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"You said she was dead, Steve. How is this possible?" I ask, looking back at Steve who was pacing by the head of the table.

The entire team had gathered in the conference room, even James came back to the compound when he heard of what happened. Everyone was puzzled, confused— but no more than me. I watched her bleed, I pulled the trigger and I couldn't understand how it's possible for her to come back alive and enhanced

"This is the woman you shot at Tony's party?" James clarifies, sitting across me with a concerned look on his face.

"Yes." I confirm, and Steve finally stops in his tracks. He had been silent for most of our time there, walking around with furrowed brows and a pursed lip, a thin layer of sweat covering his skin.

I had never seen him so disturbed.

"Was she dead or not?" I ask, my impatience slowly shining through as Wanda gently rests her hand atop my own under the table.

"She... was." Steve replies— but I don't miss the way he glances at Natasha before he speaks, or the uncertainty his tone held.

"She said The Corrector sends her regards. The Corrector, the same name that man who attacked me in London gave." I try to piece together, but nothing at all was making sense.

How is Estelle enhanced? Why is The Corrector after me? and how the actual fuck did they create a dagger that is capable of killing me? It was like my world was slowly shaking, tearing apart. Everything I knew, I began to question. I thought I couldn't die and yet I almost did. I thought Estelle was gone and yet, there she was, alive and healthy and enhanced when just months ago I watched her lay in a pool of her blood.

"You all do realize that there's only one person in this entire place who can give us answers, right?" James chimes in, glancing at each of us but eventually settling his eyes on me. Then it clicks.

Lara.

"If the man who tried to stall you in London works for The Corrector— then it ties him to Lara. He was part of their plan." James further explains his point.

"I'm going to speak to her." Steve makes a move to rush out, but I shoot up from my seat, going to block the door before he could even get through.

"No." I hiss, a hand on his chest that stops him in his tracks. He looks at me, surprised and confused as I drop my grip.

"If anyone's talking to her, it's going to be me." I say lowly, there's a split second flash of fear in his eyes— a puzzled look that sticks to me as he eventually takes a step back.

"I'll go with her." Natasha speaks up, gaining everyone's eyes and before I could even protest, Natasha cuts me off.

"I'm going with you." She presses, and since I didn't want any further complications— I just let it happen.

Natasha and I slip out of the room, leaving the rest of them back as we head down to Lara's floor. Not a word was spoken between us, both of us stuck in our own heads probably recounting the daunting events of the night. The stress was blowing through the roof, the air was cold and still as we step out and make our way into the lab.

Natasha stayed outside, letting me go into Lara's room alone right as Jess spots her. I leave them be, stepping into the room to find Lara in the corner, writing on the book I had given her. It almost hurt, because if the night hadn't been so torturous then I would have marvelled at the sight. I would have been over the moon to see that my present to her wasn't in shreds in the corner, but in her hands.

She had the same focused look she always used to put on when we were kids, brows furrowed and her bottom lip rolled in as she scribbled. She almost looked young again, like the same little kid who spent hours plastered on our bedroom floor drawing anything and everything under the moon.

"Lara." I say with grief, not wanting to disrupt her little bubble but I knew I had to. She snaps up at me, almost looking ashamed as she tosses the book onto the ground and scrambles to her feet.

"What do you wa—" She begins defensively, but her sentence fizzles out when her eyes travel to my chest.

The grey sweater I wore was torn right where the blade burrowed, streaks of blood soaking the fabric as she falls into silence. I could see her connecting the dots, the wave of realization so subtly washing over her as her eyes meet mine. She looks stone cold, like she was on the verge of shutting down as I try to ignore the fatigue that always seemed to plague me after an attack.

If I didn't know any better, i'd even say she looked sad.

"Lara... who is she?" I ask softly, tiredly as I tried my hardest to keep a steady balance for myself.

"I don't know what you're talking about." She replies flatly, turning on her heel and walking over to her bed before taking a seat on the edge.

"I think you do." I breathe, wincing at the feeling in my chest. Even breathing was painful and I hated— I loathed how weak I felt.

