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Incandescent

by blurail95
The layover from Belgium to Portugal was not the worst Alex had experienced, but still a 5 hour layover was a pain in the ass, no matter how you looked at it. Especially when you have a condescending FBI agent breathing down your neck, and a pair of handcuffs latched onto your wrist.

Alex was currently in a small international airport in Belgium that would fly her to Portugal. This flight would be her last stop before she would step on the plane that would take her back to the States. A few months back that would be no biggie for Alex, all she would have to deal with would be the annoying flashes of cameras and excited soccer girls trying to get her autograph. But she left that life months ago, sure she would get the same flashes of cameras, only this time they would be focused on her being the villain not the last minute heroine they all grew to love. It’s funny how one night can change your life in an instant.

The chain connecting the handcuffs clanked together and it reminded Alex that she had to find a way to escape if it’s the last thing she did.

“Ok, come on. Get up. Let’s head up to the counter and see if we can get on the plane already” the agent said while they both stood.

The FBI agent had been on her tail for the past ten months and he finally managed to get her to the airport for the first time. His name was Micael, a military man who found a way to serve his country, by capturing international fugitives. He was roughly about the same height as Alex, square broad shoulders and one feature she couldn’t help but find amusing. He had a higher pitched voice than hers. Granted she had a gravelly voice since childhood.

As he finished talking to one of the foreign attendants that understood some English, he steered Alex towards the bridged entrance of the plane. From the moment he placed the handcuffs on her the man has refused to lose physical contact by any means. Smart man, because giving Alex Morgan a half chance she would make a run for it if it meant she had the slightest chance of escaping. The last thing Alex wanted to do was head back to the country that screwed her over.

“Looks like we’re sitting right up front, come on let’s get this show on the road!” Micael placed her on the window seat and lowered the food tray.

As he did this the flight attendant asked Micael if he wanted a beverage. “Just some orange juice for the lady and iced water for me, thank you.”

Alex got comfortable on the seat and turned towards the window waiting for an opportunity of escape to appear.

“Alex, what are you thinking?”

Surprised by the question she glanced over her shoulder and stared at him.

“I asked you something Alex, surely you didn’t lose your manners while you were being a criminal.” he chided.

Refusing to acknowledge his stupid remark she turned back towards the window.

“Hey! I’m talking to you!” he snarls and he grabs her shoulder and forcibly turns Alex towards him.
“What do you want to hear Micael? That I’m tired, that I didn’t do it, that I’m actually innocent! Because I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t believe me anyways!” Alex whispered shrugging his clammy hand off her shoulder.

“Um, here are your beverages, Sir.”

The flight attendant glanced towards Alex’s cuffed wrists as she placed the orange juice on the food tray and walked down the aisle. Alex didn’t blame her for all she knew Alex was a fugitive.

“You want to know what I think Baby Horse?” Micael downed his drink in one gulp and turned towards Alex. She rolled her eyes noticing the nickname he used.

“Don’t call me that, and No. I really don’t.” Ignoring her suggestion he went on anyways.

“It really doesn’t matter what I believe, because at one point you had the whole country on your side and now, well… you shattered that pristine image you created. It’s going to take a bloody miracle and some very convincing evidence to make them think otherwise.”

“Why do you think I ran? Idiot.”

“Because that’s what you do Baby Horse. You run and run, until your time runs out.” And with that he laughed.

She tried not to cry out of anger, at what life had thrown at her. As a distraction she chugged her juice and noticed a slight alcoholic tinge behind it. That’s what the flight attendant was looking at. She wasn’t looking at her wrist’s she was trying to communicate to Alex with her eyes. Placing her forehead against the window Alex smiled.

Micael was right she did run, but everyone knew Alex didn’t stop running until she knew she won.

The dinging of the seat belt sign woke Alex up from a nap. The pilot said something over the intercom. Assuming that he was notifying the passengers to prepare to land when the plane shifted in elevation.

“Not too far now. One more day Alex, and you’ll be back in the USA!” Micael said as he made a patriotic gesture yelling USA. He gained some annoyed looks from the fellow passengers.

“You’re an Asshat, you know that?”

“Well, that’s rude” he said as they prepared to land.

They were now in Albuferia, Portugal and Micael was attached to Alex like a blood sucking leech. She just had to find a small window, she needed him to make one mistake, which was all she really needed to leave him in the dust. Nonetheless, she knew it wasn’t going to be at this moment. Alex had to be patient.

He walked them towards the shifting boards that indicated whether the flight schedules were
running on time. Alex read the board and couldn’t help but hold in her laughter. She noticed the line that held the flight towards California were all highlighted in red, and that only meant one thing.

“FUCK! Another layover you have got to be kidding me!” Micael said in angst.

The former striker had the brightest smiled over a layover for the first time, which had to have beaten her longest one yet. It was a 23 hour layover, due to a heavy tropical storm that was brewing outside.

“Let’s find a hotel we can wait at, Come on!” He grumbled, yanking Alex behind him towards the exit.

Like clockwork the floodgates opened up in the clouds and it started to pour. Fate was finally on Morgan’s side today. As he leaned over the side walk with one hand waving up in the air trying to wave down a taxi, his other hand kept ahold of her wrists.

All of a sudden, Alex felt a sensation in her gut that traveled all the way down to her toes. Alex had learned in the past year to never ignore her gut in various situations. Now was the chance she had been waiting for since the dumb agent captured her. When Alex began to lunge towards the agent, to knock him off balance, lightning flashed across the sky closely followed by an ear shattering clap of thunder, simultaneously occurring as she pushed Micael off the side walk. Alex was so focused on Micael that the thunderous sound didn’t even register into her senses. The reaction she got from Micael was exactly what she wanted. He was surprised by both Alex and thunder, that it made him lose his grip on her wrist while flying several feet away from the sidewalk. And like hell, Alex ran the fastest she could down the cobble stoned streets of Albuferia.

Having annual tournaments in Portugal with the national team, where Alex and her closest friends explored the city had paid off. Having a slight remembrance of the city, she needed to find a place to lay low, away from the public and gather her surroundings.

Morgan had been running at a full sprint for half an hour at the most, and the drainage system in Portugal really sucked to say the least. At this point Alex wasn’t even running anymore it was more like trotting through water that hit her mid-calf. She made a short detour into a street market looking for some kind of tool she could take the handcuffs off. Noticing a pair of pliers next to a cart that were carelessly hanging on a wire she casually walked by the cart, snatched them and turned into an alley nearby. Leaning against the wall she pinched the chain off the handcuffs into two and pushed the separated cuffs under the sleeves of her hoodie. That would have to do for now. Jogging back towards the cart she replaced the pliers back where she found them.

People may believe Alex was in fact a criminal, but she knew she was far from it. Just because the majority of people saw her as the monster that ‘they’ made her out to be, she could never let herself lose all sense of propriety. Alex would always find a way to make things right with what she is given. Today, she was given a half chance and she acted on it.

Currently, the former striker was desperately trying to remember any of the places her and Kelley used to explore within the city when they had to stay for the Algarve Cup. If she remembered correctly Alex was currently located by the main plaza where there should be a nice hotel and resort, just by the ocean.
She forced her tired legs to push even harder still looking over her shoulder on some off chance that Micael managed to keep up.

The storm did not seem like it was stopping anytime soon and the constant treading of water was beginning to take a toll on her body. Alex was sure she was experiencing the first stages of hypothermia with her drenched clothes. She was wearing a gray Nike hoodie that weighed a ton and blue jeans with a pair of sneakers she found back in Belgium. She was soaked to the bone and in the distance, like a bright light at the end of the tunnel, she could see a veranda leading up to the entrance of the hotel & resort she was looking for, just up ahead.

As she reached the entrance a short elderly man held the door open for her as she walked by. Shortly after walking into the main lobby she was greeted by a bell hop that had several towels draped along his arms. Gladly accepting one of the towels Alex smirked as he took in her disheveled appearance.

“Looks like you ignored the weather forecast today. Next time you should take an umbrella with you.” he laughed.

Their conversation was cut short by the loud hiss of airbrakes locking just outside in the veranda. Morgan turned towards the entrance and noticed a charter settling and opening its doors to its passengers.

“We have complimentary coffee and cookies at the breakfast bar up ahead. I say you make it there before it’s all gone.”

“Thanks for the towel.”

She turned back towards the main lobby and made her way to the bar and grabbed a hot cup of coffee along with a cookie that Alex clearly deserved after the run she just had. At the far end of the lobby she could make out a janitor closet with the door slightly ajar. Alex bet she would be find a set of keys and something she could take the handcuffs completely off, somewhere inside that room.

Drinking her coffee as she walked towards the door she shuffled inside making sure she went unnoticed. First, she looked for some kind of hardware to pick the lock on her cuffs. She had managed to find a small pin and quickly picked the locks open, something she had to learn in order to survive. Alex didn’t find a set of keys but something even better. Along the shelves of cleaning products there was a key card with a label that read “master”. Her luck was finally starting to make a turn for the better today. She grabbed the key and walked out the closet while hiding the card in the inside pocket of her hoodie.

“Hey what are you doing in there?”

“Oh sorry, but I was trying to find another towel, perhaps a dry one?” Alex gave the man her trademark smile as she raised her hand showing him the wet towel she currently had.

“Oh well, luckily we have our staff handing out fresh towels in the front of the lobby.”

“Yes I saw that, but I really don’t want to go out there with my clothes looking like this could you maybe get me one from the back, please”

“Of course. No problem you can follow me to my office and I can show you the number on how to order fresh towels from your room, for next time.”
“Great! That would be excellent.” Alex followed him behind the counter into the manager’s office.

The manager sat down behind his desk and started messing with his desktop while Alex sat down on the chair facing his desk. One of the staff members poked their head into the office and started speaking to the manager in Portuguese. The manager got back up from his desk and walked towards the door.

“I’m sorry Ma’am, but if you don’t mind I have to attend to something real quick and I’ll be back here soon enough.” “No problem, take your time.” Alex smiled as her brain started coming up with the perfect plan on how she would find a free room.

The manager left her alone in his office she hopped out of the chair and walked behind his desk. The man had carelessly left his desktop on and had the full directory of the hotel opened up. Alex scrolled through the room assignments and saw that one of the suites on the eighth floor was free for two weeks. This wasn’t Alex’s first rodeo she easily copied some files from another room and placed her false information to correlate someone else’s credit card and ID. And that’s how Alex managed to book herself a free hotel suite for two weeks at a five star hotel & resort. Making sure she left everything as it was she left a sticky note on the table.

‘I realized that I am currently soaking wet by the rain and I’m freezing, I couldn’t wait but thank you.’

Walking back out behind the counter Alex noticed the room next to the office had a plaque that read, “Airport Luggage” in several languages.

“Shit yeah!”

Really needing some dry clean close Alex unlocked the door with the master key card and grabbed a big burgundy bag that was a decent size. Along with a black Nike trainer bag that she hoped had better sneakers than the wet, soggy ones she was currently wearing.

She made her way out from behind the counter with her new clothes, grabbed herself another cup of coffee and made her way to the elevator in the back end of the lobby. Pressing the call button for the elevator, she hugged her warm cup with both hands and savored the delicious taste of her black Portuguese coffee. As the doors slid open she got on and pressed the highest button on the list, the eighth floor. Go big or go home was always Morgan’s style.

Just as the doors began to close shut Alex saw someone’s hand hit the door trying to catch the doors from closing. Raising her head out of her coffee cup the only thing she saw before the doors closed was someone wearing a neck scarf that covered half their face along with bright Hazel eyes.

“Tobin?” Alex couldn’t help, but say her name out loud.

‘That’s ridiculous it was only hazel eyes Alex. You can’t assume it was her just because of her eye color.’

Alex convinced herself she just needed a fresh bed and a hot shower and everything would be fine. She shuffled her feet in place and looked at her reflection on the mirrored walls of the elevator. She couldn’t help but give herself a well-deserved smile that reached all the way to her eyes as she took another sip of her coffee.

Alex Morgan won today.
‘Well, this sucks.’ Tobin thought as she sat on her designated seat right behind A-Rod and Cheney.

Tobin had her forehead pressed up against the cold window watching the rain slide down glass in unpredictable patterns. The weather couldn’t resemble the emotions of this team any better. The charter was painfully quite while everyone was lost in their own thoughts. Repeatedly going over and over what could have possibly have gone wrong with the match today. They didn’t make it to the final at this year’s Algarve Cup. Tobin couldn’t even remember the last time they didn’t qualify to advance in the tournament. They played so horrible. They lacked heavily in good attacks and even worse on defending. It was a total failure and to make things worse this was the year for World Cup Qualifiers.

Tobin kept analyzing through their strategy throughout the whole game and she kept finding holes everywhere. They lacked good communication and the mindset to set each other up for goal scoring opportunities. Don’t get her wrong Abby, Press, and Leroux had their moments, but they didn’t have the chemistry established with each other and that wasn’t their fault. They hadn’t had a solid roster since the Tribute tour after winning gold in London. The whole team was playing at different tempos and the tournament made them realize how much they needed to work on that.

The midfielder was clearly annoyed with herself because every time she came up with a solution to their problem a name she was sure the whole team was thinking at the moment, kept popping up. They needed Alex Morgan.

Alex Morgan, a speed demon up top that had defenders looking over their shoulders long after a game had even finished. Their Baby Horse that would make a chance out of a half chance and sometimes even out of a no-chance. Nonetheless, she wasn’t there. She left this team, her family…. She left her. Alex left her when they promised each other things would finally change, but Tobin felt like Alex made her choice by being somewhere out in the world doing only God knows what. For that fact alone, the only emotions that came along with that name was disappointment and abandonment.

Tobin was brought out of her thoughts as the charters airbrakes locked and she lurched forward.

They had just arrived at the hotel. The midfielder grabbed her bag off the chair besides her, refusing to think about the person that should be there instead. Putting her neck scarf back over her nose she waited behind a quiet Cheney as they slowly got off the charter.

The doorman was holding the door open for the team as they walked into the main lobby. Tobin’s nose was instantly hit with the aroma of coffee and something sweet reminding her of just how hungry she currently was.

“Feed me! Please!” Kelley yelled as she pushed past Tobin trying to get to the food bar. She was literally forcing herself to the very front of the line. Only Kelley could get in front of a cold and hungry crowd and still have them look at her with a smile on their face. It was unreal at how cute Kelley was without even trying. But knowing Kelley through the years, Tobin knew what Kelley
was trying to do. She was trying to put a smile back on her teammate’s faces.

‘Gotta love that Squirrel.’

Shaking her head, Tobin laughed at Kelley’s antics as she started walking towards the elevators.

“Hey Tobin where are you going? Aren’t you going to eat?” Cheney said while looking at Kelley scarf down cookies like a 5 year old.

“Yea, but I didn’t have a chance to shower in the locker rooms. So I’m going to take a quick shower and head back down into the conference room. See you in a bit.” Tobin said over her shoulder as she threw out the deuces behind her walking to the elevators at the back end of the lobby.

Someone was already walking through the doors as they started to close and Tobin really didn’t want to wait for the next elevator. She ran towards the elevator while trying to make eye contact with the person inside, so they could hold the door open for her.

“Hey wait up!”

Tobin was directly in front of the closing doors and managed to get a hand on the door that got the attention of the person inside. They raised their head just before the doors closed shut. They had a hoodie over their head so all Tobin had managed to see was their eyes and they hit her like a splash of cold water.

Blue eyes with a tinge of grey. Tobin only knew one person with that particular eye color.

“What about Alex?”

“What about Alex?”

The midfielder jumped as she looked down to the person besides her. It was Kelley hugging a cup of coffee.

“Umm nothing, I just saw someone with her eyes and she came up. No biggie.” Tobin shrugged off as she pushed the button to call the elevator back down.

“Are you coming up too?”

“Yea I kind of stole some sandwiches back at the stadium. So I’m good for now.” Kelley smiled as she drank some of her coffee.

“Want some?” she handed Tobin the cup as they walked onto the elevator. Tobin finished the delicious coffee while the elevator doors closed shut and Kelley pushed the button for the eighth floor.

“Dude not cool!” Kelley said as she shoulder checked Tobin when she realized that Tobin drank the rest of her coffee.

“Ha Sorry, not sorry. It was good though. Wait up, why are we going to the eighth floor?” Tobin and Kelley were roommates for this tournament and the last time Tobin checked their room was with the rest of the team on the seventh floor.

“Well I complained to the manager about your incident last night, just now and he gave us an upgrade! Is that awesome or what!”
Just thinking about the incident last night made Tobin nauseous.

“Gross, do not bring that up.” Tobin said while she took off her neck scarf and put it inside her bag.

“We really needed her today.”

Leave it to Kelley to bring up the topic of Alex. But Tobin couldn’t help but agree with her.

“Yea we did.” Tobin whispered as Kelley leaned against her side and Tobin wrapped her arm around her.

“Do you miss her, Tobs?”

“Of course I do. I wish things were different, but that’s how life is sometimes and we just have to roll with the flow. Even though it sucks and I’m Bus Buddy less.” Tobin laughed it off as they walked out of the elevator and made their way down the hall and saw their new room on the right end of the hall.

“I miss her too” Tobin could hear the sadness pouring out of Kelley’s words. She just crushed her even more into her side.

“Well, at least we got an upgrade for finding a used condom on your bed last night!” Kelley laughed as she raised her arms out showcasing the suite.

“Kelley! I so did not need a reminder of last night’s horrifying find. Dude that was just flat out gross.” Kelley couldn’t help but laugh out loud as they made their way further into the suite that had a balcony, overlooking out to the beach cove that was directly behind the hotel.

“But look on the bright side, your terrifying experience got us this view.” She gestured out towards the french doors. The view was the beach with a setting sun and rain falling down in buckets.

“I’m going to shower and eat some food. You coming down or are you going to chill up here?”

“I doubt the team is going to get together tonight to celebrate anything so, I’ll just stay up here. You can invite the girls up and have a movie night if you want?”

“Yea that sounds like fun.”

Leaving it at that, Tobin grabbed her bathroom bag and walked into the huge bathroom.

‘Stupid condom.’

Alex’s POV

Morgan walked off the elevator and made her way down the hall way. Noticing that her room was the center suite. She unlocked the door and put the latch on as soon as the door closed shut behind her. She’s had too many surprises in the past year to do otherwise.

Alex took in the open floor layout of the suite, something that became a routine for her in the past.
year. She walked around the whole room and established an emergency escape route just in case
she needed to make a quick getaway. If she didn’t go through the routine of surveying her
surroundings and committing them to memory she wouldn’t be able to relax until she did.

The suite was divided by a wall that provided some privacy to the bed that was placed behind it.
The balcony wall was made of rotating window’s with each one having its own curtain. There was
also a total of five doors. The doors to the entrance, bathroom and balcony didn’t raise any alarms
in her head, but the ones located on each side of the room looked like they connected her room to
the other two suites on the floor. Alex couldn’t decide whether they were a vulnerable spot or
another option of escape. Leaving them as pros she dropped the luggage by the bed and drew the
curtains from the windows.

The former striker felt her throat close up as she took in the view of the setting sun along the
horizon and was reflecting its beautiful colors across the Atlantic. Alex had to close her eyes as the
scenery took her mind back to the day she lost everything she ever cared about.

**Flashback: Just after the 2013 Algarve Cup.**

It was like every afternoon jog in Seattle. Alex was running up the main street within the city. The
sun was beginning to set as she pushed her legs to their limit trying to reach her apartment before
the street lights turned on.

She was only half a mile from her apartment when the music from her phone paused and “Empire”
by Shakira came on. Knowing who it was just by the song, she pressed on the receiver from her
headphones and answered it.

“Hey babe, did you just get into town?”

Alex could already make out the apartment that was half a block away.

“Ha Yea, I just got in Love, but I already got a ride from a friend. He gave me a lift to the
apartment. So, you don’t have to go to the airport. I know how much you hate them. Why do you
sound funny? Are you out for a run?”

Alex didn’t respond to his questions. She took the steps two at a time and reached for the small
zipper on her left shoulder that held her spare key. Taking off her headphones as she opened the
door, she could see Servando sitting on the bar stool by the kitchen counter. Running up behind
him she gave him a smelly bear hug and kissed him on the cheek.

“I missed you.”

“Me too. Good thing we have this whole weekend to ourselves. I have a special night planned out
for you.” Serv pecked Alex on the lips and scrunched his nose.

“Amor, you stink.” He said while holding her at arm’s length. They both laughed when Alex
squeezed the side of his ribs. The man had a serious tickling problem that would make him jump
out of his skin.

“No…stop…please!”

“That was not funny, Serv! Sooo, where are you taking me to for our date?” She had to stop
tickling him so he could catch his breath and answer her.

“Ugh that hurts. And yes beautiful I’m taking you out, but you’re just going to have to wait and see
where. We have about an hour till we get to 8 o’clock. Go wash up, cuz you smell.” He said playfully pushing Alex towards the room.

“Whatever!” Alex shouted as she started peeling off her sweaty running shirt and made her way towards the bathroom. The beautiful view of the setting sun just beginning to fall behind the woods outside her bedroom window made Alex stop in her tracks.

She used to share those sunsets with Serv, that was their thing, but time and distance had changed things. Alex had been sharing those sunsets with someone else. Alex wasn’t having an affair, but the emotions that revealed themselves in the past months was something Alex had to keep in check. Luckily the person she had those feelings for had a greater balance on their moral compass than she did and Alex respected that. Tonight, she was left with a choice, she had to finally decide which of the two most important people in her life were more important. In her heart Alex knew who it was, but she couldn’t bring herself to take that step of faith that particular person had asked of her.

However, it Alex knew that either way she looked at it she knew that whoever she chose tonight, her life wouldn’t stay the same.

—Present—

Alex couldn’t help but smile at the memory of how happy and naive she was. She had no clue what that night actually consisted of.

Shaking off the gloomy emotions from the memory she walked by the bed and peeled off the wet clothes she still had on, throwing them into the bathroom. Morgan opened the burgundy bag and laughed at the contents inside the bag. They had to belong to an athlete, no doubt. It contained a wide variety of workout clothes and hoodies. She grabbed a pair of black running shorts and a grey sweater that hung lose over the shoulder with a black sports bra. She opened the trainer bag as well and noticed an old Zune player was stashed on the side pocket. She laid the clothes out on the bed and walked towards the bathroom turning the music player on and placed it on the counter as she climbed into the shower.

Turning the shower on she was immediately caught off guard by the coldness of the water that speared all the way into her bones.

“Oh Shit! That’s freaking cold!” Alex screamed out while jumping up and down, trying to keep her body from turning into a human Popsicle.

Gradually, the water got warmer allowing her to relax, water freely cascading down her face. All she could hear was the soothing voice of City and Colour over the steady sound of water hitting her skin, and even then she could still hear the silence that took so much of her life in the past year.

Loneliness. It began to creep into her mind like a numbing mist. She just felt so alone. Alex craved to have any kind of real social interaction without having to worry about getting captured or killed. She missed her family, her friends, and her teammates.

But she also felt abandoned and thrown to the side each time she thought about them. How could they possibly believe all those lies? How could they believe that she was capable of committing
such a horrible crime? It made her skin boil remembering how they so easily believed the lies before even hearing her side of the story. Sure, she ran and rose the doubt of being guilty but of course she ran. Alex had just lost everything in an instant, and reacted without thinking.

Alex knew she wouldn’t be able to find any resemblance of peace if she didn’t bring the true criminals to justice. She knew she had to reestablish communication with the contacts she still had back in the States. Standing in the steam filled shower the former striker contemplated a few plans on making her first move on clearing up her name or die trying.

Resting her head against the shower wall, a song began to echo throughout her head as it started to play on the Zune player. Alex’s throat started closing up and her eyes became unfocused. Each word of the song was like pushing a hot needle into her already wounded heart.

“The Way It used To Be”

“'This is the story of a man. Who took for granted everything he had, And how he let it all just slip away, Never to return again.

Now twenty years have come and gone, And still he wonders what he did so wrong And how that he can win back her heart, And finally step outside of the dark. He buys fresh roses every day, Her favorite flower so she used to say. And now that memories all that he has left. I’m afraid he’ll drink himself to death.

This is the story of a man. Who took for granted everything he had, And how he let it all just slip away, Never to return again.

It’s cleared she’s moved on long ago, But he still clings on to a distant hope. That she’ll come back and make a happy home….”

Morgan couldn’t hear the rest of the song as her heart began to break. She refused to cry about it anymore. Storming out the shower she turned off the music and grabbed a bathrobe, hanging on a hook by the shower rack.

She couldn’t help but blame herself for what happened. Maybe if she had just stopped caring about what others would have thought, if she chose the person that made her the happiest, she wouldn’t be here. She would be happy and content if she had made her choice clear the day she knew she had fallen head over heels. A life would be saved.

Alex forced herself to leave those thoughts and made her way into the room. She grabbed the phone by the bed to call room service before her stomach began to eat itself, realizing how hungry she was. The phone rang while she looked out the windows and noticed that the rain had stopped outside. So she rotated the window’s sideways to let the fresh air circulate into the room and walked out onto the balcony, reclining against the rail. Inspecting the layout of the balcony she noticed that it was joined with the suites on either side of hers and the only thing separating them was a privacy wall on each side.

“Good Afternoon, this is room service. How can I help you?” an overly giddy staff member answered.
“Hi, I just wanted to know if you serve breakfast at this time.”

“Yes Ma’am the chef can make anything you want”

“Really! Well, in that case I would like some whole-wheat blueberry pancakes and a pot of fresh roasted coffee. The one in the lobby was delicious.”

“No problem, will that be all you’re ordering Ms.”

“Aw man I’m going to regret this, but do you have ice cream?”

“Yes we do any particular flavor you are wanting?”

“Nah, surprise me! Oh and a bottle of your best wine, please. That should be it, for today.”

“Ha-ha ok Ms. We will be right up in no time. Have a good night.”

“You too! Bye.” She was giggling while she danced in place realizing that she was about to have a nice hot meal.

Despite the shower she just had Alex had learned to keep her hopes up by enjoying the little things in her hectic lifestyle. Plus she couldn’t remember the last time she had a meal where she could sit and actually enjoy. Raising her hands over her head she screamed out towards the open ocean, due to the fact that she was genuinely happy for once.

“Hell YEAHH!!”

Losing some of the pent up anxiety with a well needed scream out towards the world Alex headed back inside toward the bedroom and turned the T.V. on. Changed into her clothes she waited for her late afternoon dinner as she laid on the bed channel surfing.

——Tobin——

The midfielder was in the shower humming to a new song by Hillsong when she heard the shower on the other side of the wall turn on. Shortly after that she heard a muffled scream with a few bad words following suit.

“Oh shit! That’s freaking cold.”

Tobin laughed at the misfortune and felt kind of bad for whoever that was. So deciding that it was time to get out so the person next door could have some warm water left.

She changed into some clean clothes and walked back into the room. Noticing the room was uncharacteristically quiet due to the fact that she had Kelley as her roommate she scoped the room and smiled at what she saw. Kelley was on top of the only bed in the room, spread eagle and totally knocked out.

‘Oh Kelley.’

Suddenly she heard something vibrating in one of the bags by the entrance. Noticing it was her bag she grabbed her phone and answered the call she had been waiting for all day.
“Heath?”
“This is she.”
“Code.”
“Forever Young.”
“Okay Identity verified. I’ll patch you into the meeting.”
“Sure.”

Hearing the line ring she looked back at Kelly on the bed and heard a slight snore coming from her vicinity. Not taking any chance she walked out into the balcony and closed the door shut, but remained facing towards the room making sure Kelley didn’t sneak up on her.

“Okay all personnel are present meeting can begin.” an automated voice declared.

“Ok well this is James and lets start with updates on our clandestine operative. Heath any updates on the case? We haven’t had anything on our end, but we should get some progress in the days coming up.”

“No, none I still haven’t been able to find the proof I need. I also need help it’s practically impossible to be alone and find evidence.”

“We are currently working on that, but keep trying. We need results Heath!”

Frustrated Tobin was tired of being told that she wasn’t doing enough.

“Hey! I’m doing this for only one reason and that’s for you to find her! But I’ve been here for the past two weeks lying to the people I love and you haven’t told me anything about how she’s doing or if she’s even alive!”

