our love has gone cold (you're intertwining your soul with somebody else)
by violntine

Summary

Trini's world is turned upside down when a new girl joins the Ranger team.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
They’re pretty much dating, right? That’s what Trini thinks, though she doesn’t want to get her hopes up or just assume.

Even though all signs point to them being romantically involved.

Because what kind of best friend leaves her own house at three in the morning to come over for cuddles? *Certainly not a straight one, that’s for sure.*

Or how after school on Tuesdays are reserved for the two in the booth at Krispy Kreme, full of lingering glances and smiles so intimate it leaves Trini feeling light-headed when they finally part ways after being walked home?

She’s pretty much convinced that there’s something between them that goes beyond friendship, but she’s never been one to verbally express her feelings, so she doesn’t say anything when Kimberly laces their hands together or lets a kiss goodbye fall suspiciously close to her lips.

She just simply lets it be.

Things are better this way — Trini receiving a daily dose of affection; something she usually despised, without having to actually address the intense feelings brewing in the pit of her stomach.

And as far as she can tell, Kimberly doesn’t seem to mind the lack of talk around whatever they are, no matter how much the boys tease them about it, so there’s really no need for them to sit down and spill out all their emotions, right?

So, call Trini surprised when the two of them are sitting alone in Kimberly’s room, attempting to complete a biology assignment due in a couple of days, with little to no contact being made. No matter what they’re doing, Kimberly always finds a way to be in her proximity, but now is different.

Trini is sprawled out on the bed, while Kimberly decided to occupy her desk across the room, back facing the smaller girl. There’s pretty much no conversation going on, and usually Trini wouldn’t mind because small talk makes her uncomfortable, but she’s so used to the other making little comments every now and then to herself that now the silence is unwonted.

*Okay, yeah, this isn’t right.*

She wants to say something, anything that will break down the sudden wall that’s been built between them but words have never really been her strong suit, so she’s stuck with blankly staring at the back of Kimberly’s head, too busy focusing on how her raven hair gleams in the sunlight coming in from the window instead of the inner turmoil happening right now.

Kimberly just has that affect on her.

“Everything okay, Trini?” The voice and question startles her into a wide-eyed expression, as if she’d been caught doing something she shouldn’t of. Next thing she knows Kimberly is looking back at her, brow raised with a faint trace of playfulness in her features.

“I think I should be the one asking you that.”
There’s another span of uncomfortable silence once her words are out there, and the carefree expression she’s come to know and love is nowhere to be found on Kim’s face, replaced with a look of uncertainty.

Kimberly shifts her gaze away from Trini, biting her bottom lip like she usually does when she’s contemplating on what to say, something that hardly ever occurs. It makes Trini nervous, afraid even of what’s about to come.

“I’m fine.” Trini can see straight through her reply and lets her know this by the fixed stare she gives. It doesn’t take long for Kimberly to understand this and within seconds, she’s tilting her head and releasing a heavy sigh.

“Actually…. There is something I’ve been wanting to talk to you about..”

That leaves Trini more apprehensive than before. Even without saying it, she knows what this is about. She can’t decide which is worse; the overbearing silence or the fact that there’s now a conversation she’s absolutely dreading.

“It’s about us.” Kimberly exhales loudly as she stands up from the desk and moves to sit on the edge of the bed, turning so that she’s now fully facing Trini. It’s clear to see that whatever is on Kimberly’s mind is really gnawing at her.

“Alright. What’s up?” Trini tries to speak as calmly as possible, despite the storm of nerves that is currently residing in her abdomen.

Another beat of stillness transpires after her question is out there, hanging between them. It’s a simple question, one that is straightforward, but still Kimberly looks so insecure and unsure of herself, like this is the hardest thing she’s ever done in her life.

Like they didn’t spend a good eleven days suffering bruises and other injuries during training to become a power ranger and save the universe from complete destruction.

“So, I’ve been thinking,” she pauses, possibly even falters in her words at the exact moment their gazes meet, and it takes everything in Trini to stop herself from reaching over and offering some sort of comfort.

To skim her fingers over the smooth surface of Kim's cheek and tell her everything will be okay, that she knows what she’s going to say and then they’ll fall into an embrace.

But she can’t do that. She’s been one to make the first move, whether that be out of fear or insecurity, it’s just never been her.

“I’ve been thinking about us,” Kimberly finally looks at her, a subtle smile playing at her lips, and all the breath is taken out of Trini’s lungs from the way she appears so ethereal.

“Maybe it’s time you and I—“ Her sentence is interrupted by the loud sound of buzzing coming from Kimberly’s phone left on the table, reverberating through the room.

It’s too consistent and distracting for her to continue, so with a frustrated sigh, she leaves her spot from the bed and puts a stop to the incessant humming from her phone.

“It’s Jason.” How ironic, Trini thinks with a roll of her eyes.

“How ironic, Trini thinks with a roll of her eyes.

“Jason, this better be good.” Kimberly answers, making sure her annoyance of him calling is well known.
The tongue-in-cheek nature quickly vanishes when their beloved Red Ranger starts talking, so loudly in fact that Trini can hear him and she’s on the other side of the room.

It’s a few minutes of Kimberly only nodding her head and the occasional ‘yeah’ and ‘okay’ before she finally hangs up the call.

“What did he say?”

“We have to go to the ship, like, right now. Zordon has news for us.”

The words have no heaviness behind them, yet Trini is still hit with an immediate sense of alarm. Her whole body goes into a rigid posture, the only emotion covering her countenance being distress.

Her thoughts go straight to the glowing of green and the marks left behind on her neck and down her collarbone; straight to Rita.

It’s illogical to worry, she knows this, because Rita was slapped into space by herself and Jason. No trace of her left behind except for the green power coin.

But no matter what, the trauma of having her one place of safety invaded is always there. Inescapable.

Kimberly, being the most in tune with the yellow ranger (apart from Zack), is able to easily tell when she’s hit with that panic and knows exactly how to calm her down.

All it takes is her presence and few words.

“Trini, hey, I’m sure it’s nothing to do with Rita, okay? Remember, she’s somewhere far away in space, and we’re here.” Before she even realises it, Kimberly has returned to her spot beside her and her tensed hand is taken into the gentle grasp of the other girl’s.

Almost instantly she’s regained her composure.

“Yeah, yeah. You’re right. It’s probably just about us slacking in training or something, even though we’re in that stupid pit almost everyday.” She remarks playfully, trying to push the thoughts of green and gold out of her mind and instead on pink.

A pink sky with a pink pterodactyl soaring through it.

“Knowing Zordon, that wouldn’t surprise me. He’s so uptight for a head on a wall.” That earns a light laugh out of Trini; the tension from only seconds ago being forgotten about.

“How about we continue our talk later and head down to the ship? I don’t think Jason wants to be kept waiting.”

Although she would rather stay here and hear what Kimberly was about to say before they were rudely interrupted, she knows she’s right. Jason and the other two are probably already there and the last thing she wants to listen to right now is a lecture about their duty from the Red Ranger.

That they should always be on time when it concerns the five of them, because it’s their responsibility as Power Rangers.

“Sure. Let’s go.”
Their hands remain laced together as they leave through the window, out of habit, and start making their way to the quarry.

“What took you guys so long?”

Jason questions sternly once the two girls are in view from over the hill, hands now apart. His voice suggests that he’s irritated, but Trini knows by now that there’s really no ill feelings behind his tone.

“We made a pit stop.” Kimberly answers with a nonchalant shrug, tossing the former quarterback a napkin from their local donut store.

“Aw, and you two didn’t save any for us?” Billy joins in with a small frown, not even realising the light severity of the conversation and annoyance emitting off of Jason. Of course, the blond’s mood doesn’t stay the same when their Blue Ranger is involved.

“They probably only got one and shared it because they’re in love.” Zack all but singsongs his remark and she can feel her cheeks rising in heat because of it.

“Shut up, loser.” Trini has her hand raised into a fist and goes to lightly punch his shoulder, but just approaching him with a scowl is enough to get him to take back his words. For someone who’s so tiny, she sure does have that menacing look down.

“Alright, stop it. Zordon has been kept waiting long enough. Let’s go.” It isn’t hard to miss the way Jason’s lips twitch into a vague smile, despite his words sounding sombre.

Zack’s first to go down the crater, shouting something about being the ‘best’ ranger before he’s entirely engulfed by water.

Trini makes a mental note to kick his ass next training session before following him.

Once they’re (relatively) dry, they walk on to the ship and to command base.

“Rangers,” Zordon’s voice booms throughout the entire room once they’re all standing in front of them.

The lack of presence of one particular robot is noted, and Trini finds this odd. Alpha Five is always there when they arrive, often too cheerful than what is actually needed.

She doesn’t have time to dwell on the absence as Zordon is speaking again, his voice far too emphatic to be ignored.

“There’s something I need to inform you about.”

“Straight to the point, huh, Wall-dad?” Zack interjects with that usual sarcastic tone he’s well known for, but the comment pretty much goes unnoticed as Zordon looks over them.

This causes Trini to go back to overthinking; agitated about whatever he has to tell them.

"Is it about Rita?" Kim asks as if she can sense the torment her fellow ranger beside her is currently undergoing.

Zordon’s pixelated face is difficult to distinguish, but there’s a moment of silence, a moment that
goes on for too long and Trini thinks that her worst nightmare is coming back to haunt her. That she's going to have to face the one thing in this entire universe that managed to crawl underneath her skin and break down all the resilience she spent years building.

"No." One word is all they're given in response and somehow it's enough to lock those fears away for the time being. No telling when they'll be set free again.

"This is something entirely different."

Another pause.

Trini thinks that Zordon enjoys being melodramatic just to frustrate them, like a typical suburban dad would do.

"Rangers, I'd like to welcome a new member to your team."

The doors behind them open and as if on cue, all five of them turn around at the same time to the sight of Alpha Five, except he isn't alone.