"I don't." She mumbles, burying her face into her hands as she lightly shakes her head. My knees go weak, and I use whatever strength I could muster to get myself to the chair in the corner of the room.

"Please." I whisper, my labored breathing catching her attention as she snaps up to look at me once again. Conflict swam in her gaze, locked in a battle inside her head as she stared back at me.

"How many times?" She asks softly, almost inaudibly like she was afraid to let her words trace the air.

"Twice. One last week and... tonight." I sigh, the memory roaring fresh in my mind as anger fills her features. She shoots up from her bed, fuming as she glares at me.

"This is your fault! You— you deserve it." She says, but it doesn't slip with resentment. It almost sounds like she's trying to convince herself— like she's trying to believe herself.

"Who is she, Lara?" I sigh, my breathing shallow as I try to ignore the ache in my bones. Lara could see me wincing, her eyes widening momentarily like she had just realized the pain I was in.

"Why would I tell you? Why would I ever help you when all you've ever done for me was leave?" She says shakily, angrily as I wire my eyes shut. I was so tired, just as drained as I felt the first time around. Maybe even worse.

"I had to." I whisper, hanging my head back as I take another pained breath. I could feel her burning stare, the panic in her demeanor rising with every passing second.

"Do you know what he did to me?" Lara whispers, the fear in her voice was cold and raw, enough to force me to open my eyes.

"What?" I breathe, watching she steps closer to the glass. She was shaking, her hands buzzing by her side as her chest rose and fell with a prominent heave.

"Adam's not my father. He's yours." She says finally, taking me back to the words she uttered in that warehouse in London. I merely thought she was being resentful, that she was only condemning him— but hearing it fall from her lips spun my world.

"My father is Mikel Albach. Not Adam Kovacs. It was Mikel." Lara reveals shakily, her dark eyes glossing over as she keeps her unwavering stare planted on me.

"When you left Adam blamed me. He wanted nothing to do with me and one night he— he woke me up and dragged me to the car. He said we were going on a trip. Then he stops and it was so cold and so dark and he told me to get out, that we were going to play a game." Lara says, her breathing staggered, every part of her shaking as horror fills me to the core.

"He took my hand, led me out to the trees and he wrapped his tie around my head— right over my eyes. I told him I didn't want to play, that I was scared and cold. I begged him not to make me play." She said, tears streaming down her stone cold face as she spoke. She didn't even look like she knew she was crying while I sat on the edge of my seat, everything inside me frozen to the bone.

"He said we have to play. He told me to put my hands over my ears and sing, he said I could only take the blindfold off when the song was over. He sounded so... different. He sounded insane. But I did it because I was afraid— I was so afraid." She continues, wincing as the memory floods back to her. I rise to my feet, every step I took sank my heart, made my stomach turn as she only watches me.

"The song finished... and he was gone. I was alone, in the middle of the night in a forest with nothing but my pyjamas. I didn't even have any shoes. I wandered for weeks, weeks, Lexa. I saw things... I felt things I can't even begin to describe and all I could think of the entire time was how you promised never to leave me and yet you were nowhere to be found. Nowhere." She seethes, her words shot through my chest— the pain was worse than that fucking dagger. This one shattered me, every bit of me, shredded to pieces I couldn't pick up.

"I woke up in the scariest, most painful places and you weren't there until she found me. She found me and she made me just like you. She showed me who you are— and gave me the one thing I asked for. I wanted to make you pay. I wanted you to feel every single thing I felt. She saved me— when everyone left me out for dead so no, I will never help you." She says slowly, gut wrenchingly dragging out her words like she was turning the knife jabbed into my heart. I was so close, the glass just inches away as she steps towards me, looks me in the eye and opens her mouth.

"I would rather watch you die." She says, tear stained cheeks and burning resentment dripping from her lips as I shake my head— trying to understand all she had revealed.

"You're a traitor, you've always been a traitor." Lara seethes, ramming her hand against the glass, sending a chilling thud booming through the room as I shake my head.