“……Last we heard she was captured by an FBI agent that was deporting her back to the States.” James told her.

“When? Where? What do you mean last you heard? Is she back in the states?” Tobin couldn’t stop her mind from asking so many questions. They caught her, they have her under custody.

“We got Intel that they found her in Belgium and flying her back….. earlier today, but”

“Wait Today! Belgium…..*Sigh*….But what James?” She found herself by the railing, gripping the ledge till her knuckles turned white from the pressure. She heard James chuckling in the background.

“Heath I have to give you Kudos you got a very sneaky girl.”

“Cut the Bull James! Tell me what the hell happened. and she was never mine.” Tobin had to lower her voice. She was losing her patience along with her sense of how loud she was getting. Tobin looked over her shoulder looking at Kelley who was still asleep.

“She escaped again that’s all we can tell you for know the rest is…. well classified and above our clearance level. Sorry Heath, but that’s all we know for now. Enough with the questions and find the proof you need or she is going to get the blame…. they might try her to the death penalty. She may be fast and gutsy, but they almost caught her today, before we could find anything……So try harder.”
Tobin was about to give the man a piece of her mind, but he took her out the conference call and the phone line gave a busy tone.

‘What are you doing Alex?’

Tobin couldn’t be anymore grateful for Alex being Alex and doing what she does best, running.

Walking back into the room she picked the phone up from the nightstand. Tobin decided to order Kelley a pot of coffee and a dinner plate. Knowing that once Kelley woke up she would be hungry, but too lazy to walk back downstairs to eat.

Once she placed the order she returned the phone back on the nightstand and went down stairs to the conference room with the rest of the team to eat.

—Kelley—

A scowl made its way onto Kelley’s face as she heard a constant knock on the door that had managed to wake her up.

“Room service. We have your order.”

Like a boomerang Kelley jumped off the bed and ran to the door pushing it open.

“Whoa I got up way too fast. Ow!” Kelley moaned as she grabbed the top of her head.

“Uh Hi, where would you like me to place your meal Ms.”

‘Huh, Tobin must’ve ordered me dinner. Man I really loved that woman.’

“Yum that smells really good!”

He looked at Kelley with a weird expression as she leaned over his shoulder to look at the cart he was pulling behind him.

“Would you like me to put your food out onto the balcony? The rain stopped and the view is amazing.”

Kelley turned towards the balcony and quickly nodded her head as she took in the view of the sun beginning to set just over the Horizon.

“Yes, please.”

The staff member pushed the cart out onto the balcony and opened all the window’s half-way. Placing the tray of food on a nook table by the corner of the balcony that had a loft chair facing out towards the ocean, he poured Kelley a cup of coffee before walking back inside.

“There you go Ms. Have a goodnight.” he smiled as he made his way out the suite, closing the door behind him.

Kelley made her way towards the nook, sat down on the loft chair, and grabbed her coffee to enjoy her dinner looking out over the ocean.
Kelley had just finished her third cup of coffee when she heard a very familiar voice on the other side of the seven foot privacy wall.

The woman sounded like she was on the phone ordering something from room service.

“Really! Well, in that case I would like some whole-wheat blueberry pancakes and a pot of fresh roasted coffee. The one in the lobby was delicious.”

“That voice! I’ve heard that voice before, but where! It felt like this wasn’t the first time I’ve heard this conversation either.’

“Aw man I’m going to regret this, but do you have ice cream?”

“Nah, surprise me! Oh and a bottle of your best wine, please. That should be all for today.”

“You too! Bye.”

Kelley was already standing up and leaning over the rail at this point, trying to see who the hell was on the other side of the wall.

‘There was no way that could be Alex, no way in hell! But I swear on Tobin’s’ croissant that the voice coming from that room was the scratchy tone of her ex best friend.’

Kelley’s mind tried to come up with a logical reason as to why she thought it was Alex. It didn’t make sense, Alex was a fugitive. She couldn’t afford to stay in a five star hotel & resort, much less a suite. It was impossible. But all logical thought flew out the window at what she heard next. It was a very distinct squeal coming directly from the other side of the wall.

Kelley’s chest began to burn wanting to know who was on that balcony with her. She started climbing the table knowing that she would probably be able to see over the wall if she did, at this point Kelley really didn’t care if she ended up getting kicked out of the hotel for what she was doing.

Then all the blood rushed out of Kelley’s face as she heard a broken scream inches from her.

“Helllll YEAHHH!!

Realizing that Kelley was still too short to look over the wall she started jumping up and down the nook table trying to look over the wall in short glances, but the only thing she managed to see was the woman walking back inside and the flick of long dark hair.

‘No….. Fucking ……..way! Okay I think I’ve had enough coffee for this whole week. What the hell did that guy put in my coffee? Did I just get roofied!’

“Kelley! What are you doing?”

“Fuck, Oh SHHH…..” Kelley screamed when she tilted the table and lost her balance falling face first onto the loft chair.
“Are you leaving tomorrow Chen?”

“Yea Tobs, most of the team changed their flights to an earlier one. Me and A-Rod are heading out late tomorrow morning. What about you?”

“I think me and Kelley are going to stay and explore the cliffs just out of the city this year. We might stay an extra day or two.”

“Oh Ok sounds fun! So, your room around ten?” Cheney pointed at Tobin as she got off the elevator.

“Yea, movie night at my crib.” Tobin waved goodbye as the doors closed.

Tobin tried to find some alone time to get some kind of intel, but she simply couldn’t shake off her teammates without raising suspicion, and she really couldn’t concentrate on anything important happening around her. She was too frustrated and worried about Alex’s current situation.

Opening her room with her keycard she walked out onto the balcony and took a deep breath, taking in the scent of the ocean below effectively calming her nerves down. The sound of silverware clinking had Tobin turning her head to the far corner of the balcony. She had to admit that wasn’t the worst thing she’s caught Kelley doing.

The short defender was currently jumping up and down the table trying to look over the privacy wall into the other suite.

“Kelley! What are you doing?”

“Fuck! Oh SHH…”

She ends up losing her balance and falls face first onto the loft chair stopping her from finishing the rest of her profanity. Kelley moaned into the cushion of the chair as she picked herself up and glared at Tobin.

“Tobin! What the hell dude.”

“What the hell is right? What were you doing Kells?”

“I….uh…Look I… if I tell you. You have to promise that you won’t think I’m crazy.”

“Of course Kel, I promise.” She sat back down properly on the chair and Tobin noticed Kelley’s face looked slightly paler than it usually was.

“What happened?”

“Tobs, You still remember Alex’s favorite foods. Do you remember all of them?”

“Yea sure, those blueberry pancakes made with wholegrain, the expensive wine, and coffee. Why?”
“And ice cream. Right? You can’t forget that. That was her kryptonite… I mean all those things scream Alex Morgan right?”

“Yes Kelley. Why are you asking me these questions?”

Tobin made her way towards the railing and leaned against it, looking out to see the last bit of the sun peaking just over the horizon. She took a deep breath in and slowly let it out. Kelley was starting to bring back feelings Tobin didn’t want to go through again.

“Tobin, would you believe me if I told you that the woman next door just finished ordering all those things, just now?”

Tobin looks over her shoulder and saw Kelley paying very close attention to the inside of the coffee cup she was hugging towards her chest.

“Lots of people like those things, Kelley. It was probably just a coincidence, that’s all.”

“No Tobin! You didn’t hear her. It wasn’t just the food. It was the way she talked on the phone. Her voice. The yell afterwards, it was too much! That’s why I got on the table. It sounded like Alex was right behind this wall…”

“Well did you see anything?”

“Yes… Well No. Not really. I just saw long dark hair before she walked back inside. Tobin you have to believe me! There is no way that wasn’t her.”

Kelley was on the verge of tears as she told her what she had just experienced. Tobin didn’t think Kelley was affected this badly by the loss of Alex, but clearly she was.

“Kelley I know you want it to be her, but we just really miss her that’s all it is. Especially after the game we had today. You said it yourself back in the elevator. We really needed her today. Don’t you remember when I thought I saw Alex in the elevator, earlier today?”

Kelley nodded her head as she absentmindedly poured more coffee into her mug.

“We just miss our best friend and we can’t help but see her in the little things” Tobin made her way back to Kelley and sat next to her on the chair leaning her back on it. Kelley followed suit and cuddled into her side, as they silently watched the sun finally disappear into the ocean.

“Do you think she really did it, Tobs? That she was capable of killing Servando in cold blood?”

Just hearing that statement made Tobin cringe and close her eyes shut.

“Honestly, you know the answer to that Kelley. I told you that she didn’t do it the day they told us about it. That’s what my heart tells me and well I just can’t bring myself to think otherwise.

“I think she just got scared and ran off. What if he was murdered, but right in front of her, Tobin? We both now that she loved that man with all her heart. Our dorky Alex could never kill someone. Especially if that person was her Fiancé… or was going to be. I mean do you remember when she ran out of the goal squealing, when Hope kicked a ball at her just outside the eighteen, during goalkeeping tryouts?”

Tobin smiled at the memory and couldn’t help but find it slightly worrisome on how Kelley had it pretty figured out yet she didn’t have half the information Tobin had.

“Only time can tell Kelley. All we can do for now is pray that Alex is safe and healthy wherever she may be. Even if she is next door.”
“Hey! That’s not funny!”

They both laughed as Tobin squeezed Kelley against her shoulder.

“You know I love you, Squirrel”

“I love you to Toby.”

They both turned towards the door when they both heard Cheney yelling behind the front door.

“Hurry up and open the door! I am half-decent in a semi-public place!”

She almost took the door down as Tobin and Kelley laughed while they made their way inside together to get ready for movie night.
'Stupid game, stupid weather, and stupid Baby Horse for not being here when we needed her to be.'

But Alex did score some points with her when Pinoe found out she ran from the cops. Who knew she had it in her?

Pinoe just got off the elevator on the eighth floor, because Tobin texted her something about having movie night. But as she walked down the hall she realized Tobin had failed to tell her which room number was hers.

‘Oh well, hopefully they have the center suite.’ Pinoe banged on the door.

‘Come on! Hurry up!’ Pinoe thought as she knocked.

Pinoe was knocking on the door hard and rapid.

“Hold up! I’m Coming, Jeez!”

Pinoe stopped her attack on the door mid-way and scrunched her face at the sound of the voice. Suddenly the door to the right of Pinoe opened up and she saw Tobin stick her head out into the hallway.

“Yo Pinoe the room is over here you dummy, come on.”

All Pinoe could do was nod her head and walk through the door Tobin held open for her.

Before Pinoe closed the door she looked back down the hall and saw someone from room service making their way towards the door she thought was Tobin’s room at first. She saw the door open just wide enough for the cart to fit through.

“That’s fine I got it from here, thanks” Then the door closed shut on the poor guys face.

‘Ooops…… Either that person had a seriously bad sore throat, or that was the voice of a groggy and pissed off Alex Morgan.’

Pinoe along with the rest of the team had learned long ago that it wasn’t the smartest thing to mess with a cranky Alex, especially when she was sleeping.

“Megan you look like you’re about to pop a vain. What are you thinking so hard about, Dude?” Tobin said waiting for the other midfielder to close the door and get in the room.

“Uh nothing, just that the party can start now that I’m here, it won’t suck as much.” Pinoe shrugged as she walked past Tobin and into the suite.

‘I didn’t want to talk about Alex, much less talk about her with Tobin. Out of all the people Alex hurt by doing what she did, Tobin and Kelley had to be the ones that took it the hardest… Especially Tobin.’
All the girls had piled on the bed and were arguing on which movie to watch.

“Pinoe you are most definitely sitting on the floor. You don’t fit on the bed.” The whole room laughed as Leroux had practically called Pinoe a fat ass.

“What’d you say?” Pinoe ran towards the bed and jumped on top of the girls. Mainly aiming towards Sydney.

“Pinoe…Don’t You….Ummph!”

“Sorry Syd I didn’t quite catch that can you repeat it, please.”

“You’re a fat ass Pinoe. Get off! I Gonna Die!”

The whole room was filled with laughter as Pinoe’s incident out in the hall made its way into the back of her mind.

—Alex—

She had fallen asleep watching T.V. while she was waiting for room service. Alex didn’t have too many pet peeves, but there was only one damn thing that irrationally pissed Morgan off and that was being woken up for any reason.

A loud bang startled Alex out of her sleep and she catapulted out of her bed in an instant grabbing anything in arms distance to protect herself with. As Morgan got her bearings back she realized it was just some idiot knocking the shit out of her door. She took in a deep breath to try and calm her heart beat, before she gave herself a heart attack. Slowly walking to the door with a lamp that she yanked out of the wall, Alex looked through the peep hole of the door and saw room service finally bringing her the food she had ordered.

Alex felt her body relax as she realized she was in no immediate danger. She hid the lamp behind the door, as she opened it remaining behind it. As soon as the door allowed the cart to fit through she stopped the guy from coming in.

“That’s fine. I got it from here, thanks.” Alex grumbled under her breath after she closed the door on his face.

‘Stupid, that’s what get for waking me up and scaring the shit out of me, dammit!’

Alex got situated on the bed and enjoyed one of the first good meals she’s had this whole week.

As she was going ham on her pancakes, she heard multiple voices of laughter coming from the other room, shortly after hearing a loud thud behind her against the wall. It sounded like a bunch of young women where in the suite next door having a good time. Then all of a sudden Alex didn’t feel so hungry anymore. She felt the feeling of loneliness wash over. Hating the way she felt Alex reached over onto the night stand and grabbed the Zune player hooking up some headphones she had found in the bag. Blasting a random song she tried to drown out the noise that reminded her of what the team did when they had a tough day out on the field or a hard match. They had movie night.
Completely forgetting about the half eaten food beside her, Alex got into her bedcovers and closed her eyes waiting… hoping for sleep to take over.

****Dream****

Alex’s heart was bursting through her chest. She was running as fast as she could down an alley somewhere in the city of Seattle. The constant rain was pelting down on her while sharp echoes of gunshots came from the alley behind her where bullets were hitting various object besides Alex’s running figure.

Morgan’s mind was scattered, she couldn’t focus on anything. Alex was terrified of looking back, not because she would risk herself of being shot, but because she couldn’t bring herself to look at his lifeless body lying motionless on the alley floor.

“Damn, she’s fucking fast. I can’t get a good shot on her, Frank!”

“Don’t let her getaway dammit, she can’t!”

Alex had made it out onto the busy main street trying to frantically locate where she was. It was midnight and downtown was buzzing with the night crowd. The striker figured out she wasn’t too far from her apartment.

Making her way through the busy streets she finally made it to the apartment building and ran up the flight of stairs and into her room. Not bothering to turn on any of the lights she headed directly to her closet and grabbed her pre-packed carry-on, stuff she had handy for unexpected interviews or photo shoots she had to fly for. The storm outside had gotten stronger, lightning kept flashing into her room constantly lighting the way. As she walked back out of the closet to get her phone she had left on the bed. She saw that she had several messages that accumulated since she left it on the bed earlier in the night. Most of them were from Kelley demanding she tell her how her date was going.

“Hey! Answer me! Has he asked yet??!!
- Kelley

“Yo! Alex please answer Kelley’s texts, before she kills me…. Then you!”
- Tobs

“And…… I know what we talked about before….but I understand if you change your mind…..Listen to your heart Lex…..”
- Tobs

“Look I don’t know what you’re doing & I really don’t care, but answer Kels txts before my ears fall off!”
- Hope

Alex quickly wrote a text to the one person she thought could handle what was currently happening.

“I DIDN’T DO IT.”
- Alex

Just as she sent the message lightning lit up the room and she saw a glimpse of her reflection from her vanity mirror. Morgan looked like she had just walked out of a crappy slasher film with her hair
dripping and mascara running down her cheeks. She tried wiping off the black streaks but all she managed to do was get the blood she had on her hands on her face.

Holding in the tears Alex went to the bathroom and quickly stripped out of her clothes. As Alex pulled her shirt off over her head she hissed in pain. A sharp hot flash of pain on her side just above her hipbone got her attention. Gingerly taking the rest of the shirt off she looked down to her side and saw a bloody gash go right through her tattoo, cutting the word ‘thirteen’ in half.

“When in the hell..”

“No don’t think about it…..I have to get out of here.”

Running on adrenaline Alex made her way back to her vanity and put on any clothes she first got her hands on. Suddenly she heard a loud engine roar just outside her apartment building and the sound of car doors slamming.

‘Shit!’

She quickly walked over to her bed to grab her carry-on, but her feet got caught on something sticking out from under the bed. Light flashed once again throughout the room and she saw that it was Servando’s carry-on from his flight. She didn’t really know why she picked the bag up off the floor but when she picked it up a smaller bag fell out and tore from the impact on the floor. Using the flash from her phone she pointed towards the floor and saw that it was a clear package that had ripped open and some kind of white powder spilled out around her.

“She’s here! The door is open, hurry up Frank!”

“Oh God” Alex whispered as she put Servando’s bag on over her shoulders and ran towards her bedroom window.

Alex woke upright, a thin layer of sweat covering her skin.

‘It was just a dream. You’re fine. You’re safe.’ She told herself.

Trying to calm her breathing down she laid back down on her bed, not bothering with the tangled sheets around her legs. Facing the side of her bed towards the nightstand Alex looked at the time. 2:37 AM.

It was always a gamble with sleep for Alex. She could either go back to sleep and more than likely have another nightmare from her past or get out of bed and roam around aimlessly. Exhausted from the previous days exertions, Morgan decided to take advantage of the few hours she had left. Looking back up at the ceiling were the ceiling fan rotated its rudders she followed them round and round, lulling her back to sleep.

****Another Damn Dream****
It was dark out and the Eifel Tower was lit up with a full moon glowing behind it. She was casually walking alongside a rather slow moving pedestrian crowd. Her gaze flashed over the crowd trying to make out where they were heading towards when she caught a glimpse of a familiar head of ash brown hair.

Morgan knew who it was just by the way she walked. With both hands in her pockets and a slight strut in her walk that she would always tease her about.

“Tobin……..excuse me. Sorry……..Hey Tobin!” The former striker was weaving through the heavy crowd trying to catch up to her, but Tobin always seemed to be just out of reach.

A sudden shift in the air had Alex pick her head up out towards the outskirts of the crowd. Hooded men that had heavy bags under their eyes had merged within the crowd on all directions. At first, Alex thought they were surrounding her, but her mind reared when one of the men walked right past her making headway towards an unaware Tobin. Looking over his shoulder he made eye contact with Alex giving her a malicious smile as he reached behind the back of his jeans grabbing the gun hidden behind his shirt. He had Tobin in his crosshairs.

No longer caring about being polite Alex pushing and shoving her way through the random people that kept getting in her way. She pushed through to the last wave of strangers, but the scene had changed. They were no longer just walking as pedestrians they had become a barrier between her and Tobin. No matter how hard she tried she couldn’t get past the unmoving barrier of strangers to reach the one person that had somehow kept her grounded throughout the past year. Tobin, who was just realizing her current situation.

“Tobin!…. Tobs RUN!!” Alex screamed as loud as she could still fighting against the barrier.

“Alex why did you let them do this?…. Why did you leave me alone?” Tobin yelled out repeatedly questions that Alex couldn’t answer for herself. Seemingly unaware of the man pointing a gun at her.

‘Noo! no no! it’s a dream. This is a dream! It’s not real’

Alex knew it was but like she was being held in her own personal hell she couldn’t wake herself up. She fell to her knees gasping for air when she heard the gunshot.

This dream didn’t have Alex shooting out of bed, she couldn’t. Her ears ringing with the echo of the gun and tears running uncontrollably down her face Alex clutched at her chest gasping for air. The nightmare let her wake up, but through her body into a panic. As much as she tried her lungs wouldn’t expand, due to the constant spasms in her chest. Her limbs felt like lead while trying to untangle herself from the drenched sheets. Stumbling to the shower, clothes and all, Morgan turned the temperature to the hottest it could go. Eventually, steam filled up the shower allowing her lungs to finally expand taking in precious oxygen.

Her mind kept going back to ‘her’ even unconscious, Morgan knew that whoever had her blackmailed could somehow know about the tight relationship she had with Tobin. Feeling that her panic attack had fully subsided she washed up and shortly after, climbed out the shower, changing into some clothes.
The former striker grabbed the phone of the nightstand and punched in the one number she had to memorize if she wanted any chance at protecting someone very important to her. Glancing at the clock she read the time. 6:30 AM.

As the phone rang Morgan couldn’t help but laugh. She was calling the very people she had escaped from before she was being deported back into the states. Life is so damn ironic sometimes. The phone line clicked and Alex sensed immediately that her call was being traced.

“About time! You ready to accept my proposition?”

“Remind me James I really can’t remember from all this jetlag I have.”

“Morgan you should really reconsider your plan and join us. Not a lot of criminals can say that they escaped us AND the FBI. I mean you are really cut out for this, you were at the top of your training class. Just forget about her and start something new and way more exciting than just kicking a ball around.”

“James I’m really not interested in playing cops and robbers with you. So either we make a deal or I walk out again. You may be tracing this call, but I’ll be long gone before you get here.”

“Oh Alex if only you knew just how close we really are. I could have you in a second if I really wanted to, but unfortunately you’re the best chance we have at founding out who is running the show now. So here is my deal, we take you in and grant you clearance, which means going back to the States without going to jail.”

“Wait. How are you going to manage that? You can’t just erase my record people are going to ask questions.”

“Don’t worry we have our ways. But once you make it back you are going to be re-instated into the national team to investigate the suspected targets. That’s how you’re going to get the Intel to clear your name. Also, Alex we may be able to get you out of jail by tampering with evidence and making it technically feasible, but the case is still going to be open. Meaning if we can’t find anything you may be tried for capital murder…”

“Yeah…… I understand and I’ll do it but only under one circumstance and that’s that I do not meet my family or speak to them in any shape or form.”

“Oh that won’t be a problem they haven’t uttered your name since you became a murderer. One more thing Alex, under any circumstance you cannot. I repeat YOU CANNOT tell anyone about this….. Especially Tobin. Got it!”

“Okay….. Most of that team is going to hate me I don’t have the slightest hope of ever being called out to play on that field anyways.”

“You would be surprised what the federation would do to remain at the top. We talked to the head of the federation they are the only ones aware of the situation and they actually wanted you back as soon as possible. But you had to be a pain in the ass and disappear.”

Alex rolled her eyes at the ignorant decisions of the federation, but hey they do it all the time in American football… why not. Alex had no other choice this was the only way she could make sure Tobin was safe and clear her name at the same time.

“I suspect you know where I’m at already.”

“Yes we do…. Just stay put and we should have an agent there tomorrow morning. Stay in your
damn room Morgan, that’s all I ask of you!”

“Yeah sure…..” They both knew that she wouldn’t.

---Kelley---

**Dream** ; )

“Stop it Kelley! Leave me alone or I’m going to pummel your tiny ass!”

“But my breath stinks Al! I’m too lazy to go to the bathroom.”

“That sounds like a personal problem, Kelley!” The defender could barely make out what Alex’s raspy voice was mumbling at her.

They were both currently in bed and Kelley was testing the limits of her friendship with Alex. The striker was lying on her back with a pillow over her face trying to block out Kelley’s nagging voice.

“Can you bring me my toothbrush Please….. Pretty please with a tasty cherry on top.” Kelley kept pleading as she cuddled further into her covers.

She heard the shuffling of sheets and she quickly picked her head out of the covers to check if Alex was actually going to get her toothbrush or coming at her to kick her butt.

Alex was peeking through the pillow and held in her laughter at what she saw. Kelley looked like a hyped up squirrel poking her head up out of the covers. She tried glaring at the defender, but Alex knew she lost the battle with the face Kelley was currently giving her.

Kelley usually didn’t use her powers for her own gain, she didn’t think it was fair to the people she used it on, but she knew that getting Alex up out of bed when she was sleeping was going to take an act of God. Plus, she really didn’t want to get up out of the warm covers. To prove her point, Alex was giving her an icy blue glare that could kill, but Kelley could see it cracking. Although, she could only see half of Alex’s face due to the pillow currently covering her face she knew her power wasn’t failing her today.

“Ugh Kelley! I……..Love You!” Alex grumbled as she huffed out of bed and dramatically walked to the bathroom in just her matching black Nike sports bra and pro shorts.

“Ahh… why is it so cold! Kelley I change my mind….. I hate you!” Alex sounded like she had a frog in her throat this early in the morning. The striker made her way out of the bathroom wearing a grey hoodie with a toothbrush in her mouth and holding Kelley’s.

“H…rrr” Alex mumbled as she reached Kelley’s side of the bed handing her, her toothbrush.

“Brush’em for me?” Kelley whispered raising both eyebrows at Alex. All she got in return was one perfectly arched eyebrow.

Shaking her head, Alex kneeled on Kelley’s bed.
“Mah…. Kel….uh…. you owe me” Alex mumbled through her toothbrush.

“I love you to, Al” Alex smiled as she brushed both their teeth. Out of nowhere a flash came from behind her and Alex saw Kelley quickly posting the picture she just took of her brushing her teeth on twitter.

“Hey you gremlin! I thought you didn’t know how to twitter, Kelley!…. you liar!”

Kelley was woken up out of her dream by the elevator just outside in the hallway. The dream she had was more of a memory than anything else. It happened during the London Olympics. That’s where her and Alex had created the strong bond they once had, throughout the stressful weeks that made up the tournament.

‘How the hell did I end up on the floor?’ Kelley realizes.

Standing up off the floor she looks at the bed and notices that the girls had made their way back to their own rooms late last night. She heard most of them talking about having early flights that they had to catch in the early morning hours. Tobin was slightly snoring, lying on her stomach clutching a pillow into her side.

Grabbing her phone she walked out onto the balcony. She looked through her photos from the past year and spotted the photo she took of that morning she had dreamt about. Kelley smiled, but sadness washed over her.

‘Why would Alex run?’

It didn’t make sense to Kelley as to why things had gotten so bad, so unexpectedly fast. How one of very best friends ended up as a fugitive for murder. Kelley didn’t care. She constantly worried about the former striker. Last thing she on one of her google alerts {don’t judge} is that she was spotted in Russia.

‘Really Alex? What the hell could you be doing in Russia and how the hell did you get that far?’

“Kelley?”

The defender turned around and saw a groggy Tobin lean against the balcony entrance scratching the top of her crazy ash brown head of hair.

“Yeah Tobs?”

“You’re up so early. I’m hungry”

Kelley laughed of course she was hungry she always was, yet she was currently at her best physique at this point in time Paris had treated her really well.

“Sounds good you want to find a café down in the street market? We can rent out some bikes and go exploring.”

“Yeah! Dude I want to see the cliffs after though!”

“Oh yeah! Sounds like a plan let’s go. Hurry and wash up sleepy head.”
Kelley ruffled the top of Tobin’s head as she walked back into the room.
What life is...

Alex’s POV

She didn’t stay in the hotel like she was told, but Alex couldn’t stay in that room any longer without running the risk of falling asleep again. So, she spent the day strolling along the streets of the old city on a bike she rented from the hotel. Wearing a pair of jean shorts a white tank and a cap she found within the luggage she had, the former striker got off her bike and placed it along the sidewalk. She finally found what she was looking for, a pay phone. They still had those luckily making it harder for her to be tracked down.

Knowing that she was flat broke Alex had to ask around for change.

“Um Excuse me. I’m sorry to ask, but do you happen to have some change I could use for the pay phone?” Alex said to a little old lady strolling past her. Not knowing whether the lady understood her Alex gestured towards the pay phone. The nice woman just smiled nodding her head as she reached inside her bag and handed her a hefty amount of change.

“Thank you so much!” Morgan expressed as the lady continued on her way down the road.

After inserting several of the coins she dialed in the number and waited till the phone line clicked.

“This is Hope speaking.”

“Hey there! I think we need to talk about you introducing yourself in third person. It’s pretty weird.” Alex joked but all she heard was silence on the other end and what sounded like a door closing shut.

“What life is, we know not…..” Alex sighed knowing the precautionary measures Hope was taking to make sure it was her.

“What life does, we know well.” It was a simple quote from Lord Perceval that they had found out was both one of their favorites when they went on a multitude of interviews in the span of one week, after the 2011 World Cup.

“Alex what are you doing in Portugal!”