Standing tall by his side is a girl clad in a green jacket, ebony hair tied back into a ponytail and eyes so brown it's impossible not to fall into a trance by them.

At least, that's what Trini thinks.

"Welcome, Tommi Oliver. The Green Ranger."
It’s only been a few seconds of Tommi being in the team and Trini already feels like she might go into a gay panic.

Because holy shit, this girl is probably the second hottest person in all of Angel Grove.

The first being Kim, but even she is hesitant to admit that despite knowing fully well of the extent of her feelings.

Tommi’s features are hardened, her jawline subtle and lips formed into a perfect pout that Trini wonders what it’d be like to feel them pressed against her skin, to kiss—.

Nope. She can’t think like that, not when Kim is standing inches away from her, unaware of the questions that are anything but innocent burning in her mind.

Those thoughts are dismissed but only for a second, because she’s back to studying Tommi’s facial structure like it’s not creepy to stare at a girl she just met. Trini can’t help it. Although she knows where she stands with Kim, she’s not blind and not appreciating what she thinks is a goddess standing in front of her would simply be a crime.

A crime she’s about to get punished for.

Because Tommi’s mouth is opening and closing, and she’s sure that there are words coming out directed at her, but the Yellow Ranger is so fixated on the soft, honey eyes gazing at her own, that she’s unable to hear what has been said. Trini ends up staring with her lips parted, utterly dumbfounded that when she goes to speak, her voice is hoarse from her throat being dry.

“Oh, huh? Sorry, what did you say?” God, could she sound anymore pathetic?

Tommi only laughs loud and bright, and the embarrassment from being caught staring causes her cheeks to turn bright red. It doesn’t help that all the other Rangers are looking at her; Zack making a kissing face behind their new member.

She ignores the fact that she can also feel Kim’s eyes on her, practically burning the back of her head.

“Trini, right? It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Even her voice sounds unreal; so mellow that Trini’s surprised because from her outward appearance, she wouldn’t think Tommi would have a voice like that.

She’s about to go into another internal panic when she realises that Tommi has stretched out her arm, intending to shaking Trini’s hand.

So, with the little composure she has left, Trini gives her best smile and intertwines their hands for a brief moment. Ignoring the way her fingertips tingle when they’re apart.

That only happens with Kim.

“Yeah, you too. Welcome to the team.”

After that, she steps back to where Kim has been silently watching as Jason goes on about the rules about being a Power Ranger.
Lets their fingers brush over one another.
Wonders where that spark from earlier disappeared to.

Trini’s back in her room after an eventful training session, looking over the many bruises trailing along her arms and shoulders she’s going to have to cover up and hide from her family thanks to Zack.

Just because he had to impress the new girl.

Why she didn’t just say no and proceed with kicking his ass like any other day was beyond her. Maybe there was a little soft spot in heart for the kid after all.

Most of the marks are covered up with bandages (though they’ll be off tomorrow thanks to their super healing abilities) by the time she hears her phone buzz on her nightstand. She ignores it at first, thinking it’s just their group chat being spammed with ridiculous pickup lines from Zack, or Jason reminding them they have tomorrow off for a well-deserved break.

But when another buzz never comes (she learnt the first day of having their group chat that everyone enjoys sending multiple messages when no one replies), Trini becomes suspicious.

She’s kind of expecting to see Kim's name pop up, for her to ask to come over so they can continue their talk from earlier. That's been playing on her mind for most of the afternoon.

Crossing the room to the side of her bed, she presses the home button to light up the screen, showing her the message from the one person she wasn’t expecting to see.

Unknown number. (8:06pm)

Hey, it’s Tommi! Zack gave me your number. I was wondering if you wanted to meet up, maybe for ice cream? We can get to know each other.

Trini spends a good five minutes staring at the screen, processing how she possibly may’ve just been asked out on a date by a girl she just met.

But it can’t be a date, right? Dates are reserved for the girl whose laugh fills her with butterflies; the girl whose smile is bright enough to light up the entire world; the girl who can be often found wearing pink no matter the circumstance.

But even they haven’t really labelled their get togethers as dates, so that leaves Trini confused.

Perplexed even as she types out a response, agreeing to meet on the corner of Angel Grove’s local cafe.

After telling her parents she was going out for the night, which only led to more questions and her pretty much running out the door, she finally arrives at their arranged meeting spot only to find it empty.

She’s never been a patient person, so cue the disgruntled scowl when she’s waiting another five minutes for Tommi to appear. Trini’s almost considering leaving when the girl in mind appears pretty much out of nowhere, slinging her arm over Trini’s shoulder.
“Fancy seeing you here.” Tommi is beaming widely as the words leave her lips. A smile which reminds her of the Black Ranger.

_Ugh, not the time to be thinking of Zack and his stupid face._

“I know right? Funny how the universe works sometimes.” Her head turns to face the other, but she miscalculates the space between them and ends up bumping her nose against Tommi’s cheek, causing her to retreat back out of reflex.

“Shit, sorry about that. Are you okay?” Trini’s now fully facing Tommi, giving her a full view of her outfit and _wow_. Not only does green look good on her, but also red. She imagines that there isn’t a single colour out there that would look terrible on Tommi.

“Yeah, yeah. It’s all good. It’s kind of my fault anyway.” She says, bringing her hand up to rub where Trini knocked into seconds ago.

“Mm, yeah. It kind of is.”

“Shut up.” Tommi retorts with a roll of her eyes, but there’s nothing but fondness behind them. It leaves a fluttering sensation in the pit of stomach; one she only ever experiences with Kim.

Trini holds her hands up in surrender. “Fine. But I don’t think Zordon would appreciate that tone of yours.”

“What Zordon doesn’t know won’t kill him. So, how about that ice cream you promised me?”

She scoffs, “I believe you’re the one who invited me out tonight. It’s _your_ treat.”

There’s no snide response that follows her words, surprisingly, only Tommi staring at her like she’s contemplating hard on what to say. Like whatever comes next is going to decide the end of the night for them.

“Yeah, it is.” Tommi utters softly before stepping to the side, gesturing with the wave of her hand for Trini to walk ahead to the ice cream parlour.

They fill the silence during the walk with stories from their own lives.

Trini talks about the events in the previous year and how she and the others ended up becoming Angel Groves’ saviours because she’s not sure she’s ready to expose much about her personal life. Her home life.

She skips the part about Billy dying and her almost dying. Doesn’t feel like bringing up wounds that are yet to heal.

Tommi asks questions about what it was like to morph for the first time, if she felt the same prickling on her skin after the armour had formed.

Asks about the dynamics and relationships of the team. Whether Kimberly and Jason are a thing.

Doesn’t mention the way Trini visibly tenses at the question of said pink and red ranger, and mumbles out a quick ‘no’.

It feels like forever of endless chatter before they arrive at the parlour. Tommi stays true to her word and pays for Trini’s chocolate ice cream. Laughs when she calls Trini boring for such a predictable flavour.
Trini doesn’t say anything, opting to stick out her tongue instead as they leave the store, cones in hand and laughter so loud it almost has her in tears.

And after an hour of simply talking about Tommi's life before Angel Grove, how she moved from San Diego to the most boring town in California, Trini decides to call it a night.

She doesn't expect Tommi to insist on walking her home, but it happens.

So cut to the present, the two of them approaching the Gomez residence, the stillness of the night having crept up on them during the walk.

“Thanks for walking me home.” Trini finally speaks once they’re at the door, the edges of lips curved into a small smile. “And for the ice cream.”

“Ah, it’s no problem. Rangers have to stick together, right?” That earns what is probably the hundredth laugh out of Trini for the night, though it isn’t as loud as when they were in town. Her parents are inside and the last thing she needs is for them to wake up and find her with a girl they don’t know.

_A girl that isn’t Kimberly._

“Right.” Trini nods, unsure of what else to say so she goes for her keys in her pocket. Doesn’t even notice Tommi leaning in.

The feeling of lips pressed against her cheek isn’t what she suspected to come next, but it does. All Trini can do is blink repeatedly as if it’ll help her understand what just happened.

She stares, wide-eyed. Tommi just lets out this placid laugh before retreating down the steps, waving Trini goodbye. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

And then she’s gone, disappearing into the night and leaving Trini alone to wonder what that meant.

Whether it was strictly platonic or something else entirely, containing secrets that are aching to be unveiled.

That night, Trini goes to sleep dreaming of green instead of pink, her cheek searing from the kiss.
A week goes by.

Kimberly and Trini turn into Trini and Tommi.

Nights of Krispy Kreme dates turn into get togethers around town, whether it be at the local arcade or diner; the occasional nights with Kim being forgotten.

She knows that things are changing, can feel it in her bones during training when she purposely ignores Kim’s gaze. The air around the already damp cave being heavy. Why Trini’s ignoring her, she has no idea. But they haven’t spoken since the day Tommi arrived, and the thought of talking now seems to leave her more nervous and fearful than ever.

So, call Trini panic-stricken when she walks into her room after a usual tense dinner to find the former cheerleader seated on her bed, waiting for her.

“Kim! What are you doing here?” Her voice comes out more shaky than intended, and she immediately closes her mouth upon realising it’s the first time they’ve been alone in what feels like forever.

Kim’s standing now, her fingers twisted together in front of her as if to keep herself busy while her mind tosses for an answer. It gives Trini a chance to finally get a good look at the girl.

Of course, she’s wearing that pink undergarment which is completely visible thanks to the tank top she’s wearing. The same one she wore that time they fought over the last donut.

Trini can’t even bring herself to look at Kim’s face; too afraid to see the disappointment in her dark eyes. Afraid to see the yearning she’s so used to seeing no longer there.

“I wanted to see you,” Kim murmurs out softly and Trini’s sure she feels her heart begin to split.

“Oh,” is all she can manage to say. She feels pathetic for not knowing how to handle the current situation, but she’s never really been skilled in talking — preferring to use silence as her armour — and Kim knows this.

Still, the frustration on the other’s features is plain to see.

