get a chance... no one would mind if you punch her again." Yasai laughed out loud and walked off, leaving Bra on the sidewalk with more questions than ever.

"They are all insane."