

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 23:

Yasai picked out a few brown leaves from the palm tree in her kitchen. The stupid robots were good enough to water them when she was away, but they couldn't change their programming when the plant wasn't feeling well. Yasai would've preferred to just keep them on her ship, but it was too damn cold on it. She huffed and looked at the clock on the wall. Not long now. After three weeks on the planet, Nappa finally gave in and accepted her invitation. It wasn't... that they hadn't met which bothered her. They had gone much longer times without even a short message. It was the fact that he purposefully avoided her. To say he had been angry when they had flown back to Vegeta-sei was a massive understatement. She had tried to talk to him, explain her in hindsight maybe a bit too rushed decision to murder Freeza, and when he didn't listen she blurted that one thing out, that she shouldn't have mentioned. Not that time, and maybe not ever. *"What was I supposed to do, let you die?"*

It hadn't been the only reason, but he hadn't given her another chance to tell him that. To make matters worse, once they had gotten back she had had an amazing meeting with the King, who had screamed at her for half an hour. Nothing that bothered her too much, but... what bothered her though was the utter stupidity and *incompetence* that followed when she was simply shunned from everything that was happening at the palace. She had gotten a medal, yes, and that was it. She had achieved the unthinkable and everyone had been able to see it, still there was no celebration and there was definitely no planning. At least none that she was involved in. And it made her furious! She had tried to, yes, and had been brushed off as if being a commander wasn't good enough. What else was she supposed to do? It was already the highest rank they had, should she be the fucking queen?

Yasai's eyes widened as she stared at the small pile of brown leaves. Now that was a dangerous thought...

Her doorbell rang and she decided to leave it exactly where she found it.

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"You're here."

He stared at her for a moment before he pushed past her into the hallway. Yasai took a deep breath before she closed the door and said: "If you're not talking to me you

could've stayed where you were."

"Are you even sorry for what you did?"

He was so angry... it didn't make any sense! She had saved his damn life! "No. Not at all."

"Do you even know what MESS YOU MADE?" He turned around, staring down at her threateningly. "I wasn't in danger, we had a plan and just so you could stroke your ego we will have a war through the whole galaxy!"

Yasai stood there, unflinching. She felt her aura flickering dangerously, but she managed to keep it under control. "I expected that."

His eyes widened. "And you think that makes it any better?"

"It would if I were part of the planning right NOW!" He took a step back. He wasn't able to feel ki, but she was dead sure he could sense that she was done being nice. "If I had thought anyone would listen to me I would've gratefully been part of a royally sanctioned mission, but that wasn't going to happen! Do you wanna know why? Or did you, Nappa, but decided groveling at the king's feet was most important to you, even more so than serving your own people, your planet or ME!"

He didn't move. Better for him.

"Nothing I do will ever be good enough. He told me I'm stripped of my rank and should get ready to pop out some brats to make sure my good genes aren't wasted. Wasted on WOMEN, because that's what this is about! I wasn't going to save the damn prince, I don't give a fuck if he drops dead this second, but I wasn't going to stand by and watch how Freeza was going to humiliate us and murder you, for what? So that I didn't forget my place? I'm the strongest saian in existence and I will not be told WHAT TO DO from that piece of shit sitting on the throne right now! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

He was quiet for a long while as she heard the blood rushing in her ears. "I do. There had to be another way."

She pressed her hands into fist to stop them from shaking. She didn't want to hurt him and she knew if she ascended right now she wouldn't be able to keep her calm.

"What had been the great plan? I'm curious. What had been your mission?"

"Protecting the prince and gathering information on what Freeza was planning."

Yasai stared at him for a few seconds before she burst out laughing. It was what the mixed bastards had told her, they already knew what was going to happen, but they would rather DIE than listen to Yasai and some nobodies. She shouldn't have saved them. She doubted they had been worth the trouble.

When she stopped, she was barely able to breathe anymore and tears were streaming down her face. She sat down hard on the floor and looked up at Nappa, who was obviously completely at loss what to do.

"Are you still mad at me?"

Nappa slowly shook his head. "I... has he really said that to you?"

"I would never lie to you."

And that was it. That was all she had to give. Maybe he would realize it now.

He held his hand out and she took it. Maybe... he did.

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Nappa's chest was moving slowly, steadily. It was a little uncomfortable, but Yasai didn't want to move her head from her spot near his heart. She was shivering slightly in the cold air of her bedroom, still naked from earlier. It... had felt good. Had he still been angry with her, she would've known it.

They had talked after her breakdown, or whatever that had been. Nappa hadn't been able to believe what the king had said to her, how *weak* he wasjjjjJJkőjafdökjhe was, but that was fine. At least Nappa had listened and promised to keep her updated on what was going on at court. And... it left her time to think. She knew she had to stay on the planet, even if she ached to go back to her ship and bring some order to the chaos, even if every fiber of her being wanted to *fight*, but there would be a time for that. Right now, she needed to be where the decisions were made.

She slowly stroked over Nappa's chest hair. It was too soon to tell him, to get him involved. He hadn't been part of the abuse, he had only been on the sidelines all those times when Yasai had been in the crossfire of people telling her she never had had to work for her accomplishments while at the same time getting told that she would never be good enough for anything. He had been the only one on her side, since the beginning. Since he had kept her own mother from aborting her. She chuckled softly, but stopped immediately when Nappa sighed only to roll over. He almost covered her completely and she felt perfectly... safe. Well, Sabji had wanted a boy, but life wasn't fair was it? And... she had sworn not to be forgotten in this universe as she was in the one the two bastards came from. It was hard to go against everything she had been taught from birth though, but if the events of the last few weeks had proven her anything, it was that almost all of that had been crap. The king would rather die trying to hold on to a status quo that had never benefitted the saiyans instead of finally DOING something. He didn't deserve the throne.

