Summary

To want is to be weak. To want Eve Polastri is to not be in control. Villanelle knows these things- has become these things.

OR, a fix-it fic where Eve Polastri does not get shot. Kind of how I pictured the finale would go without the writers cancelling the build up they created in the first place.

Notes

First time writing for this fandom and I'm scared.

To want is to be weak.

Here is the line between love and obsession that which Eve stands upon. The middle part, the blur, the confusion. Wanting to be right but craving for something wrong at the same time. But who gets to decide what is wrong anyway? The only thing that exists now is them. No one else is there to judge. People often do unimaginable forbidden things in secret, without prying eyes. But what Eve feels is so loud that everyone sees. Carolyn, Kenny, Hugo and even her husband. The only one who doesn't seem to notice is her, but denial is always someone's last defense before the wall ultimately crumbles.
Right now, Eve gets to choose, and Villanelle will be waiting. Perhaps they won't ever be holy. No, they won't ever be anything near perfect. They're built upon madness and chaos in the eyes of the world. They won't ever be normal, but Villanelle is prepared to take her chances. Such is the fate of two hurricanes left to destroy each other. Such fate is to be damned.

Villanelle utters those three words, sending tremors across Eve's body.

"You don't understand what that is." Eve quickly argues.

"I do."

"No, you don't." She reinforces but it convinces no one. Villanelle's feature doesn’t soften. She tilts her head to the side, wordlessly telling Eve that she knows better. To love is to want, to want is to be weak and therefore to be weak is to be human. Villanelle chooses to be human with Eve. For her. To try all the normal things she never had the chance before.

(And so, if this love is all of hell breaking loose, why does it feel like salvation?)

They both fall into silence. Eve thinks about how she got herself to this point. Subconsciously she knows. Every moment that lead her to this has something to do with her choosing the assassin every time. However she chooses to narrow it down, it all leads to her. Maybe Villanelle is right. They are the same. She just hasn't learned to accept it yet. She knows that acceptance means losing herself but, who is Eve Polastri at this point?
"Eve." Villanelle holds her gun firmly, the small piece of metal getting heavier by the second.

"You have no one else. Nowhere else is safe."

"So I should trust that I'm safer with you?" Eve laughs dryly and Villanelle takes offense.

"Don't do that."

Eve raises her eyebrow and runs her hand through her hair.

"Stop pretending that there is a better choice." Villanelle says, taking a step closer to Eve.

"There is. I'm going home."

"And where exactly is that?" Eve stops in her tracks and possibly for the first time thinks about what the word meant.

"I don't know but I'm leaving. I can't stand to be here. I can't stand to be-"
"To be here with me." Villanelle finishes her sentence. Eve's silence is a confirmation that she is right. And it's not supposed to hurt, Villanelle thinks. She swallows the lump in her throat and grips the gun tighter.

"You could've killed him. You wanted me to be scared, to be a mess. Is that how you think you're going to have me because I'm neither of those things."

"Yes, I could've killed him." She says, voice low but firm.

"Then why the hell didn't you?!" Eve snaps, trying to grasp the last bit of her sanity.

"I think you know the reason for that one."

"Besides you wanting to manipulate me?" Eve counters.

"You know I'm a bad guy. Let me ask you something Eve." Villanelle runs her fingers across Eve's face. She flinches at her touch and Villanelle notices.

"Why couldn't you leave me to die? You could've just run off and yet you didn't. Why is that? You don't owe me anything. I have too much blood on my hands. Most people would say a person like me deserves to die."
"It was my job-"

"To protect me? I don't need that." Eve stares at her, boring holes in Villanelle's eyes. She can't get the right words out. Perhaps they don't exist.

"You know why Eve. Why can't you just admit it."

"That what? I care about you? Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"Is it the truth?" Villanelle raises her eyebrows.

"Since when do you care about honesty. Clearly you've never been."

"You're angry with me, I know."