“Why are you avoiding me?” And there it is. The one question she was absolutely dreading because not even she knows the answer to it. The fact that it comes so soon only makes Trini more unsure of herself.

Ever since the first night with Tommi, something felt changed. Like she rewired Trini’s brain into only thinking about one particular colour and instead of being filled with dread at the thought, there’s something indescribable deep in her throat. It almost feels like what she had with Kim, except it’s too consuming in a way that leaves Trini in a blur.

With Kim, she was sure of herself and her feelings, and now it’s like she’s left in a constant of uncertainty with nothing except green to answer her muddled mind. Even if it only leads to more questions.
“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” The words tumble out before she’s realised; the defence she’s so used to putting up in front of people revealing itself for the first time in months, for the first time with Kim.

Kim’s clearly not in the mood to dance around what she came here to say. Her brows meet in the middle and her lips curve into a deep frown.

“I think you do. We haven’t hung out alone since Tommi arrived and you’ve barely spoken two words to me during training or at school. You hang out with Tommi more than you do with me now.” She pauses, and Trini thinks that maybe she doesn’t have to endure anymore of listening to the confusion and pain etched in Kimberly’s voice, but the universe never works in her favor.

“I want to know why you’re treating me like we didn’t spend the last year fighting putties together. Like we didn’t save the world. Like I’m nothing to you.”

The last words repeat over and over again in her mind, her already broken heart tearing once again if possible. Kimberly is and will always be her world, she thinks. She can’t begin to fathom how she could think she’s nothing to Trini when it’s the exact opposite.

Because Kimberly is perfect; perfect in everything she does. She makes even the simplest of things look graceful, without even trying she may add. It’s just in her genes to be so goddamn flawless. And although Kim may disagree with her on this, Trini believes she’s the kindest and most gentlest person she’s ever met.

Beneath the impulsive nature is a girl who deeply cares and puts her whole heart into everything she’s doing. Whether it be saving people from an impending doom or letting a kid from biology class copy her homework because they forgot about it, she does it with passion.

But Trini is incapable of vocalising this and so it sits at the back of her throat, aching to be let out and close the growing space between them.

“I don’t mean to keep avoiding you, Kim. Things have just been weird. With Tommi joining the team, I thought it’d be a good idea to try and make her feel welcome.” It isn’t entirely a lie, yet the guilt still remains rooted deep within her chest. Sprouting by the second.

“Right, Tommi. Your new best friend.” Kim doesn’t even try to hide the jealously laced in her tone when she asks the next question, “…Do you like her?”

Trini knows what the question is implying and so she pauses, lets the room become silent with only the infrequent shouts from downstairs coming from her brothers being heard.

She knows what Kim is really asking.

Do you still like me?

Is there a chance for you and I?

Just like before, the truth sits in her throat and as much as she wants to say it, to will herself to rid of the insecurity covering Kim’s face, she can’t.

All she can do is shake her head, shifting her gaze to stare at her shoes as if it’s suddenly more interesting than Kim.

“…I don’t know what I feel anymore.”
There’s silence again. This time it goes on for more than a few seconds and Trini’s too afraid to look up, to see Kim’s reaction so she keeps her eyes fixated on the floor.

A heavy sigh emits from the other side of the room and then there’s footsteps, footsteps leading back to the window and then she’s gone.

Trini is left alone.

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At training, Trini pairs up with Tommi instead of Kim.

She smashes through the putties without hesitation, taking out all the pent-up anger and aggravation on the stimulation.

And when she ends up punching a little too hard, possibly fracturing her hand, the boys don’t ask questions. They don’t bring up the sudden tension because they know better. All she gets is worried glances and a ‘maybe you should head home early’ from Jason.

Trini gladly takes the offer to escape the suffocating ambience, not even bothering to say goodbye to any of the others.

Ignoring the way she can feel all eyes watching her on her way out. Especially Kim’s.

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When she’s home, the overwhelming weight on her chest doesn’t disappear. In fact, it feels like it grows, and the throbbing all over her hand and wrist only adds to it. Soon enough her Ranger powers will help ease the pain, but it can do nothing for the crack on her heart.

Minutes turn into hours of Trini simply laying on her bed, staring at the ceiling; existing with such a burden hanging on her mind, although in this moment it feels more like she’s floating in her own world. A world where she’s sure of what’s going on and there’s no doubt about what she feels deep in her heart.

Where she knows what and who she wants.

The knocking of paper off her desk is what brings Trini out of her thoughts and daydreams and for a split second, she expects to see Kim come tumbling through the window. With her disheveled hair and a smile so brazen she ends up laughing along to her clumsiness. Then they’ll end up tangled in each other’s limbs on the bed; Trini’s head resting on her chest as she falls asleep to the thumping sound of her steady heartbeat.

None of that happens and instead she’s met with the familiar flash of green and a sheepish smile that doesn’t make her gut flutter violently for once. At the moment, there’s nothing but an emptiness inside her.

"Hey, I just thought I'd drop by and see how you are." The thought is nice, but it isn't enough to make her forget why she's feeling so despondent.

Trini doesn’t answer; she just sits up and scoots over, leaving room for Tommi to join her.

She does so, and Trini ignores the way there’s hardly any space between them.

“So, how are you? How’s your hand?” Tommi asks.
Trini isn’t sure how she’s supposed to answer the first question, so she settles for focusing on her bruised hand. Lifting it up to show Tommi.

“Better, I think. It’ll be healed in a few hours, so I’m not too worried.”

Tommi hums softly and then it’s quiet, which is unusual because usually the girl doesn’t know when to shut up. Not that she’s complaining, she’s actually grown used to the random things Tommi talks about in the span of a week.

*That’s what happens when you spend all your time with her.*

“Is that all you came here for?” Trini asks out of curiosity after Tommi shows no indication of adding anything to the conversation. She glances her way, arching a brow when the other hesitates to even meet her gaze.

“What’s wrong?” She’s worried now, thinking of the worst reason for why Tommi would show up in her bedroom unannounced.

*Did something happen to the team?*

*Did Zack pull another ridiculous prank?*

*Or…*

“There’s something I’ve been wanting to do all week.” Tommi finally speaks. She’s not sure what to take from the answer she’s given. It only really leaves more questions rushing through her mind.

“Since we met, actually.”

*And, oh, this can’t be good.*

Tommi is now looking at her and leaning closer. Trini knows she’s in trouble the moment she realises she’s doing the same thing, even if every bone in her body is telling her not to.

Something is drawing her to Tommi; something she’s helpless against.

The second they meet in the middle, Trini’s eyes flicker shut and she tries to let herself feel something. Anything. But all she can feel is Tommi’s soft lips pressing against hers, and the way it makes the hole in her chest more noticeable than ever.

Tommi doesn’t seem to realise how little passion she’s putting into the kiss, and simply takes the fact that she’s actually kissing back as an okay for her to push harder into Trini. Her hands fumbling to rest on her waist, tugging at her flannel jacket.

And suddenly Trini’s being nudged to lie back on the bed; Tommi moving with her so she’s half on top of the girl beneath her.

They’re still kissing, as far as she can tell, and Tommi has started trailing her hands up and down Trini’s sides just for the sake of it.

Trini doesn’t do anything, can’t even bring herself to pretend she’s enjoying it because she’s really *not*. No matter how much the impalpable sensation in her gut is increasing and telling her this is right, she can’t bring herself to believe it. Because it’s not real; it’s not her.

Tommi’s in the middle of letting her fingers slip underneath the surface of her shirt as Trini comes to her senses and ends up pushing against Tommi’s shoulder with her hand; the one in immense
pain.

She hisses lowly at the contact and sting that’s sent through her entire arm but nonetheless continues with moving out of her position, making sure to leave a reasonable gap between her and Tommi when she’s standing.

“Wha— What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Tommi’s looking at her with innocent eyes and it almost makes Trini feel bad for not wanting it; for not wanting her.

For not doing something she would’ve ended up regretting in the morning, because she loves someone else.

Trini shakes her head, feeling it impossible to construct a coherent sentence with her mind racing. Whatever prompted her to return the kiss is long gone, but the adherence she feels for Tommi remains.

Faint, but still there.

“Then what’s the matter? I thought you liked me.” Tommi says and something within her tone ticks Trini off. As if she’s telling her how to feel and not liking her back would be a mistake.

“Well, I don’t! I don’t like you, okay? I love Kim!” She doesn’t even think about what she’s saying before it’s out there, the words leaving an aftertaste of relief. It’s the first time she’s ever admitted her feelings aloud, and the fact that it’s with a girl she was making out with seconds ago isn’t really how she expected it to happen.

Even though it’s her house and it’s her bedroom, Trini doesn’t want to stick around for another disheartening talk, so she does what she does best; she runs.

Doesn’t even glance back to see Tommi looking surprisingly calm about the entire ordeal.

_____________

Trini runs as fast as her legs can carry her.

For a while, she’s not sure where exactly she’s heading, only knows that she needs to get away and talk to someone.

She can’t go to Kim, as much as she wants to, because she stills feels uncomfortable with how they left things and she’s not ready to have that talk yet. Not ready to admit her feelings to the girl she supposedly loves.

No, not ‘supposedly’. She does love her.

Zack is an option, but she isn’t sure she’s in the mood to listen to him yell ‘I told you so!’ and then proceed to tackle her down the mountain.

And Billy…. Well, as much as she adores and loves the boy, she doesn’t think this is something she can go and talk to him about.

So, that leaves Jason.

It doesn’t take long to arrive at the boy’s street, especially not with their ranger speed, so within a few minutes of leaving her house she’s at his house, standing just below his bedroom window.

Because using the front door is pretty much a myth in the rangers’ world.
The lights’ still on, dim but still on, so she doesn’t feel as bad for showing up without telling him first. Trini uses the tree beside his room to climb and when she’s finally sitting on the branch closest to his window, she’s given a perfect view inside.

His room is messy; clothes thrown all over the floor and drawers left wide open.

Her eyes linger on the many trophies situated on his desk, most likely from his glory days of football.