"No— no. That's not— no! I didn't... You're lying." I look to her, puzzled and heaving as everything I thought I knew crumbled right before me.

"You betrayed me. You killed my father." She seethes, never looking away as her palms press to the glass. I stumble back, realization hitting me like a train to the chest.

" And now you're working with the people who killed you." She says, her words ringing in my ears as I look back at her in horrified confusion. I wasn't sure if I heard her right— if my head was so fucked up that I was imagining things.

"What did you say?" It falls from my lips in a shaky whisper, her eyes going wide as realization covers her features.

"You didn't know." It comes out as more of an observation than a question, her gaze looming over me like she was trying to make sure her assumption was right.

A twisted smile breaks out onto her lips, moving her face so close to the glass her breath traces against it. She's looking me right in the eye, knowing that my whole world was entirely at her mercy, dangling on whatever words leave her lips next.

"Your little widow killed your father." She breathes, and I watch my world go up in flames. Lara has the same look in her eyes, the deranged amusement she has with watching me shatter before her eyes.

Everything blurs, the ringing in my ears was deafening as all I hear are her words over and over. My mind was going a million miles an hour, scrambling to understand the truth it held. I didn't want to believe it — how could I?

She was telling me Natasha killed my father, the Natasha who changed my life, the girl who saved me countless times, who never hesitated to put her job or her life on the line for me– the one standing right outside that door. How am I supposed to even begin to grasp that? How am I supposed to just... accept it.

"Why don't you ask them? Why don't you ask your shiny little family what they know about Adam's death?" Lara taunts as my back hits the wall, the pain in my chest spiking to an unbearable degree as all I could muster to do is shake my head. No— no. It's not possible. It can't be. I know Natasha, she would have never done that. She would have told me.

I know her.

"Tell me, do you trust your friends?"

"No. You're lying. You're trying to get into my head— you're lying!" I scream, my voice burning in my throat as my bones shake within.

"What would I gain from lying to you? Ignorance is bliss and I would never grant you that kindness. You could never deserve it." Lara says, the sickening smirk on her lips never falling as the words leave her tongue.

"It can't be true." I shake my head, but she only chuckles. She chuckles at my suffering and I barrel forward, my hands crashing against the glass in an impact so great the lights flicker as Lara's eyes go wide.

"All you have to do is ask." Lara smiles and I step back, the air becoming harder to breathe with every passing second as I bolt out of the room.

All eyes snap to me, all the doctors and guards— and Natasha. My stomach turns under her gaze, standing next to Jess with surprise smeared onto her features. I freeze, she's looking at me like she was waiting for me to tell her what was wrong but my voice is frozen. The only thing I could do, was run out of the room.

Natasha's calling out for me, going after me down the hallway as I reach the elevators. My hands are shaking as I press the button desperately, hearing her footsteps drawing near spikes my anxiety. When she was around, I used to feel safe and now— I wasn't sure. I didn't know what the truth was, but I was going to find out.

The doors ding open, and I stumble in. Natasha slips through at the last second, heaving as she tries to catch her breath. I'm not looking at her— I don't want to look at her. I was so afraid, terrified out of my mind that i'd look at her and realize Lara was right.

"What happened? What did she say?" Natasha questions, but my eyes are wired shut and I flinch when her hands meet my skin.

"What— what's wrong?" The concern in her voice was so prominent, so painful and desperate as I wait in silence for the doors to open.

"Lexa." She begs, but it only burns through me.

"Lexa!" She grabs me by the shoulder, the force taking me by surprise as I open my eyes and shove her back out of pure instinct— and maybe because I was confused. Natasha hits the wall, eyes wide in surprise as I look at her with horror.

"Did you kill my father?" I push it out, even when it felt like blades tearing through my throat.

I finally ask her, I ask her and she goes white. All the blood drains from her face as tears begin to well up in my eyes. I'm begging, begging the universe for it to be a lie. I'm begging Natasha to laugh and tell me I was crazy, to tell me Lara was merely— trying to mess with my head.