“Wait what!…..How…How do you know that?”

“Because you’re all over the damn news here. Something about you escaping from the FBI outside an international airport. There wasn’t too much detail on the exact location but you could have grabbed some drinks with me. I literally just got off a plane that took off from Portugal”

“What where you doing here?” Alex pushed her cap down on her face leaning further into the pay phone.

“Really Alex! What month is it?”

“Um it’s March…… Oohhhh its March!” Alex would lose track of the date every now and then, seeing no point in it. It’s not like she had a schedule to keep.
“Wait why are you back in the states already?”

“I don’t want to talk about it! But on a more important note I suggest you lay low wherever you are and stay put!”

“Okay I will, but I just wanted to ask….”

“Their fine. Both of them are fine.” Hope interrupted her mid-sentence.

“Kelley?”

“She is coming back, her rehab is coming to a close and she’ll be flipping people over on the field in no time.” Alex smiled knowing that Kelley had had a rough year trying to come back from her ankle surgery. She hated herself for not being there for her.

“That’s great I’m so proud of my squirrel…..and Tobin?”

“Well she is different, as always. She looks fine but as you know, you can’t always be sure with that one.”

“Yea I know.” Tobin was always good at keeping her emotions under wrap…. Sometimes.

“Alex there is something else.”

“Huh?”

“You’re not just on the news because of your escape.”

“What do you mean?”

‘Did they tamper with evidence already?’ Alex thought to herself. Hope may be her contact from her past life but Alex had made sure not to make her a part of the mess that she was in. So all Hope knew was that Morgan was running from the cops and the people that blackmailed her….she knew nothing about James and his people.

“The cops had some evidence leaked. It was an old video of a man blackmailing Servando by threatening your life. I don’t know how this will affect your case but they are talking about posting bail for you if you came back…..”

They had managed to give out bogus info. Knowing full well that was all James doing, Morgan didn’t know whether to be happy for the slight win or be sick to her stomach.

“You can come back.”

“Yea well I don’t know about that.”

“Alex think about it. It’ll be harder for them to get to you….whoever they are, if you are in constant surveillance. It may get ugly with the press and everything but it’s a better option than running with nothing but the clothes on your back.”

“Okay I know. I’ll think about it…. and Hope thank you. Really you don’t know how much your calls have helped…thanks”
“ I’m always here babe just take care of yourself, and think about it.”

Alex placed the phone back and put the rest of the change in her pocket. Mounting back on her
bike the tall brunette made a left turn down a narrow alley which at the end she could see the beach a few yards up ahead. Half way through the alley she heard the loud bang of a door closing shut and a couple making their way out from the building.

A sign above the door read “El Rojo Loco” meaning The Crazy Red.

How the color red was crazy Alex would never know, but what she did know was that she could hear the whisper of what sounded like Latin music and the smell of Mexican food that smelled so delicious it made her mouth water.

Placing her bike besides the entrance Morgan walked inside. She was immediately met with a set of stairs going down. Once she made it down she knew she had come across a hidden gem within the city, something she knew Kelley would love to see.

‘How did we not find this place?’

The hidden bar had an old lofty style to it that separated into two levels the first level was a small taco diner where there was a man cooking out of a steel drum and was currently marinating something that made Alex want to marry the man it smelled so delicious. If you walked down another flight of stairs you would reach the second level with a small dance floor. A stage had a small band playing live music and a bar that ran along either side of it. If she looked up she could see locals sitting on tables past the railings of the first rail.

“How señora sabe donde se quere sentar?” A cute waitress spoke to Alex in Spanish asking where she would like to sit.

“Me puedo sentar en la cantina?” Alex said asking if she could sit at the bar.

“Of course!” The young woman smiled at her leading the way towards the bar.

“That bad….” Alex laughed she hadn’t touched her Spanish in a while.

“One of the best I’ve come across but you could still use some practice.” she laughed and called out to the bartender.

“Hey Leo fix her up and put it on the house!” The girl said while throwing Alex a wink.

“If my broken Spanish gets me free drinks I’m not changing anything. What’s your name so I can thank you properly?”

“It wasn’t the Spanish and it’s Layla.”

Alex widen her eyes at the women. She was very brazen for sure she reminded her terribly of Kelley and not just because of her bluntness. Layla was a petite girl that had beautiful long dark hair and had ocean written all over her. Her eyes shined a bright green even in the low light of the bar.

“Layla … That’s nice. You can call me Al and thank you Layla I owe you a beer and maybe a dance if I get some tacos up here.” She grabbed the beer and gave her a sultry look as she took a sip of her cold beer. Layla laughed and leaned against the bar closer to Alex’s barstool.

“Oh is that right now! That’s just taking advantage” Layla said smirking over her shoulder walking away from Alex.

“If she doesn’t buy you the tacos I will.” The bartender smiled out towards Alex as he wiped down
some glassware.

Before she could even reply another waitress placed a plate in front of Morgan that had three tacos that smelled amazingly good.

“What? No way for me?!?” Alex said to the lady. The stranger gestured back out towards the first level. Turning her head up towards the first level, in the distance Alex could see Layla balancing a tray of drinks out to a table. Layla picked her head up, but she didn’t look at Alex she looked at Leo and with her free hand did the “I’m watching you” gesture at him and immediately looked back at Alex giving her a huge smile. Like she wasn’t just caught calling dibs on her.

Alex along with Leo laughed out as the band began to play a fast beat.

“Here it’s on the house looks like you’ve had a rough day.” Leo placed a shot of tequila on the bar and made his way to a customer on the other end.

‘Well who in their right mind denies free drinks?’ Alex talked herself into downing the shot in one swig.

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Tobin’s POV

They both woke up with the need to distract themselves of worries and nostalgic memories that they decided to explore the beautiful landscape of the old city. The tanned midfielder and freckled defender made their way down to the main desk hoping to find some bikes they could rent out for the day.

“Good morning ladies how can I help you?” A small receptionist leaned over the counter giving them each a warm smile.

“Morning, We just wanted to know if you had any bikes we could take out for the day?” Kelley asked as Tobin tinkered with her bag that had some gear she wanted to make use of once they hit the cliffs.

“Yes ma’am, we have them out by the side of the entrance. We currently have the rack unlocked, someone else had thought to enjoy the beautiful morning as well! Speaking of we also have paddle boards you can take out along with the bikes.” the receptionist gestured out towards the entrance of the hotel.

“Awesome, thanks have a great morning!” Tobin enthused as she dragged Kelley to the racks outside. Both of them grabbed a bike for themselves and decided to leave the paddle boards behind.

Tobin didn’t feel like surfing or being exposed to the silence that the ocean brought. The ocean meant quite moments, and quite moments meant reflection. Reflecting on the things that Tobin was not too proud of what her life had become.
They leisurely cruised along the old streets stopping only once at a rustic café on the corner overlooking the cliffs. After a few cups of coffee and some local pastries the girls made their way down to the ocean.

Tobin could feel the muscles on her upper body strain as she contemplated her next move to a crevasse that was a few too many inches farther than her arms could reach.

“There is a good ledge to your right Tobs, but I think you’re going to have to jump for it.” Kelley said leaning over the edge. She had already reached the top but Tobin blames that on her taking the easy route. Tobin had wanted to take the cliff side that over hanged out onto the crashing waves below.

“Yea, I see it.” She put all the weight on her legs and rocked twice using the momentum to push off the rock, giving her the distance she needed to grasp the ledge.

“Ahh crap!” Tobin grunted she had made the distance but only one hand had grasped the ledge she was hanging off the cliff by one hand, but Tobin was at the top of her fitness level at the moment. Being with PSG in Paris and the training camp James made her go through only a few months back allowed Tobin to hoist herself back up and take in the rest of the cliff she had left to climb. She only had five more feet to go but those were the hardest. The problem was not in finding good ledges to grab ahold of, but the cliff made it impossible to use her feet along with her hands. She would have to climb the last few feet solely using her upper body strength. Already knowing what ledges she was going to grab Tobin easily made it up on the ledge in less than three minutes.

Rolling herself up on top, Tobin sprawled out on her back by the edge of the cliff for a few seconds trying to catch her breath.

“Damn Tobs! If you weren’t my sister from another mister I would totally hit that!”

“Sorry you’re not my type!” Tobin laughed out of breath. She was now sitting on the ledge with her feet dangling.

“Oh I know your type!” Kelley said sitting herself next to Tobin.

“Oh really and what is my type exactly?” She looked at Kelley.

The defender bit her lip knowing that what she was about to say was something she had been wondering about since she introduced a certain someone into Tobin’s life a few years back.

“You my friend like’em with long flowing hair, lean built, and bright blue eyes with a feisty attitude.”

Tobin knew there was no point in lying to Kelley about her feelings.

“How long have you known?” Whispered Tobin as she focused in on the waves crashing below them.

“The clues were always there, but I didn’t really believe until that awful day…… I’m sorry.”
“You have nothing to be sorry for Kelley I’m used to it.”

“Tobs why do you torture yourself. Even if those horrible things didn’t happen we all knew she was going on the date that he was going to ask for her hand in marriage.”

‘I know and I was going to let her.’ Tobin reminded herself.

“She’s out there Kelley going through only god knows what and I haven’t been able to be there for her in any way.”

“Same here, Tobs. But you can’t stop living your life. She may never come back and I won’t let your hot piece of ass wither away like some Nicholas Sparks novel.” Kelley bumped Tobins shoulder trying to ease up the tension.

“Nicely put Kelley. Your way with words have really moved me.”

“I just want my crazy Tobs back. One night Tobs that’s all I ask.”

“One night for what?” Tobin frowned.

“Promise me one night and then I’ll tell you!” Kelley held out her pinkie.

“Oh man. I’m going to regret this in the morning.” Tobin said as she wrapped her pinkie around Kelley’s.

Kelley stood back upright pulling Tobin with her and paced a few steps backwards. Letting go of Tobin’s hand she sprinted back out to the ledge.

“The hell you are! What are best friends for? Come on slow poke!” Kelley yelled out behind her as she jumped off the cliff pushing herself several feet forward.

Tobin heard the few seconds of screaming and the splash of Kelley hitting the water. Sending a quick prayer out towards the heavens asking the Big Man for a safe return to her hotel the next morning and that she could actually let go for once, she sprinted out towards the cliff letting out a shrill scream her own.

They were now currently in their room and freshly showers from their spontaneous jump in the water. As soon as Tobin hit the water she wanted to punch Kelley and herself for doing something so stupid. The water was the coldest she had ever experienced. Both of them were still shaking and Kelley still had a tinge of blue on her lips.

“I’m starting to worry on what it is you’re having us do tonight.” Tobin said. Kelley was going through her luggage trying to find something she had packed.

“Here they are!” Kelley pulled out two dresses. One red and the other blue and by the looks of it the red one looked like Tobin’s size.

“We are going to a secret bar I was told about and you’re going to wear this with a little make up. Your complexion really doesn’t ask for any and your hair is fine the way it air dried.”

Tobin’s objections were cut short by a knock on the door.
Answering it she saw a man holding a bottle of tequila and shot glasses.

“Kelley what is this!” she gestured to the man who made his way into the suite.

Kelley had already put on her dress and was in the middle of putting lip gloss on when she stopped and walked towards the man grabbing the drinks.

“Thank you” The man just nodded his head and made his way back out to the hallway.

“It’s pre-game and you are taking no less than two shots and that’s me being nice!” Kelley had already prepared four shots while explaining her crazy plans to Tobin.

“Come on Tobin! You promised!!” Tobin never being a person to brake her promise reluctantly grabbed both shots and downed both of them in a matter of seconds.
Kelley quirked her eyebrows at Tobin as she had a coughing fit from how fast she drank them.

“Well that’s one way.” She drank hers consecutively as well.

Tobin could already feel the slight numbness in the back of her mind as she got ready and put her dress on.

“Wow Tobin just…..Wow. You look gorgeous.” Kelley smiled as they made their way down to the hotel to the taxi Kelley had called for them.

“So tell me how exactly you found this secret bar of yours.” Tobin asked still blushing from the compliment Kelley had given her.

“One of the staff members. Sweet talked him into spilling out the place. Supposedly it’s a huge secret from the tourists and they like keeping it that way so act your chill self and we shouldn’t have a problem of looking like tourists.”

The taxi stopped by an alley way that had a pay phone by the entrance of it.

“That’s the only pay phone in the whole city. That’s what the guy told me. ‘Just look for the pay phone’ Tricky little locals aren’t they?” Kelley laughed as she paid the taxi man through the window.

“Kelley I swear this looks so sketchy.” They looked down the alley and they could see a light flickering over a door down the alley.

“Come on. They would have to be stupid to mess with us look at these guns.” Kelley squeezed one of Tobin’s bare biceps.

Making their way down the door with the flickering light had a sign that read “El Rojo Loco”. Tobin grabbed the door handle and yanked the door open. She could hear the fast beat of Latin music down below.

“Get in here Kelley before we get mugged in this alley.” She grabbed Kelley and walked her down the stairs into the coolest bar she had ever been to.

The place was lit up with multicolor lights and energetic people dancing a style Tobin had never seen before. It was mesmerizing.

“Dude this is crazy cool…. We totally look like tourists right now.”
Kelley didn’t reply she grabbed Tobin’s arm and made her way to the bar on the side.

“Hola! Dos disparos de tequila!” Kelley talked to the only bartender behind the bar in fluent Spanish asking for two shots of tequila. Tobin never got used to hearing it come out her mouth, but Kelley had taken three levels of it back in college and she obviously never lost her touch in it.

“You’re American aren’t you?” the bartender said getting their shots together.

Before Tobin could tell Kelley ‘I told you so’ a huge uproar of cheering came from the front of the dance floor, closest to the stage.

“Because there is another crazy American tearing it up on the dance floor right know! Dios Mio! Why are all of you so gorgeous? I’m working in the wrong country! The name is Leo.”

“Well Leo you are definitely not working in the wrong place this bar is sick!” Tobin yelled over the loud music. Leo just laughed and slid their shots across the bar top.

“Well is the other American?” Kelley looked out towards the packed dance floor.

“Oh man probably the dorkiest woman I’ve ever met.” Leo said nodding his head out towards the dance floor. Tobin and Kelley had just downed their shots.

“Come on Tobs, let’s dance!”

Tobin was pretty buzzed so she followed Kelley onto the crowded dance floor without a complaint as she took them to the front and center. Dale Don Dale by Don Omar started playing and the crowd roared even louder.

Once they reached the edge of the circle surrounding the cause of the craziness they both saw to what looked like two beautiful women dancing together completely enjoying themselves.

Kelley had said something but Tobin’s brain was already on overdrive. The shorter of the two women was up front winding down her backside on the waist of the other woman who was wearing a cap that over casted a dark shadow on her face so Tobin couldn’t really make out her features. But something about the taller, leaner woman had Tobin swallowing her drool and stopping herself from pulling the other woman off her.

Suddenly the shorter woman turned back around to face the taller women and put her arms behind her neck. Tobin could feel the waves of jealousy roll off her skin in waves, but she couldn’t figure out why it’s not like she knew them. The slow sensual song had thankfully come to an end and Tobin felt her body relax as the beat of the new song came up. More Than Friends by INNA was a song that had a rhythm that required the two women to separate themselves in order for them to dance.

Kelley grabbed Tobin’s attention by yanking her out towards the front of the stage closer to the women that had lost the attention of the crowd. Tobin had lost herself in the heavy beat of the music as the crowd’s energy made the hairs on her arms stand on end. The beat had dropped and she felt someone wrap their arms around her waist. Thinking it was Kelley she lost herself in the warmth that she felt coming from their bodies being pressed up against each other.
Kelley’s POV

Kelley wanted to know what was causing all the hollering up front. Half way there the song ended and a song Kelley hadn’t heard since her college days started playing. As soon as the beat picked up the crowd up front was going crazy at whatever was happening in the epicenter of the dance floor. Kelley felt like her body was in a furnace by what she was occurring in front of her. She felt bad for all the men who had their dates here because even Kelley could feel her lady boner react.

“Holy Cow that’s not right!” She said fanning herself.

The two woman had the whole dance floors attention as they danced together in the most painful way to everyone but them. Kelley could see the shorter woman but the taller one had this sense of mystery that Kelley never dealt well with.

‘That’s the other American?’ Kelley thought taking in the features she could make of the taller women. She was taller than the average height of the local women around her, asides from Tobin. She could also tell that she was incredibly fit. The other American was not wearing anything fancy, just a pair of jean shorts that allowed Kelley to see her incredibly toned legs.

‘She has to play soccer, there is no way you get legs like that anywhere else’ Kelley took great pride in hers before she had surgery she was currently trying to get back to the fitness she had before.

To hit Kelley’s oversized ego even more the American had on a white tank that exposed her toned biceps that could rival Tobin’s, which was saying something.

As soon as the song ended she grabbed Tobin closer to the women and the stage wanting to uncover who the other American was.

The next song that came up was a more upbeat club song that reenergized the whole dance floor. After a few seconds into the song Kelley had to refocus in on the people around her. She saw Tobin being held up against the woman wearing the cap.

‘Here goes nothing.’ Kelley egged herself on as she pressed up against the women’s back. Grabbing her by the waist she had unintentionally hiked up her tank and saw the edges of a tattoo on the side of the stranger’s hip. The top half of it was exposed and Kelley could read it.

“Thirteen” Kelley whispered to herself as she skimmed her fingers across the waist band of her shorts. She could feel the slight ridge of scarred skin under her fingertips before the woman let go of Tobin hastily and whipped her head back behind her towards Kelley pulling her shirt back down.

“Whoa Hey!”

Kelley didn’t even respond she yanked the hat off the taller woman’s head and saw the glazed over blue eyes she was already expecting to see.

“ALEX!”
Revelations

Alex POV

“Those tacos had to be the best I’ve ever tasted.” Alex told Leo as the bar had reached its peak hour. The bartender had found his way back down to Alex and fixed her up with her fourth beer.

“Leo if I wasn’t as buzzed as I am right now I would swear you were trying to get me drunk!” Alex laughed as Leo slid the beer closer to her.

“Just trying to see you when you aren’t as tense as how you looked when you walked into my bar!” Leo said over the loud music. The live band had given the stage to the DJ for the rest of the night and the dance floor was pulsing with young locals looking to have a good time.

Alex had built up her tolerance to alcohol back in college and recognizes she was only starting to feel the effects of the drinks so she smiled gratefully at the bartender and respectfully accepted her free beer.

Morgan’s mind traced back to the tension Leo mentioned she had, bringing her back to the reality of the life she had outside the underground bar.

A life on the run.

She’d been running from countless things in the past year. Running from the law, the lowlife criminals that tore her from the life she took for granted. From the organization that took advantage of her when she was vulnerable and filled with a stupid rage that blinded her enough to voluntarily become a part of it and lastly, from her past life because it caused too much pain to think about. Choosing to take Leo’s advice to heart she finished her beer in one throw back.

Placing the drink back on the bar top a small figure to the right of Morgan grabbed her attention.

“Hey Al!” The bright green orbs of the cute waitress smiled at Alex.

“Hi! Coming to collect.” Alex smiled as she began to get up off the bar stool.

“I was, but it looks like I have to catch up to you first!” Layla pointed at the empty glass.

Smiling at Alex she turned back down to where Leo was, waving him over.

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Alex had immersed herself within the crowd after a few drinks. She was currently on the dance floor taken hostage by Layla and dancing with abandon when the small energetic local decided to change the rhythm on her. When the song changed to a more lustrous beat, the look Layla was giving Alex transposed a few shades darker from a glistening green to a smoldering emerald. Giving her back to Alex, Layla began swaying her hips to the music.

This wasn’t the first time in the past year Alex had lost herself at the bottom of a bottle and in the hands of a stranger. She had Layla in her sights and maybe the spunky waitress could fill the lonely void she felt even if it was just for the night. That’s what allowed Alex to grab her by the waist, press up against the petite local and match her rhythm to the beat of the music.
Time had passed, several songs had ended and Morgan had lost her sense of time and surroundings. Like she had been pushed out of the crashing waves of the ocean she came back to her senses not holding Layla, but someone else. Her skin was hot, her heart was beating in a way it hadn’t before. Morgan’s senses were on over ride and she hadn’t even taken in the appearance of the person she was unknowingly holding at the moment. Abruptly, she felt someone’s hands on her waist in the act of them skimming across the permanent scar that she was rewarded from that hellish night all those months ago.

“Whoa! HEY!”

Enraged Alex whipped her head around and prepared herself to pick a fight, but like the sense overload wasn’t taking a toll on her already she was knocked out of her drunken frenzy when she saw who it was.

She stood frozen as the defender reached over her head and yanked off the cap she had on.

“ALEX!”

The tall brunette didn’t respond.

Alex felt like she was thrown into a pressurized chamber, her vision pulsing on the edges, her blood rushing to her ears. Every nerve on her body was hyper-aware of where she was and who was standing in front of her.

“Kelley! You really need to stop saying her name you’re being a total buzzkill!”

Her heart skipped a beat and as it tried to catch its rhythm back, she was flushed in a cold sweat even though she was sweating a few moments ago from dancing.

That lazy tone hit her to her core. Morgan had forgotten the slight Jersey accent that layered behind it. She missed it so much that her heart overrode her brain and turned towards the voice.

“Wow” Alex muttered out, convinced she was the only one that could hear her remark. Alex took in the profile of Tobin. She had a slightly less bronze tone to her skin due to the long winter. Her hair shined and in just the right light her natural blonde highlights looked so inviting and soft to the touch. Her eyes skimmed down Tobin’s figure. Alex’s mouth dried out when she noticed that Tobin was wearing a dress.

‘That one year. One year and she had blossomed into something beautiful and breathtaking… Wow.’

And then her mind had caught up with her stuttering organ that resided in her chest. The look she was being given by Tobin was one of anger. The scowl putting a crinkle between her brows.

‘She hates me.’ Was the only understanding that swept its way into Alex’s thought process.

She ran. She ran with nothing left to lose, nothing but a hollow chest.

“Oh no you don’t! Not again! Come Back Here!” Alex had made it to the top of the first level before she heard Tobin’s voice roar over the crowd and loud music. Not looking back she pushed her way out of the bar and grabbed her bike.

She ran off by foot with the bike trying to give herself a push of acceleration before she jumped on, but when she pulled her leg over and tried placing her foot on the peddle she missed it and lost her footing, stumbling over the bike. The six beers and hard liquor she had, not making it any easier.
“Shit!” Alex groaned.

The bang of the door hitting against the alley wall motivated her to push herself back up on the bike, knowing full well who it was standing at the entrance.

“Alex STOP!”

She rode out towards the end of the alley were the sound of crashing waves roared in the distance. The loud clicking of heels could be heard only a few feet behind her, then it abruptly stopped.

“These stupid heels!…..You know what…..” Alex could hear the rant of what sounded like Kelley, but she didn’t turn.

Feeling a sharp pain on her elbow and shortly after another pain on her lower back, Alex couldn’t believe it.

“Ow! What the Fuck!” Alex yelled out.

Kelley had thrown her heels at her.

‘That lunatic, she wants to kill me!’

They chased her all way to the top of a cliff along the shoreline and Alex already made up her mind on how she was going to lose them. Jumping off her bike in mid stride she accelerated towards the edge and pushed off the ledge, hitting the freezing water below. Emerging out of the ocean she pushed herself against the rock hidden by the overhang of the Cliffside.

“NO Tobin, that’s crazy!” The shuffling of rocks and footsteps could be heard over the ocean.

Alex didn’t stay for long she climbed along the ridge line until she reached the beach cove, where the hotel she was staying at could be seen in the distance.

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Tobin’s POV

“Kelley! You really need to stop saying her name you’re being a total buzzkill!” Tobin said as she turned around slightly off balance, wondering why she let go.

Once her eyes landed on the person she least expected to see, her breathing hitched and was immediately thrown off kilter. Tobin was startled to say the least. The woman standing in front her had eyes that beamed the brightest blue. A blue, Tobin had dreamt about every night since she had lost sight of her. The former striker had this terrified look on her face as they took each other in.

‘She’s here….. in Portugal…..James Knew! He fucking knew!’ It all clicked. James had known, but why would he lie about where she was? That was the only reason she was in the damn organization in the first place! Frustration and anger had enveloped Tobin as they both stood there frozen in the craziness of the bar.

Trying to find her words Tobin grew even more frustrated when Alex turned towards the stairs leading to the first level and ran off the dance floor.
“Oh no you don’t! Not again! Come Back Here!” Tobin yelled over the crowd as she pushed her way trying to catch someone that she let leave her life without a fight and she would be damned if she let herself do it again.

Rushing out the entrance of the bar she saw Alex mount a bike and peddle down the alley towards the ocean.

“Alex STOP!”

Tobin launched herself down the alley trying to reach the stubborn women. Hearing the clicking of heels to her left she noticed Kelley struggling to keep her balance on the cobble stoned streets of the old city.

“These stupid heels…You know what…” Kelley talked to herself, something she did when she was really irritated and has had enough.

While running in step with Tobin the short defender consecutively took her heels off and chunked them at Alex, hitting her target.

“Ow! What the Fuck!” Alex yelled out.

If this was a different situation Tobin would have been laughing over the ridiculousness of Kelley’s actions and it would have been like any other countless stories they had of their shenanigans together, but it wasn’t. They were in a foreign country, outside a secret local bar in which they ran into their ex-best friend whom happens to be on the run from the law, for the murder of her boyfriend of five or six years.

Tobin’s inner rant came to a halt once she realized they hit the cliffs. The crunching of the rocks below her feet should have stopped her from chasing Alex a long time ago, but Tobin was determined to not let her slip away again. Suddenly Alex jumped off the bike mid-stride and ran full speed towards the edge of the cliff. Jumping clean off into the ocean. Tobin was already at the edge about to jump after her when Kelley yanked her back by the arm knocking her off balance. Tobin would never get used to how much strength Kelley hid in such a small body.

“NO Tobin, that’s crazy!”

Tobin wasn’t the kind of person to scream out in anger, she simmered holding in the aggression until it became too much. She was at the brim, but she hadn’t topped off yet.

“What do you mean Kelley? We jumped off of one not even five hours ago! You just let her get away again… Again.”

“Yes… you’re right, but there is no way we can catch her. The only way we can beat her to the finish line is to figure out where she is going, Tobs. Cut off her route. Because if we do jump in after her we will only be falling into her trap. We’ll be the defender caught looking over our shoulder as she barrels down the pitch. That’s what she’s best at doing. That’s why she hasn’t been caught yet.” Kelley said walking back out towards the bike Alex had left on the top of the cliff.

“When did you become a detective?”

“The day I had to figure out what the hell went wrong that night… you know I hate mysteries.” Kelley answered looking at Tobin insinuating at something further than the mystery of that night. Not really wanting to explain herself, Tobin diverted her gaze completely avoiding the subject to the bike and she could see the property tag gleam in the moonlight.
It had the name of the hotel they were staying at.

“That’s our hotel Tobs!”

“Come on. Hop on!”

Tobin mounted the bike as Kelley hitched a ride on the front bar. They rode down the cliff heading towards what Tobin hoped would lead them back to Alex.

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Kelley’s POV

Kelley was enraged, but happy at the same time. Happy, because she was okay and in one piece, her friend was fine. Enraged, because she had been worried sick day in and day out about Alex’s life. Worried that she was living malnourished and on the streets, but Boy was she wrong!

‘Here she was living it up, drunk off her ass, and dancing the night away.’

Kelley was about to give her a piece of her mind, when Alex rudely turned her back towards her.

“Kelley! You really need to stop saying her name you’re being a total buzzkill!” Tobin’s voice called out behind the tall brunette, and like always the world disappeared around them when they locked on to each other.

“Wow” Kelley was close enough to hear the subtle whisper coming from Alex’s lips.

Kelley was surprised. All those years of them being together she never would have thought it to be true. She knew there was a connection between them, both off and on the field, but she always thought that the love of more than a friend was only one-sided. One-sided being Tobin.

‘Alex feels the same way?’ The way Alex was looking at Tobin answered her question.

‘Something must have happened. This didn’t happen when Alex was on the run.’

The emotions being played out between her two best friends held a history that Kelley was not informed about. Lost in her new revelation, she just watched Alex run out towards the first level making a beeline towards the exit.