Then she’s looking at what appears to be the back of someone’s head. Someone who isn’t Jason, seated at the edge of the bed, facing away from the window next to the said boy.

The curve of their hair is enough to tell Trini who it is, even in the dimly lit room. It’s Kimberly; the girl she’s only just realised she’s in love with.

Kimberly, whose hand is tangled together with Jason’s in between them.

Kimberly, who’s looking at the boy a little bit too long for it to be anything but a platonic stare.

Kimberly, who’s leaning forward and Jason, who’s following her into the middle.

Trini, watching from the window.

Feeling the crack in her heart finally completely shatter and break into pieces.

Chapter End Notes

chapter 2 & 3 titles are from Hayley Kiyoko's 'Curious'
Trini knows the anger pulsating through her veins is unreasonable. She shouldn’t feel this way when not even an hour ago she was doing exactly what Kimberly’s doing with another girl.

But she only let it get so far before coming to her senses. Before realising that the way she’s been acting the past week is ridiculous and that whatever she felt for Tommi is nothing compared to what she has with Kim.

What she had, she mentally corrects herself.

Now Kim has found someone else to help put together the fragments of her splintered heart and it just happens to be in the form of their team leader.

It’s almost like a storyline from some cheap romantic movie from the nineties.

Girl gets her heartbroken and ends up in the arms of the quarterback fallen from grace, with his endearing smile and bright blue eyes, and they live happily ever after. Trini tries not to think about how in that story, she’d be the bad guy; the back-stabbing bitch who only thinks about herself because that’s not who she is.

No matter how many times she tells herself that, the image of Jason and Kimberly leaning forward is engraved in her mind and reminding her that this is all her fault. She only has herself to blame.

Trini runs and runs and runs until her legs can’t take it anymore and she ends up collapsing onto the hard floor, only realising where she is by the view of the town off in the distance. A spot in the quarry she was shown to by Kim.

———————

“So, what do you think?” Kim asks, smiling with a glimmer of nervousness in her eyes.

Trini’s too busy watching the lights flicker on and off over the trees from where they’re standing to notice, wondering how a town so small can cause so many big problems. That, and the view is kind of nice..

“It’s cool.”

“That’s it? Just ‘cool’?” Kim sounds like she’s offended, but even Trini can tell there’s no real hurt in her voice.

“Yeah.”

“Well, no one knows about this cool spot, so I’d appreciate if you kept it a secret.”

That causes Trini to arch a brow and finally look at the girl beside her. Her breath catches in her throat at the sight of Kimberly; her dark hair shimmering under the moonlight and stars, and Trini thinks she’s never seen anything more beautiful.

“What, why?”

Kim ponders for a bit, pursing her lips like she always does when she’s contemplating hard on what to say. She’s noticed that since becoming close with the former cheerleader, she does it more and more.
“It’s where I come to clear my mind when things are tough...” A pause intervenes and by the way Kim shifts from one foot to the other, she knows there’s more to be said. “And because I want this to be our spot,” It catches Trini off guard; the sentiment of her answer. “I mean, whenever you’re feeling upset or something and I’m not around for whatever reason, you can come here and think of me.”

She lets the words settle between them for a few seconds, grasping the real meaning behind what Kim’s saying.

That no matter what really, she won’t ever be alone, because Kim’s with her. In her heart.

“Alright. Your secret’s safe with me, Hart.”

Trini nudes the taller gently with her elbow, showing the affection she holds deep in her heart for the girl in her own way. Kim, on the other hand, doesn’t accept the playful gesture and moves closer to wrap her arm loosely around Trini’s waist, digging her fingertips into the fabric of her jacket.

She doesn’t hesitate when it comes to moving closer into the arm hooked around her. Not even ashamed when she releases a satisfied murmur from her head fitting perfectly in the crook of Kimberly’s neck. Can’t be when Kim’s brushing her lips to the side of Trini’s head and there’s a warm sensation rushing through her body.

In that moment, all she knows is Kim.

There’s no warmth this time; no one else here to tell her that everything’s going to be okay. That somehow things will work out in the end.

All she has is the memory of Kim and her presence. Instead of it leaving a comforting sensation like intended, there’s only a hollow, empty hole deepening in her chest.

Trini’s sitting on the same rock from those many weeks ago, her knees brought up to her chest and beanie tugged down over her eyes to stop the tears from falling. They just sit in the brim of her eyes, leaving her world a blur.

Among her sorrow, there’s resentment. A low fire glowing in the pit of her stomach whenever she thinks of Jason. It isn’t his fault, deep down she knows this, but that doesn’t stop her from feeling angry at the boy. He’s taken the one thing in her life she was sure of and now there’s probably nothing she can do to get it back.

Unable to stay in the once special spot reserved only for her and Kim, Trini decides she’ll be better off using all that rage building up on the holograms down in the pit.

Even if her hand hasn’t completely healed yet.

“Trini! I’m surprised to see you here so late! Is something the matter?” Alpha Five greets her with more shock than actual delight for her random appearance.

“Just thought I should get some more training before calling it a day.”

Trini ignores any other comments that come from the small robot and storms her way into the dark
“Can you bring up some putties for me?”

“I don’t think it’s wise for you to do this, not when your hand is still healing.”

“Just do it.” Her words are accompanied with a sharp glare sent his way, and instantly she knows she’s won.

Putties raise from the ground in front of her; three in a row.

She was expecting more, but she supposes this will do for now.

Trini smashes through them without any complication, not even bothering to use her armour this time, nor for when more putties show up.

The armour would only suppress the impact made from coming in contact with the boulders and she doesn’t want that. She needs to feel something other than the void formed inside her. Having her knuckles bruised and bloody seems a more suitable alternative.

So, Trini spends the rest of the night fighting until she’s sure the skin on her hands is raw and practically dripping blood. Everything is going in her favor until after what is most likely hours of her successfully dodging and intercepting all the putties’ hits, she ends up distracted.

Distracted by the sound of voices entering the cave, which sound a lot like Kimberly and Jason. The two people she’d rather not see right now.

She isn’t even given the chance to find out if her assumption is correct because one putty takes the disturbance as an opportunity to slam their fist into her chest. It’s so sudden that all the air in her lungs escapes her in one exhale and sends her flying back into the cave wall.

The last thing she feels as she collapses to the ground is immense pain surging through her, and then darkness.

———

The gentle nudging on her shoulder is what eventually causes Trini to stir back to consciousness. Her eyes flutter open slowly and then she’s groaning because all the pain hits her at once.

There’s blood in her mouth, she knows that because of the metallic taste on her tongue, and her back stings awfully like she’s been electrocuted. If it wasn’t for her superhero abilities, she’d be sure that her spine is snapped in half from the impact. As for her hand that was already previously injured... Well, powers or no powers, she's more than sure that it's broken now.

Her head’s spinning so much it takes her a while to recognise the faces that are looking down at her, concern covering their features.

“Trini, are you okay!?”

Jason, she thinks asks as his brows furrow down at her.

Kim is hovering right above Trini and now that she’s relatively aware of her surroundings, she realises that her head is propped up against something soft. Fingers running through her hair and skimming over the gash on her forehead.

Kimberly looks more worried than anything and from this angle, Trini swears that her eyes are red
and puffy, like she’d been crying before she got here.

“I’m fine. What are you two doing here?” Trini says, but doesn’t move from her position.

Just shifts her gaze from the two and tries not to melt under the touch on her head.

“Kim and I were together when we suddenly felt really… angry? Like we wanted to punch something.” Jason’s explaining and Trini does try to give him all his attention, but having the girl she loves inches away is really distracting. Especially when she is yet to tear her gaze away from her. “Anyway, we knew it wasn’t Zack, Billy or Tommi, so we went to yours to check on you, and when we found out you weren’t there, we came here.”

Ah right, Trini almost forgot that being connected to the morphing grid also essentially means they’re all connected. They feel each other even when they don’t want to.

She wonders if Kim can feel her heartbreak.

“Well, you don’t have to worry because I’m fine. You can go.” Trini snarls as she finally moves to sit up, disregarding the way her entire body throbs with even the slightest movement. She doesn’t need them taking pity on her.

“It doesn’t look like you’re fine, Trini…” Kim’s voice emits from where she’s seated and oh, she sounds so soft and sad. Afraid even.

All she wants to do is turn around and cup Kim’s face in her hands and tell her everything is alright. That even though she currently feels like she’s ready to pass out again, that Trini loves her and nothing can change that. Not even Jason, who’s watching with careful eyes.

The same Jason who Kimberly was kissing.

As quick as it disappeared, the spite from earlier returns.

“I said I’m fine. You don’t have to pretend that you care.” Trini’s now standing on her feet, attempting to keep her balance and keep whatever dignity she has left by not collapsing now.

“We’re not pretending, Trini. We do care about you.”

Her eyes narrow at the blond boy, as if she’s insulted that he would even consider opening his mouth. It’s not his fault, she has to remind herself as her hands clench into tight balls (which is a mistake because immediately she's hit with a tingling sensation through her arm, remembering that her hand is definitely broken), but that does little next to nothing to stop the anger from unleashing on the red ranger.

“I wasn’t talking to you, Jason. Why don’t you just stay out of it for once?”

By the way his features twist into a confused expression, it’s obvious that he isn’t sure whether this is about her getting hurt anymore. (at least, not physically hurt).

And it’s not, really. Never has been.

Trini doesn’t want know what Kim is thinking or doing behind her, so for the second time in one night, she runs.

She realises it’s a mistake as soon as Alpha Five is shouting after her, yelling that it isn’t a good idea to move so quickly when they don’t know the extent of her injuries and that they’re left
untreated. The pain in her back she forgot about returns and sends a jolt of electricity all throughout her, so violent that her knees give out on her and she's back to kneeling on the ground.

It takes every ounce of strength Trini has left over to not pass out again, but her vision is shaky and her mind is a blur. It’s becoming increasingly harder to breathe by the second and the blood she cleaned off her mouth from earlier is back.