But she doesn't say a word.

She just... looks at me and my blood fucking boils because why isn't she telling me it was a lie? Why wasn't she trying to defend herself? Couldn't she see that I was at her mercy now? Everything was falling apart and I was so desperate to hold onto something that I would have believed her— even if my gut already knew the answer I would have believed her if she just told me it wasn't true.

But the doors open and Natasha still hasn't said a word and my heart completely, and utterly breaks. I storm out of the elevator, not waiting to hear if she's coming after me and I turn down the corridor that led to the conference room. Suddenly things start to piece together, Estelle's words, that hushed conversation I caught them having days ago— the look on Steve's face.

With every step, clarity strikes me like a sphere through the chest, twisting with the sharpness of my anger. I needed answers— whatever those may be. I needed it. I storm into the room, all eyes looking to me, everyone ready to ask me what had happened with Lara when I go straight for Steve. I grab him by his shirt, the fabric balled up in my fists as I lift him with the conviction of my emotions and slam his back against the wall so hard that it sinks him in.

Lights flicker above us, everyone rising from their seat as Steve's startled eyes stare back at me in surprise. His feet are lifted just inches off the ground, the wall behind him cracked and caving against the impact as I look him straight in the eyes.

"Who killed my father?" I ask, staring him down as all the confusion, all the shock drains from his face and is replaced by horror.

He goes pale just as Natasha did, loose blonde hair dangling in front of his sweat covered forehead as I press him further into the wall with a grunt.

"Who killed my father!" I scream, and he reaches his hands to wrap around my wrists. Shaky and gentle— apologetic as he gives me this look, this soul crushing look that will forever be etched onto my brain.

"I can explain." Natasha's voice floats through the air as I snap to look at her over my shoulder, letting Steve fall to the ground as I turn to her. Everyone was holding their breath, Wanda trying to wade her way to me but I don't even care.

"All this time... you've been lying to me?" My voice cracks, tears filling up my eyes as I feel my heart set alight. God, I thought that alley was the most painful moment of my life.

Turns out I was wrong.

"Lexa, it's not what it sounds like." Natasha tries to reason, despair painted onto her features but she was... a completely different person to me now.

"I trusted you so much, Nat. How could you do this to me?" I can feel it, the warm stream of tears trailing down my face as Natasha breathes out in pain.

She winces, almost looking away once my tears flood. Everyone was still looking at me, dead silent and frozen, just watching me fall apart. Wanda tries to reach for my hand, but I yank it away as I snap to look at her. She looks devastated— and it tortures me, what i'm about to ask.

"Did you know?" I shakily say to her.

Apparently, that naive little part of me wasn't finished existing because I still found myself hoping that she'd shake her head, that she'd pull me into her arms and kiss me breathless and tell me this was all a bad dream.

I wanted her to wake me up under the covers on a cold morning, her sleepy smile and heavenly green eyes peering back at me, telling me none of this was real. I wanted so desperately for it to be some twisted nightmare, to not lose everything I just found.

But she doesn't tell me to wake up.

She doesn't kiss me, and I don't feel covers on my skin or find myself in my bed with her sitcom left playing for the entire night. She just has the same, sickening look on her face. The same one Steve had, the same one Natasha had and I wire my eyes shut as I feel myself get torn to shreds.

"Please tell me you didn't know. Please." I finally beg, tears slipping out despite my eyes being so tightly shut.

"I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry I—" Wanda barely gets to finish her sentence before I open my eyes, turning back to Steve who couldn't even look me in the eyes.

"What else did you not tell me? What else was a lie?" I find the last bit of strength to speak, seething as his eyes stay glued to the ground.

"Why did you fight Jess outside my room that night?" I turn to Natasha when Steve merely sinks in silence.

My frustration booming through the roof because nobody was fucking answering and I needed them to say something, to say anything because I could feel myself losing my mind. Every suspicion, every moment that didn't make sense to me began to float back and I wasn't going to leave that room until somebody gave me answers.