Eve scoffs, "That's an understatement."
"I'm not good at this. I never have been." Villanelle admits out loud which takes Eve by surprise. She asks herself if this is another form of deception. Another art that Villanelle is skilled at. One that which she is always bound to fall into. But Eve studies her and gets nervous when she doesn’t see a hint of pretense. It scares her that this is becoming more real by the second. And in between wanting her and being righteous, it all comes down to falling apart. If ruins can become more wrecked and dismantled, that is what Eve and Villanelle are.

"I'm leaving now. I'm just tired of this. I'm tired of it all."

"Eve." Villanelle calls out. "You only have me." It tugs something inside Eve that she refuses to acknowledge. There is no wrong or right thing. Not with them anyway.

"That's not true." Lie. Maybe she has learned a thing or two from Villanelle.

Villanelle groans out of frustration. "When will you stop lying to yourself? Can we have this conversation when you're not upset?"

"Upset?" Eve says in utter disbelief while taking confident steps forwards. Her lips closer to Villanelle than ever. "Is that what you think I feel? You think this is something I can sleep off and forget? You don't get anything. You don't understand what I'm feeling because you haven't felt this way before."

“You don't get sad.” She jabs a finger at Villanelle's chest.

“You don't get hurt.”
“You will never know what it feels like. You’re just bored.” Eve finishes without looking away. She figured that maybe saying these things out in the open would make some sort of realization that Villanelle is incapable of being anything other than a psychopath.

"I know how it feels to be hurt." Villanelle’s revelation surprises Eve.

"I-I know it feels like I can’t breathe properly.” She looks down to the floor then back to Eve’s eyes.

“I know it feels like something sank down to my stomach.” For the first time, she steps back, as if being near Eve could kill her. Perhaps it already did.

“I know it makes me feel…lonely." Eve looks away. For a second, she cannot bear the gravity of the situation. It’s implications, the realness in Villanelle’s voice that stirs a war inside her.

"And you know what?" She falters for a moment, "I only feel like this when I'm around you." She draws a deep breath, thinks for a few second and points the gun to Eve.

"That’s all you ever do. You hurt me. You only want me when you need me. Isn't that right? You need me because I make you feel like you could do anything. You need me because you can’t bear to do the same goddamn job and be another nobody. And I need you because you make me feel something other than my desperation to feel anything but empty.”
"There isn't any way to fix this now." Eve whispers, realizing what's about to happen- what she knew would happen all along.

"No. No there isn't." Villanelle pulls the trigger without hesitation and a loud gunshot echoes through open space. Their story was always written out to be some sort of grand tragedy.

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But the bullet didn't bury itself in Eve's heart.

"I didn't think you'd be the one to make me feel things and then rip them apart when it's convenient for you." She exhales the breath she has been holding, drops the gun and turns around.

"Where are you going?" Eve asks, her voice trembling.

"You don't get to ask that now, Eve." She replies, slowly walking away, anger dancing over her delicate features. Villanelle convinces herself that this is how she gets her power back.
"Don't- don't go."

“I have to.” Villanelle says and it sounds final. Eve asks herself what’s more scary. To accept what this is or to let her walk away. “There is nothing for me here.”

Eve understands. And really, she should've learned by now that this, whatever this is, is just hopeless. They're going down and they both see it. You don't get to want dark things and expect to not get destructive results.

She lets her walk away…until she doesn’t.

“Oksana.”

That stopped the blonde girl in her tracks. She casts a look over her shoulder and tries her best to cover up her vulnerability at the moment.

“I’m not ready. At least not right now. But I know when the time comes, you’ll find me. You always do.”

Villanelle stays silent and nods. This is like a promise, one she thought she’s not capable of doing.
She feels hope for the first time. But, this is the end of something. Eve will never speak of it again and neither will she. Not until the world dissipates. Not until everything pacifies, whatever that means for Eve. Eve chose and Villanelle will still be waiting. Somehow Villanelle convinces herself that this is enough.

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