“Oh no you don’t! Not again! Come Back Here!” Kelley heard Tobin before she saw her book it towards Alex, like she was running down the pitch, with such determination that Kelley only ever saw during a game. She tried catching up, but once she reached the street of the alley she realized that she had given Tobin the flats and she was currently wearing the four inch heels. The cobble stone streets making it impossible to walk on let alone run.

“Alex STOP!” Tobin yelled out to the stumbling forward trying to mount her bike, several yards in front of them.

‘I’m going to break my damn ankle…’
Kelley was failing miserable at keeping up with Tobin and did not want to lose sight of Alex, so acting on instinct she took them off and hurled them at the stubborn as shit! Friend of hers.

“You! What the Fuck!” Alex yelled out.

Kelley had a smug look on her face, satisfied with her accuracy. She managed to nick Alex on her elbow and squarely on her lower back.

Feeling sharp rocks at the bottom of her feet and hearing the ocean below, Kelley took in her surroundings. They were on the cliffs that leaned over the ocean. Alex was just a few yards up ahead heading closer and closer to the edge.

“You shit!” Kelley gathered together the clues and figured out the choice her stupid friend was about to do.

Before Alex even jumped off her bike, Kelley had raced towards Tobin knowing full well that she wasn’t going to hesitate to follow Alex, unlike earlier today. Hearing the splash down below she barely managed to grab ahold of Tobin’s arm before she jumped in after the lunatic.

“No Tobin, that’s crazy!” she consoled the midfielder who looked like she was about to turn her into a human pretzel with the look of pent up frustration Tobin directed at her.

“What do you mean Kelley? We jumped off of one not even five hours ago! You just let her get away again… Again.” She hated the tone of defeat coming from Tobin.

Knowing that she had a small window of finding Alex she started thinking of a solution. Looking around her eyes fell on the bike that was thrown half-hazard on the ground. It looked similar to the ones they had rented out earlier in the day.

“Yes… you’re right, but there is no way we can catch her. The only way we can beat her to the finish line is to figure out where she is going, Tobs. Cut off her route. Because if we do jump in after her we will only be falling into her trap. We’ll be the defender caught looking over our shoulder as she barrels down the pitch. That’s what she’s best at doing. That’s why she hasn’t been caught yet.” Kelley let Tobin in on her thoughts as she made her way towards the bike to investigate it.

“When did you become a detective?”

“The day I had to figure out what the hell went wrong that night… you know I hate mysteries.” Kelley instigated throwing a few verbal warnings at Tobin letting her know she knew full well about the not-so-much-friends-but-something-more relationship she had with Alex, while she lifted the bike up off the ground. looking like a flustered puppy Tobin diverted her gaze from Kelley’s gaze and locked on to something equally as intriguing.

Following her gaze Kelley noticed the property tag that declared the bike to its owner. Exactly the same as the ones that they had rented out earlier in the day.

Knowing she should’ve listened to her gut last night, Kelley was certain she knew where Alex was.

“That’s our hotel Tobs!”

“Come on. Hop on!”

Tobin grabbed the bike from Kelley and pointed towards the front bars. Jumping on they made their way down the cliff heading full speed towards the hotel. Kelley was beyond furious.
'Not only was she dancing the night away, but she was also staying in the suite next door to theirs! And she never even cared to call me! … Hell send me a letter…. Send Tobin a letter. How could she knowingly cause us that much pain?' No longer feeling guilt and worry towards the forward, Kelley steeled herself for the confrontation she figured was going to occur with the equally feisty friend of hers.

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Alex’s POV

Dripping wet, and teeth chattering Alex made her way into the lobby and impatiently pressed the button to call the elevator. She was rubbing her arms trying to warm herself up as a puddle of water was formed were she was standing. Once the elevator doors closed with her inside the dam broke, all the emotions she pushed to the back of her mind back at the bar had erupted.

She was not prepared to see Kelley or Tobin, let alone both of them at the same time. The look Tobin had given her was permanently engraved in the back of her eyelids.

‘She hated me… She thinks I did it. She believes them!’

Filled with anger she walked off the elevator and marched to her room, while taking her left shoe off where her key card was stashed. Walking inside the suite, lost in her own thoughts she didn’t notice the subtle click coming from her right.

“You should have taken the deal when you had the chance.” A low toned voice of a burly man broke Alex out of her thoughts.

“You should know better than to point a gun at me when I’m already pissed off!” Alex retorted, not giving it a second thought as she round house kicked the gun out of his hand.

Startled at her speed the hired contractor grabbed a hold of her wrists and pushed her towards the mirrored bathroom door.

~~~~

Kelley’s POV

Once they reached the hotel Kelley jumped off the front bar of the bike and made her way into the lobby. It was pretty late into the night and no one was at the front desk, but Kelley doubted Alex put her actual name down to rent out the suite.

“Kelley do you see that?” Tobin remarked pointing at the polished floors of the lobby.

Looking down Kelley could see a trail of wet footprints leading all the way to the elevator where a bigger puddle was formed. Reassuring her hunch Kelley pressed the call button as the floor level indicator flashed that the elevator was coming down from the eighth floor.

“It was her Tobin! This whole time and she was in the next room.” Kelley said.

“Why didn’t he tell me?” Tobin had mumbled when they walked onto the elevator.
“Tobin He does work in mysterious ways.” Kelley assumed Tobin was talking about faith.

Tobin didn’t respond and shook her head.

Just as the door slid open the loud crashing of shattering glass could be heard coming from the center suite. Immediately Tobin pushed Kelley behind her as they made their way towards the hotel door.

Determining that they had a better chance of getting into her room through the door that connected both of their rooms they hastily walked into their own room.

“NO!”

“Fine, Have it your way.” Muffled voices came from the room shortly after a few loud bumps and painful grunts could be heard. It sounded like two people going at it.

Tobin seemed to be in her own world as she ran towards the door and rammed her shoulder into it.

The commotion that was occurring on the other side was pushing Kelley to act without thinking once again. Looking out to the balcony Kelley figured out how she was going to get into the other room. Making her way out to the balcony she climbed over the wall with the full intention of figuring out what was going on when the scene unfolded in front of her and she was answered.

Perched on the wall looking out past the windows of the balcony, Kelley could see Alex wrapped around a tall muscular man. The striker was red faced with a look Kelley had never seen before as Alex had the man on some kind of head lock.

Suddenly the banging of the door coming from Tobin’s focused determination grabbed both of their attention and the man ran towards the balcony windows pushing Alex clean off him and through the shattering glass. The impact of Alex’s body hitting the ground making Kelley wince. Pushing her body over the ledge and onto Alex’s balcony, Kelley heard Tobin finally kick down the door.

The crunching of glass pushes Kelley’s focus back onto the balcony and she looks towards the unfocused gaze of a disgruntled Alex who slightly began to recognize her. To her right she realizes the man that Alex was on top of begin to stand up off the floor.

“Alex!” Kelley screamed and then completely regretted it. The man was looking right at her and began to walk towards her vicinity. And like a blur behind the man, Alex got up with renewed strength and lifted a chair from the nook and cracked it on a sweet spot. As the man crumbled to the ground Alex followed suit falling to her knees completely maxed out.

“What are you doing here? You aren’t safe. Please leave.” Alex didn’t sound mad or angry. To Kelley she sounded depleted and exhausted.

The defender could see the striker losing consciousness as she ran towards her and caught her head just in time before it hit the ground.

“Is she okay what’s wrong? What happened Kelley?” Tobin questioned as she fell to her knees next to the small defender who was at a loss for words.

“Call an ambulance. Hurry!”

Just as Tobin grabbed her phone out of her pocket the crunching of glass grabbed their attention.
The mysterious attacker had woken up and bee-lined it out of the suite towards the elevator.

Not caring to catch the perpetrator the two woman focused in on the person lying unconscious in Kelley’s lap. Someone they both hadn’t seen in over a year.

‘What are you running from, Alex?’ Kelley was determined to get to the bottom of it.

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Alex POV

The only sound in the quiet hotel room was the heavy breathing of the man and the choked intakes of air coming from Alex. Her feet were dangling a few inches above the floor as the unknown attacker pinned Alex against the shattered mirror, constricting the air flow around her throat.

“Take the deal Alex! You know too much! Either you work for us or the last thing people remember about Alex Morgan is that she was a killer and a druggie!”

“NO!” Alex strained to answer. She could already imagine the headlines. Describing the scene of finding her OD’d in this stupid room with planted drugs to seal the deal.

Alex had gathered long ago that the people she was running from, had those kind of connections and could paint her as a killer who couldn’t take the guilt of being a murderer anymore.

“Fine, have it your way.” The man tightened his grip on her throat.

On the brink of losing consciousness Alex’s survival instinct kicked in. Remembering her training, she stopped grabbing his wrists and with precise pressure pressed on the nerve within the bend of his elbow, consequently making the man momentarily lose feeling of his forearms. His grip broke and instead of pushing him away she entrapped him in a standing guillotine. With her legs wrapped around his waist and his head tucked under her left arm, she leaned back applying enormous amount of pressure on his windpipe. The brute grunted, trying to loosen the tight grip Alex had on him.

Suddenly a loud bang to the right of the room rang over the grunting noise of both Alex and her assailant, it came from the side door connecting to the other suite. Startling the man into action with Alex wrapped around him he rammed her against one of the balcony windows. Taking the brunt force of the impact through the shattering glass, Alex lost her grip and hit the floor of the balcony, awkwardly.

Her vision had fogged up as she tried standing back up when her barely conscious mind clocked in on a blurred figure climbing over the privacy wall.

‘What in the…’

Then the door inside the suite was kicked down with Tobin walking into her room looking focused and trying to take in the scene.

‘No! No! What are you doing here?’ Alex wanted to scream but her brain seemed to lag in response.

“Alex!” Kelley yelled consequently getting the attention of Alex and the attacker who had started making his way towards the small defender.
Not able to speak over the teetering line of consciousness, Alex pushed herself up off the balcony floor and grabbed one of the chairs slamming it on the man’s head, knocking him clean out.

“What are you doing here, you’re not safe. Leave Please?” Alex mumbled losing her balance and falling to her knees. She couldn’t fight the darkness looming over her hazy vision. Just before succumbing to sleep she saw Kelley running towards her and the concerned voices of her two best friends.

—Dreaming—

**First night at the 2013 Algarve Cup Tournament**

Alex had just made it into her room for the tournament and placed her stuff on the bed closest to the window, noticing someone else’s luggage already placed on the bed closer to the door. She could hear the shower on in the bathroom, meaning her roommate must have gotten there way before her ridiculously delayed flight had even landed in Portugal. She didn’t know who her roommate was at the moment mainly because Alex grabbed the key from Heif in a blur wanting to get to her room for a much needed nap. Falling on the bed and burrowing into the cool covers Alex immediately fell into a light sleep.

The slight clicking of the bathroom door shutting brought Alex out of her nap. The striker had always been a slow person to rise out of bed. As the sound of subtle movement of her unknown roommate occurred Morgan laid on her stomach and refused to open her eyes just yet.

Once she determined sleep was a lost cause she gave up and slowly opened her eyes to adjust to the bright lights of the hotel room. Still groggy and unfocused her gaze fell on her roommate who was currently in nothing but Nike shorts, facing away from her as she had her hands raised over her head just about to put on her sports bra.

Alex didn’t know what to think. She couldn’t at the moment, blood was rushing elsewhere.

‘Out of all my luck…. Really!’

Alex had figured it was Tobin, nobody else had that full body bronze tan and chiseled back.

Tobin was facing away from her as Alex took her in and couldn’t stop.

‘Those legs….’

A clearing of throats cuts off her thinking and she feels the burning on her face as she was sure she was blushing a bright red.

“Umm ….. Hi….Hey!” Alex mumbled trying to backtrack and avoid dropping her eyes once again. Jumping out of the bed Alex grabbed her bag.

“Oh great! I need a shower!” Alex excused herself walking into the bathroom closing the door shut. Leaning her forehead against the door she could feel the coolness of it on her flushed skin.
‘What is wrong with me!’ Alex internally scolded herself as she walked to the shower ignoring the hot water for a very annoying reason that Alex had finally had enough fighting herself from.

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Like her dream Alex slowly woke up fully aware of her senses other than sight, Morgan could feel the constraints on her wrists long before her brain had even registered where she was at. The soft tones of machinery to her right indicated she was currently on a hospital bed.

There was a subtle whisper of chatter going on slightly to her left, a few feet away from her still frame. Alex could tell it was the girls trying to piece together the situation.

“I need a drink! How…How do I even begin to piece this together, obviously she was framed, but why?”

“I’m not sure, Kelley. I ….I can’t believe she’s actually here, though. Right here in front of us.”

“….Me either…..”

The conversation was cut short by a few hard knocks Alex could hear coming from her right, probably the entrance to her room. Alex looked at it as more of an exit, she needed to leave before they found her again and this time she knew she didn’t have the strength to keep both of them from harm’s way.

“I’m sorry, but I need to speak to her in private.” A gruff voice announced.

“Who are you?” Kelley quickly questioned.

“Micael Herden, FBI. I need to question her and take her statement.”

Alex could see him even with her eyes closed, standing there in his black suit flashing his badge.

“She is still unconscious and I’m waiting for some answers myself, so get in line buddy.” Kelley sassed.

“Okay I’m done being polite. I didn’t ask you and I can’t have you in here with her she is a wanted fugitive. So get out or I’ll call security to escort you out of the premises altogether!”

“Hey! Look there is no need for that. I… I just need to talk to her. That’s it!” Tobin exasperated.

Alex had forgotten she was in the room and it took all of the little patience she had to keep still.

“… I’ll let you talk to her ONLY if you let me take her statement first. And only for a few minutes that’s all I’m going to allow.”

Nothing was said, but Alex heard the shuffling of chairs and footsteps heading out towards the door.

Micael closed the door shut as Alex remained still. A few seconds passed when she heard to what sounded like shutters closing and footsteps come closer to her bedside.

“You may be able to fool them, but I know you’re awake Alex. So cut the act and sit up!”

A smirk made its way onto her face before she opened her eyes.
“Hey there Mikey! You got a little distant these past few days. Did you catch a cold or something? I’ve missed ya!” Alex sneered at the suited man.

“…Oh trust me I missed you very much Alex.” He smiled as he took out his little book to begin questioning her.

“Okay look I say you just let me go now and we don’t have to waste any more time… How’ bout it?” Alex said slightly raising herself up, but falling back down. The knock on her head still making the room spin.

“Well the weird thing is that you seem to have some crazy luck because they are letting you come back into the States. They’re granting you bail….. Actually this predicament just solidified your freedom… for now.”

“Wait…. I’m free?”

“FOR NOW. The case is still open and you are still a prime suspect.” he said nodding his head.

“Can I make a phone call?”

“Uhh I guess you can. Here.” Micael handed over his satellite phone.

“Who are you calling?”

“… Uhm my parents…Can I have some privacy?” Alex asked her mind already scheming.

Narrowing his eyes he looked at her for a moment.

“Five Minutes Morgan. That’s it!” he chided making his way out the door.

As soon as the door closed shut she yanked off the antenna to the phone and picked the locks to her cuffed wrists in just a few seconds.

“Too easy.” She chuckled.

Not dumb enough to actually call her family she chunked the phone and grabbed the landline beside her, dialing in James’s number.

A few rings passed and James answered knowing immediately who it was.

“Did I not tell you to stay in your damn room, Morgan!”

“Who cares they knew I was there anyways. It wouldn’t have made a difference, So calm your tush!”

“Did he get away?”

“Yea I think so. I blacked out before I could question him….and the girls were there. Come to think of it! You knew didn’t you!”

“Yes! Yes I knew, but knowing you would go run off if I told you… I didn’t care to inform you.”

“…True.”

“Anyways. Ok look we figured out how to integrate you and investigate further…”

“I know what you’re asking James, but I don’t think I can do it. I…”
“You don’t have a choice! Either, you take their offer…. Do the job and find out who is in charge… Who framed you and all those involved or be tried for capital murder? They want someone to burn at the stake for this and if it’s not them it’s going to be you!”

“…If I do it I want them far away from me, James. I don’t want them to be a part of this!”

“They already are Alex, You just put a huge target on their back when you let that contractor get away.”

“…okay looks like I have no choice… I’ll do it.” Holding in her emotions Alex accepted the mission and hung up the phone, just as the door to her room began to open.

A tanned midfielder closed the door shut behind her.

“Long time, no see.” Tobin’s eerily calm tone echoed along the white walls of the hospital room.
Confrontations and Bruises

Tobin’s POV

“Okay looks like I have no choice… I’ll do it.” The midfielder could hear the raspy tone stream out from behind the door she was currently reaching for. Tobin appeared calm on the outside as she closed the door shut behind her.

“Long time, no see.” She greeted.

Tobin’s heart felt like it had forgotten what exactly it was meant to do in her chest. Asking itself how it remained beating for the last year when the person standing in front of her had been missing. But nobody would know that if they stood there in that stuffy hospital room with them.

Realizing the striker had somehow managed to escape from the constraints they had on her wrists, Tobin inspected the room and notices a satellite phone broken on the edge of the room thrown to the corner. Alex just stood there looking at her like she was pointing a gun at her head.

Tobin was never a person to use her words wisely. All she wanted to do was close the space between them and embrace Alex, but Tobin didn’t know this Alex. This person standing in front of her was a different Alexandra. She was still beautiful. Tobin couldn’t come up with a time in which she wasn’t. Her hair was still long and shiny. Nonetheless it looked like a rats nest right now, but Tobin didn’t mind. Her demeanor was still the same. Although Alex was watching her every move in a frantic manner, she was holding her ground standing beside the bed, even with the bruises of fingerprints flashing a bright red on her neck.

Then Tobin saw it. She saw the reason why she was hesitant to walk towards Alex.

Her eyes.

Morgan’s eyes still beamed a bright blue, but they looked tired and lost.

If there was one person Tobin could read like the back of her hand it was Alex. The chemistry was so electric that even now Tobin could sense the emotions coming from the Striker.

“Are you going to say something, or are you just going to stand there.” Alex demanded in her broken tone.

Smirking, Tobin had almost forgotten about the little patience Alex had for confrontation and all other timely things. She didn’t like beating around the bush, that’s for sure.

“Well to put things lightly, I really don’t know what to say…”

“Like always” Alex responded in a clipped tone raising one of her somehow perfectly trimmed eyebrows.

The midfielder knew Alex was insinuating to past events. Reading it in the blue gaze directed towards her. Asking why she didn’t try harder…. pushed the boundaries more.

“I’m not here to fight with you Alex.”

“Then what are you here for! Leave!” Alex pointed towards the doors.
“Don’t do this…”

Suddenly the door fly’s open and Tobin knew things were about to get a whole lot worse.

Kelley marches inside slamming the door shut making her way across the room towards the flustered forward.

“I can’t believe you have the nerve! You selfish Bitch!” she screams in a hushed tone.

~~~

Alex’s POV

“Long time, no see.” Tobin’s eerily calm tone echoed along the white walls of the hospital room.

She stood there silent. Contemplating on how she was going to get herself out of this, knowing that Tobin was going to make her act on a tough choice.

Alex had to push Tobin away from her….make her think she didn’t want anything to do with her. Standing there in silence and the typical sounds that surrounded a hospital setting, they waited to see who would break the silence first.

In that small allotted time Alex allowed herself to take in the beauty of what was Tobin Heath. Alex always saw Tobin as being a beautiful person, but it wasn’t the main feature she had noticed that made her question her future a year ago, made her see things in a different light.

The beautiful human standing in front of her had this radiating physical force that people gravitated towards. She’d seen it everywhere they went. Tobin was a person who was shy yet completely and relentlessly always full of love, hope and humbling actions.

That’s why she wasn’t going to allow herself the privilege of having her around. She had lost her chance at having that privilege a year ago. Tobin deserved better than having an ungrateful, evil person in her life. Alex believed in her heart and soul that she absolutely deserved the life she’s had for the actions she made a year ago and to this date.

Tobin deserves better.

‘Okay Alex, you can do this. You have to.’ Alex thought to herself. Motivating herself.

“Are you going to say something, or are you just going to stand there.”

“Well to put things lightly, I really don’t know what to say…” Tobin gave her a lopsided grin.
“Like always” They both wished Tobin was more adamant on getting what she wanted and taking it, but they both knew she was complacent with what she was given in life and that things would always somehow come together at the end. What Alex didn’t know was that Tobin had indeed changed in that aspect, a few months back when she enlisted for James’s program.

“I’m not here to fight with you Alex.”

“Then what are you here for! Leave!” Alex gestured at the door not knowing how much she could take.

‘I’m sorry Tobin.’

“Don’t do this…”

‘I have to’

Just at the brink of what Alex thought she couldn’t handle any longer, the door fly’s open and Kelley marches inside slamming the door shut making her way across the room towards Alex.

“I can’t believe you have the nerve! You selfish Bitch!” she screams in a hushed tone.

‘This just got worse.’

Alex had to steel herself completely to what she was going to say next because where Tobin was humble and calm, Kelley was a volcano waiting to erupt and take Alex to the seventh realm of hell.

Locking her jaw and forcing herself to look at both of her friends in the eye she let herself become something horrendous and utterly revolting.

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Kelley’s POV

Kelley saw as Tobin walked into the hospital room and she couldn’t contain herself. She walked towards the door and listened.

“Are you going to say something, or are you just going to stand there.” Kelley could hear the indignation dripping in Alex’s tone.
“Well to put things lightly, I really don’t know what to say…”

“Like always”

The small defender desperately tried making any assumptions or correlations in the meanings hidden behind their conversations, but Kelley knew nothing of this and it irritated her that she had been in the dark for so long.

“I’m not here to fight with you Alex.”

“Then what are you here for! Leave!”

‘*How could she have the damn nerve to throw Tobin out? After all she’s been through.*’

She had seen first-hand how much this past year had ultimately changed Tobin. Yeah the midfielder had become more open and confident, but Kelley could sense the small accumulation of self-disappointment emanating from Tobin in the past few months ever sense she left for Paris.

Kelley had heard enough.

So she barged into the room ready to kick Alex’s head out of her ass. Closing the door shut closing in on Alex, the small defender unleashed her temper.

“I can’t believe you have the nerve! You selfish Bitch!”

O’Hara watched the demeanor on the strikers face completely change.

“Oh great this just got better! Now on top of the annoying disillusioned crush I have to deal with the equally clingy friend!” Kelley didn’t think she reacted and the sound of her open hand hitting cheek resonated throughout the room.

Alex’s face whipped to the side as she placed her hand to rub on her right cheek.

“Hey! Stop it! That’s enough. Kelley enough! Can’t you see she is lying out of her teeth? She doesn’t mean it!” Tobin put herself between the two hot heads.

“Get out! Micael! I’m done with this.” Alex said holding her cheek.

Kelley was still seeing red, and not meaning to slap Alex she allows herself to walk out the room.

Shortly after Kelley saw the FBI agent walk past her into the room.

“Oh okay that’s enough dramatics for today. I’m ready to drop you off at the embassy. The hospital just released you. Come on…. Oh and you owe me a new sat phone, you minx.” The detective said escorting Alex out of the hospital.

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James POV

“Sir if you don’t mind me asking. Why didn’t you just tell them? Let them work this operation together?”

“Because right now Tobin is the one in the front lines. She has integrated herself with them and I
can’t afford to lose her.”

“How are you going to lose her, Sir?”

“She has Alex now. And I can’t have her distracted so I need her to see the danger Alex is still surrounded by. That’s why I sent the contractor…”

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Alex’s POV

*A few days later*

Alex had found herself back in the states and to say that she didn’t miss it was an understatement. As soon as she set foot on U.S. soil camera’s flashed in her face and reporters asked ruthless questions.

Shortly after landing in Seattle, Morgan was escorted to a private hearing in the courts, granting her bail and announcing her as a private agent in her own case. Nobody knew about the latter, but the judge and the soccer federation’s president who wanted her back on the team.

There was one huge problem at least in Alex’s viewpoint. While she was gone the federation had helped build a new women’s league in which Alex would also have to be a part of in order to blend in and partake in her role fully. The judge had allowed her to be drafted to the Portland Thorns under one condition and that was for her to have someone overseeing her actions. That someone was going to be a teammate who was going to live along with Alex and report to the judge that Alex was acting as a sound citizen. This was mainly for the public to be reassured she had no special treatment or privileges. That someone was still unknown to Alex.

Just after her hearing Morgan was released. She was free as she could be at the moment. But the constant weight pushing on her chest was still there pushing her down. Alex was thrown back into a world that didn’t know how to take her back in and one she wasn’t used to anymore. The forward was currently walking on a lonely boardwalk watching the wave’s crash underneath the docks. The sky was gray and the wind made a haunting melody just above the roar of the ocean. Finding a bench at the end of it she sat and took everything in.

As she sat there a chill ran up her spine making her bundle up further, Alex didn’t really know why. Even though in March Seattle still got below 40 degrees it was nowhere near the cold Alex had felt in Russia. Russia was a part of her grueling boot camp that pushed even Alex Morgan to her physical limits, making Dawn Scott look like a PE coach in middle school.

‘I’m already getting soft!’ Alex scoffed at herself putting her hands inside the small pockets of the thin suit jacket she wore for the court trial. Her left hand felt the crinkle of paper folded inside her pocket. Having no remembrance of the paper she took it out and unfolded it.

**”Last chance, if you want them to be left alone you better find yourself where it all began by midnight, TONIGHT!”**
Her face flushed red with anger, knowing that whoever it was had walked right past her somewhere between the airport and the court managing to place the note on her person.

‘Get your shit together Morgan!’ Alex internally screamed at herself angry that she had let her guard down.

It took her three hours to walk to where it all began. Just past 11:30 she let her feet take her to the very alley where it all changed. Morgan stopped herself at the entrance taking a deep intake of air into her lungs and slowly exhaling, forcing herself to control her emotions. Walking down the dark alley she could hear the echoes of the haunting memory.

****Flashback****

They had just finished having dinner and they were casually walking downtown enjoying the night when the Seattle rain began pouring down on them. Prepared for the occasion Servando opened the umbrella he had carried with them.

“Here let’s cut back to the restaurants parking lot.” Servando said taking a left turn down the alley.

Not thinking much of it Alex wrapped her arms along his waist as they walked under the small canopy the umbrella provided from the rain. Halfway through Servando stopped walking and turned towards Alex looking at her with a nervous apprehension.

“Hey what’s wrong?” Alex asked wondering why they had stopped. Internally Alex was panicking. Thinking that the man was going to ask her the one question she had been dreading the whole night and in the middle of an alley, of all places. It didn’t make sense.

“Uhmm look Alex…” Two pairs of footsteps interrupted him.

“Oh you’re taking too long Lover boy! Here I’ll ask the pretty lady!”

Alex saw Servando close his eyes and even in the dark shadows she saw his skin turn pale.

Turning to the voices Morgan could make out two men in trench coats making their way down the alley towards them. Facing back towards Servando Alex saw the panic his now open eyes revealed.

“Serv, what’s going on?”

“I’m Sorry….I’m so sorry.” He whispered.

**********

A small shuffle slightly behind her, pushed her out of the memory. It was so subtle and insignificant that the average person would not have sensed it, but Alex had.

She continued walking appearing unaware of the ambush she was walking into when they not-so-silently walked behind her placing a pistol to her head.

Morgan let him.
“I’m unarmed. I want to talk.” Alex said calmly raising her hands beside her.

“I don’t want to talk I just need an answer. Yes or No.” The man whispered unbearably close to her face. Rubbing his cheek against hers.

Alex suddenly whipped herself around elbowing the stupid asshole in the face and yanking the gun clean off his wrist. The dumbass didn’t even have the safety off.

Switching it on Alex pointed the gun back at the groaning mess of a man. His nose was rushing out with blood. She broke it.

“Nu uh put it down!” The other coward hiding behind a dumpster made himself known.

Looking over her shoulder Alex was met with the end of a silenced pistol. Immediately Alex knew this man was more sophisticated by the way he held the gun.

“Oh come on it was a love tap!” Alex joked making the gun fall swinging on her forefinger.