"Why?" I scream, desperate— pleading as Natasha meets my stare with glossed over eyes.

"She wasn't just here to evaluate Lara." Natasha finally speaks, her voice being the only sound in that chillingly still room as she takes a deep breath to continue.

"She's here to evaluate you too. If a person is deemed too dangerous to be reformed— the government can call for execution. It's a process not many people know about and Ross is building a case against—" She begins to explain, but I don't need her to finish to see the picture she was painting for me.

"They want to kill us." I finish for her, getting to the point Natasha looks away— pained and utterly destroyed.

"What?" Wanda snaps from beside me, sounding genuinely surprised as she looks between Steve and Natasha.

"We were doing something about it. We were never going to let it happen." Steve begs to reason, but I only feel weak. None of my beatings, none of all the torturous things i've been put through could ever compare to the way I felt standing in that room, watching everything fall to pieces.

"You... should have let me die in that alley." I turn to Steve, his eyes filled with shame and desperation as he tries to approach me, but every step he took forward was one I took back.

"You should have let me die tonight. That... that would have hurt less than this." I say flatly, feeling like everything in me had been emptied out as I harshly brush past Natasha to walk out of the room.

I don't even wait for the elevator, I head right to the stairs just to get to my room quicker. The moment I step inside, I fall to my knees, the paralyzing pain covering me like a thick blanket I couldn't peel off. The most violent sobs escape my lips, burning my throat as I fall limp completely, curling up on the floor of my bedroom.

The pain was unimaginable, indescribable as I laid there. The whole world tuned out, blurred and burned around me. I have never felt more alone in my life. In a split second, all I've had— all I knew was yanked away from my grasp and i'm just left with nothing. Pitch black, nothingness. I was thrown into the void.

At least when I was with HYDRA, I knew Lara. I knew I was alone, I knew I had something to fight for. This time— I had nothing. I felt so utterly pathetic, so stupid and maybe that's why it hurt so much more. It hurt a million times worse because I actually fucking fell for it. I stood with them, dined with them, fought with them, laughed with them like some pathetic, naive toy they were playing. I felt more violated, more used than I ever have in my entire existence.

At least at HYDRA, their monstrocities were out in the light. At least there, I knew who they were. I knew I was dealing with twisted people but here— god. I loved them, I trusted them so much. I trusted Natasha— Steve, I fucking loved Wanda. I loved her with everything I had and now i'm just laying here like a lame, wounded lamb. I didn't even have the strength to fight any of them, even when I was so heart breakingly angry.

Then my stomach turns so violently, but my body is as good as a puddle of tears so I crawl, I crawl to the bathroom, prop myself over the toilet and I spew out everything my stomach contained. I can feel a hand on my back, my hair being swept out of the way as I cough into the bowl, my throat feeling more like sandpaper than anything else.

"I'm right here." Wanda soothes softly, her hand making gentle circles on my back as I close my eyes and try to will away the physical pain I was in. I felt weak, nauseous, like my bones have melted into nothing inside my body.

"Please leave." I mutter before going to vomit again, my tears still streaming down my face as I feel the depth of how pathetic I looked— crying and puking over a toilet.

"I'm not leaving you." Wanda says in a sigh, still holding my hair back as I make a move to get up.

Right as my knees give out and I fall back down, Wanda slips an arm around my torso, assisting me up until I could stand and plant my palms over the counter of the sink. I lean over, tilting the faucet open to fill my mouth with water as I try to wash away the foul taste in my mouth. I wish It were that easy, to take away the way I feel inside, to drain it out of me like the aftertaste of how fucking sick I felt.

"Please leave." I breathe, still hunched over the sink as Wanda keeps a steady hand on my waist.

"Lexa I only found out a few days ago. I begged them to tell you— they said they would when the time was right." Wanda pleads, sounding so defeated and afraid as I kept my eyes on the counter. I didn't want to see myself in the mirror, nor did I want to see her. I couldn't.

