

Make a Difference

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 25:

Anjana's ship had circled the station during her stay. Goten could watch it from one of the viewports in the hangar and it was huge. He wondered what kind of business she did, or... if he really wanted to know. So far, the blue woman had picked him up and they were waiting for the boss before they could board her ship.

"Hey, what's your name?"

The woman ignored him, staring straight ahead at the open hangar space. Goten huffed and said: "Been a bodyguard long? I can't imagine doing something like that, it seems rather boring. All that standing around..."

She eyed him shortly. At least something.

"...watching your boss sitting in a bar. Don't you get flat feet from all that standing up?"

He chuckled and she almost moved her head to look at him. "Occasionally I get to kill someone." She grinned and looked back at the hangar. Goten decided that it was enough conversation for now.

A couple minutes later, Anjana appeared, the blue man and two other people trailing her. She was tall, towering over Goten, but so were her lackeys. Goten had never viewed himself as tiny, and he had to admit... it was kind of intimidating.

"Sento! There you are, boy." She said something to the blue woman in a language he didn't understand, but she grabbed Goten's arm and pushed him forward, so he figured they would board now.

"How long will the flight be?" He'd find someone else at their new location, if he couldn't goad Anjana into letting him use her communication system.

"Hm, a couple days I think. That sounds good to you, no?"

Goten smiled, toothy and cheery and Anjana seemed content with that. The ship had definitely more flair than the saian ones. For one thing, the interior wasn't a dull grey meant to crush your soul or a dirty white to remind you that you will never have nice things, but... it was some kind of crème colour with matte bronze finish. The

gravity on the station had been lower than on Earth and it was even a little lower on the ship, which made it hard to walk for Goten, but if that was all... it was definitely more comfortable than the other way around. It was a little uncomfortable to walk between the bodyguards, though. As if he was a criminal. Well, technically he was one, but did that even count for non-saiyans?

"Sento, most of this doesn't concern you. Dojassa will show you where you can stay." The blue woman who finally had a name gave him a shove and he followed her away from the previous group. She didn't look very strong, and her ki wasn't all that amazing as well. Okay in comparison with other fighters he had encountered. Though she was quite pretty by his standards, very symmetrical face, long, dark brown hair and slim with decent sized butt. She noticed when he checked her out though and gave him another push. "Not gonna happen, asshole."

"No need to be rude, Dojassa. I still got eyes."

She grunted and didn't say another word until they entered a huge room in pastel orange with a work station and a king sized bed on one side, a door to a bathroom, he presumed on the other side and a gigantic couch in the corner. It was pretty clean cut and definitely... a bit too much. "You sure this is the right one?"

"Exactly where you are supposed to be." She grinned and her teeth were jagged and grey. It gave her a frightening appearance and Goten wondered if smiling meant the same in her species than in his. "Get comfortable. You're not allowed to leave. Anjana will come over later."

Definitely some kind of sketchy business... Not that they could stop him if he really wanted to get out. "Fine. Can I place a call from that station?"

"No." With that, she left him and he saw her get in position in front of the door before it slid shut. Well then.

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Three hours later, Goten had showered, looked over the whole room, considered showering again, tried reading something but nothing was in a script he could decipher, tried to figure out by smell what was what in the bathroom for an impromptu beauty routine since that would still be more fun than doing nothing and... he turned on the station. Two seconds later Dojassa opened the door and gave him a look that was saying all there need to be said. He was monitored. He decided spontaneously not to shower again.

In the end, he settled on the couch and tried to outline a plan how to figure out where Bra was. He didn't get very far, his lack of sleep from the last few days made him loose track of his thoughts constantly and he had barely decided if Bra had left on her own or not when the door opened and Anjana entered. She was wearing a mint green overall that didn't look too nice with her skin as well. Maybe she saw colour in a different spectrum as he did...

"Sento! Got bored? Heard you went on my desk."

Goten frowned, looking around the room again. Her desk? Why did they leave him in her room? Did... oh no. He took a deep breath, getting ready to kill any attempts immediately. He would not fuck that damn woman!

"I thought you didn't mind if I placed a call or two."

"Hmmm." She opened her overall and let it slide to the floor. At least she was wearing shorts and a T-shirt underneath. "Shouldn't you earn something like that first?"

She sauntered over to him and sat down on the couch, closer than he liked. "Let's have dinner. You never told me what species you are. I don't want to poison you accidentally." She chuckled and Goten felt a very real urge to run away. That was new and he didn't like it at all. "I'm... I'm a saian." Better safe than sorry. He couldn't think of another fitting species at the top of his head like this.

"A saian? Where's your tail? Is that why they kicked you out? All alone, hm?"

"I..." He jumped up, too nervous to stay close to her. "I think I gave the wrong impression, back on the station."

Anjana leaned back, resting her head on her hand. "Not really. You're simply a little..." She looked at the ceiling. "Innocent. Come on, sit down. Now."

He felt his knees buckle and his breath getting stuck in his throat, but a moment later, he felt fine. Anjana hadn't moved an inch and Goten wasn't sure if he was... going crazy right now. What the fuck is happening??

"I told you to do better research next time. Hm, next time."

The door opened and a scaly, small creature brought two trays with food piled on them. It put them down, bowed to Anjana and left as quickly as it could. She only lifted her hand lazily and waved Goten over. "Come, now, little saian. We can still have dinner in peace."