“I’m not here to mess around….although I wouldn’t mind it. We just needed an answer. We’ll contact you once you get settled down in Portland? Until then lovely.” The man crudely suggested taking the gun off her hands and leading the other dumbass by the collar dragging him down the alley. Alex watched them as they turned right, out of view.

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Tobin’s POV

Tobin was not upset she was furious. After breaking up her two friends in Portugal they each went their separate ways.

A few days had past and Tobin was still in France getting some last minute things ready before she returned to the U.S.

James had been ignoring her calls refusing to answer her questions. The only thing he left her with was a message saying she had to remain in cover.

So Tobin did.

The midfielder was currently following the very man that attacked Morgan in Portugal. Using her tradecraft she had found Intel that the man had taken a flight from Albuferia to France. Tobin saw it as fate putting things in place so she followed the bread crumbs to Monte Carlo.

She was in a small Shaq off the coast currently looking through a telescope watching the man walk into one of the most notorious clubs in the city, Jimmy’z Sporting Monte-Carlo. (Watch the video)

“Looks like where going to a party.” Tobin announced to the crashing waves a couple feet past the porch. The sun was setting meaning that Tobin had to use one of her contact she had attained while undercover.

Grabbing her cell she pressed her speed-dial.
“Hello Tobin long time no speak!”

“Ha sorry about that Elise, but I’ll make it up to you! How about a night out at Jimmy’z”

“Oh you are in Monte Carlo Toby!” Tobin rolled her eyes at the nickname.

“Yes Bella (pet name meaning beautiful) I’ll pick you up myself! See you tonight! Ciao”

“Okay I’ll get ready EEK!” Tobin pushed the cell phone away from her ear and grimaced at the shrieking coming from the other end of the line immediately shutting it off.

Sipping on old whiskey Tobin walked back inside to get ready for a very eventful night.

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It was just past midnight in Monte Carlo with a full moon shining down on her as Tobin flashed past luxurious cars stuck in traffic. The pretty girl holding onto her waist held on tight as she made a tight left turn abruptly stopping at the entrance of Jimmy’z.

“You can let go now.” Tobin muffled under her helmet.

“Oops oh Tobin you drive too crazy!” The tall brunette said in a thick French accent as she got off Tobin’s Jet black Ducati 848 EVO.

Handing over the bike to the small valet boy Tobin looked at him fiercely in the eye.

“You touch her in the wrong way and I’ll know… Got it.” She said and watched as the boy nodded and didn’t even get on the bike but walked her to the motorcycle parking area.

Tobin stopped watching the boy when Elise locked their arms together and giggled in her ear.

“Be nice, Toby.” Tobin’s stomach turned as the girl kissed her cheek. She kept reminding herself why she was really there. To find the man responsible for putting Alex in a hospital bed.

The girl was just arm-candy Tobin was using as a distraction for the public eye.

The woman was a few years younger than Tobin, wearing a Greek style black dress that hugged her body nicely and hung off one shoulder. Tobin was going for a casual look that allowed her to move freely.

The midfielder was in a thin light blue unbuttoned shirt that caught the ocean wind every now and then, generously showcasing her chiseled stomach from time to time with a loose white tank. Along with dark rinsed skinny jeans and black motorcycle boots that she pulled off in the only way Tobin could. She was the epitome of coolness that even the bouncer immediately opened up the rope divider letting her through not having to wait in line.

They made their way past the media carpet and the paparazzi had managed to catch a few pictures of Elise posing on Tobin’s right side to her demise. The club resided outside by the banks of the ocean as people danced the night away under the clear night sky.

A little past 2 in the morning just when the club’s main feature of a DJ named Bob Sinclar was ending his show Tobin spotted the man she was looking for making his way on the opposite side of the dance floor. Elise had drank for the both of them and was distracted by a man dancing quite hilariously behind her. So not thinking twice Tobin walked away and headed towards the direction the man went to.
Walking around the backside of the stage the midfielder walked into a small Shaq that Tobin believed housed the bathrooms. Just catching a glimpse of the man as he walked passed a closing door. Not thinking twice about it she followed the man inside and locked the bolt of the door shut.

“Hey!…” The bathroom greeter didn’t have enough time to finish his sentence when Tobin cracked her palm on his sternum making him choke and fall to his knees and finished him off with one quick blow to the head with her own knee.

As the man crumbled to the floor she heard the creaking of the bathroom stall opening. Tobin could see the muzzle of a gun stick out. In two short strides she gets at a closer distance to where she could kick the gun out of the retards hands before he even pointed towards her direction.

The man was indeed a big fella that if it weren’t for Tobin’s training and the ability to always think one step ahead he would have the upper hand. But he didn’t and soon enough she had the man on his knees bending his arm awkwardly behind him.

“No no no Stop Omph… Please Stop!” he begged.

Covering his mouth Tobin muffled his scream as she pushed the arm past where its joints were meant to go. All she could picture was him choking Alex and that was enough to push her over the edge.

Grabbing one of the towels on the counter she gagged him and moved the arm slightly causing more screams.

“Do I have your attention?” She said calmly looking at him through the reflecting mirrors on the walls of the bathroom.

The whimpering man simply nodded.

“Good… So let’s get to the niddy gritty shall we? I’m going to ask you some question and allow you to answer them, but if you so much as try to alert someone I’ll do this…. “ Tobin simply nudes the dislocated arm once again. After the man controlled himself once again she looked at him for understanding.

“Who sent you to Portugal?” Tobin didn’t see the need to emphasize on the topic.

Taking the towel out she waited hesitantly to see the response of the man.

Looking at Tobin in the eye he answered her.

“I don’t know” Tobin knew he was telling the truth.

“Okay well how did they contact you?”

“I received a call saying to catch a flight to Portugal and wait for the woman to come back into her room…” he slightly averted his eyes and Tobin locked her jaw looking at the man knowing he was keeping something from her.

“…and.”

“That’s it… I swear. They said to finish the job and I would get paid 50 grand.”

Pulling his head back by the hair and gagging him she pushed his arm harshly to the left making it grind against exposed nerves.
“Well that’s funny because I was there and I clearly heard you having a conversation with the girl.”

Shaking his head the man was on the brink of losing consciousness.

Tobin withdrew the towel once again.

“I… I can’t say their watching.”

Tobin looked at the terrified man and knew he wasn’t lying.

“Who’s watching?”

The man barely opened his mouth when he suddenly went limp in her arms almost falling face first on the bathroom tile.

“What the… Hey! Hey! Wake up.” Tobin demanded.

She didn’t know enough! In fact, all she had were more questions but then she noticed the way the man’s body slid to the ground.

‘Oh God Please! No…No!’ Tobin pleaded but she knew the man was dead before she even took his pulse.

“Oh Shit!”

Shooting up off the ground Tobin grabbed a towel and cleaned everything off that could possibly trace back to her and dragged the dead man in one stall lifting him up on the toilet and doing the same to the unconscious greeter in another. Leaving no trace Tobin walked out the bathroom and headed out towards the bar to grab two drinks.

Making her way back to Elise pulling her off some stranger.

“Hey you got me a drink!” Elise breathed on Tobin as she leaned on her.

“Whoa… Okay Bella it’s time to go come on.”

“Ohhhh! Someone can’t wait to get me in bed.” She giggled nuzzling her head in the crook of Tobin’s head.

The midfielder was running on adrenaline and had somehow managed to get Elise to her hotel room on her Ducati. Tobin found herself leaning against the porch rail of the Shaq she was staying at. The sun was beginning to rise just over the horizon and Tobin couldn’t stop her mind from running back and forth from last night’s interrogation.

‘God what is going on?’ Tobin looked up towards the morning sky wondering how she had gotten herself in so deep.

Downing the last bit of Whiskey she had left, Tobin grabbed her small carry on and simply walked out the hideaway. Mounting her bike she raced back to Paris.

The disgruntled midfielder had a flight to catch in less 9 hrs.
Alex’s POV

***fast-forward two days***

Alex was walking inside her apartment complex with multiple bags of stuff she had bought at the Market place that were meant to make the place look a little more lived in. Her apartment for the NWSL season was smack in the middle of downtown Portland.

It was an open layout studio apartment that Alex had requested and was allowed to have due to her diagnosed PTSD that was not made known to anyone else but her and the psychiatrist they had appointed her.

It gave her a sense of awareness being able to see all the corners of the apartment. With vaulted ceilings and one whole wall made up entirely of windows that overlooked the skyline of the city. The first level consisted of a sleeping area pushed to the far left corner with a big wooden bookshelf providing some privacy from the living area which faced out towards the windows. The kitchen was pushed to the far right running from one end of the apartment to the other. A small divider by the sleeping area was hiding… very poorly to say the least, an old porcelain bathtub/shower that had a sheer curtain that ran along the rim of the bath. A porcelain stand-alone sink had its own vanity mirror to the left of the bathtub closest to the bed.

‘Well that’s going to be awkward.” Alex thought as she noticed it being the only shower in the whole place.

Luckily the toilet was closed off. It was inside a little room jutting out the wall to the left of the bathtub.

The second sleeping area was the second level balcony with a single staircase leading up to a bed and just enough room for someone to walk around it hovering over the kitchen area. So if you stood against the rails of the second level you could see the whole layout of the first-level excluding the kitchen. Alex had claimed that bed as she still waited for her mystery roommate to appear.

The striker had concluded that the judge wanted her roommate to report every single move Alex would make in the apartment because it provided little to no privacy whatsoever.

Exhausted from her shopping spree and the dodging of cameras and reporters, Alex made her way to the living area and turned on the television. She channel surfed for a couple minutes when she stopped on the beIN Sports network and decided to watch the remaining five minutes of a PSG vs. Lyon match.

From the many updates Alex would get from Hope she was informed that Tobin had reenlisted another year in PSG.

‘Are you still in Europe, Tobs?’

Shortly after the game had ended a small segment of news came up with the headlines.

“Is the American footballer partying with the wrong crowd?”
Suddenly a few candid shots appeared of Tobin being reported at a luxurious club down in Monte Carlo.

There were pictures of Tobin riding an insanely dangerous looking bike with a beautiful french girl holding onto her back. The pictures kept getting worse and worse. One where they posed just at the entrance of the club with the girl kissing Tobin’s cheek and Tobin looked like a Greek-motorcycle badass. Alex was gripping the remote so tight that she could hear it cracking under the pressure.

Distracted momentarily she caught several phrases of what the sports anchors where reporting.

“The famous American footballer was last reported several days ago to be seen at the Jimmy’z Sporting Monte-Carlo the same night local authorities reported an assault of one employee and the murder of a guest. Has Tobin Heath finally cracked under the pressure of European football fame? …”

Alex had stopped listening when the two pictures of the victims were displayed on the screen. Her blood rushed back to her ears as she saw that one of them looked exactly like the man who tried extorting her in Portugal.

‘He’s dead?…What were you doing there Tobin?’

Sitting there flabbergasted the sound of faint footsteps making their way to the entrance of the apartment resonated off the walls.

Alex changed the channel just as the knob to the door began to turn.
Eruptions

**(Okay this is a side note as not to be confused on the current setting. This takes place a day prior to Alex waiting for the door to open in the apartment. The setting is Kelley’s Apartment and starts off with Kelley’s perspective.)**

Kelley’s POV

The defender had finished a surf session out on the beach just a few blocks from her Condo in San Francisco. Kelley was in her wet suit and carrying her surfboard as she walked along the sidewalk just outside her apartment.

“Damn! That’s a sweet bike.” Kelley admired a hot red sports bike parked just outside the entrance of her apartment.

Walking inside she fetched her keys from the inside pocket of her wetsuit.

*(Play “Eavesdrop”)*

Walking closer and closer towards her door Kelley realizes that a strange noise was coming from inside her apartment.

“Huh…” Kelley checks the door and notices it’s slightly open. Thinking someone must have broken in she slowly opens the door using her surfboard as a shield and makes her way down the hallway towards her kitchen and living room.

A lazy toned voice and the warm cries of an acoustic guitar travelled their way to Kelley’s straining ears.

The defender recognizes the voice of her best friend before she turns the corner and takes in the back profile of Tobin sitting on her couch facing the balcony windows looking out to the ocean in the far distance.

“Oh I don’t want to talk right now.”

“I just want your arms wrapped around me and this moment before it runs out.”

Tobin was playing her guitar.

“Oh don’t say that it’s over, Oh, don’t say it ain’t so.”

“Just Hold me, Just hold me.”

Kelley had known that she played several instruments given Tobin’s background, being raised in the church and all. Kelley had heard her play the piano once but she was never given the privilege to see her play the guitar so intimately before, and they’ve known each other for years. Taking in the surroundings around Tobin, Kelley could see the wine bottle she had been saving, placed on top of the coffee table almost tapped out.

“I can’t pull you closer than this. It’s just you and the moon on my skin.”

“Oh who say’s it ever got to end.”
"Oh don’t say that it’s over, Oh, don’t say it ain’t so."

"Just Hold me, Just hold me."

"Let’s let the stars watch, Let them stare, Let the wind eavesdrop."

"I don’t care. For all that we’ve got, don’t let go."

‘Oh Tobin, you lovesick bastard I was saving that wine!’ Kelley was about to say.

But then Tobin’s voice took on a light thick tone as she strummed her guitar creating a haunting harmony with the guitar, slowly rising to crescendo putting such emotion into the words that Kelley was tearing up just listening to her.

"Just hold me."

Then Tobin just stopped and all you could hear was the broken exhale of breath coming from the midfielder.

Tobin was bottling it up.

Even Kelley had tears running down her face but Tobin had no such expression.

Before making her presence known Kelley wipes the tears off her cheeks.

"Hey?” Kelley whispered past the intense silence that overtook the room. Tobin turned to look over her shoulder to see who it was.

Kelley saw Tobin glance at the dining table besides Kelley and the defender followed as her gaze fell on a letter directed to Tobin.

“Read it.” Tobin’s thick voice broke out the silence.

Taking out the letter from its envelope Kelley read aloud.

“As mandated by Judge Kingsley of Washington State, Tobin Powell Heath is appointed as oversight to the Defendant Alexandra Patricia Morgan and report all further activities pertaining to the open case in question till further notice. Oversight will require Tobin Powell Heath to take residence with Alexandra Patricia Morgan, in order to fully accomplish this mandate.” Kelley stopped reading at that point.

“Wait, you have to live…” Kelley abruptly stopped.

Looking back up at Tobin, Kelley could see the strain the midfielder was taking to hold in the tears she could see brimming on the edges.

Before Tobin could open her mouth with some bad joke or a dumb excuse Kelley drops the letter and hastily makes her way around the couch to wrap Tobin in her arms. Just as they embraced Kelley felt, more than heard the gut-wrenching sobs coming from Tobin.

“SShhh it’s okay. Let it go…” Kelley whispered as she rocked Tobin in her arms rubbing her back trying to calm her down.

“Oh Kell. I… How am I going to do that with all the things I’ve done!”

“Hey! You can’t do that Tobin. You have nothing to be guilty for do you hear me!” Kelley said
grabbing Tobin’s face in her hands trying to make her understand.

All she got in response was Tobin’s face getting a few shades darker as she shook her head forcing herself to calm down.

Kelley took in Tobin’s appearance. She looked like she hadn’t slept for days. Tobin had on a thin light blue unbuttoned shirt with a loose white tank along with a pair of dark rinsed skinny jeans and black unfastened motorcycle boots. If Tobin didn’t look so distraught Kelley would think Tobin was rocking the outfit, but Tobin looked like a drunken disaster.

“Look how about I take your things up to Portland and give you another extra day to get yourself prepared?” Kelley offered.

Grabbing a hold of her emotions, Tobin nodded her head as she wiped the wet tear marks off her face.

Sensing that the brief episode of panic was over, Kelley noticed a motorcycle helmet under the coffee table. Putting that and the boots Tobin was wearing together Kelley looked at Tobin wide eyed.

“Please tell me that bike outside is NOT yours!”

“Uhhh do you want it to be mine?” Tobin replies.

“Tobin! Those things are dangerous!”

“But Kelley….” Tobin looked at Kelley with her big brown eyes blinking her ridiculously long eyelashes of hers.

“But Nothing! How did you even get your stuff here?”

“I didn’t. I sent them to Portland directly.” Tobin shrugged.

“Oh so all I need to take is your carry-on?” Kelley said as she reached for the bag placed on the floor against the couch.

“Kelley NO!” Tobin yelled snatching the bag away before Kelley could grab a hold of it. Looking at Tobin like she had gone mad Kelley wondered what was in the bag.

“It’s just that…. It’s my Bible and I have my journals in here….Private stuff, Ya know?” Tobin stuttered.

“OOOKAayy….”

“Uh you can pick up my luggage from the airport when you head up there so I don’t get charged overnight fees?” Tobin suggested.

“Uhh yea that’s fine I’ll head out in the morning. Uhmm Tobin I’m telling you this because I love you. Can you go take a shower? Gosh! You smell like a bar, Tobin!” Kelley plugged her nose as she dramatically waved her other hand around the midfielder.

“Oh fine….whatever!” Tobin grumbled getting up and making her way to Kelley’s bedroom.

Kelley didn’t miss the way Tobin was clutching the carry-on considerably tight against her body as she made her way around the couch.
‘Gosh what could you possibly have in there, Tobin?’
At the crack of dawn ready to head to Portland Kelley was walking out of her room with a hung-over Tobin crashed out on her couch. Heath had stayed up all night playing her heart out with that guitar and Kelley could not find it in herself to make Tobin stop.

Walking to the couch to check on the midfielder, Kelley smiles at the sight holding in her laughter. It looked like a group of frat boys crashed her house and made the couch their own to watch a football game. Fragments of junk food and empty wine bottles thrown all around. Sprawled on her back with nothing but a sports bra and purple dinosaur boxers Tobin was snoring with some sort of food hanging off her cheek. Her guitar was at her feet and the carry-on was on Tobin’s back.

She fell asleep wearing it.

Grabbing the case on the floor Kelley confiscates Tobin’s guitar. Kelley didn’t think it was a good call to leave Tobin alone any longer with it so she grabs one of her note slips on the coffee table writing Tobin a note.

That’s enough moping! She’s with me until you can handle yourself… You have a little something on your cheek :D

P.S. Clean this SHIT!

P.S.S I like your boxers… You must win the ladies over with those!

Love YA!

- Kelley

Putting the note softly on Tobin’s forehead Kelley quietly makes her way out the apartment, jumps in her jeep along with Tobin’s guitar and drives her way up to Portland.

***few hours later***

The sun was dimming as she left the Portland airport with only two bags Tobin had coming in from France. Kelley could never understand how the midfielder lived such a nomadic life, but that’s always been Tobin for as long as she’s known her. At least that didn’t change.

Following her GPS it took her downtown within the bustling city of Portland. Parking on the curb in front of the apartment her gaze lands on the black Range Rover parked in front of her. Knowing it was Alex’s one of the perks of being an Olympic Gold Medalist.

Reminding herself that she was doing this for Tobin, Kelley inhales to the point that her back pops from the expansion of her chest tightly gripping her steering wheel and slowly exhales forcing
herself out of the jeep. Before she could open her car door fully, loud honking disrupts Kelley’s clouded mind making her jump back into her jeep slamming the car door shut. A man wearing a motorcycle helmet flashes by her door on his bike. Not thinking much of it Kelley simply reattempts to get out of her jeep and walks around to grab Tobin’s bags and guitar case.

She walks into the building and up a flight of stairs with the case over her shoulder and one bag in each hand. Reaching the apartment the defender digs into her pocket and takes the key out unlocking the door, preferring not to knock and have Alex answer the door. Kelley was pretty sure the striker would slam it on her face given their last encounter together.

Turning the knob and pushing the door open she is immediately hit with the rays of the setting sun. The wall opposite from the entrance was made entirely of window panes and the ceiling had to be more than 20 feet high. Then her eyes fall on the living room where the stranger who was once a friend stood up from the couch facing towards the opposite wall.

Turning around, Alex looks like Kelley currently felt at the moment.

“Oh God. Please tell me you’re not my roommate.” Alex said.

“Oh trust me you’re going to wish it was me when I tell you who it really is.” Kelley laughed as she walked inside closing the door and taking in the layout of the place.

She immediately felt for Tobin. The way the apartment was laid out meant the two people Kelley believed had something brewing in the background were going to have to learn how to live with each other given the little privacy of the place.

“The other bed is just to your right past the shelf.” Alex pointed to the area so Kelley could drop the bags on it.

Following Kelley across the room into the closed off corner, Alex starts asking her multiple questions.

“Soo it’s not you? Whose stuff is that? When did you start playing the guit….”

Kelley really wasn’t looking at Alex. She was too busy taking the guitar off her shoulders when the talking stopped causing her to look back at Alex. The striker was just standing there by the bed looking like she was somewhere else entirely, lost in her mind. Her face scowled more and more.

Kelley figured Alex would know that Tobin played the guitar. Hell she probably heard her play it before she ever did.

“So I take it you figured it out?” Kelley sneered.

Coming back into her sense Alex looks at Kelley, stone faced.

“Should have seen it coming.” She shrugged walking back out into the living room as she pulled both her hands through her hair as she fell back on the couch.

Following Alex, Kelley demanded answers.

“Don’t treat me like some idiot Morgan!”

Alex just leans her elbows on her knees and cradles her chin with her hands looking up at Kelley who was standing in front of her.
"Why? Are you going to slap me again?"

Kelley exhales as she sits on the other couch. She didn’t see the need to raise her voice so she shook her head deciding to take a better means of getting the answers she wanted.

"Look… I didn’t mean to get physical with you but let’s get one thing straight. You ever treat anyone I care about like the way you treated Tobin back in Portugal I’m bound to act before I think of what I’m doing. Truly I’m …. I am sorry that I slapped you but that was not the way to discuss whatever the hell is going on between the both of you. Tobin has been taking your shit for too long.” Kelley resolved.

"I don’t know what you’re talking about, but whatever the hell you think is going on between Tobin and I is none of your damn business!” Alex retorts as she stands back up and walks behind the couch like she was trying to make it a barrier between the two of them.

"Oh it is my damn business when Tobin ends up in my apartment drunk off her ass. I literally kidnapped the damn guitar this morning to keep her from playing her depressing as shit music of hers. So don’t tell me I have nothing to do with it.”

Like what Kelley just said didn’t affect her in any matter, Alex simply walks to the kitchen and opens the fridge grabbing a bottle of water. Taking a drink she grabs another bottle for Kelley and walks back out to the living room. When she hands the water to Kelley and grabs a hold of it Alex holds it a moment longer grabbing Kelley’s attention looking at her intently.

"You honestly think I care?"

Kelley predicted this long before she made her way to the apartment. Of Alex denying that SHE had any feelings towards Tobin, but recollects what she heard from Alex back in Portugal when they ran into each other on the dance floor of the secret bar.

Raising one of her eyebrows at Alex the defender waited for Morgan to take her seat knowing that she was not aware of Kelley’s revelation.

"I don’t know when this happened, but if you keep this up you’re going to lose her Alex.”

"Kelley I know what you’re thinking and maybe Tobin did tell you about her outlandish crush on me, but let’s get this out in the open. I don’t like Tobin.”

"So that moment when you laid eyes on her in Portugal….. You didn’t feel anything? You didn’t outlandishly look at her in that red dress and just think “WOW”.’” Kelley was now looking intently at Alex for any sign that would give the striker away. But Alex’s demeanor didn’t even flinch, aside from the slight finger tap of her left hand over her knee. A tell Kelley learned was one of Alex’s nervous ticks.

‘She’s good. I’ll give her that much.’ Kelley thought.

"I’m through talking about this with you Kelley.” Alex warned.

Kelley decided she would stop berating the poor thing, so she changed the subject maybe onto a heavier topic than the last, not really giving Alex much of a breather at all.

“Okay. If you won’t answer me on this, just answer me one question honestly Alex… Please that’s all I ask just one honest answer and I’ll leave.”

“What?” Kelley stood up and made her way to Alex to sit next to her.
“How are you?” Just as the question left her lips, Alex averted her gaze and looked at her hands that where resting on her knees.

As encouragement Kelley slides one of her hands into Alex’s. The striker flinches from the contact. Like she hadn’t felt the gentle touch of a loved one in a long while. This brings Kelley back to the realization that Alex had been the victim of something horrible. Kelley had no idea of what Alex had gone through in the past year and it worried her that Alex had no one to alleviate the emotions she had bottled up.

But Alex was different from Tobin in the aspect of being pushed. The midfielder would simply put an impenetrable façade that on some rare occurrence, like last night, would crumble, but for Alex if you push the right buttons you’d better be assured that you would get a reaction out of her and it could either be a delightful one or rear its ugly head and take you on for a few rounds.

Kelley had pushed the right buttons, but the way Alex was acting made Kelley think that she was pushing her away for other reasons.

“I’m perfectly fine Kelley. I don’t need your fucking pity.” Alex tried standing up but Kelley pushed her back down.

Kelley remembered the words Alex said just before she saved Kelley from being attacked on the balcony back in Portugal.

“Back in Portugal before you went unconscious why did you say I wasn’t safe?”

“Because you aren’t Kelley! The people who are responsible for this mess are not people I want to be aware of you!”

“….and Tobin that’s why you’re acting like a complete bitch, because you think that by pushing us away you’re keeping us safe…. Well tough shit! That’s not your choice to make Alex!” Kelley revealed.

“You don’t understand, Kelley.”

Kelley stood up and made her way towards the front door. She was exhausted and she had a long drive ahead of her.

“Oh yea I understand clearly. You want to push the people that actually care for you away. Tobin freaking loves you and you can’t see past the worry. If you feel the slightest thing for Tobin don’t push her away Alex, because you of all people should know that our days are numbered and the way you looked at her that night I know damn well you feel something towards her. But I’m not going to push that on you. You do what you want. She kept playing Eavesdrop by Civil Wars… that’s all Tobin played last night…” And with that Kelley shut the door behind her and left the apartment making her way back to her jeep.

Sitting in her car she turned the ignition and drove through heavy downtown traffic. Just as she turned left, looking through her rearview mirror she could have sworn she saw the same man on the bike she almost clipped with her door. She lost sight of him when he shifted into her lane hidden behind traffic.

Kelley could feel it at the pit of her stomach.

Alex was right she is being watched.
***Flashback***

It was the week before Thanksgiving and Kelley had left for Georgia leaving Alex and Tobin in the house they were all three currently sharing for the past few months during the victory tour.

Tobin had finally brought more of her stuff back from Jersey and they were currently taking it out of Alex’s Range Rover. The Striker was grabbing some of Tobin’s boxes from the back when she noticed the curve of a case that looked unusual. Leaving the boxes Alex moved things around until she realized what it was.

Under the pile of crap Tobin claimed she needed consisting of a pile of old worn books, surf magazines, more surfboards and longboards along with a few of the watercolor paintings she made a hobby of collecting was a shiny guitar case hidden underneath it all.

“Hey you found it!” Tobin said behind Alex.

“Shit! Tobin.” Alex jumped not hearing Tobin walk behind her.

“Oh sorry. But really thanks I was beginning to think I left it.” Tobin reached over Alex trying to grab the handle to the case.

“I didn’t know you played the guitar.”

“You don’t know me! You don’t know my life. You don’t know what I’ve been through!” Tobin sang.

Gasping from the words that came out of Tobin’s mouth Alex grabbed the case from Tobin’s grasp and ran towards the house.

“Hey what are you…. Give her back!” Tobin chased after Alex inside the house.

“No!” Alex pursed her lips while looking down from the steps of the stairs, baiting Tobin.

“You’re a pain in my butt, ya know that!”

“You’re just digging a deeper whole for yourself, Heath. Keep it up and you’ll never see it again.”

“Don’t call her that….. It hurts her feelings! She has a name.”

Alex scowled at the ridiculous notion.

“Oh really and what is it then? Don’t want her pushing me down the stairs now!” She joked.

Alex was too busy laughing to notice Tobin placing a foot up on the first step of the stairs trying to close the distance between them.

“Zion her name is Zion!” Tobin yelled as she pushed up the stairs making Alex squeal.

Turning the corner too tight Alex causes the neck of the guitar case to bang against the corner, violently pushing her back from the force. Luckily Tobin was right behind her catching her before
she fell back down the stairs. Alex felt Tobin’s hands wrapped tightly around her waist as the
midfielder took the brunt force of Alex’s weight trying not to fall down the stairs herself. Morgan
squeezed her eyes shut waiting for the impact when she felt the cool air on her neck coming from
Tobin’s deep exhales. Her mind was static and her body was on fire.