"You still lied to me." I mumble softly, and she completely wraps her arms around me. Her body flush, pressed agaist my back as she holds onto me for dear life. I can feel her crying, tears soaking the fabric of my sweater as her shaky grip holds me in place.

"I didn't know how to tell you. How could I ever begin?" She says softly, her touches burned with yearning, pleading for me to stay without saying anything at all.

"Just lay with me. I know it hurts— I know I can never understand but just stay. Stay with me." She says, pulling away enough for me to turn around. I could have melted into her right then and there, my body screaming to just let her hold me, even if nothing felt the same anymore.

I think that was the moment I made a choice.

That single moment, Wanda's tear stained cheeks matching my own as she looks back at me in fear. The same fear in her eyes when she found me bloodied, when she thought she had lost me. She looked like a child again, begging to hold onto the last thing that kept her safe.

I can tell how much she wants to take my pain, how much she wanted to change everything. She cried as if our hearts broke as one, as if she lost everything too— like she could feel me shatter in her grasp.

Oh how the world could be so cruel, to bring me this angel and yet set fire to all that surrounds me. There's heaven in her eyes, and when she touches me I feel the shine of every star that ever peppered the night sky but she couldn't take it back. I was beyond repair, maybe she knew it too and still chose to look at me like I was still whole enough to carry her universe.

I let her lead me out to the bed, I let her crawl in by my side and cling onto me in silence. God, I even wrap my arms around her. She still smelled like lavender and flowers, and I relished in the sound of her heartbeat pulsing against me.

Maybe she didn't mean it as much as they did, i'd like to believe she didn't. I'd like to keep the love I have for her, because it's the only way I can remember me. We spend the night just holding each other as I slowly go numb, I want to cup her face and tell her goodbye.

I want to tell her how much I love her, because by morning I wasn't sure there'd be much left to remember. It was all too painful to be, all too torturous to exist as I am now. I made a choice— and she knew. Wanda always knows, she never needed to read my mind to know.

"You promised." She whispers, she was crying again. She's not too great as hiding her tears, or stifling her little sobs.

"You promised me every lifetime." She says, looking up at me with those eyes— the eyes that always make my heart swell. I wish for it to stay that way forever.

"I still do. You know I do. I'll find you over and over until we can finally stay." I offer her a weak smile— it was the most I could do. It was all I had left in me to give.

"We can in this one, Lexa. We can make it here." She pleads, but even I can see that she was speaking purely out of a dream, an illusion that was slowly faltering.

"You are a whirlwind, Wanda Maximo . And i'm in love with you." I whisper, pulling her in to connect our lips. Her tears mix with mine, her hands balled up the fabric of my sweater as she pulls me impossibly close.

She kisses me breathless that night, I could swear for a moment I was deliriously happy. She kissed me with fervor— with the passion of all the time we had lost and will lose. She held me like we could stay forever, like we'd grow old and our love would prosper through this life. It was nice to lose myself in a dream for a short while.

She fought so hard to keep her eyes open, but sleep eventually pulls her in. She fell to her slumber still grasping my sweater, her head on my chest as I look at her one more time. She looks so peaceful there, you wouldn't even know she was sobbing just hours ago.

I wonder if she knew just how much I actually love her. I wonder if she knew i'd have gone through it all over and over just for a day— just for a kiss, just for her touch. She was the kind of girl who could move mountains with her smile, she could make the stars look so dim with her eyes. She was the kind of girl who could freeze you with a single touch, who could give you a lifetime of love in a single kiss.

My Wanda.

If I close my eyes and think hard enough, I could fool myself into the picture of this working out. I could almost imagine us in a nice little house, waking up and going to bed tangled in each other— completely and utterly happy. We'd be small, we'd be safe, we'd have friends and watch movies and dance while we cook dinner.

She'd kiss me at red lights, and hold me in the dark night. We'd run through the rain, and laugh at the silliest of things and she'd make the flowers bloom just for me. She makes everything bloom, even without meaning to.