She probably didn't want to poison him. She definitely didn't threaten him anymore while she was eating. He still couldn't bring himself to eat more than a few bites. When she was done, the small creature came back and Goten wondered if he should follow it. He felt a certain kinship all of a sudden. But the moment passed and they were still sitting on that damn couch and he wished desperately to be anywhere else.

"Who are you?" That... was the wrong question. He gestured vaguely and said: "What... kind of business do you have?"

"Organized crime." Her eyes gleamed and she leaned forward, saying in a sing-song voice: "Told you..."

"You realize you can't hurt me? I'm stronger than all your bodyguards on this ship."

"Ah ah ah." She waved her index finger in front of his face. "So innocent. Listen, little saian, you can lie as much as you like about where you came from, what you did, why they cut off your limb or why you won't tell me your name, but since you're so cute I'll let you choose. Do what I say and we'll spend some pleasant time together or don't... and it will only be pleasant for me. What do you say?"

Goten swallowed, hard. There was no reason for it but he was still feeling the anxiety rise. She intimidated him and he had no idea how she did that.

"I'll get a shower and let you think, little saian. Choose wisely."

She left him with a hammering heart and panic in his brain. This was not good. Not good at all. The moment she disappeared in the bathroom he got up and ran to the door, forgetting about the low gravity which made him fall flat on his face immediately. And then... he couldn't get up. He struggled to move a muscle, he tried to scream and crawl but nothing worked until he was sure he was going to die, he was going to suffocate on the damn food, on the few morsels, maybe she got off from killing random people and... and all he could think was that no one could tell Bra that he was dying miserably on some mob bosses plush carpet and she would waste her time looking for him while he was freezing in the vacuum as another piece of trash and... he felt tears burning in his eyes, reminding him that there had never been a more pathetic person in the world and finally he let his head rest on the floor, waiting for it to end. That's what he got for thinking it would work out. That's what he got for being a stupid, fucking idiot.

"My my, thought there was a little more fight in you." Anjana leaned down and he opened his eyes. She was naked, still wet and smiling brilliantly. "Poor little thing. Let me take care of you. What do you say?"

He coughed and realized he could talk again. She wiped a tear from his face and he only whispered: "Ok." What else was left anyway?

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Anjana was sleeping soundly next to him, her breathing loud and even. He wondered if he turned around and strangled her if she would have enough time to paralyze him again. That had to be it, after all. She had left the bathroom door open and she had made him struggle when he had gotten up from the couch the first time. It was the only explanation and... it made him sick to his stomach. The one species that could harm him and he willingly walked onto their ship. There were other's like her on it, of course. If he killed her, her subordinates would simply murder him afterwards.

He looked at his hands, lying still next to his face, wondering why he felt so... he had said yes, after all. He had agreed and she had of course fucked him, even if it had taken a while for him to even get hard, but he had put in some effort when she had told him she could give him a little something for that. Was that really fun for her? Or was it degrading and humiliating someone that got her off? He closed his eyes. If she was happy, she would let him get his calls. She had talked about a few days of travel, there was no reason to assume she wanted to keep him any longer. He could get

through this. It was only sex. He could do it. He would simply put it on the long list of things he would never tell anyone.

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"Bura, can I have your communicator?" Bra looked up from the text she was typing to Esse right into Arktan's big, black eyes. She was really good with the puppy stare, she had to admit. "What for?"

"Come on Bura, I should have some lives again. You're not even using it right now! Please? Please, Bura, please!"

Bra did her best not to smile and instead pretended to think about it. She couldn't deny that Arktan reminded her a lot of her nieces and if she didn't think about the fact that a little girl was viewed as capable enough for being a soldier it was almost somewhat like... home. They weren't so different from humans after all. If they were allowed to.

"I don't know, I thought I'd try a few levels myself."

"Bura!" Arktan grabbed her arm and leaned against her, puppy eyes in full mode. Bra couldn't contain it anymore and started grinning widely. "Why are you always torturing me?"

"Because it's so much fun! Here you go, you'll be done in ten minutes anyway." If she had internet, she would've bought Arktan some lives on Candy Crush, but unfortunately she had to play it the hard way.

"You also got that card game, that's fun."

...or simply switch to something else. Sighing dramatically, Bra got back to her text. "We were dirtside today but I wasn't allowed to leave the ship again. Barely anyone was, made it bearable. Arktan is still trying to be tough and failing miserably and I was invited to dinner tonight with the cleaning staff. Could be worse. Slowly getting the hang with the repairs. What about you? Did you hear from my friend?"

She turned off her communicator and after a moment of consideration decided to bother Arktan while she was struggling with a nightmare level. Nothing more fun than that...

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"I'll stay on Vegeta-sei indefinitely. I can't hand over command of the ship officially at the moment, but I don't plan on coming back to it."

Nasu nodded slowly. Yasai knew he had hoped for it and was only trying to reign in his excitement. Well, she didn't mind. She had bigger fish to fry.

"What are you going to do on Vegeta-sei? Are you going to hunt down King Cold?" He was staring at her as if she was made of pure gold. Maybe... maybe he wasn't all that

wrong. She grinned, only saying: "Eventually. I need to get a few things in order first."

"I will take good care of your ship, commander!" He slammed his right fist against his chest and it made Yasai ache a little. Not so long ago, she had been just as eager for her command position. Times were changing... right now, no one was bothering with King Cold while a lot of the saian territories were trying to beat down the unrest in the controlled planets and even the colonies weren't running smoothly by themselves anymore. This was where she was needed, this was where she would shine. They could hunt the King later. She would make sure it would be another one of her victories and afterwards, no one would dare to put her on the sidelines again.