Slowly opening her eyes she was met with the mesmerizing hazel orbs of Tobin’s. Morgan leaned
against the warmth of Tobin’s body, unveiling something wondrous behind the beautiful patterns
of Tobin’s eyes. The sharp contours of Tobin’s face were twice as prominent to Alex up close. She
couldn’t muster up anything intelligible to say. Lost in the silence they stood their embraced
searching each other’s eyes for what Alex thought lasted an eternity but was only a few life-
changing seconds when something switched in Tobin’s gaze making her break the hypnotic state
they had succumbed to.

“See I told you she didn’t like that….Better watch it.” Tobin smiled as she pushed Alex back up on
her feet.

Alex didn’t smile back. She was at a loss for words while Tobin took the case from her and ran up
the rest of the stairs.

The striker’s mind was running rampant with new questions.

‘What was that?!… the way my body felt.’

Alex stood there at the top of the stairs a few moments longer as she watched Tobin walk into her
room down the hall shaking her head as she closed her door.

‘I’ve never felt that before….’

*****

(Present)

Alex POV

Alex stands up off the couch when she hears the door being pushed opened. Turning around to face
the entrance the sudden omen of dread encompasses her when the small freckled defender waddles
into the apartment.

“Oh God. Please tell me you’re not my roommate.” Alex pleaded.

“Trust me you’re going to wish it was me when I tell you who it really is.” Kelley laughed.

The tall brunette analyzed Kelley as she closed the door scouting in the place. Alex wondered if the
two large suitcases and a guitar case twice her size draped over her shoulders was all the stuff
Kelley brought along to move in with.

“The other bed is just to your right past the shelf.” Alex pointed to the area.

While following behind Kelley to the far corner of the apartment she watches the guitar case loll
back and forth asking herself why Kelley was lugging around with the huge thing. She doesn’t
remember it ever being in Kelley’s possession.
“Soo if it’s not you, Whose stuff is that? When did you start playing the guiti….”

Shooting off multiple questions while Kelley was taking the strap off over her shoulders Morgan saw the little dent on the top of the case, just at the neck of the guitar.

***Flashback***

Alex found herself watching some show in the living room not really paying attention due to the constant replay going through her mind of what happened on the stairs earlier that day.

Faint footsteps coming down the steps had Alex peering over her shoulder. Tobin was walking down the stairs putting her phone back in her pocket. She looked like she was going out for the night.

Before the midfielder said anything they locked eyes. Alex was always able to instantly know what Tobin was thinking with just a glance. And what she was reading in Tobin’s gaze was to ignore what happened earlier that day. They were going to erase it from their mind, like it never occurred.

“Uhmm I’m heading out with Ash and Ali for a night out. I’ll be back in a few hours.” Tobin didn’t even wait for a response from Alex, immediately walking out the door just as she notified Alex of her plans.

Morgan was so jostled and confused that her mind couldn’t operate properly. She simply went back to the show she was still not paying any attention to. Tossing in her bed at 2:00 in the morning Alex was disrupted when her phone lit up her dark room. Ashlyn’s picture appeared on her screen.

“Hello” Alex raspy voice answered. Loud music could be heard along with the distinct laughter that Alex recognized as being Tobin’s in the background.

“Alex Hey! Alex you there?” Ashlyn yelled into the receiver making Alex push her phone away from her ear.

“Yes Ash. What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry but Tobin really hit the bar hard today and she can’t drive for shit. Can you pick her up? I think she is ready to go… she needs to go before she makes a fool of herself.” Alex got out of her bed in an instant and grabbed a hoodie and jeans as she answered Ashlyn.

“Uh yea! I’ll be there in a few.”

“Ok great! Bye!” Alex grabbed her keys and made her way out the door.

Parking in front of the bar Alex fell upon a rare scene that she’s never seen before in all the years she’s known Tobin. Ashlyn had Tobin leaning on her side completely wasted as they walked out of the bar.

“Hey I’m sorry but Tobin forgot she was a light weight.” Ashlyn apologized as she opened the door to Alex’s car and hauled in a giggling Tobin.

Closing the door shut Ashlyn walked to the driver’s side. Alex rolled down her window.
“I don’t know what’s going on, but I think you need to talk to Tobs. I tried but she wouldn’t budge maybe you’ll have a better chance. She doesn’t drink like this Alex.” Ashlyn whispered as they looked to their right watching Tobin missing the knobs to the stereo several times before she finally managed to turn it on.

“Yeah I’ll get her home and thanks for calling me, Ash” Alex nodded.

“Okay goodnight, Baby Horse.” Ash waved as she walked back into the bar.

Tobin was still trying to find a station to her liking when Alex realized she didn’t have her seat belt on. Reaching over the console she grabs the strap and places it over Tobin’s shoulder clicking it in. Alex scowled at Tobin’s state. She was not used to seeing the midfielder so unhinged.

“Hmm you smell good.” Tobin breathed in as she leaned towards Alex while she strapped her in, causing Alex’s hairs in the back of her neck to stand on end.

“Okay it’s time for me to take you home, rock star.” Alex gasped out as she pulled out the curb driving them back home.

They were currently parked in their driveway sitting in the running car.

“I can’t believe you’re drunk, Tobs.” Alex broke the silence.

“…I swear I only had a few… they must’ve put something stronger in my drinks or something.” Tobin mumbled.

“You and me both.” Alex didn’t know what in the world was happening between them lately.

“Be cool, Morgan…Be cool.” Tobin laughed as she leaned her head on her shoulder smirking at the striker.

“Be quiet.” Alex laughed at Tobin’s antics.

“You have any mint candy.” Tobin asked looking around the car rummaging for Alex’s stash. Tobin always managed to take the seriousness from Alex’s mentality in tense situations making her smile in return.

“You know what? Actually keep talking, because when you’re dating someone I’m going to tell them every little thing you said when they come to the house to watch your stupid dancing shows.” Alex schemed.

“Oh I’ll love that she watches stupid dancing shows, even though she can’t dance.”

Alex’s eyebrows shot up when she heard the word ‘she’. Alex was confused with the way she reacted she was surprised yet happy for some odd reason that she couldn’t comprehend.

She watched Tobin look at her as she continued to describe her ideal girlfriend to Alex’s surprise.

“I’ll love that she’s pretty and funny and smart. Pretty much the most incredible girl that I will ever date. The only thing wrong with her…”

“That she’s dating an idiot for a girlfriend who’s drunker than a sailor right now.” Alex interrupted trying to ease the seriousness of the conversation. Alex was nervous.

“No…The only thing that’s wrong with her is that she’s not you.” Silence overtook the air
surrounding the inside of the car and Alex felt her heart stutter in rhythm.

“What?” Alex’s voice took on a raspier tone than normal.

“I mean…. If she was you… or if I was Serv. I’d believe in the luck of the soul. The possibility of anything.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Morgan scoffed. The car was getting stuffy.

“And I’d marry you….I would.” The intensity of Tobin’s gaze was making Alex blush and look away.

“We would sit out on our porch and drink coffee on Christmas morning. We’d hit fifty. I’d lose my awesome looks….I’d lose my mind…listen to you sing your corny songs when you’re focused on something. I’d embarrass our kids. Our Kids. With their beautiful ocean blue eyes.” Alex was entranced on every word.

Tobin turned her body towards Alex and took a hold of her hand making Alex look back at her.

“And I’d wake up every morning and wonder am I dumb…dumb” Tobin turned Alex’s palm up and kissed the inside of her wrist looking intently at the stunned forward.

“…dumb luck…. If I was Servando.” She finished pulling Alex’s wrist softly back on her armrest and straightens her body back up on the seat looking away.

*** End of Flash back***

“So I take it you figured it out?” Kelley sneered. Snapping Alex back into the real world.

That wasn’t Kelley’s guitar it was Tobin’s. The dent on that case was as real as the day her eyes where revealed to a whole new path to her life.

Alex could see the insinuations Kelley was making and Alex couldn’t afford for Kelley to meddle with the both of them.

“Should have seen it coming.” Alex shrugged walking back out into the living room as she pulled both her hands through her hair falling back on the couch.

Alex could hear the pitter patter of Kelley’s small strides trying to match hers stopping directly in front of her as Alex leaned forward on her knees.

“Don’t treat me like some idiot Morgan!”

Alex just leans further into her elbows and cradles her chin on her hands looking up at Kelley.

“Why? Are you going to slap me again?”

Alex was simply trying to move Kelley’s thoughts elsewhere far away from the topic of Tobin, but if she was being honest with herself she was hurt when Kelley slapped her. How did they get there? When did it become okay to treat each other with such anger and hate? Alex hated what she had become. What they had become.

Peering up at Kelley she watched her retreat to the other couch sitting on the edge matching Alex’s posture. Kelley caught her gaze and Alex had to bite her tongue to keep her from letting herself
become overwhelmed.

“Look… I didn’t mean to get physical with you but let’s get one thing straight. You ever treat anyone I care about like the way you treated Tobin back in Portugal I’m bound to act before I think of what I’m doing. Truly I’m …. I am sorry that I slapped you but that was not the way to discuss whatever the hell is going on between the both of you. Tobin has been taking your shit for too long.” Kelley stated towards Alex with such determination that the striker was reminded why she loved the freckled girl so much.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but whatever the hell you think is going on between Tobin and I is none of your damn business!” Alex retorts wanting Kelley to leave because she was at the brink of forgetting all about the pretenses. She stands back up and walks behind the couch, like putting distance between the two of them would buy her some time.

Alex just wanted her friend back. Someone she could gossip with….spill her most ludicrous crushes to.

“Oh it is my damn business when Tobin ends up in my apartment drunk off her ass. I literally kidnapped the damn guitar this morning to keep her from playing her depressing as shit music of hers. So don’t tell me I have nothing to do with it.” The blood in her veins turned her core into a furnace from hell. Morgan turned towards the kitchen, composing herself. Blinking away her tears Alex stuck her head in the fridge.

She couldn’t even imagine Tobin drinking a pint of beer without forcing it down her throat and just thinking that she had pushed such a reaction out of Tobin once again made her feel disgusting. Sticking her head back out from the fridge she grabbed two bottles of water. Taking a drink from her own she walks back out to the living room handing Kelley a bottle. When the defender grabs a hold of it Alex holds it a moment longer grabbing her attention looking at each other intently.

“You honestly think I care?” Alex said in the driest tone she could possibly muster.

Kelley looked incredulously at Alex as she sat back on her side of the living room.

“I don’t know when this happened, but if you keep this up you’re going to lose her Alex.”

Kelley was one of the few people Alex knew that could have the persistence to outlast the short fuse of her patience and the striker could see the fuse reaching its end as she maintained herself in equal persistence of denial.

“Kelley I know what you’re thinking and maybe Tobin did tell you about her outlandish crush on me, but let’s get this out in the open. I don’t like Tobin.” The lie dried out her mouth making her take another sip of water.

“So that moment when you laid eyes on her in Portugal….. You didn’t feel anything? You didn’t outlandishly look at her in that red dress and just think “WOW”.”

Alex didn’t allow herself to go back to that night. Kelley was looking intently at her for any sign that would give the striker away.

‘Goddammit Kelley! You fucking nark!’ Alex argued within herself.

“I’m through talking about this with you Kelley.” Alex warned.

The intensity of Kelley’s glare softened and Alex didn’t know whether that was a good sign or not. You could never know with Kelley.
“Okay. If you won’t answer me on this, just answer me one question honestly Alex… Please that’s all I ask just one honest answer and I’ll leave.” Compromise was not a word Alex thought Kelley knew the meaning of and it made her very suspicious of what she was going to ask. But Alex would do anything at this point that would make Kelley leave before she broke down.

“What?” Alex’s body stiffened when Kelley made her way across to sit next to her on the couch.

“How are you?” Kelley said.

Alex didn’t comprehend the question fully.

She didn’t know how she was doing to be perfectly honest. Every time she found herself alone she pushed everything to the back of her mind and focused on not starving. Where she was going to sleep. On not dying.

The scenes flashing through her mind like a badly scripted film.

Pushed out of her personal inquiry Alex feels Kelley’s hand try to grasp her own. Morgan was still lost in the past taking the contact as a threat when she flinched away from Kelley. She didn’t know how to react to it, intimacy was so foreign to her at this point.

“I’m perfectly fine Kelley. I don’t need your fucking pity.” Alex tried standing up but Kelley pushed her back down. It took everything in her self-control to not act on instinct and break Kelley’s arm.

“Back in Portugal before you went unconscious why did you say I wasn’t safe?”

“Because you aren’t Kelley! The people who are responsible for this mess are not people I want to be aware of you!” Alex was on the edge of breaking any and all facades.

“…and Tobin that’s why you’re acting like a complete bitch, because you think that by pushing us away you’re keeping us safe…. Well tough shit! That’s not your choice to make Alex!” Kelley revealed.

“You don’t understand, Kelley.”

Kelley stood up and made her way towards the front door. Alex sent a silent prayer up to the ceiling.

“Oh yea I understand clearly. You want to push the people that actually care for you away. Tobin freaking loves you and you can’t see past the worry. If you feel the slightest thing for Tobin don’t push her away Alex, because you of all people should know that our days are numbered and the way you looked at her that night I know damn well you feel something towards her. But I’m not going to push that on you. You do what you want. She kept playing Eavesdrop by Civil Wars… that’s all Tobin played last night…” Kelley closed the door behind her.

Alex listened to the faint steps echo down the stairs.

‘Maybe you’re right Kelley…’ Morgan mused.

She walked back to the bed in the far corner looking at the stuff placed on the bed. Alex grabbed the few bags and started opening the luggage planning on putting Tobin’s clothes away. As she opened one of the suitcases she picks up a red vintage USA hoodie Tobin took everywhere she went ever since Alex had known the midfielder. She unfolds it and is hit with the distinct smell of Tobin.
Ocean and citrus.

Suddenly the phone starts ringing and Alex walks over to the coffee table to answer it.

“Hello”

“Looks like you’ve settled in nicely.” Alex was reminded of the world she was still in.

“Frank.”

“One and only… We need to meet tonight. There will be a cab to pick you up at 9. Dress nice.”

“But…”

The line clicked. He kept it under the line, thinking the line was tapped.

“And here we go.” Alex breathed out. How she was going to keep this from her stubborn friends was an impossible task at this point.

Alex looks back at Tobin’s stuff shaking her head.

“I’m so screwed.”
Tobin woke up accompanied with a small headache shortly after Kelley had left the place. The midfielder had worse hangovers written in the record books lately. Reading the note Kelley had left stuck to her forehead Tobin got up off the couch determined to follow her advice and stop moping around.

She was currently standing in Kelley’s shower trying not to think much on anything when the special ringtone to her phone echoed off the tiled walls from the side-pocket of her carry-on. Shutting off the water and grabbing a towel off the rack she quickly wraps it around her body and answers the phone.

“Heath?”

“Yea! What’s up?”

“You got the package?”

“Yes…” Tobin walks out of the bathroom.

“Frank wants you in town by tonight he has one last test for you before we officially put you in the fold. So find yourself in Portland by nine with the package, tonight!”

“Well that ain’t happening. I’m in California right now! There is no way I’ll find my way there in time!!” Tobin hastily jumped into a pair of jeans and a white V-neck.

“You better hope you do… I’ll give you till ten to get here Heath!” The phone line clicks and Tobin grabs the carry-on. She hustles to the living room pushing her boots back on her feet, grabbing her helmet and her jacket from the rack besides the entrance. Tobin makes it out of Kelley’s house in record time as she hops on her bike, peeling out towards Portland.

This is what she’d been waiting for, ever since she started working for Frank. Maybe this would be the night she would finally get the proof she needs.
It was already night out when Tobin reaches the entrance to Frank’s club that was on the brink of impeding on its occupant capacity. Not stopping on the curb she climbs the sidewalk on her bike and drives into the alley wanting to enter through the back entrance of the place.

Getting off her bike she walks towards the door and knocks twice. A small slide window opens and is greeted with a pair of black orbs taking in her appearance. Tobin was sporting a simple outfit of regular jeans, a white V-neck, and her black motorcycle jacket over it. Her hair had dried in its’ natural waves from the trek she had just finished.

She’d been running herself ragged for months and the fatigue Tobin was currently feeling from last night’s antics was no biggie at this point. Walking into a club full of criminals whilst having to act like one herself on just two hours of sleep had become the norm for Tobin.

“It’s Heath open the door.” She acknowledged.

“Show me.”

Tobin lifts her shirt to expose her right hipbone showcasing her unique mark. It was a small scar they required her to have to keep from having imposters infiltrating their meetings. That’s how paranoid these crooks were. That’s why it had taken her almost 3 months to finally partake in one of their secret meetings.

The door finally opens and Heath makes her way inside immediately feeling the bass thumping through her bones to the beginning beats of one of Franks French DJ’s who was mixing to I’m an Albatraoz by Aronchupa. Frank happened to be a french man at heart, one of the major points of why she reenlisted with PSG in the first place. Walking up the stairs to the second level she is greeted by one of the small time crooks named Ricky.

“Hey Heath. Frank is in the interrogation room waiting for you.” He takes the carry-on from her and escorts her up the stairs.

“Who is he interrogating?”

“He isn’t but you will.” Tobin almost tripped on her own two feet. But she held herself together simply nodding her head.

“Is that my final test?” She asked as they reached one of the rooms that Frank had.

“Who knows?” Ricky laughed as he opened the door to the interrogation room.

He closes it behind her as she walks further into the room. Frank was standing in front of the one-way mirror looking into the interrogation room whose lights where still off.

“Why aren’t you a sight for sore eyes, care for some coffee? You look like you need one.” Frank gestured behind him.

“Why how nice of you, Frank.” Bee lining it to the back of the room were the barista bar faced away from the window Tobin prepares herself a cup of rich French coffee.

“Did you bring my merchandise?”

“Yeah Ricky’s got it downstairs.” Tobin turns around taking a sip from her coffee when the lights to the other room turn on and what she sees makes Tobin harshly swallow the hot coffee burning her throat.
In the center of the room there was a woman strapped to a chair with a brown wool sack over her head. Tobin felt her anger spread throughout her veins.

‘This coward I can’t wait to put you in cuffs.’ Tobin glared at the back of Franks head.

“Oh come on Frank! You’re just sad…” She’s interrupted when one of Frank’s guards walks into the room where the woman was sitting and stands behind her.

“Oh no you’re reading me wrong. You are the one asking the questions.” Just as he finished the guard takes off the sack and Tobin slams the coffee she was drinking to the ground realizing who was in fact sitting on that chair.

“What kind of sick game are you playing Frank?!” Tobin growls as she advances towards him.

“I’m not. She has something of mine and I want it back.”

“What could Alex possibly have that’s yours? She didn’t have anything on her in Portugal!” She states looking at Alex who was eerily calm.

“She took Servando’s carry-on that night. It had valuable merchandise. New material that my boss needs and she knows where it is.” Frank informs Tobin when he presses a button on the intercom.

“Have you searched her yet?” He asks the guard.

He shakes his head and starts making a move towards Alex.

“No! I’ll do it, dammit. Get him out of there. I’ll do it… I’ll interrogate her.” Tobin said enraged. She would be damned if she let that sicko touch Alex.

“Stop!” Frank notifies the guard and takes off his finger from the intercom.

“Hold on Heath. Let’s see how Alex is doing.” He smirks.

Tobin takes her hand off the knob. He wanted to play games.

“You’re awful quite, Pretty Lady.” Tobin watches as Alex locks her jaw and rolls her eyes.

“Frank I came here to negotiate. Stop playing your games and untie me.” Alex laughed like this was a regular situation she found herself in. Tobin scowled at the way Morgan smirked towards the one-way window.

“Tell me where the carry-on is.”

The striker smiles as she leans her head to the left.

“Pshh! Let me know when you find it. That night is still a blur to me Frankie. Oh and Frank this shit music you have playing is annoying as fuck.” Alex pointed her eyebrows and pursed her lips. Tobin expected for Alex to be in tears at being kidnapped but the striker looked like she was taking a walk in the park and it rubbed Tobin the wrong way.

The midfielder turned back towards Frank noticing the impatient scowl making its way onto his face. Heath didn’t want him laying a hand on Alex, but she didn’t want to blow her cover either.

“Wait Frank. Let’s think about this. If you let her know I work for you now she is not going to tell you squat. So let her go home. Let me talk to her and I’ll figure it out my way.” Tobin argued.
Frank stood there contemplating her plan.

“Hmmm it’s not as fun but it’ll get the job done…. Get outta here. I’ll let her go shortly.”

“No! Let her go now and I’ll beat her to the condo.”

“Why? Don’t you trust me?” He joked as Heath made her way towards the exit.

“Not one bit.” She arched one eyebrow as she waited for him to let her go.

“Fine. I like you Heath you have potential to climb in this industry, but if you pull a fast one on me… You’ll regret it!” He warned as he pressed the button one final time.

“Let her go… Take her back to her cab.”

“Wait! That’s bullshit Frank! I swear I don’t know where it is.” Alex yelled as the man putting the sack back over her head and unstrapped her from the chair.

“You Fucker!” The forward was fighting against the guard as he walked her out the room.

Tobin followed her all the way to the back entrance where the cab was parked until they placed her inside the cab. It wasn’t easy.

“Take her the long way. I don’t want her counting turns.” Frank orders to the cab driver.

Tobin was already on her bike not bothering to put her helmet on as she peels out the alley onto the busy streets of Portland.

Once she makes it to the condo Tobin parks her bike and races into the building up the stairs and into the studio. She grabs her phone and connects it to the sound system playing Bloodsport by Raleigh Ritchie. There was only one way Tobin knew how to make Alex fluster up and loose focus it was to mess with her using her body.

She needed the carry-on to gain Franks trust and to ultimately free Alex from all of this nonsense. That’s what motivated her to use the tactic. Taking in the layout of the place Tobin’s gaze lands on the shower poorly providing privacy to anyone who used it and Tobin smirks knowing how she was going to get Alex to talk. Even if Alex hated her after all of this Tobin didn’t care if it meant putting the people that threaten her life behind bars. She’ll do anything to keep her safe.

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Alex POV
Morgan was standing in front of her mirror wearing a simple black cocktail dress and heels to match.

“You can do this. Just get it done, Alex.” She pep talked herself from her reflection off the mirror.

She looks at the time on the TV console. 8:50 pm.

Alex grabs the knife on the counter of the sink and lifts the skirt to her dress to expose the knife strap holder that was up high on the inside of her left thigh. She places the small silver knife in the place holder and makes sure that it would pass a pat down if she had to go through one.

Grabbing her satchel Alex walks out her apartment and makes her way out the building. Like clockwork a simple taxi parks besides the sidewalk. Once she buckles her seatbelt in the back of the cab the driver turns around to face her. Alex moves her hand closer to her thigh not sure what she was in store for.

“Here put this on.” He throws her a black wool sack.

“You’re kidding.”

“No put it on.” He growled.

Alex just laughs at the stupid intimidation the man was trying to use on her, but she puts it on nonetheless because she wants to get this whole thing over with as fast as she can. And if it means she has to wear a stupid sack on her head for a while then so be it.

She was counting her turns, positive that if Frank ever screwed her over she would know where to find the bastard. Alex lurched forward when the cab stopped.

The striker was escorted into a building and once they dragged her inside all of a sudden someone picked her up and started walking up a flight of stairs.

Alex kept quite trying to gather her surrounding using her sense of smell and hearing. From what she could gather she was in a club… a french club given the music they were playing.

‘Is Frank French?’ Alex asked herself.

Suddenly she is brought back down on her own two feet and forced to sit on a chair that they strapped her to.

“This is dumb. I thought we were going to talk Frank. Is this really necessary?” Alex coaxed trying to play herself as a dimwit who couldn’t easily break out of the loosely tied straps. They were underestimating her terribly and Morgan was aching to show them how bad they were doing so.

Nobody replied and Alex didn’t hear anything but the slam of a door and the flick of a switch.

“Great…just perfect.” Alex sighed.

The striker kept her mind occupied by counting the time. When she hit 2700 seconds to her delight the lights where switched back on. A few seconds later she heard someone walk in and stand behind her. The man behind her yanks the sack off her head. Alex squints her eyes trying to adjust to the bright fluorescents beaming harshly down on her.

Once her eyes focused Morgan realized she was sitting in the middle of an interrogation room.
Looking out towards the one-way window pretty sure that the coward hiding behind it was Frank.

‘Chicken shit.’ She thought.

“Have you searched her yet?” Franks voice rang throughout the room.

Just as the man started advancing towards her Frank changed his mind.

“Stop!”

‘Huh… what the hell is this psycho up to?’ Alex asked herself wondering why Frank stopped the search.

“You’re awful quite, Pretty Lady.” Franks voice teases Alex. She bites her lip remembering what he called her the night he put a bullet in Servandos’ head.

“Frank I came here to negotiate. Stop playing your games and untie me.” Alex smirked but seething internally.

“Tell me where the carry-on is.”

‘Ha even If I did know where the bag was I would never tell you.’ Alex laughed knowing that was the only evidence she really had on Frank and she didn’t want to just get him. She wanted to take the whole organization down with him. She wanted to see them all burn to the ground for what they did.

“Pshh! Let me know when you find it. That night is still a blur to me Frankie. Oh and Frank …this shit music you have playing is annoying as shit.” She taunted.

To her surprise Frank didn’t respond as quickly as she would have liked. But when he did his words put her in a fiery rage.

“Let her go… Take her back to her cab.”

“Wait! That’s bullshit Frank! I swear I don’t know where it is.” Alex yelled as the man unstrapped her from the chair, putting the sack bag over her head.

“You Fucker!” Alex yelled as she fought against the guard who walked her out of the room.

As she fought him Alex heard three sets of distinct footsteps following her down the stairs. They managed to get her into the cab and shut the door when she heard Frank bark out orders to the driver.

“Take her the long way. I don’t want her counting turns.” Alex laughed but stopped when her ears perked up to the noise of a revving motorcycle engine peeling out the opposite direction she was facing.

The cab driver took his sweet ass time when finally he stopped and yanked off the bag from her head making her grunt in frustration.

“Can you take these off too, they are hurting my wrists.” Alex glared at the man as he grabbed her wrists and uncuffed them.

“Get out of my car.” He growled and Alex was all but happy to oblige.

Grabbing her satchel from the seat Alex got out of the stupid car and marched inside her condo
fully enraged with the results she got tonight.

Walking up the stairs and unlocking her door she started reaching behind her to unzip the zipper to her dress but falters in step when she realizes the speaker system is blaring a slow melody and the faint sound of a running shower could be heard running.

Alex slowly walks past the living room. The lights were still turned off but the lights from the city illuminated the entire place with a luminous glow making it easy for her to notice the scattered clothes trailing on the floor. Skimming her fingers across a black leather jacket that was hanging on the backside of the couch Morgan takes in the familiar scent of Ocean and citrus.

Tobin was here.

Alex could hear Tobin singing along to the lyrics as she walked closer to the sound of streaming water.

“Although you love me, sometimes we meet.
Things can get ugly but we’re still a team.
We are an army that breaks from within,

But that’s why we’re stronger and that’s how we’ll win.”

Suddenly the water is shut off and Tobin pulls the shower curtain away and steps out. Alex couldn’t breathe. She couldn’t talk. She couldn’t think.

Morgan was witnessing a whole different side of the person standing in front of her that it scared her.

“Oh gosh Sorry!” Her voice comes out a small whisper as she turns her back towards Tobin’s nude body.

‘Go to your bed Alex. What are you doing?…. but my God if I thought she was fit back then… *Breath*’

Morgan shakes her head trying to get her head out of the gutter but Alex was sure her knees were about to buckle.

Alex jumps when she feels a soft hand on the back of her half unzipped dress pulling it the rest of the way down. She closes her hands in fists when the warm faint touch of Tobin’s lips touch the top center of her back just between her shoulder blades.

“What are you doing?” She breathes out. Swallowing the moan Tobin made her want to release.
“It’s not what I’m in love for, I know.
But I don’t know if you can help it
Baby, I’m just being selfish.”