The last thing she hears before eventually succumbing to the darkness once again is Kimberly’s voice, telling her to stay.
Usually her dreams are more nightmarish than anything; consisting of her worst fears which she has buried deep in the back of her mind. Although they weigh heavy over her head when she’s awake, they remain muted. She thinks it has to do with the fact that she’s not alone, she’s surrounded by the people she adores and would die for even if that is unspoken between all of them.

Words aren’t needed to express the amount of devotion and endearment the group have for each other. They’ve already almost died together, so it’s not needed. Not really.

Except this time it is. Their bond is strained; Trini can feel it through the morphing grid, even as she lays half-unconscious on the metal bed in the medical bay. Among the physical torment in her body, there’s currently a mental one going on as well. If possible, it hurts more than the tightness in her chest when she takes a breath in.

Trini knows it’s because of her too. Her stubborn nature is what leads to the good things in her life being destroyed and it was only a matter of time before it happened to them. More specifically, her and Kimberly.

If she hadn’t become so caught up in the new girl; in finally dissociating the colour green with something wicked and blood-curdling, none of this would have happened. She wouldn’t of lost her best friend and first love to the boy with an endearing smile not even she can continue to hate now.

Jason’s…. Jason. He’s the leader of their ragtag group of misfits, even if he won’t formally accept the title. He’s the big brother Trini’s always wanted and hating him now just seems so unfair.

Because on her most darkest days, he’s been there for. He doesn’t even push for an explanation on those days, only offering a shoulder to lean on and an ear for when she is ready to talk. That hardly ever occurs, but knowing that he cares enough to sit and wait is what makes her realise just how much she loves him.

So, no, she can’t hate him. Not even after witnessing what was an intimate moment between him and Kimberly.

And if Jason makes Kim happy in a way she could never do, then she’ll accept it. She’ll accept that she won’t ever get the chance to feel Kim’s lips pressed against hers because that’s what she does. Trini always puts others happiness before her own.
Still, that leaves Tommi…

Tommi, the girl Trini left sitting in her bedroom once she realised that she’d admitted her true feelings aloud, in front of the other after they’d just kissed. Followed by her sprinting out of the room to avoid confrontation.

Not Trini’s finest moment, but there’s nothing she can do about it now.

(Later she’ll regret not staying behind to talk it out, to notice the way Tommi didn’t seem remotely surprised by the revelation).

———

It’s the light stroke against her cheek that causes Trini to begin stirring back awake, along with the gentle utter of her name.

Trini, Trini, Trini. It sounds like an angel calling out to her.

Trini isn’t too surprised when she finally flickers her eyelids open to see the face belonging to Kimberly Hart staring down at her. She looks tired; the bags under her eyes more noticeable with the light of the infirmary. Or maybe that has more to do with the fact that it looks like she’s been crying again. Trini vaguely remembers seeing the same swelling around her eyes before she’d passed out.

“Hi…” Her voice is weak and sounds nothing like her, but somehow it still provokes the corners of Kim’s lips to twitch into a sad smile.

“Hey, you… How are you feeling?”

Kim’s hand has retracted away from her cheek, now grasping at the bend of Trini’s arm instead. She tries not to think about how a single touch is enough to make her feel warm.

“Okay, I guess..” Trini raises her shoulders to shrug, but ends up finding the movement sends a wave of shock through her body. She sucks in a breath and visibly flinches.

“Don’t move too much. You have a concussion and there was some internal damage from when you hit the wall.”

Bit late for the warning, Trini thinks bitterly as the palpitating sensation eventually stops.

“Oh, and your hand’s broken..” Right. She should’ve figured that out by the bandages wrapped around her numb fingers.

“How long was I out for?”

“Oh, and your hand’s broken..” Right. She should’ve figured that out by the bandages wrapped around her numb fingers.

“How long was I out for?”

“Only a day. I told your parents that you’re staying at mine and the boys are at school to make sure no-one gets suspicious. Because, you know, it’d be kind of weird if we all ditched class at the same time.”

Trini nods, “Right, thanks.”

And there’s that uncomfortable silence once again. It’s suffocating, especially when Trini can’t run away or even move for that matter. She feels like one more second of Kimberley staring at her with only the humming from the ship to fill the stillness is going to drive her crazy.

So, she looks away. Stares at the ceiling because it’s better than having to watch Kim as she
watches her. Better than having to sink down into the deepness of her honey coloured eyes until she can feel herself *drowning*.

But then Kim is shifting in her seat, tightening the clutch she has on Trini’s hand (the unbroken one), and she can’t stop herself from looking back in the girl’s direction. No matter what, she is always drawn to Kim.

“Do you want to tell me what *that* was all about?”

*No.*

*Yes.*

*If it’ll help free her of this constant gloom looming over her.*

Like always, Trini’s mind is in a war with herself. One side is telling her to spill all her secrets right here and now, while the other side wants her to stay quiet and withdraw into herself. The latter is more tempting; it’s what she’s always done when it comes to an emotional situation.

But for once, she is considering listening to the voice telling her to do differently. Whether that be because Kim is right in front of her, still so soft and gentle even after how the smaller girl has been acting, or simply because she’s just so tired of fighting what she feels, Trini doesn’t know. All she knows is that she’s done with running.

“Last night,” Trini begins, her own voice still sounding so foreign to her. “I was just *so* angry and frustrated, with myself more than anything. I’ve been so stupid lately and I don’t even know why, don’t know what came over me.”

She knows *who*, but leaves that unsaid.

“I’d pushed you away and it made so upset to think that I could do something like that. To hurt the one person in my life I am absolutely certain about.” She’s glanced away now, unable to look Kimberly in the eye for the next part. “So, in my moment of crisis, I went over to Jason’s, just to have someone to talk to and I know he’d listen to whatever I had to say. But when I got to his house, I saw you and him through the window, and…”

Trini trails off. Squeezes her eyes shut tight at remembering what she’d saw; the space between Kim and Jason dwindling.

She can feel Kim’s gaze poring over her, can feel her confusion and the exact moment realisation hits.

Her fingers haven’t moved away from Trini’s hand and she takes that as a good sign. Hopes that means there’s a chance for them.

“Oh, Trini. That—.” Kim doesn’t get the chance to finish whatever she was going to say.

They’re interrupted by an abrupt sensation of a fiery rage. It’s almost similar to what Trini was feeling last night, but this is different. It’s more…controlled and intentional.

*It feels like Rita.*

From the way Kim’s face scrunches up, she knows she feels it too.

“That’s not me.” Trini declares because she feels like she has to after her little incident.
“No, I know. Wait here.”

Trini does, of course. Despite every nerve and bone in her body telling her to get up and find out the cause of this sudden chaos going on inside her.

Kim leaves the room and then there’s faint talking that goes on for a minute before it’s quiet again. Footsteps leading back to where Trini waits anxiously.

“What’s happening?” Trini manages to sit up when Kim returns, not caring anymore for the pain that shoots through her at the action.

“What? Who’s attacking them?”

Kimberly visibly hesitates at the question, purses her lips like she’s considering lying, but quickly dismisses the idea because Trini would be able to feel it.

She’s about to ask again when the silence has dragged on for too long, but Kim beats her to it.

“It’s Tommi.”
I won't go down without a fight

Chapter Notes

SO, originally this was going to be the second last chapter, but I’ve been kind of struggling how to finish it and ended up deciding to leave the battle for the next chapter.

This chapter's a little bit longer than the rest, so hopefully that makes up for me making you all wait for the conclusion.

There’s so much going through Trini’s mind in this single moment. Mostly all she can focus on is the confusion that’s been overwhelming her and the multiple questions that came with the declaration that their own teammate is fighting the boys.

Tommi, who she trusted and maybe even genuinely liked, is currently the cause for the rage pulsating through her veins. Why exactly, she can’t answer herself. Not even Kim knows the reason.

Zordon does.

“It seems that Rita is behind this.” He informs them and even though he doesn’t really have a broad range of emotions, his tone is more solemn than usual.

Remembering the flash of green eyes sends chills through her entire body. Kim picks up on it, keeping her hand firm around Trini’s shoulder.

“But how? We— Trini slapped her into space.”

“I don’t know how exactly, but I know for sure it’s her. Tommi possesses the same power and energy she does. It’s possible that she could be controlling Tommi through the power coin.”

Trini thinks over this. Thinks that it makes sense. Explains the reason why Tommi had taken such a liking to her, just how Rita did. Because she’s the weakest link.

“So, how do we stop her? There must be something we can do.”

Trini barely gives Zordon enough time to answer Kim’s question before she’s asking another, far too lost in her own mind to care.

“Why’s she attacking us now? I mean, there has to be a reason for it, right?”

Zordon parts his lips and releases what she thinks is close to a sigh, but that’s impossible because he doesn’t have a body or lungs for that matter.

“There’s been a disturbance in the morphing grid for quite some time. Since Tommi arrived. Alpha and I didn’t bring it your attention because we believed it was you five getting used to another ranger in the team.” He pauses, and Trini’s afraid of what comes next despite being the one to initiate this answer. “This disturbance has severed your bond, made you vulnerable, and we believe that is why Tommi is attacking now.”
Before she can stop herself, another question that lingers on the tip of her tongue for sometime fills the air. “And who caused this disturbance?”

“Trini…” Kim murmurs softly. She already knows the answer, but hearing it out loud is something she needs for some unexplainable reason. Maybe knowing for sure that she’s the reason for their ruptured connection will put to rest all the tension in her gut. The guilt, on the other hand, which is already low and growing by the second, will remain until the day she dies.

“You, Trini.” Zordon answers without wavering in his words. Trini feels Kim instinctively squeeze her.

“What do we do, Zordon?”

“You must go out there and defeat Tommi. Once that is done, bring her here and we will destroy her link to the power coin.”

Sounds easy enough, but Trini knows nothing ever goes to plan.