I could imagine coming home to her sitting on the couch, reading a book and so utterly focused with her furrowed brows that she doesn't even notice me until I kiss her. I could see the way she smiles at me, nose scrunching and little giggles peppering the air. Oh how i'd long to spend my days by her side— it would be the most heavenly dream.

Who could have known that she would ever fall for me? That amidst all of this chaos and pain, we'd find each other and understand what it was like to love someone in the purest form of the word. Tenderness was never in our nature, we were raised by loss and sacrifice and yet she has held me with so much gentleness, so much love that it drowns me in the most beautiful way.

I didn't want to cry, no— because then i'd never stop. Even if I didn't cry, I know i'd yearn for her forever. Whatever forever meant for me, would be spent with her owning all of my heart. I hope she knew it, I hope she felt it with every kiss, even if our time was short.

So with tears in my eyes, I take her hand into mine. I let it linger, feeling her warmth in my grasp before I finally peel her off of me. I slip out from her grip undetected, standing by the side of the bed just looking at her. I don't even want to imagine what she'd look like when the sun comes up— it would break me to a point of no return.

I knew I still had time, so I grab one thing from my nightstand. I take the journal Jess had given, and I rip out a page. I write everything down under the dim light of the bathroom, hunched over the sink counter as I pour my heart out onto paper. I needed to be sure she knew, I needed her to have something to keep reminding her.

With everything set and done, I come back into the bedroom and set the letter down on the bedside table. I pull the covers up to her chest, and lean over to place the lightest kiss I could manage upon her forehead. My bones ached for more— but if I let our skin touch any longer i'd never make it out.

"I love you. Thank you." I whisper, pulling away as I close my eyes momentarily to take a breath.

I walk to the door, carefully turning the knob as I stop in my tracks. I want to look back so badly, but if I do— I don't think i'd be strong enough to take another step away.

So I don't.

I don't look back. I step out into the hallway, knowing what was about to happen was something I could never take back. I had nothing left to lose– and even if I was shattered beyond recognition, I still couldn't find it in myself to take everyone down with my anger.

So maybe I have changed that much, because the me I was months ago would have set this place alight without another thought. I've already got it mapped out in my head, and everything goes to plan.

I knock out the guard in the camera room, disable everything that led to the elevators. I took the gun just in case. I never intended to kill anyone— but if push came to shove, I knew I could. I make it down to Lara's floor, knocking out the guards by the lab entrance as well.

Thankfully, at that hour there were barely any doctors. Maybe I just got lucky, because currently there was none when I stepped in, there were only guards. There were four guards in total, two for the guest side door of Lara's room and another two by the corridor that led to her entrance. I go for the guards by the guest side, then the other two.

Honestly, I don't know if it was just because it was really late and they looked partially asleep— but it was too easy. With four bodies on the ground, I head into Jess' office. She looks up at me with a smile that I don't return, and I raise my gun to point it at her head.

Liar.

"Lexa— what's going on?" She asks in surprise, freezing in her chair as I trail my eyes over her.

"Give me the card to Lara's door." I say flatly. We had nothing to talk about, I owed her no explanation.

"Look, we can talk about it. Just sit down and—" She tries to reason, but after the last few hours i've had I was sick and tired of people manipulating me, lying to me.

"Give me the card." I reiterate, cutting her off impatiently. She looks actively conflicted, confused and afraid as she reluctantly fishes for the card from her coat pocket and extends it to me. I step forward, yanking it from her hands as I keep my gun pointed to her head.

"I know what you came here to do. I know you've been lying. I'm not going to kill you— even if you deserve it. I'm going to walk out that door, i'm going to get my sister and we are going to leave. You will not call alert, you will sit here quietly and do whatever you do at this hour because you fucking owe me that. Do you understand me?" I say it all without emotion, my voice chillingly low as realization dawns on her.

"I'm sorry." She pleads, and I almost want to laugh.

"I don't need your apology. I need you to for once, do the right thing and let us go. Can you do that? Can you be honest with me this time?" I ask through gritted teeth, and after a few moments she nods. Despair was painted onto her features as I slowly back out of the room, closing the door and heading to Lara.