Tobin grabs the dress from her shoulders and slides it off easily falling down Alex’s lean body kissing the new flesh she uncovered from her shoulders.

Heath wraps her arms around her waist and presses up against Morgan’s back making her shutter against the slick cool wetness of her freshly showered skin.

“Toobin” Alex moans as she turns to face Heath trying to grab some coherent thought. To make sense of what was going on in Tobin’s mind. Leaning their foreheads against each other she could her the whisper of Tobin’s voice.

“I’ve got your back and though it’s stacked against us I’ve got your hand, it’s us against consensus
And I will burn the people who hurt you the most and I will not learn ‘
Cause I am too young and too dumb to consider the terms
I’m breaking the law and I’ll curse the day that they return
With a smile on my face as their heads hit the floor And it’s done, now it’s curtains, the blood lost, it’s the cost, it fucking hurts
But it’s working and even if you ask me to stop it’s too late Because I’ve already decided that faith is not a distaste,
it’s pure hate And it pulsates and it works its way around my brain
And anyway, what I’m tryna say is I’ll protect you till the day I’ll meet my maker So don’t fight me now ‘cause you might need me later”

Alex heard every word and she felt something beginning to work in the center of her chest. Something that had been hollow for so long she had forgotten it was there. Her heart was soaring and tears were falling down her face. Tears she had been holding for so long. Afraid they would weaken her resolve but when Tobin raises her gaze at her and wipes them away she realizes she had someone. She had Tobin holding her head above water and she had to stop pushing it away. What she was feeling for the beautiful person in front of her was rare and she had let her slip from her grasp before. It would be so stupid to do it again. Closing the distance between their lips they flinch back like they was a physical spark that startled them. Tobin softly clasps her head as she presses their lips back together. Fighting for dominance Alex feels the bed buckle her knees from behind.

“What the how did…” Alex didn’t get to finish her sentence when Tobin pushes her against the bed making her fall. The shadows dancing against the contours of Tobin’s face made Alex realize it was raining outside. Watching the patterns of rain project onto Tobin’s face, Morgan took in the whole new level of beauty that was Tobin Heath.

“You’re gorgeous…”

Heath crawled over the forward bracing herself against her elbows hovering over Alex.
“If I’m gorgeous they’re going to need to come up with a new word for you beautiful.” Tobin whispered as she brushed some wild hair behind Alex’s ear.

Alex raises her head to connect their lips again and they lose a sense of time. But then Tobin surprises Alex and gropes her chest making her moan.

Who was this person? Alex asked herself.

Shifting her wait Tobin trails down to her neck making her way down to her toned stomach. Alex feels her caress the scar just over her tattoo placing several lingering kisses trailing along her hip down her v line making her buck her hips.

Tobin stops and grabs ahold of Alex’s left thigh.

‘Oh crap’ Alex totally forgot about the knife she had hidden beneath her dress.

“Is this a knife?” Tobin laughs as she takes it off and looks at Alex with a funny face.

“Don’t laugh it’s just that… I feel safe with it.” Alex concluded with a half-truth.

Tobin shrugs as she throws it along the floor going back to Alex’s inner thighs.

“God Tobinn that feels sooo good” Alex moaned stretching her arms out along the bed but is interrupted when she knocks something off of Tobin’s bed. Looking to her right she notices the black helmet rolling along the floor.

The strikers face crinkles up as she strains to put her thoughts together with Tobin wreaking havoc along her sensitive hips just along the waistband of her underwear.

Then Alex is brought back to the club and replays the sound of the motor running.

She grabs Tobin pulling her up and flips her over wanting to prove that what she was thinking was not true. She prayed that she was wrong.

“Whoa there give me a chance to get my fill first.” Tobin joked.

But Alex was too busy scanning her body looking for any kind of scar indicating that she was working for them. And like irony throwing Alex under the bus a flash of lightning flashes throughout the apartment and like a snapshot to her brain she notices the dreadful mark on her right hip just above the bone.

“No..no..no.” Alex whispers as she crawls off Tobin pulling her hands through her hair trying to tell herself she had just imagined it.

“Hey what’s wrong?” Tobin pulls herself up.

“Oh God Please tell me you didn’t!” Alex cries out towards a confused Tobin.

“Didn’t do what?” Tobin slowly got up off the bed trying to grab a hold of Alex to make her stop pacing around the bed.

“Don’t touch me! How dare you! How could you!”
**Flashback**

(This was after the flash back Alex had of her being roommates with Tobin and running to the bathroom during the last tournament Alex attended before she ran.)

It was a few weeks after the 2013 Algarve cup that Alex just tore apart, adding a hat trick to her alarming statistics. Tobin had made it home after one of her training sessions and she was exhausted. It was dark outside and all she wanted to do was wash up and hit the sack.

She was freshly showered with a towel wrapped around her body currently picking out her sleeping clothes when her door is slammed open and a determined forward marches into her room.

Not even taking in Tobin’s state Alex began pacing the room back and forth. Something that peeved the midfielder in truth because this meant Alex was about to have one of her bitch fits, but usually Tobin just braced herself through them and let the forward vent out.

“Tobin! We need to talk! I’ve been trying to answer these questions for myself but I can’t know for sure without asking you. And I can’t do that without telling you about that night and you may not remember it but….”

Alex remained talking as Tobin stood there looking at the forward wide eyed.

‘Oh crap….she wants to talk about it… ohcrap ohcrapcrap CRAP!’ Tobin had an inner freak out session as the forward rambled verbally in front of her.

Then silence broke through Tobin’s occupied mind when she notices Alex looking at her expectantly waiting for Tobin to answer her.

“UUhmm what?” Tobin asked not really sure what Alex had asked of her.

“Really Tobin! FOCUS please…. For once please pay attention and answer me because I feel like you’ve been pulling away lately and I don’t want to lose you!”

Tobin bit her lip as she plopped on her bed and looked up at the forward who was currently still pacing the damn room.

‘Gosh would she stop that!’ Tobin kept to herself.

Taking in a deep breath Tobin answered miraculously finding the courage to tell the forward what she wanted to know.

“What do you want to know Alex?”

Stuttering in her pace around the room Alex didn’t expect it to be so easy so she stood in the middle of the room for a few seconds trying to come up with a good question.

“Do you remember that night?” Alex asked.

“….Yeah, Yes I do.” Tobin broke eye contact as she felt the most vulnerable she has ever felt in her life and it wasn’t because she was currently sitting on her bed in just a small white towel.

“Wait …. Then why did you act like you didn’t!”
Tobin was exhausted and she still had the endorphins running from her hard work out a few hours ago. So she blamed it on her loose tongue to the following response.

“Because I Like You Alex!….There Is That What You wanted to hear?” Tobin breathed out like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders waiting for the forward to response in disgust.

The frantic forward finally stopped pacing around the room and faced her back to Tobin.

“I uhmm…. I think I like you too.” Alex whispered under her breath.

“What did you just say!” Tobin thought she must have had some weird ass chemicals in her shampoo that seeped into her brain because what she thought she heard was impossible.

*****

Tobin POV

The faint glow of the city lights gleamed into the apartment giving Tobin the luxury of keeping the lights off. Standing in the shabby porcelain bathtub with water flowing from the modern showerhead Tobin could feel the sharp sting of hot water streaming down her tanned skin as she sang along to the lyrics of the music. Over the slow rhythm her ears perked up to the subtle footsteps of heels making their way along the hardwood floor of the living room.

‘So much for being the top recruit in espionage.’ Tobin laughed to herself.

To say that she was nervous was a huge understatement given that Heath should have realized Alex was already in the apartment yet the forward had managed to make it to the living room before Tobin even sensed her presence.

The past year her life had been pretty predictable, even after meeting James and his dumb program. Moments were a gun was pointed at her face and feeling like her life was seconds away from ending it didn’t come close to what she was feeling now. Alex was the only one in her life that could make her feel out of sorts. Where her mind couldn’t put things in order and she couldn’t predict what was going to happen next. She was known for such things as being the best at remaining one step ahead yet somehow Alex neutralized her in more ways than one. To make things worse Alex also made her react to things unhinged. Like getting spit drunk and confessing her true feelings to the one she loved in the cab of her car and playing it off as though she didn’t remember a thing the following morning.

A year ago Tobin was scared and didn’t have the self-confidence to believe that a beautiful woman like Alex could ever see her as more than the loyal friend she truly was. Tobin couldn’t believe it the day Alex had stormed into her room one night and demanded answers. That courage that erupted from Tobin in that room had molded itself within Tobin in the absence of Alex becoming a permanent trait all her friends have yet to adjust to. Therefore as she heard the footsteps come closer and closer to the shower Tobin wasn’t scared she was ready.

Shutting off the water Tobin pushes the sheer shower curtain to the side and steps out of the tub, stark naked. She is met with a wide-eyed Alex who was at a loss for words which was rare in Tobin’s experience.

“Oh gosh Sorry!” Alex’s whisper carried its way to the tanned midfielder.
Tobin smirked as she could feel the forward become flustered as she hastily turned her back from Tobin. Giving Heath a view of her half-unzipped dress. The faint glow in the apartment allowed Tobin to see the defined ridge of Morgan’s back.

She wanted to see more of it.

Walking across the hardwood floor slightly dripping from her shower she made her way to Morgan and she could hear the forward whispering to herself shaking her head in the process.

‘Always thinking too much…’ Tobin thought about Alex.

Lifting her hand Tobin grabbed a hold of the zipper to Morgan’s dress and pulled it the rest of the way down making Alex jump slightly. To calm her nerves Tobin places a kiss between her shoulder blades watching as Goosebumps form on her smooth skin.

“What are you doing?” Alex breathes.

The raspy tone doing way more than it should have to Tobin’s body. She simply spoke a few words and it caused Heath to momentarily focus on her breathing her breathing alone.

Tobin was never good with words so she answered the forwards question in lyrics.

“It’s not what I’m in love for, I know.

But I don’t know if you can help it

Baby, I’m just being selfish.”

Tobin was being selfish being that the main reason she was doing this was to distract the forward long enough to figure out where the damn carry-on was. Another reason was that they had never allowed their relationship to get physical. Tobin refused to be in the shadows hidden behind the relationship Alex had, but nothing was holding her back now and Tobin was high on adrenaline not really thinking with her head at the moment.

Tobin grabs the dress from Alex’s shoulders and slides it off easily falling down the lean figure of Alex. Kissing the new skin she uncovered Tobin wraps an arm around the forwards waist pushing her front up against the warm back of Alex’s half naked body.

Shuttering by the coolness of Tobin’s flesh Alex moans her name making the midfielder forget about the world around her.

“Toobin” Alex’s turns around facing Tobin. Making her understands it now as more of a question of what she was doing due to the way the forwards gleaming blue eyes looked at her.

Leaning her forehead onto Alex’s she answers her the only way she can.

“I’ve got your back and though it’s stacked against us I’ve got your hand, it’s us against consensus

And I will burn the people who hurt you the most and I will not learn ‘

Cause I am too young and too dumb to consider the terms
I’m breaking the law and I’ll curse the day that they return

With a smile on my face as their heads hit the floor And it’s done, now it’s curtains, the blood lost, it’s the cost, it fucking hurts

But it’s working and even if you ask me to stop it’s too late Because I’ve already decided that faith is not a distaste,

it’s pure hate And it pulsates and it works its way around my brain

And anyway, what I’m tryna say is I’ll protect you till the day I’ll meet my maker So don’t fight me now ‘cause you might need me later”

They swayed to the music for a few seconds when Tobin heard the sniffle. Looking up she watches a tear slide down Alex’s jawline. Simply brushing it off she notices Alex breaking eye contact to look at her lips and being the only invitation she needed Tobin leans in. But suddenly like a shock to her lips they slightly flinch back surprised by it all. Eager Tobin grabs a hold of Alex’s face and connects their lips. Tobin was pushing Alex back eyeing the bed behind her when she causes the distracted forward to collide with the foot of the bed.

“What the how did…” Alex mumbled against their lips.

In answer Tobin pushes Alex slightly making her fall on her own bed. Standing at the foot of the it Tobin felt like herself coming undone.

Laying on her bed was possibly the most beautiful woman on this Earth to Tobin. Alex was sporting a matching set of black lace undies that made Tobin want to ask how she deserved to be in this very moment. The rain that was screening the windows of the apartment had made exotic patterns appear on the toned body of the former celebrity that took the soccer sports nation by storm.

“What in my past life did I do to deserve this?” Tobin asked knowing it was bad to ask about the blessing she receives.

“You’re gorgeous…” Heath is interrupted by the unique rasp of Alex who was intently looking over Tobin’s body.

If this had happened a year ago Tobin would have shied away minutes ago, but Tobin was comfortable in her own skin. Crawling over the stunning forward Tobin voices her opinion.

“If I’m gorgeous they’re going to need to come up with a new word for you beautiful.” Tobin whispered as she brushed some wild hair behind Alex’s ear. Mesmerized by the blue ocean set of eyes she had longed to take in for many months she is surprised by Alex connecting their lips together again.

‘Man I’ll never get used to this’ Tobin thought as she slowly kisses soft lips.

Tobin didn’t really mean to do what she did next, but she blamed it on her one-track mind that sometimes pushed her body to do things with a mind of its own…. A very dirty mind come to think of it.

Her right hand caresses along the length of Alex’s body and lands on her chest as she hugs her hand over the soft lace of Alex’s Bra.

Getting a very satisfying moan from the stunned brunette Tobin didn’t expect for Alex to whisper
what she did next.

“Who was this person?”

Tobin smirked as she shifted her weight to begin a trail of kisses down her neck all the way to her well-defined abs thinking that Alex didn’t mean to speak those words out loud. She didn’t say anything not wanting to embarrass her, continuing to trail down Alex’s very sensitive hips she comes across a rigged scar just over the tattoo she got in college. Taking in the evidence of that night and realizing the physical scars Alex had to endure through it motivated Tobin even more to find out where the eluding carry-on was.

Reaching Alex’s legs something rough brushes against her chin. Looking at Morgan’s thigh Tobin couldn’t believe what she was looking at. It was a rather nifty looking knife and Tobin didn’t know whether it was hot or weird that she had it with her.

’huh… good thing they didn’t pat you down…’ Tobin thought happy that they didn’t touch the forward.

“Is this a knife?” Tobin laughed as she took it off waiting to hear the lame excuse Alex was about to come up with.

“Don’t laugh it’s just that…I feel safe with it.”

“Well she didn’t lie…. Technically.’ Tobin concluded throwing the knife behind her back not really caring where it landed. She was busy at the moment contemplating how much longer she was going to tease the impatient brunette.

“God Tobinn that feels sooo good.” Alex moaned and shortly after a loud thud rings throughout the apartment. Too distracted at the moment Tobin ignores it not really sensing any danger she continues to tease the forward, but then Tobin thinks she finally reached the end of her short patience when Alex pulls her back up effectively flipping her over. Tobin forgot that Alex was just as, if not stronger than her.

“Whoa there give me a chance to get my fill first.” Tobin laughed as the forward was pushing her back down on the bed straddling her hips frantically looking over the body of the midfielder.

When lightning lights up the room Tobin takes in the demeanor of Alex’s face.

“No..no…no.” A scowl had made its way onto Alex’s face as she began to crawl off Tobin in haste.

“Hey what’s wrong?” Tobin raises herself on her elbows completely out of kilter.

“Oh God Please tell me you didn’t!” Alex cries out towards a confused Tobin.

“Didn’t do what?” Tobin’s get off the bed trying to keep the forward from pacing the room.

“Don’t touch me! How dare you! How could you!” Alex glares at Tobin as she pushes her outreaching hand away from her.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about…”

“You are so full of it Tobin! Tell me then… How easy was it for you to stand behind that window while I was strapped to that chair?!” Alex questioned as she began pacing the room and Tobin was having a serious case of Déjà vu.
Alex POV

“Don’t touch me! How dare you! How could you!” Alex pushes Tobin away from her trying to calm herself down before she lost it and started laughing at the damn irony of what was occurring right now.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about…”

That one sentence pulled Alex over the edge as she remembered how completely oblivious she was at the actions Servando was doing exactly like Tobin was doing now.

“You are so full of it Tobin! Tell me then… How easy was it for you to stand behind that window while I was strapped to that chair?!” Pacing the room Alex looks back at Tobin and is slightly pulled back into the heat of the moment taking in the sheer nudeness of tanned skin.

“Could you PLEASE put something on…. This is clearly over given that I’m just another piece of ass you’re planning on using for Franks advantage.” Alex waved her hands trying to clear her head from all that was occurring at the moment. She was furious that Frank had gotten a hold of Tobin and she would be damned if she allowed him to take someone else from her life.

Like whiplash she watches as Tobin abruptly walks to her drawers and grabs one of her blue plaid button ups putting it on as she throws a shirt towards Alex, hitting her smack in the face.

“You’re not helping any either… Since you’re just a piece of ass I’m just using to get a bigger cash flow.” Tobin said as she buttons her shirt up.

Alex just stood there open mouthed at the words that just came out of Tobin’s mouth.

“What isn’t that what you wanted to hear Alex!” Tobin responded harshly.

Alex didn’t respond not knowing how to react to the stranger standing in front of her. Turning away from Tobin she walks to the living room as she buttons up the shirt Tobin had literally thrown at her.

Morgan sits on one of the couches cooling down as she was wondering how Tobin got involved with Frank.

‘Frank was french and Tobin was in PSG, but then why was she in Monte Carlo with that guy. She didn’t kill him if he worked for Frank too…’ Alex was trying to piece things together when she felt the dip of the couch on the other end.

“Why were you in Monte Carlo Tobin?” Alex watched Tobin as the midfielders head snapped up from her chest looking at her stone faced.

“What are you talking about?”

“Tobin look stop I know what you are doing okay. In case you’ve forgotten I dated one of Frank’s men for years and didn’t know about it. I’ll make a mistake once, but call me stupid if I do it twice…. Did you know that man from the hotel?” Alex eyed Tobin while waiting for an answer.

“I can’t believe you would insinuate that! I got in trying to look for you! I thought they took you…”
I had to find out what happened so I… I…"

“You what?” Alex was holding on for dear life watching as Tobin drifted further away from her. Alex didn’t know how to treat this totally different Tobin.

Tobin gets up off the couch and starts pacing the living room.

“I found a way to get a hold of Frank. I worked my way up…”

“You do realize that you’re pacing right now, right?” Alex laughed she had figured out what Tobin was doing. She just didn’t know why they let her go so easily tonight. What they needed from her.

“Really Alex!”

“It’s just that you always hated when I did that… It’s funny that’s all”

“What the hell are you on?! I’m trying to talk to you yet you’re acting like it’s a damn walk in the park… Why is it so easy for you, huh?” Tobin walked up to Alex watching the forwards slouch against the couch.

“So you were there then? Is that why they didn’t take me in because they already had you?”

“Alex don’t answer me with another question. Tell me!”

“Tell you what?”

“Oh my Gosh Alex! Just tell me why you stayed so calm in that interrogation room. How you got all the way to Europe? Why when I look at you sometimes I see a glimpse of the old you and at other times I’m looking at a complete stranger?” Tobin hit the top of her patience and she was about to lose it.

Alex saw the tear run down Tobin’s cheek as she asked questions Morgan couldn’t truthfully answer just yet. Not used to seeing Tobin cry made Alex slowly rise out of the couch and walk towards Tobin.

“I could ask you the same thing.” Alex walked into Tobin’s arms as the midfielder instantly hugging her waist while Alex wiped away the single tear off her cheek.

They were both broken yet somehow they needed each other to mend the falling pieces.

“What do you need from me Tobin? Why did you pull this stunt?” Alex held Tobin’s face in her hands making the midfielder look at her.

“You answer me first.”

“You are still as stubborn as I remember you, Heath.” Alex laughed.

“But I’ll answer your second question…. I don’t remember how I got to Europe.”

“I hope you elaborate on that.”

“… I …. The last thing I remember from that night was leaving a friend’s house and getting bonked in the head next thing I know I’m in some farmhouse.”

“We are not touching the friend issue yet. But Yeah I know weird right…. Well I wake up with this crazy headache and I realize that the place is abandoned. Just a simple farm with a random horse grazing in the distance.”

“What country were you in?”

Alex was picking her words wisely trying to keep to the truth as close as possible without giving too much.

“During that time I didn’t have a clue where I was…. I just knew it was cold as shit.”

“But you do know now… Stop telling me useless crap Alex! Where were you?”

“I was in Russia.” When Alex said that Tobin looked at Alex dead in the eye.

“Russia…. Who was in Russia?”

“Look Tobin I answered the question now answer mine?”

Alex watched as Tobin evaluated the new information and knew the smart UNC grad was storing the rest of that conversation for later.

“Fine. They let you go because we need the carry-on from that night…”

“Oh…”

“Were is it?”

“Whoa there Indiana Jones! I ain’t saying squat till you call Frank and tell him I want to work for him.”

Tobin pushes Alex off her and crosses her arms over her chest.

“That is not happening.”

“Yeah it is if you want that carry-on.”

“Alex I’m not taking you to Frank!”

“Tobin I am sure as hell not handing over the only evidence I have against the organization without leverage so tough luck.”

“You are just as stubborn if not more of a pain in my butt as I remember Morgan!” Alex smirked up at Tobin.

“I need time to think about this…. So can we just go to sleep?” Tobin asked rubbing her eyes from the much needed sleep she was missing.

“Okay your choice…” Alex compromised as she made her way to the stairs leading up to her bed, but is stopped immediately by Tobin tugging on her hand.

“Wait where are you going?”

“Uhmm to sleep?” Alex said.

“Sleep with me….“
“I can’t Tobin.”

“I promise I won’t do anything… Just sleep.”

“I know that it’s just I can’t…. I just can’t.”

“Why I’m sorry Alex I was just trying to find you…. I hope you can understand that.”

“I do…. I think I do, but it’s for the best.”

“Why?”

“UGH! Because Tobin I haven’t slept in the same bed as anyone in forever. I’ve been through some shitty crap so me waking up to you may not be as pleasant as we both hope for it to be.”

“Oh… okay I guess.”

“It’s not because I don’t want to Tobin. Trust me when I tell you I would love it, but I don’t want to hurt you.”

“We’ll have to work on that then.” Tobin smiled warmly as she places a soft kiss on the inside of Alex’s wrist before letting it go.

“Goodnight, Tobin.”

“Goodnight, Alex.”
Tobin's POV

Ugh’ Tobin groans rolling around bed trying to look for a pillow to muffle out the annoying tone of her emergency phone…..

“Oh crap!!” Tobin croaks out as she tumbles out of bed still tangled between the sheets realizing that the ring tone was coming from her second phone that James called her only when he needed her urgently.

Stumbling out to the living room where her jeans were thrown carelessly on the floor from last night’s ordeal she scrambles to answer the cell and putting on her jeans figuring the call was not a pleasant one.

“Yea!… Yea I’m here what’s up!” She yells but then immediately covers her mouth looking up towards the stairs wondering if she had woken Alex up. Not hearing anything she listens in on her call.

“Heath If I remember correctly you are to answer your phone when I call you. I had to resort to use the emergency line to get a hold of you?”

“I must have left it on silent or something…What time is it?” Tobin retorted looking around for the darn thing.

“It’s four in the morning and I told you to get Kelley before they got a hold of her! I thought you got caught when you didn’t answer me back!”

“…..” Tobin was in a daze. Her breathing was all that could be heard over the line.

“So was the tail she had confirmed? I want to know if they are targeting her next…. They’re getting more confident in their recruitments and I want to put a stop to this.”

“I haven’t reached her yet but I’ll find out.” Tobin played along ending the call immediately.

Looking for her phone she remembers that she connected it to the speaker last night and makes her way to the system when she notices that it wasn’t there anymore.

“Alex!” Tobin yells as she runs up the stairs only to notice an empty bed.

“You sneaky little….” Tobin grumbled shuffling rapidly down the stairs planning on grabbing her helmet and keys ready to chase Alex when a string of incomprehensible profanities left her mouth. Her helmet, her jacket and her boots were gone and to put the cherry on top her keys where nowhere to be found.

Running to the kitchen she grabs the first wire she sees and yanks it apart. Biting off the ends of the plastic to leave wires exposed she stashes it in her back pocket and runs back to her bed.

Grabbing a grey hoodie from the clothes rack along with a pair of trainers and her wallet hidden behind the headboard she runs to the door knowing that countless bikes were parked along the street.
Walking out of the building she jogs a few blocks when she comes across an old motor bike
shamefully parked along the curb.

“Sorry Bro” Tobin apologizes to the unknown owner as she hops on the bike following the wires
of the starter all the way to the plastic connectors. Detaching the connector she grabs the wire in
her back pocket and sticks both ends of it into the slots effectively starting the bike. Pushing on the
clutch the bike roars to life and she speeds down the dark lonely streets of downtown as she grabs
her phone and calls her stolen one.

No answer.

“Oh Please don’t get yourself killed you idiot!!” She yells as her hair whips in the cool air of a
foggy morning as she drove out towards the highway leading to where she would hopefully find
Kelley in one piece.
Alex POV

***Dream***

(Seattle after the incident)

The tall brunette grunts in pain as she rolls on the wet ground from the hard impact of jumping out her bedroom window.

“God dammit Rick, Boss is going to tear us a new one.” Frank complained as he peered over the second story window.

Alex scrambled to her feet pressing her body up against the wall hidden underneath the window straining to listen. Alex did not have a clue of what was going on right now.

“Our merchandise is all over the floor! Shit Shit! She took it. She has the bag.” Rick panicked.

“She just made this a whole lot worse for herself. Come on we have to leave I need to make a few calls and clean this up. Don’t touch anything!”

Listening to retreating footsteps Alex looks down to her left shoulder realizing instead of grabbing her bag she put on Servando’s carry-on. A bag that was currently fully loaded with some kind of drug given the conversation she just heard.

‘Great! Just Great! Smart move Alex!’ The striker puts herself down as she looked back up to the window wondering how she was even going to make a run for it with nothing to her name….except her phone.

Feeling for her phone in her right pocket she takes it out. Ignoring the broken screen from the impact a moment ago she reads a text message.

“What are you talking about??” — Hope

Biting her lip Alex contemplates how far her apartment is from Hopes’ place. Bringing up the map of Seattle on her phone Morgan realizes it wasn’t more than a few miles away. Alex doesn’t give herself enough time to talk herself out of it as she makes her trek into the woods with the rain starting to let up a bit.

Alex is making her way out of the tree line when the lights from Hopes backyard could be seen a few yards up ahead. The window to the backyard with its curtains drawn allowed Alex a clear view of the living room where Hope, Kelley, and Tobin sat drinking wine and laughing to something funny on the T.V.

Something in the pit of her stomach told her this was going to be the last time she was going to see her friends. Alex felt the warmth of tears falling on her cheek even though the rain had picked up once again and drenched her from head to toe. Plopping herself down on the wet ground just along the tree line she waited for the girls to fall asleep.

At 4 in the morning the lights were switched off and Alex made her way into the backyard just as
she pulled Hope’s cell on her phone.

“Hope?”

“Alex what’s going on?” Hopes groggy voice broke through the line.

“I… I’m outside…”

“Huh are you okay? You sound off…. Did he do something to you?!?”

“Shh don’t wake them up. Just open the door I’m in the back.” Alex answers and ends the call.

Hope pulls the sliding doors quietly to the side as she takes in the appearance of the forward.

“Morgan Oh God What happened?” Hope jogged towards Alex noticing her bloody hands.

Alex shaken up sits down on the patio trying to calm herself down.

“I…I don’t know really. One moment we were eating in this really nice place, walking side-by-side through downtown and the next thing I know we’re in some dark alley and these sketchy guys are there and Servando was acting weird and… and they pulled a gun and…” Alex could not catch her breath and the spasms to her lungs didn’t allow her to.

Hope didn’t say anything she just picked up the forward and carried her to the pool shower she had. Turning it to the hottest it could go she rubbed Morgan’s back feeling it expand rapidly as Morgan continued gasping for air.

Once Hope had gotten Alex to calm down she started asking small but distinct questions.

“Who is hurt Alex?”

“He’s dead.” She whispered.

“Who is dead?”

“Servando.” Alex shook her head as she answered the question in a raspy broken tone.