Yasai eyed Nappa's face. She couldn't do it alone. She needed support, but... it would take time. If she dumped it all on Nappa at once, he would panic and retreat. The fundamentals of his life had always been to serve the king and the throne and despite all the evidence he was still fiercely loyal to her damn father. But she would stay and show him that he would do better to put his loyalty to someone worthier. To *her*.

She eventually drifted off while she plotted her next steps.

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Bra got a good, long look at her new home while they approached the vessel. The *Goran* was a medium sized ship, long and flat and in a washed out light grey colour that made it even uglier. As far as she knew it held around 200 people currently and its purpose was to deliver food and other necessities to a few of the big command ships. Usually, a relatively boring job, but with the current delicate standing of the Saiyans in the galaxy it made their runs to space stations to fill up a little... more adventurous. Bra snorted, trying to keep her beating heart under control. She was afraid, *of course* she was afraid but it didn't help. She had to stay calm to figure out how to get away. It was the only option she had. And immediately after, she would go and find Goten, wherever the fuck he was. She had no doubt that he was fine, even if she didn't want to admit it but he was good with people and he had no tail. If he had gotten away from the Saiyan ship they had put him on, he would find his way around for sure. Content with that, she waited for the docking.

Over an hour later, some unenthusiastic crewmember had picked her up in the docking bay and shown her to her quarters... if they could be called that. She had a bed in a room that fit 20 people and a storage area under the bed for her stuff. Not that she had a lot to begin with. The sign on the door had indicated that the room was for the service personnel, the cleaning, kitchen and maintenance staff and Bra wondered if they had put her there because she was actually part of the maintenance crew or if they simply wanted to humiliate her. Her job description had the title engineer in it, after all.

She flopped down on the bed after she had stashed her clothes and little else under it, staring at the ceiling for a while. She should probably tell Esse... if she was honest, she had felt pretty angry after she had had some time to think about her last conversation. *We're family now*, talk about laying it on thick. She knew Esse had picked her out because she had looked like another miserable foreigner, being at her worst at that time and maybe it was standard protocol to tell other miserable creatures your sob story but somehow... Bra would've appreciated it if Esse hadn't done that. It felt as if she had another obligation now and with everything else going on she absolutely didn't need it.

Sighing, she rubbed over her face and grabbed her communicator. '*Arrived well, hope everything's fine for you.*' She turned it off, tipping the edge of the communicator against her chin. Then again, Esse had been pleasant company for the last few weeks and... a *friend*. Bra didn't know how it would turn out on the ship, but it definitely wouldn't hurt to have someone to talk to. When she managed to get away, she wouldn't see Esse again anyway. She would have to understand that you weren't a family with one sad story.

A while later, Bra made her way to the mess hall, when someone almost ran into her. "Hey, you're new! I love your hair!"

Bra eyed the girl that looked up to her eagerly. She was almost as tall as Bra but she looked very young. Bra would've guessed her at 13, but that couldn't...

"Oh, your eyes are insane! How did you do that?"

Bra frowned. The uniform said security. *It means soldier.* And once again, without prompting, she got another reason to hate those bastards.

"Genetic defect. Who are you?"

"I'm Arktan!" The girl beamed at her and Bra had a lingering suspicion that she had acquired a new pet.

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It was hot and humid on station 466B, to accommodate the majority of its inhabitants. Goten felt himself tug on the collar of his shirt every few minutes for the illusion of a breeze. His beard was itching and his too long hair was getting in his way and he was severely fed up.

He'd been here a week and so far he hadn't had a chance to contact Vegeta-sei. It didn't make sense to travel anywhere else until he managed that, but the station was pretty hostile towards the saiyans, not that he could blame them, but it made it so much harder to get a call through. There was also... the problem with whom to call. If he couldn't reach Bra, there was no one else on the planet he could trust. Yasai might help him, but he wouldn't bet on it. In the end he had killed one of her friends and committed treason.

"Hello."

Goten looked to the side, at a small boy with brown skin and black hair and huge eyes smiling at him. "And who are you?" He looked about four or five and even with the tail hidden underneath his clothes he was very much a saian.

"I'm Daikon. Who are you?"

Goten smiled, quickly scanning the surrounding area. He was sitting in one of the recreational areas on the main deck of the station. The child was probably not on his own and the parents... could be useful. "Goten. What are you doing here, all on your own? Where is your mum?"

Daikon giggled. "Mommy is gonna get some food. You smell weird. Why?"

The same moment, someone grabbed Daikon's arm and ripped him harshly backwards. "There you are, what did I tell you about running away?" She shook him and when Goten looked up he wondered why Daikon ever disobeyed his mum. She was huge, with the same brown skin and three nasty gashes running diagonally over her face. Her hair was hidden under a headband, but it only softened her angry expression a little. She eyed Goten for a moment before she straightened to her full height. "Travelling alone?"

"Seems so. I didn't want to abduct your son."

She snorted while Daikon tried to pry his mother's fingers from his arm. "Why would you? Probably got enough of those at home."

Goten smiled, his brilliantly charming smile. "I'm not from... from the main planet."

She got the hint and a tiny smile crept on her face. Nodding, she gestured behind her. "We're eating over there, want to join us?"

"I'd love to." Goten smiled again and made a mental note to thank the little brat in some way or another for his assistance.