I swipe the card, the door hisses open and I ram my fist through the reader. The door stays open, jammed and sputtering sparks as the second door that led to her actual room slides into the wall. Lara's head snaps my way, hostile confusion flooded in her features as our eyes meet.

"Get up. We're leaving." I instruct flatly, my words only fuelling her reluctance as she scrambles to her feet.

"What are you doing?" She seethes, unmoving as I stood my ground by her open door. I had no time— no energy to do this.

"We're leaving. Question me later." I fire back, turning on my heel and walking out. I don't wait for her to follow, but she eventually does. Lara hesitantly trails behind me as her eyes go over the unconscious body of the guards, even nearly tripping over one that laid out by the hall to the elevator.

"What the fuck did you do?" She breathes in horrified awe, coming to a stop next to me as I press for the elevator to open.

"I'm ending this." I simply reply, the gun tightly gripped in my hand as her stare burns through the side of my head.

The doors ring open, and I press for the highest level. We weren't about to take off through the front door— I wasn't that stupid. The whirring stops and we get to our floor, Lara silently following behind me as I lead her to the staircase Steve once led me through. We get to the rooftop door, and I yank the chains that held the lock. It falls to the ground with a deafening thud, and I push through to step out into the cold night air.

"Are you still scared of heights?" I ask her, heading to the ledge of the rooftop as her footsteps slow to a curious stop.

"Are you fucking crazy?" She hisses as I turn around to meet her puzzled stare.

"Do you want to get out of here or not? This is the only way." I fire back, my irritation on full display as Lara looks at me like I had officially lost my mind.

"And after? Then what? You must be delusional if you're thinking i'm going to stay with you." She spews angrily, but I only shake my head.

"You're staying with me." I argue calmly, much to her confusion.

"Why would I ever stay with you?" She seethes.

"Because you're going to take me to The Corrector." I reply, and she freezes. Her eyes go wide, like she's trying to understand if she heard me right. But she did— because I meant it when I said I was going to end this.

Without another word, she walks past me. I follow along and we both reach the railings, it was a long way down. At least ten stories, but there were some trees to latch onto that could somewhat soften the blow of our fall. We glance over at each other, and I give her a look— a look that says it's over. I'm tired of fighting, i'm surrendering. We grab onto the metal rails, moving to throw a leg over when a voice freezes us in place.

"Stop." Natasha calls and without missing a beat, fuelled by her betrayal— I whip around to point the gun right at her head.

She's not even armed, she's standing before me in sweats and a tank top, her reading glasses hanging by the hem of her top, right above her chest as she looks back at me. The moonlight illuminates her face enough for me to see her breath tracing the icy air, or the misery in her eyes.

"I was never going to kill him, Lexa. It was never part of our mission. He begged me to find you, to help you, then he begged me to put a bullet through his brain. When he realized I wasn't going to, he charged at me and I had to shoot." She explains calmly, her face stone cold but her eyes— her eyes were screaming, filling with tears as she spoke.

She takes a step forward, looking entirely unfazed by the fact that I had a gun pointed to her face and she keeps going until her forehead presses to the barrel of the gun. She looks me right in the eyes as her tears fall silently and it's almost like i've been shattered all over again.

"You took me for your guilt." I say shakily, the words leaving a painful taste on my tongue as Natasha shakes her head.

"I believed in you— more than I had planned to." She whispers, closing her eyes as my finger lingers over the trigger.

For a split second, the part of me that thrived on chaos returns to whisper like a devil on my shoulder. The thought crosses my mind— to pull the trigger and take from her what she took from me. But I look at her, and as much as I despise what she put me through, I could never hurt her. I could never hurt Natasha.

So I drop the gun, her eyes shoot open and for that split second it looks like she was begging me to have pulled the trigger. She looked so pained, so tortured as I back away, my eyes meeting Lara's who only watched the scene silently before turning to put my hands on the rails once again.

"Goodbye, Nat."

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