Kim nods and then turns around, tugging Trini along with her so that she can place her down onto one of the steps. Knowing that it’s still somewhat difficult to be standing, even if she’s healing slightly faster now.

“I’m going to go help the others, you stay here and wait.”

“What, are you serious? I need to out there with you, Kim!” Trini states, raising her voice so loud that it echoes through the stillness of the ship.

Kim only shakes her head, resting the palm of her hands on Trini’s slumped shoulders.

“You’re in no state to fight, Trin. The last thing we need is for you to get hurt even more. Stay here and I’ll be back before you know it.” There’s that comforting smile appearing on Kim’s features, however Trini knows that it’s more forced than anything. It’s more there for show.

“But…. What if something happens to you? I won’t be able to forgive myself..”

“Oh, Trini..” Kim mumbles lowly and then her mouth is pressed against the smaller girl’s temple in a delicate kiss, her lips quivering against the surface. Trini pretends not to notice it; just relishes the closeness between them as her hand reaches out and clutches onto Kim’s jacket.

“I can’t lose you again..”

The double meaning in her words weighs heavy, especially as Kim pulls away slightly so she can catch Trini’s eye, momentarily glancing down to Trini’s cut lip. Like she’s considering kissing her.

Kim doesn’t kiss her. Instead, she gives a warm smile and utters, “You won’t. That’s a promise.” And Trini knows she means it. When Kim makes a promise, she keeps it. But the doubt that this is one promise she won’t be able to keep stays hanging over her head.

They both don’t make any signs of moving for another minute. Kim rests her forehead against Trini’s, closing her eyes and breathing in deeply as if this is the last time they’ll be able to hold each other like this.

Trini’s close to believing that when they finally part and she’s forced to watch Kim leave.
Being stuck in the ship while her friends are out there fighting for their lives is absolute torture. The only thing that’s helping her through the situation is that Alpha has eyes on the battle thanks to the morphing grid.

It doesn’t make her feel better though when she’s forced to watch — feel — when one of the rangers get hit with a hard blow.

Tommi’s strong and swift. Stronger than she expected even when facing four of the rangers. Each move they make, she ends up intercepting like it’s nothing and soon repays them with a strike to their armour.

But despite all the blows they’re consistently taking, the rangers haven’t showed any signs of backing down. They only get up after being knocked down and go again and again and again. _Those hours of training down in the pit really paid off, huh.. At least they have strong endurance._

Kim arrived at the scene not too long after she departed from the quarry and since then, their chances of actually winning has increase, though not by a lot. They’re still struggling and Trini can feel the frustration from the end being nowhere in sight growing.

It’s after feeling a heavy blow to her chest, that technically happened to Kim and results with a tremble in the morphing grid, when Trini decides enough is enough; she needs to be there with her team.

“I have to go help them.” She mostly whispers to herself, but Alpha is nearby and picks up on it.

“With your injuries still healing, I don’t believe it’s a wise choice to be jumping through the water.”

Trini ignores him and stands, trying not to pay any mind to the ache in her side that’s been bugging her ever since she left the medical bay.

“Trini! Please listen to me!”

The small robot appears in front of her, having an advantage thanks to her injured state and puts his hands up to stop her from continuing.

She halts in her steps and looks at Alpha standing below her, furrowing her brows. “I’m going, Alpha. You can’t stop me.”

“I know I can’t. But If you want to get there quickly, I suggest you try teleportation.”

“I… What?” Trini’s now confused, and for some reason, Alpha takes pleasure in this. Clapping his hands together. If he wasn’t a million year old artificial robot, she’d be convinced that him and Billy are brothers.

“Teleportation! Billy and I have been working on another, quicker way to get around Angel Grove and we finally figured it out. This is a perfect time to try it.”

And okay, that actually sounds pretty useful right now. Except that Alpha just admitted they haven’t tested it before and there’s a ninety-nine percent chance it won’t work and Trini will end up with half her body missing like some kind of magic trick.

Apparently her silence is an agreement to Alpha’s suggestion, because now he’s tugging on the hem of her shirt and leading her through the ship.
They end up in a room with different pieces of technology scattered all over, giving the impression that him and Billy had been in here recently.

“Okay, so now what?”

“Stand there.” Alpha gestures towards a small pedestal in the centre of the room before disappearing behind the dashboard.

Trini does as he says, though reluctantly. She doesn’t know what to expect from the next upcoming seconds so there may be slight stiffness in her movement, especially when Alpha has no idea either. Being his guinea pig doesn’t sit well in her stomach, but right now there’s not exactly another option for her to take.

It’d take too long for her to go on foot, even with her enhanced speed. By the time she reaches the others, it’d be too late.

“Okay! You may feel slightly lightheaded at first, but it’s nothing to worry about. I think.” Alpha chirps out and then there’s noise coming from all around Trini; a constant huming that’s pulsing through her and making her body shake. Oddly enough, it isn’t painful. Just similar to when on a rollercoaster the ride moves down, pushing against the wind so it becomes exceptionally difficult to feel anything but pressure on her face.

Alpha’s saying something — how she can tell, she doesn’t know — but his words are barely audible with the vibration from the walls being too potent to hear him properly. One second it’s overpowering, and the next there’s nothing.

Only a flash of yellow and then green.

The faded light of the ship is abruptly replaced with another light which proves to be much brighter than the ship’s, glaring right into her eyes. It takes some time for her to adjust to the brightness, blinking multiple times until she can focus on her new surroundings.

The ship and Alpha Five are long gone, which is a good sign, she thinks. The new teleportation system must’ve worked because she’s somewhere different. A place she’s never particularly been fond of.

Trini thinks briefly that maybe Alpha sent her to the wrong place because there’s nothing here. The hallways of Angel Grove High School is eerily quiet. Too quiet for a Monday afternoon. Even the classrooms are empty; the only indication that people were here being the books that have been left behind in a panic. That’s the first sign that tells her maybe this is the right place.

The second sign comes quickly after; a series of yells echoing through the corridor and a loud bang. The ground beneath her shaking, like the building is about to come tumbling down.

On instinct, Trini begins moving in the direction where those familiar voices came from; where she can feel herself being drawn to by the surging bond.

Her armour emerges over her skin, dulling the pain from her previous injuries, as soon as she’s outside, the glaring sunlight hitting her first and then the view of complete, utter chaos. The football field has been turned into a battleground.

Tommi is situated in the middle of it, fenced in by the other four rangers, most likely to keep the damage under control, though it seems to be of no use. The once artificial grass is now blemished with holes carved from the impact of bodies, dirt dug up. One of the goalposts is missing completely, while the other is bent out of shape.
Once Trini has gotten a brief observation of what she’s missed, she zones in on the once-friend-now-enemy who’s fighting off the rangers like it’s the easiest thing ever. There isn’t much time left for them, she knows it. Can tell by the way Zack falters in every move he takes, whereas usually he’s so sure of himself that there’s no hesitation; by the way Jason is struggling to continue getting up each time he’s knocked down, and by the way Billy’s armour is struggling to remain. Kim’s the most driven out of the four of them, however even from here Trini can tell that her agility isn’t what it normally is.

The boys are knocked down, attempting to accumulate the little energy they have left to no avail, with Kimberly being the only one standing now.

“Ah! Trini! So glad you could finally join us!” Tommi’s voice sounds so similar to Rita’s, echoing through the stadium, it takes Trini aback. The viridescent armour keeping the memory of that night fresh in her mind.

Kim’s first to look back in her direction, and Trini feels her gaze burning into her through the visor. Trini’s sure that something is about to said through their comms, can sense it before the static dips in, only for it to abruptly fade away as Tommi uses the pink ranger’s fleeting moment of distraction to her advantage.

It happens so quickly that Trini’s unconfident that she’ll get there in time to intervene. To stop the hand that is clawing around Kim’s neck and lifting her off the ground like she weighs nothing. Trini’s fast, but she’s never been as fast as Kim, with and without her powers.

The gasp of breath that can be heard through her helmet is what urges her to hurry; for the adrenaline already pumping through her veins to help push her in reaching Kimberly before it’s too late.

That obnoxious throbbing on her side from earlier returns as she plunges into Tommi with her elbow, forcing her to release Kim before flying backwards, away from them.

Trini steadies herself and throws her arms out to catch Kim before she hits the ground.

“I told you to wait at the ship.” Kim says once she’s managed to catch her breath, letting herself go limp in Trini’s grasp as her visor pulls back.

“You can’t keep me away, princess.” Trini quips back with a custom smile that just happens to always form around Kim. Her lips press together when she remembers Kim can’t see her face. “Are you okay?”

“Just peachy.”

Trini goes to reply but is cut off by the presence of the others, moving to stand by their side. She loosens her grip around Kim and steps back.

“We’ve barely made a dent on her and she’s kicking our arse,” Zack all but groans.

Jason, who’s for once out of inspirational speeches, just groans in acknowledgement to the statement.

“So, what do we do? We’ve tried everything.” Billy questions and for him, the brain of the group, to be asking that isn’t a good sign.

*They’re exhausted,* Trini thinks.
“Let me fight her. One-on-one.” Trini’s saying before she’s properly thought out what she’s proposing, but it’s out there now and there’s nothing she can do about it except brace for the refusal that’s bound to occur from Kim. All she knows is the guilt that this whole situation is her fault. She has to make up for all the mistakes she’s made up in the last week.

“No way, Trini.” And there it is. “If the four of us together can’t take her down, what difference can you make?”

It isn’t meant to sound so undermining, she knows that, but still some of her pride is hurt. Kim must notice the sharpness of her tone because she visibly flinches; as if she expects a backlash.

Trini shrugs, “I don’t know, but it’s worth a shot. And if anything goes wrong, you guys can jump in.”

Jason’s first to answer. “Alright.” Nods his head. “But the second things go bad, we’re intervening. Got it?”

“Got it, boss.”

On the other side of the field, Tommi’s finally come to; clearly more fired up than before.

Trini steps forward under the sweltering weather that is California, feels her armour prickle against her skin in anticipation, and readies herself what is about to come.
Blow after blow, Trini finds herself being knocked down without even managing to lay a finger on her opponent. Still, she’s kept her cool; getting back up each time to not worry her friends who are standing by, ready to intervene if need be.

Trini can feel Kim’s eyes on her, watching every little movement made. One small slip up is something she can’t afford, not when her team and basically the whole world is relying on her. Even with her current condition, Trini’s not planning on giving up anytime soon. She can broken, beaten black and blue until not even her armour can protect her, and Trini will continue to fight.

Most of the urge to defeat Tommi by herself stems from the need to prove that she isn’t as fragile or weak like Rita had claimed, however Trini chooses not to acknowledge this part. She merely focuses on the flame ignited deep beneath all those insecurities — the part of herself that has awakened from seeing her friends overpowered because of her. Their link to the morphing grid has been severed because of Trini’s foolishness. This is her mess to clean up, and she’s going to ensure that whatever’s left of Rita’s energy in the power coin will be destroyed.

The first step is defeating Tommi.

Tommi, who currently isn’t even breaking a sweat under the multiple punches thrown her way. Trini, on the other hand, is beginning to struggle.

There’s that irksome thrumming on her ribs that keeps on appearing and disappearing, as if it’s there to taunt her, surging through her body whenever she thinks that maybe she’s going to land a successful hit. It causes her to falter, for Tommi to then regain the upper hand and knock Trini down within seconds.

Trini returns to her feet like nothing happened and continues, stepping forward to send her balled-up hand in the direction of Tommi’s shoulder, swiftly followed by a roundhouse kick when the other manages to successfully dodge the first move.

Her movement abruptly ceases at the feeling of fingers wrapping around her ankle tightly and squeezing. The armour is useless when it comes to alleviating the pain that’s shooting through her whole leg, giving the impression that if she doesn’t get away soon, she’s going to have to deal with a whole lot more than a few cuts and bruises.

“Still so weak, yellow. Nothing’s changed since our last encounter.”

Tommi snarls out, her voice sounding so much like Rita’s that Trini’s starting to think that whatever was left of the young teenager is almost completely taken over from the energy sweeping through the coin thanks to the adrift ranger.
It scares her, makes her wonder about the possibility of failure because for the second time, she isn’t strong enough to defeat Rita.

“That’s what you think.” Trini spits out despite the part of her that relatively believes the words that’d been spoken.

She pushes off the ground with her right foot that’s still situated on the surface, flipping her body backwards into the air, sending her heel towards Tommi’s head. The move is effective, thankfully. Allows Trini some breathing room when the other is sent straight to the ground, forced to unclasp the tight hold she has on her foot. Trini only has a few seconds to think about her next move, so she puts as much distance as she can between them.

Tommi’s back up just as Trini’s stepped away, the aura emitting off of her more chilling than before, if possible. The amount of power is overwhelming, suppressing the energy her own coin is giving off, crushing it. Trini feels as if she’s seconds away from suffocating, and yet Tommi is nowhere near her.

Streaks of green is the only thing she can see, the vibrancy of the colour sending her mind into a panic, pulsating wildly, unable to be controlled. It leaves Trini’s sight in a haze, her once clear view of Tommi now nothing but a blur, save for the flecks of green and gold.

Then, there’s a tight clasp around her neck. Fingers digging into her armour, seconds away from cracking the surface and sinking into her skin, eager to leave another set of scars. Tommi’s now in front of her, a wicked smirk staring at her behind the visor, as she pushes into Trini and forces her down into the ground, leaving no leverage.

The anxiety kicks in almost immediately, yet all Trini can do is flail her arms around in hope that the part of her brain which isn’t affected by Tommi’s energy will help her escape her clutches.

So far, there’s nothing; only the desperate gasps for air, her lungs burning at the lack of oxygen, and the mocking laugh from Tommi. Trini’s gaze is still hazy, possibly more dim than before, but she can tell that the other has her helmet pulled back.

“See? I was right. You’re weak, yellow. There’s no point in fighting it.” Tommi snarls, her hands around Trini’s neck tightening. “They’ll be better off without you.”

Trini doesn’t want to believe it. She shouldn’t, not when it isn’t the truth. They need her, as much she needs them, however right now she can’t get herself to listen to what’s being said in her heart. There’s only Tommi’s — Rita’s — words repeating, infiltrating her mind until everything she’s went through with the Rangers is gone.

Not even Kimberly, the girl who has a hold on her heart so tight that if she were to let go suddenly Trini would probably die, can save her now.

Seconds pass and it’s getting harder and harder to breath, the previous feeling of suffocating under Tommi’s power now so close it’s impossible to avoid. The only difference now is this isn’t some hypothetical pressure weighing in from the morphing grid, it’s really happening.

She’s moments away from losing all sensation in her body, from having her lungs completely deprived of the one thing they need.

Behind her, Trini can feel the faint beating hearts of her rangers. Indistinct, but she knows it’s there, warm and comforting in its own strange way. Billy, with his carefree nature, telling her things are going to be okay even when they’re really not; Jason, giving this stern look while trying not to give
away the affection hidden beneath his eyes; Zack, constantly teasing her whether it be by lingering glances, or nudges into her side, treating her the most normal she’s ever felt in her lifetime; and Kimberly… always there for her, no matter what. Climbing into Trini’s bedroom after a tough day, with a sheepish smile and caring eyes, open arms. Ready for a night of long embraces, limbs twisted together under the sheets.

The way it grows remote and distant tells her one thing; she’s failed them. She couldn’t beat Rita before, and now she’s failed to redeem herself.

The last thing she sees before complete darkness finally takes over is green, Tommi leering down at her as the little bit of life left in Trini disappears, a familiar voice shouting out her name.

Then, nothing.

———

For the second time that day, Trini wakes up to the lights in the medical bay. The only difference now is that there’s no Kimberly by her side. In her place, there’s Zack, slumped over the chair with a few cuts and bruises across his face.

“Crazy girl, you’re awake.” The relief seeps through the shakiness of his voice, as he inches closer, genuinely smiling.

Trini strains to turn her head, immediately finding that the movement leaves an uncomfortable pressure on her neck. She sucks in a deep breath, winches and bites her tongue to stop any weak noises from escaping.

Her ego has already taken enough blows the past few days.

“Hey, dude,” she remains where she is, shifts her gaze so that she can still get a good look of Zack. “What happened?”

Zack takes her hand, which is a surprise to both of them. His touch is gentle, reassuring. Most of the time contact between them is anything but. Instead, they constantly roughhouse one another, in the most playful way possible, of course. Trini hardly ever seeks out contact like this with Zack, nor does he ever do the same.

Still, Trini doesn’t pull away. Even if it is unusual to have his rough fingertips grazing along the palm of her hand, she isn’t going to deny him the reassurance.

“You, uh,” Zack clears his throat, like he’s on the verge of crying or something, and that leaves Trini more shocked. “We did it. We beat Tommi. Well, technically Kim did.” The grasp he has around Trini’s hand loosens, pulling away to wave his arms around mindlessly.

“You should’ve seen it. Your girl went absolutely crazy, she almost took Tommi down with one hit!”

Everything comes back to her then; fighting Tommi at the stadium; the pair of hands wrapped around her throat, so eager to drain the life out of her.

*No wonder the scars on her neck are burning, as if they’re alive.*

The news should be music to her ears, but all Trini can feel is how empty inside she is. How much of a failure she is. Because they beat Tommi, not her. She passed out, after being so sure that she could handle Tommi by herself. She left it up to her friends to pick up the pieces, after being so
emotionally and physically drained by the same person.

Trini should be happy, should return the wide grin that’s plastered over Zack’s face, but she can’t bring herself to pretend. Not this time.

Zack notices the lack of response, his simper immediately disappearing and being replaced with a frown instead.

“You should be happy, T. What’s the matter?”

It would be so easy for her to let out all the inner anguish she’s feeling right now to Zack, to let down the wall she’s spent years building and fortifying. For her to share her pain to her best friend, but Trini’s never been brave, not when it involves her own emotions. The barrier she felt crumbling seconds ago builds back up, the facade returning.

“Nothing,” she says, the pointed look she gets from Zack isn’t unnoticed, so she adds, “I am happy, believe me. It’s just my neck still hurts, and I’m exhausted.”

That seems to click some alarm bell inside Zack.

“Oh! Do you need an extra pillow, maybe some painkillers? I don’t know if it’ll work, though, because of our powers, but it’s worth a shot.”

Trini shakes her head, laughs airily at how his demeanour can change so quickly.

“No, I think I just need to rest it off.”

“Right.” Zack nods firmly.

A few seconds pass by with the two idly staring at one another. Trini clears her throat, tilts her head slightly towards the door, hoping Zack will read the hint loud and clear.

He doesn’t. At least not for another minute before it finally sinks in.

“Right, okay. I’ll go tell the others that you’re okay and just need to rest. You stay here and sleep.”

Zack scrunches up his face, stares at Trini like he’s thinking, something he hardly ever does, and she’s seconds away from asking what the hell he’s doing before he leans down, brushing his lips on her forehead in a soft kiss. Murmuring, “I’m glad you’re okay.”

And then he’s gone.

Leaving Trini alone to do anything but sleep.

As soon as the infirmary’s doors are shut, her thoughts immediately go straight to Kimberly and the others. She didn’t even think to ask where they were.

Probably too embarrassed from actually associating with Trini to look her in the face.

Imagining the look on their faces now is almost as painful as trying to turn her head. Their expressions that’ll probably scream ‘you tried and it wasn’t enough, but thanks anyway’ and ‘we don’t really need you anymore’.

Thinking about Kim like that has her stomach aching. Ashamed to even consider herself a Power Ranger.
Trini isn’t sure how long it’s been since Zack left her alone, but listening to the beeping coming from some alien machine with the odd stillness of the ship is driving her mad. She can’t stay secluded in this room for any longer.

It takes another minute before she’s actually able to leave the confines of her room, struggling with each and every step. She’s healing already thanks to the morphing grid, though not quick enough. There’s still that prickling on her ribcage, and her injuries from the night before haven’t faded away, though they are less severe.

Leaning on the wall for support, she comes to a stop at the sound of mumbled voices, coming from the command centre, one whom she recognises as Zack and the other as Kim. Her tone is much softer in comparison to his, and the sound makes Trini’s heart clench.

“…. Are you sure you’re gonna be okay alone? Jason and Billy won’t be long, but I’m still worried.”

“It’s fine, Zack. Tommi can’t do anything to us here, she’s going to be unconscious for a while.”

Even though Trini can’t see Kim’s face, she knows she’s rolling her eyes in that you’re overreacting way. Trini can’t help but smirk a little, however it doesn’t last long as the information that Tommi’s in the ship sinks in.

Zack doesn’t answer.

“Seriously, Zack, go be with your mom. I’ll be okay looking after Trini.”

It’s a silent again, then Zack is making this noise which probably means a reluctant agreement.

That’s the last of their conversation Trini hears before she’s up and at it again, shuffling through the corridors of the ship, making as little noise as possible, until she’s reached the outside cave.

The underlying anxiety of facing her friends is back, low and festering at the back of her mind.

She’s jumping through the pool of water, into the moonlight and fresh air, before it can completely corrupt her.

Outside, under the night sky, Trini almost feels as if she’s free. That there’s nothing waiting for her back at the ship or her house, no consequences of repercussions for being so weak.

That she’ll return to her friends and be accepted for the failure she is. They’ll laugh, and smile, and pull her into an embrace that she’ll try so desperately to escape. And Kimberly will take her hand, give her this smile that makes her eyes crinkle, which Trini adores so much.

But that’s not going to happen.

Whatever imaginary, fairytale ending she has made up in her head isn’t for her. It never has been, no matter how much she tells herself things have changed. Trini’s destined for everything miserable and dark. The yellow power coin burns bright in her hand; another reminder that it’s everything she’s not.

The prickling of tears in her eyes comes as she stares hard, longingly at the coin cupped in her palm.
“Thought I might find you here,”

Kimberly emerges from the trees, smiling so brightly it makes Trini physically hurt. She can only glance her way for a second before looking away, wiping the tears away with her wrist.

There’s nowhere else she’d go, honestly.

This spot gives her the comfort she needs when no one else can give it to her. Trini doesn’t know if it’s because it reminds her of Kim, but there’s a heavy inkling behind it. She came here after finding her with Jason; it only makes sense.

When Trini doesn’t answer, Kim moves to join her on the flat rock. Trini scoots over slightly, because she’s not a jerk, and she brings her knees closer to her chest.

Kim sits and continues to stare at the smaller girl, doesn’t even acknowledge the view of the town and other mountains in front of them.

“How are you feeling?”

There’s nothing but pure concern in her voice.

Trini shrugs. Too afraid to hear the delicacy her own voice has become.

Kim isn’t satisfied by that answer, but she doesn’t push it. Instead, she lets the distant noise from the town fill the gap of silence, a soft breeze of wind coming every now and then.

It’s driving Trini mad not to know what’s going through Kim’s mind at this very second, but there’s also that vague voice telling her she already knows. How she’s thinking about how Trini isn’t needed on the team anymore, and that whatever was between them all those months was only a game.

Somehow, the second one stings more than anything else.

The silence is palpable, so many unspoken things between the two floating around, desperate for attention. Trini doesn’t know where to start, what words to say, so she waits for Kim to be the one to do it.

“…Why did you run?”

Yeah, that wasn’t what she was expecting.

“I didn’t… run.”

It’s the truth, really, in some ways. Technically she didn’t run, but then again, she did.

Trini always runs from her problems, both literally and figuratively. It’s a habit she has to break.

“You did.” Kim insists, turning so she can face Trini instead of the open air.

The firmness in her tone and gaze is unrelenting. Trini can’t even bring herself to disagree as she normally would.

“So? Do you want to tell me why you disappeared from the ship?”

No, she really doesn’t.
“I couldn’t…” Trini starts, stops herself within a few seconds. There’s really no words out there to explain what she’s feeling; the heaviness she has over heart from not being good enough. But Kim’s looking at her with a soft smile, urging her to continue, and somehow it’s enough for her.

“I just — I didn’t want to stick around and listen to you guys tell me that I tried my best with Tommi. It’s not the truth.” She’s already breathless, the tears quickly returning, “I feel so pathetic for not being able to beat her by myself because if it were any one of you, you’d do it without a problem, and I don’t like how you all pretend around me. As if it’s some sort of game and I’m the joke.”

God, she hates how pathetic she sounds. Trini inwardly cringes, squeezes her eyes shut to stop herself from crying, but that doesn’t stop her from continuing.

“I’m so tired of being the weakest one in our team, how I’m always targeted because of it. It happened with Rita, and now it’s happened again. Do you know what the worst thing is?” Trini doesn’t look Kim’s way, though she can feel her gaze burning into her. “You guys have probably realised how much you don’t need me and I’m going to be cast aside. Because honestly, you’d be better off without me. This whole situation is my fault! If my judgement wasn’t so fucking clouded, we wouldn’t be here right now. You and I might’ve stopped dancing around our stupid feelings ages ago if I wasn’t so fucking stupid!”

On either side of Trini, her fingers are digging into the solid surface, subconsciously. She can feel the tips of her digits bleeding, raw and numb. The power coin in her balled up fist is still burning. Kim’s hand is warm and soft against the skin on her wrist. It doesn’t belong there.

“Trini, look at me.”

Reluctantly, she does what she’s been told. Trini can never deny Kim anything. So, she slowly shifts her gaze away from the starry sky and focuses on the girl beside her, instantly getting lost in her chocolate hues.

“First of all, you are an idiot for thinking any of that.”

Trini parts her lips to speak, but Kimberly beats her to it. She holds up her index finger in front of Trini, gesturing for her to keep quiet.

“Let me finish. You said your piece, now it’s my turn.”

She nods.

“Second, none of that is true, Trini. You’re not the weakest. In fact, I’ve always considered you the strongest. Who cares if you weren’t able to beat Tommi? You stood up to her by yourself, and I’m still yet to decide if that’s the bravest, or stupidest thing you’ve ever done.”

Kim smiles at that, even laughs.

“And we’re not going to cast you aside. We need you. We’re not the Power Rangers without you, so you can forget about leaving anytime soon. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

Her tone drops at the end of her sentence, becoming unsteady. If Trini didn’t know any better, she’d say it sounded like she were seconds away from crying.

Kim isn’t looking at her now, her gaze downcast, as if the small pebble between them is suddenly more interesting. She doesn’t like seeing Kim like this, nor does she enjoy the way that that persistent weight over her heart has increased, like she’s feeling whatever Kim’s going through.
right now.

It’s enough to prompt Trini to slip the hand on her wrist into her own palm, interlocking their fingers. It’s the right move, because Kim is looking back at her seconds later, but there’s this sad smile on her lips.

“Hey, I’m not going anywhere, okay? That’s a promise.”

Trini doesn’t think she believes it herself, and from the way Kim is shaking her head, she doesn’t either.

“You can’t promise that, Trin. I watched you almost die today. I felt your heart seconds away from stopping. Do you know what that’s like?”

She does, though perhaps not to that extent. Watching Billy fall into the water that night was heart-wrenching, but this was before they genuinely connected to one another, so there was no shared pain sort of thing.

Trini didn’t feel the moment Billy’s heart stopped.

Kim almost did, this time.

“I’m sorry,” Trini says mostly because she doesn’t know what else to say. What will make it right. “I’m so sorry, Kim.” She squeezes Kim’s hand, moves closer for the sake of it.

“It’s not your fault.” Kim’s still shaking her head, returning the squeeze on Trini’s hand. “I — I just don’t want lose you again.”

Again.

Somehow, Trini knows that she isn’t merely talking about her fight with Tommi. It’s about before that. Unintentionally pushing Kim away to the point that they were both hurting, until there was a giant wedge between them. Trini’s still afraid that there’s no going back after everything she’s done, but she knows she has to try.

She didn’t almost die today just to lose the one person she’s ever truly loved.

“You won’t. And I know you don’t want to hear a promise I can’t keep, but this needs to be said. I promise I won’t leave you again, no matter what, okay? You’re everything to me, Kim. I can’t imagine leaving you for any reason.” Her free hand moves up and cups the curve of Kimberly’s jaw, caressing her thumb along the skin of her cheek. Kim nuzzles softly against her palm. “But if I do leave, you have permission to pull me off another cliff.”

Kim laughs, short and soft, and it makes Trini’s stomach flip on itself. “Promise?”

“Promise.”

She isn’t sure who’s first to lean in, but she knows one of them does and then they’re kissing. It’s sudden, but at the same time, Trini saw it coming from a mile away. Having Kim’s lips pressed against her own feels right, like they were made to fit together.

And, yeah, Trini’s never been the sappy kind, but if someone were to ask her if she believed in soulmates and all that jazz, she’d say yes.

She’s found hers. The kiss alone tells her that, the electricity it sends through her veins only
serving as a backup.

Kim pulls away first, leaving their lips inches apart, close enough for Trini to feel her breath.

“I love you,” Trini blurts out, almost subconsciously.

For someone who constantly has to think over what she’s going to say, the words come easy to her.

Kim smiles. She brings her hands up to cup either side of Trini’s face, pulling her into another chaste, sweet kiss.

Mumbling throughout, “I love you, too.”

Trini thinks that nothing else matters in this moment. She has Kimberly Hart, her heart full of nothing but adoration. When the time comes, she’ll deal with the dark corner in her mind, occupied by green and gold, and she won’t be alone to pick up the pieces then.

The moon shines bright high above the two girls, her power coin by her side humming in absolute content.

End Notes

basically imagine Sofia Carson as the Green Ranger.

Comments/Kudos' are always appreciated!!

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