Taking in a deep breath Hope continued to ask trying to piece together the answers without losing Alex again.

“Who killed him?”

“Some guys I don’t know. They had to be a part of a gang or something.”

“Why do you think that?”

“Because they were talking about drugs.” Alex kept the carry-on full of drugs to herself. She didn’t want anybody else involved in whatever this was.

“What do I do Hope?”

“Why did you run?”

“I was scared I ran when they started shooting at me. When I got home they followed me and I jumped the window and overheard them talking about calling someone to clean up the mess.”

Deep in thought Hope shut the water off, handed Alex a towel and led her inside the house where
they quietly walked past the two passed out friends of theirs’ making their way upstairs to Hopes’
room.

“You are going to sleep and I’ll take care of it okay. Wash up in my bathroom.” Hope pointed
towards the bathroom entrance while grabbing some clothes from her vanity and placing them in
the bathroom.

“Hope I…I don’t think…” Alex was about to protest when Hope interrupts her.

“Alex just do it.” Hope said giving Alex a pointed look making her way out of the room.

Hearing the door close shut Alex looks down at the carry-on she was lugging around wondering
what in the world she was going to do with it. Already knowing what was in the bag she looked
around the bathroom. On the far corner of the ceiling was an attic door. Knowing she needed to get
rid of it she realized that nobody except Hope knew she was here. In turn nobody knew what was
in the bag and Hope would not have a clue that she even put it in the attic so Alex yanked on the
string pulling down the attic door and climbed up. Stashing the bag in the far right corner of the
attic behind some very dusty boxes being sure to be as silent as possible.

Jumping off the ladder she pushes the door back up till its shut and grits her teeth as she stretches
upward feeling the bullet wound on her hip pulse in pain.

Pulling her hoodie up she could see her blood begin to seep through her t-shirt. Lifting it up
carefully Alex knew the wound was going to need a few stiches to stop the bleeding, but she didn’t
have the knowledge or the strength to do it herself so she opts to just clean the wound.

Turning on the shower Alex peels off the rest of her wet clothes and hops in. A few minutes pass
with Alex remaining still in the running water silently watching as the water mixed with blood
flows down the drain putting her in a daze.

“I need to get out of here. I need to leave. What was I thinking coming here! I’m putting more
people in danger…I need to leave.” Alex conversed with herself. Abruptly shutting the water off
she quickly changes into the clothes Hope had laid out for her.

Getting her phone from the top of her bloody and wet pile of clothes she takes out the sim card and
breaks it in half. Grabbing the first thing she could write with she leaves a note on the bed for
Hope.

*I’m sorry I came here. I’ll fix this myself. Burn my clothes and this. I was never here Hope. Don’t
tell the girls PLEASE!*

*Thank you so so much.*

— AM

Jumping out of the second window in the last 6 hours Alex just thanks the big man the rain had let
up once again and the rising sun was beginning to change the sky to a light blue and purple haze.

Running a few blocks trying to get as far from Hopes house before the goalkeeper found her note a
black van turned onto the street she was jogging on.

Alex makes a hard right trying to test whether the van was actually following her when she comes
to a stop realizing she had turned into a cul-de-sac. Looking back to the van the window began to
roll down and the long muzzle of a gun peeks out. Not thinking twice about it Alex races towards
the front yard and tries hurdling the white picket fence, but when she makes a jump for it she’s hit
in the neck making her crash into the wooden planks.

“Oomfph” Alex groans as she reaches a hand up to her neck. Grabbing the object poking out of her neck she pulls out an orange feathered dart. The bullet was not meant to kill her it was meant to put her to sleep.

Alex didn’t even have enough energy to scream let alone fight off whoever was kidnapping her.

Falling to her knees Alex lost control of her body as the green grass of a typical American home began to fade. The sound of rapid footsteps pounding on concrete roared in her ears as they grew closer and closer towards the tranquilized athlete. It’s the last thing Alex hears before darkness engulfs her.

***End of Dream***

Alex rolls to her right side looking out to the still sleeping city past the windows of her studio apartment.

“What I would give to sleep in peace.” Alex grumbled looking at the clock on her night stand. 2:33am.

Managing only two hours of sleep Alex was about to bury her head back into her pillow and play Russian roulette with her pesky brain when light illuminated the living room and it kept blinking.

Pushing herself up out of bed looking out past the rails to her balcony Alex could see a phone on the speaker system lighting up indicating a phone call.

‘Hmmm must be Tobin’s. Who could possibly be calling her at this time?’ Alex mused as she tiptoed down her stairs and walked up to the living room.

“How about her gang? She does work for a ruthless killer.” Her inner voice argued with her.

The caller id listed the current call as a private one and Tobin had several of them already missed. Three calls in fact.

Biting her lip Alex’s curiosity got the best of her as she swiped the screen answering the call, but once she put the phone to her ear she was met with an automated voice asking for a password.

“Talk about paranoid Frank!” Alex whispers to herself scratching her head she begins to pace trying to figure out why Frank was needing Tobin at the moment. Walking around the bookshelf Alex checks on Tobin.

The tanned midfielder was curled in a little ball on the far right of the bed. Alex smirked hearing the faint snores emanating from Tobin’s heavy sleep.
“I did it to find you… I hope you can understand that.” Tobin’s voice echoes in Alex’s memory from last night.

Morgan is suddenly overwhelmed with anger not towards Tobin, but towards Frank. The man took someone away from her life already and she would hate herself even more than she already did if she simply watched him take Tobin away from her to.

Walking by Tobin’s bed she grabbed the helmet along with the pair of boots from the foot of her bed. The midfielder was out cold to Alex’s advantage. Changing into Tobin’s clothes Morgan was looking around the floor when she notices the shiny glare of her knife and stuffs it in Tobin’s right boot.

“Frank won’t know what hit him.” Alex promises as she quietly puts on Tobin’s leather jacket, grabs Tobin’s motorcycle helmet and keys walking out the door.

It wasn’t hard finding Tobin’s bike granted Alex was looking for a black Ducati instead of a red one. When she mounted the bike and inserted the key hearing the motor roar she guessed right.

Morgan closed her eyes as she remembered very clearly the turns the driver had taken her through earlier that night. A right, two lefts, and another right. Twenty minutes later Alex found herself in an alley way just behind a club she knew was where they had taken her to.

Killing the motor Alex was getting off her bike when the alley door to the club slams open.

“Oh Tobin great timing. Did you get the carry on yet?”

It was Frank walking up to her lighting up a cigar looking at her expectantly. Luckily Alex still wore the helmet concealing her identity and she simply shook her head in answer.

“I’ll give you a week Heath. I want that merchandise! And I have a little pre-test for you. I made Devon tail her, but Devon’s a creep and tends to freak the potential recruits away so I want you to catch up with him. You should know the girl. Cute little thing left the sneaky bitches’ apartment a few hours ago.” Frank laughed as he reached inside his trench coat. Alex remembered a bloodier version of that same coat from that fateful night he put a bullet in her boyfriend.

“Here take this she is head back to San Francisco should take you about an hour to get to where they are I’ll tell Devon you heading out there, but this is just in case things get out of hand.” Frank hands over a Smith & Wesson Revolver.

With Frank looking at her intently Alex remembers that she needed to act like Tobin so she hesitated grabbing the gun slightly.

Franks car drives by the entrance of the alley and Frank steps towards the open car door when he looks back at Alex.

“Remember our deal Heath. I won’t touch her if you don’t screw me over!”

Alex didn’t watch Frank drive away she was too busy making sure the gun was on safety before she put it in her left boot.

“Well that was interesting…” Alex was interrupted talking to herself when Tobin’s phone vibrated in her jacket pocket.

The caller ID noted that Kelley was calling Tobin. Quickly answering it she lifts her visor and puts it to her ear.
“Tobin!”

“Yea! What’s up?” Alex tries to match the lazy tone as best she can.

“I think I’m being followed… I haven’t left the city yet I’m by the stadium. My car broke down, but I don’t think it was just car problems. This has to do with Alex I’m sure of it!” Kelley sounded winded.

“Where are you?” Alex asks popping the clutch racing towards the stadium in top speed.

“By the tennis courts! Shit…”

“Hey Kelley!…Kelley! God dammit!” The call dropped.

She could already see the Stadium just a few blocks away. Making a hard left Alex slows down nearing the tennis courts coming to a full stop Morgan takes in the area. In the distance past the chain link fence of the tennis courts she sees Kelley running full speed just around the corner shortly after someone on another bike follows pursuit. Alex peels out towards the corner trying to gain sight of them again when she locates them but the guy was already racing past Kelley effectively cutting her route off.

Alex pressed the accelerator the farthest it would go and gets just behind Kelley when the man takes his helmet off and reaches behind his back.

Not giving him enough time to even point the gun at Kelley, Morgan pushes on the accelerator heading right towards the guy. Right after she passes Kelley she pushes her weight to her left side, lifting her right leg spinning it behind her clotheslining the guy with her right back heel. Knocking Devon clean off his bike. Peeling to a stop Alex jumps off the bike and kicks the gun away, but the guy was fast and smart he raced towards a shocked Kelley and pushes her in front of him.

“Calm the hell down Devon! It’s Tobin. Frank sent me to make sure you didn’t scare the recruit away. Which you’re doing a good job of right know!” Alex yelled hoping the guy didn’t know what Tobin really sounded like, but Kelley did and aside from looking scared her eyes looked deep in thought.

“Bullshit! Why did you kick the shit out of me then?” He grunted.

“Because it was funn….”

“Get off of me!” Kelley interrupted.

Alex knew that look and the small defender looked pretty pissed off.

“Or what little cutie.” Devon antagonized Kelley as he laughed in her face.

“I’m gonna S.I.N.G.!”

“Huh.” Both Alex and Devon responded.

“Solar Plex!” Kelley twists to her right and elbows the guy just under the ribs and above the abdomen knocking the wind clean out of him.

“Instep!” Kelley stomps her heel on the top of his foot.

“Nose!” Kelley elbows Devon in the nose.
“Groin!” Kelley punches him in the nuts making Devon fall to his knees and huddle into a ball of pain.

Alex stood there slack jawed at what she just witnessed.

Kelley walks towards her slapping the nonexistent dirt off her hands with Devon still groaning on the floor behind her.

Alex didn’t know whether to fall in ball of laughter herself or high five Kelley for taking the guy down all on her own.

Devon limps to his bike passing Alex.

“Man this is bullshit. You take her in then I’m done with this crap!” He grunts as he rides away.

The two women watch him speed out the lot.

“Well… what the hell am I here for?” Alex laughs as she pulls the helmet off her head.

“I figured that was you. What is going on? Why did that guy know Tobin?” Kelley begins to question.

Taking a deep breath Alex didn’t think it was her place to tell Kelley. Suddenly Tobin’s phone vibrates and Alex takes it out of her pocket an unknown number flashes on the screen. The call ends before she can answer it.

“Is that Tobin’s phone? What the hell are you doing Alex? I’m pretty sure you’re not into motorcycle boots.”

“Let’s just get to my place and you can ask Tobin yourself…This just got a lot harder.” The forward answers walking back towards Tobin’s bike.

“Come on get on!” Alex pats the seat behind her.

“I’m not getting on that death machine. I don’t have a helmet either and with the way you drive a car I don’t trust you for shit on a bike…. Did you see how fast you were driving that thing moments ago!?” Kelley complained.

‘God Kelley you haven’t changed a bit.’ Alex thought rolling her eyes.

“Here put Tobin’s helmet on.” She handed over the helmet while calling back the unknown number that Tobin received moments ago.

“But then you won’t have a helmet.”

“Kelley!”

“Okay Okay Fine!” The small defender hopped on Alex’s back clutching tightly to her waist.

The call rang twice before it clicked.

“Alex I’m going to have to buy handcuffs for you aren’t I?”

“My My Tobin Heath who knew you were a freak… Lady on the streets but a freak in the sheets.” Alex quirked her eyebrow not being able to contain herself.
“Gross.” Kelley mumbles against Alex’s back.

“Where are you? Is that Kelley? Is she safe?” Tobin ignored the comment

“Yeah she is. They wanted to recruit her Tobin! This needs to stop now!”

“That’s why I need the carry-on Alex!” Tobin chastised.

“I’m driving back to our place. We will talk about this then. Oh and Kelley has some questions for you. Just as a warning she completely took her tail out all on her own and I don’t think she’s happy with you right now.” Alex warned.

“Damn right I’m not. And don’t exclude yourself out of this one Alex. You’re in the crosshairs to.” Kelley hissed as she tightened her grip on Morgan’s torso.

“Ow! Okay spider monkey let’s go home.” Alex joked.

“Bye Tobin.”

“Whatever I have a few questions of my own for you to. Bye.” Tobin ends the call not sounding too friendly.

Driving back to their place Morgan was beyond tired. But the day was just beginning and aside from the ticking time bomb of a conversation that was about to happen once they reached home she also remembers the Thorns wanted to evaluate her later in the evening today.

“I need some damn good coffee right about now.” She grumbles.
The rustic motor bike managed to make it to the apartment with the gauge never going under 95mph. Surprised it held up Tobin returns it from the place she took it from and left a few twenty’s by the starter.

Running back to the apartment Tobin walks through the door and is immediately on guard when a shadow flashes behind the bookcase close to her bed.

“If you want to live I suggest you come out from your hiding spot.” Tobin grumbles pinching her nose just wanting to catch a nap before her evaluation for the Thorns.

Tobin didn’t want to argue with the girls. Tobin didn’t want to threaten whoever it was hiding behind that shelf. All Tobin wanted at this precise moment was just a damn nap.

“Heath, nice to see you haven’t let your guard down. Where is Kelley and Alex?”

Tobin walks around the shelf surprised to see James on the other side.

“What are you doing here?”

“I need to talk to you, Alex and because of the new Intel I received today, Kelley as well.”

“When I said I needed help I didn’t mean this James!” The midfielder whispers.

“You don’t know everything Heath. I need them as much as I need you…Especially with the new information we got in today. I have no choice… Looks like we have company.” James ends the subject abruptly making Tobin follow his gaze back out towards the entrance.

‘Annndd there goes my nap right out the window.’ Tobin thinks watching the ajar door begin to push completely open.

Someone barges inside wearing her helmet and Tobin scrunches her face knowing that the person under that helmet was way too short to be Alex. Then the small person talked and Tobin realized who it was.

‘Man, I need a nap…’ Tobin continued talking to herself.

“Hey! Alex brought coffee.” Kelley rings out partly muffled by the helmet on her face as she walks up to the pair.

“Do I know you?” She asks handing Tobin her coffee taking the helmet off in turn. The ruffle haired defender puts up her hand in greeting towards the tall rugged man standing next to Tobin.

“No fortunately for you we have not met. The name is James and I came here to have a chat with you girls.”

“Chat about what? I don’t know you?” Tobin hears the accusatory tone coming from Kelley.
“I’ll get into the formalities once the last of your trio walks through that door?” He nods towards the entrance and faces back towards a quite Tobin.

“Aren’t you supposed to have an eye on that sneaky girl of yours at all times Heath?” He chastises.

“When this is all over you better hope they are still alive or so help me God…” Tobin warns not having the energy to keep her agitation at bay she walks away from James and hopes that the beautiful sunrise just behind the skyline can calm her nerves and keep her from strangling the man that was about to make a job proposition to both of her lifelong friends.

Somewhere behind the deep buzzing noise in her ears Tobin heard the closing of a door and the sound of footsteps making their way into the living room.

‘And here we go!’ Tobin joked slightly smirking out towards the city not that the situation was in any way a laughing manner.

“Who is this…Tobin?” Alex’s distinct tone breaks the awkward silence.

“Alex I think you should sit down.” James puts his two cents in like always.

“I think Tobin can answer for herself.” Alex calmly responds. With her back faced towards them Tobin could clearly imagine the look Morgan was giving James right now.

“He’s my boss. I’ve worked for him for the past few months.” Tobin answered still looking out at the skyline.

Heath expected Alex to think the man was a part of the gang.

Tobin saw James as something far worse. A man without a single care to their wellbeing. A man that used her as nothing more than a pawn in his grand scheme to get his department the sole power and glory she gave blood, sweat and tears for. A man that would gladly throw her under the bus and she had no control over it. How do you fight against a secret government agency let alone live past it.

Tobin felt like she was cornered and to make matters worse her head felt like it was splitting in two.

“Look Alex I did…” James tries to explain but a sharp thud silences him.

“Jesus Alex!” Kelley yells making Tobin turn around.

‘Did she throw something?’ Tobin scowls looking at James who sneered at Alex as a red line formed on the side of his cheek. Focusing on the book shelf behind him Heath locks in on the knife poking out from one of the books on the shelf.

“Don’t! Don’t you dare finish that sentence!” Alex walks up towards James. Tobin quirks an eyebrow when James takes a slight step back from the red faced striker.

“I need them.” James responds suddenly reaching into his waistband and shoots.

Tobin and Kelley gasp as Alex remains standing but her right arm raised just above her shoulder. Tobin knew immediately what Alex had in her hands as she threw an oddly shaped dart over her shoulder.

“You’re going to have to find a new way in shutting me up James.”

“God you don’t understand how lucky you are that I only have a knife right now…well had a
“Knife” Alex denotes looking back at the abused bookshelf.

“Obviously you were made to be in this line of work. Why is it that you threw that knife without flinching… huh? I’ll tell you why. It’s because you’re a natural Morgan.”

Tobin watches Alex go limp, looking right through James completely lost in thought.

“Why are you here? Why is Tobin talking to you in this house? How do you know her? I did it so they wouldn’t have to… I did this entire thing to keep them out of it. I learned how to kill a man in order to find them and make them pay for what they did! I did everything you said until you pushed me too far and I ran. James if this is some kind of punishment for running I don’t care what you do to me anymore, but leave them out of this. I’m… I’m begging you.” Tobin’s hands felt numb listening to Alex question James revealing a whole new light to the story of the past year.

“We underestimated them.” James responds

The striker walks away from James pushing booth her hands through her hair desperately trying to pull herself back together.

“Man I forgot how fucking dramatic you were. Calm yourself down, Morgan. You of all people should know we don’t allow ourselves to be compromised. Pull yourself together.” James roared out towards the bomb shelled striker.

“…you know him.” Tobin finally makes her input on the conversation.

Kelley POV

Holding on for dear life Kelley’s lost in her head as the wind causes Alex’s hair to annoy the crap out of her with it constantly obstructing her view past the helmet she wore.

‘Tobin works for them…’ Kelley shakes her head when she puts the two together and wants nothing more than to walk into that apartment and give Tobin a knock on the head.

‘How can she be so reckless… so stupid?’ Kelley internally scolds Tobin when Alex comes to a stop just next to her Range Rover noticing Morgan focusing on not dropping the coffee she stopped to get prior to their arrival to the apartment.

“Here you should take Tobin’s up with you. I need to grab something from my car real quick. I’ll catch up with you in a bit.” Alex mumbles too busy with her coffee as she makes her way towards her car reaching into her back pocket.

The defender rolls her eyes making her way into the building still wearing the helmet on her head
and holding a cup of coffee in each hand.

Awkwardly using her elbow she pushes the door slightly open, but stops when she listens in on a heated conversation between Tobin and a man Kelley did not recognize as they stood hidden behind the bookcase.

“When I said I needed help I didn’t mean this James!” Tobin whispered.

“You don’t know everything Heath. I need them as much as I need you… Especially with the new information we attained today. I have no choice… Looks like we have company.” He calmly said looking up at the door.

Kelley quickly opens the door completely while holding the cups of coffee up trying to balance the helmet on her head.

“Hey! Alex brought coffee.” Kelley rings out as she walks up to the pair.

“Do I know you?” She asks handing Tobin her coffee taking the helmet off in turn. The ruffle haired defender puts up her hand in greeting towards the tall rugged man standing next to a distraught Tobin.

“No fortunately for you we have not met. The name is James and I came here to have a chat with you girls.”

“Chat about what? I don’t know you?”

“I’ll get into the formalities once the last of your trio walks through that door?” He nods towards the entrance and faces back towards a quite Tobin.

“Aren’t you supposed to have an eye on that sneaky girl of yours at all times Heath?” He chastises.

“When this is all over you better hope they are still alive or so help me God…” Tobin’s low tone takes on a depth of seriousness that surprised Kelley. The defenders gaze follows the tanned midfielder as she solemnly walks towards the windows overlooking the city skyline when the door to the entrance bangs against the frame indicating Alex had made it inside.

The defender was beyond annoyed and quite hurt in fact, she understood Alex and her shadiness, but Tobin was unveiling a whole new mask Kelley had been unaware of. Sick and tired of the oblivious sense of awareness Kelley seemed to be in between the two she began fuming at the ears, but she held on when she noticed Alex faintly stutter in step as she was making her way into the living room noticing the stranger.

“Who is this… Tobin?” Alex eyed him carefully while placing her cup on the coffee table.

“Alex I think you should sit down.” James puts in.

“I think Tobin can answer for herself.” Alex calmly responds turning her piercing gaze back towards the man.

“He’s my boss. I’ve worked for him for the past few months.” Tobin answered still looking out at the skyline.

“Look Alex I did…” James tries to explain but is interrupted with a knife flying towards him. It barely nicks him in the cheek bone as he manages to dodge it just in time.
“Jesus Alex!” Kelley yells eyeing the military grade knife poking out of one of the books sitting on the shelf.

“Don’t! Don’t you dare finish that sentence!” Alex walks up towards the man who Kelley was sure she saw take a slight step back from her advancement.

“I need them.” James responds suddenly reaching into his waistband and shoots.

Tobin and Kelley gasp as Alex remains standing but her right arm raised just above her shoulder. Tobin knew immediately what Alex had in her hands as she threw an oddly shaped dart over her shoulder.

“You’re going to have to find a new way in shutting me up James.”

“God you don’t understand how lucky you are that I only have a knife right now…well had a knife” Alex denotes looking back at the abused bookshelf.

“Obviously you were made to be in this line of work. Why is it that you threw that knife without flinching…huh? I’ll tell you why. It’s because you’re a natural Morgan.”

Kelley felt sick to her stomach and like she was in the middle of a whirlwind of information that she couldn’t even come close to interpreting.

“Why are you here? Why is Tobin talking to you in this house? How do you know her? I did it so they wouldn’t have to. I did this entire thing to keep them out of it. I learned how to kill a man in order to find them and make them pay for what they did! I did everything you said until you pushed me too far and I ran. James if this is some kind of punishment for running I don’t care what you do to me anymore, but leave them out of this. I’m…. I’m begging you.” Alex pleaded.

“We underestimated them.” James responds not a hint of sympathy on his face.

Alex retreats from James while taking in a deep breath trying to gain control of her emotions.

“Man I forgot how fucking dramatic you were. Calm yourself down, Morgan. You of all people should know we don’t allow ourselves to be compromised. Pull yourself together.” James commanded in a voice Kelley recognized as military.

“Wait you know him.” Tobin finally makes her input on the conversation. Kelley did a double take when she noticed how pale the usually tanned midfielder was.

Alex POV

Alex’s entire focus was solely on balancing the three cups of coffee while coming to a slow stop in front of the apartment. The striker pulls out her own black coffee from the cardboard cup holder
eagerly wanting a taste of the lifesaving caffeine.

“Here you should take Tobin’s up I need to grab something from my car.” Alex hummed as she sipped at her coffee reaching into her back pocket for her car keys.

Looking over her shoulder as she unlocked her car she makes sure Kelley walks into the building before she hops into the cab of her car and grabs the gun out of her right boot making sure the safety was switched on. Taking the bullet out of the chamber she completely disassembles the gun in its three parts and hides them in the secret compartment below the console of her car.

Alex expertly knew everything about guns, from simple pistols to high powered sniper rifles, but she hated them with a passion. A flash of wide eyes as life left their gaze burned into the back of her mind. The memory making her burn with anger going back to when Frank had given her one thinking she was Tobin.

Walking into the building her heart pangs with hope that that gun was the first one Frank ever gave Tobin.

Entering the apartment she only had a few sips left of her coffee when her gaze falls on Tobin’s back. Standing against the window overlooking the sunrise of the city Tobin distracts Alex until she walks further into the apartment realizing Kelley was talking to someone else in the room.

Broad shoulders, tall frame, and piercing silver eyes.

It took everything in her arsenal to keep her from not dropping the cup in her hand. Instead she focuses on reaching the coffee table.

“Who is this…Tobin?” Morgan asks placing the cup on the table. Standing back upright Alex looks at James trying to gauge exactly what was going on right now and whether they knew who he really was.

“Alex I think you should sit down.” James squints his eyes slightly.

“I think Tobin can answer for herself.” Alex calmly responds still trying to figure out the situation.

“He’s my boss. I’ve worked for him for the past few months.” Tobin answers.

“Look Alex I did…” James tries to explain but is interrupted with a knife flying towards him.

The word boss echoes in her head. Seeing red Morgan only realizes she grabbed her knife from her boot when it leaves her hand and nearly misses a dodging James.

‘Lucky asshole.’ She thought thinking about the gun that was in her other boot only moments prior to entering the building.

Her serrated knife barely nicks him in the cheek bone as he manages to dodge it just in time.

“Jesus Alex!” Kelley’s voice breaks through her sole focus on her advancement towards the conniving man.

“Don’t! Don’t you dare finish that sentence!” Alex walks up to James but follows the movement of his right hand as it reached for his waistband.

“I need them.” James responds raising the dart gun towards her.

Tobin and Kelley gasp as Alex remains standing but her right arm raised just above her shoulder.
Tobin knew immediately what Alex had in her hands as she threw an oddly shaped dart over her shoulder.

“You’re going to have to find a new way in shutting me up James.”

“God you don’t understand how lucky you are that I only have a knife right now… well had a knife” Alex laughs noticing her knife shining against the dark wood of the shelf.

“Obviously you were made to be in this line of work. Why is it that you threw that knife without flinching… Huh? I’ll tell you why. It’s because you’re a natural Morgan.”

Underneath the coyness Alex was breaking.

‘Tobin was recruited.’

All she could think about was the things she had gone through to actually be called an agent under James’s department. What Russia put her through and how lost she felt in the worst days of her life.

Why she ran.

“Why are you here? Why is Tobin talking to you in this house? How do you know her?….. I did it so they wouldn’t have to deal with this. I did this entire thing to keep them out of it! I learned how to kill a man in order to find those responsible and make them pay for what they did! I did everything you said until you pushed me too far and I ran. James if this is some kind of punishment for running I don’t care what you do to me anymore, but leave them out of this. I’m… I’m begging you.” Alex pleaded.

“We underestimated them.” James responds not a hint of sympathy on his face.

That could mean so many things for the striker. Alex felt like every time she took a step forward against them with James as her ankle weights she was pushed back down in a heap all the way to the bottom.

She was tired of getting back up. Alex had been getting back up so many times and she let herself hope that this time it was going to be any different. This was rock bottom.

Alex retreats from James while taking in a deep breath trying to gain control of her emotions.

“Man I forgot how fucking dramatic you were. Calm yourself down, Morgan. You of all people should know we don’t allow ourselves to be compromised. Pull yourself together.” James ordered.

Alex pushed everything down not for James order, but because when she turned around she noticed the state Tobin was in.

“… you know him.” Tobin mumbles not really coherent at all.

Walking slowly towards the midfielder Alex assesses her.

“Whoa.” Tobin stumbles as she leans her hands on her knees putting her head between them.

“Tobs, here eat this. How long has it been since you’ve eaten? How long has it been since you’ve slept?” Kelley hands Tobin a few cookies she grabbed from their pantry when Alex wasn’t paying attention.

“When did you recruit her James?” Alex asks as they both watch Kelley take Tobin to sit on the
“Two weeks after you left.”

“God I could shoot you right now.”

“We both know that I wouldn’t be the first.” He shoots back.

Alex breaks eye contact and begins the nasty habit of biting the inside of her cheek.

“What branch are you?” Kelley asks from the couch making sure that Tobin’s color was coming back.


“That’s bullshit I know for a fact the DEA doesn’t have jurisdiction in Russia.” Kelley catches James in a lie. Alex remembers Kelley’s family had a long line of military roots.

“We are a secret branch off the department made solely for the purpose of infiltrating these drug groups deep within. We have a secret international base in Russia where we train recruits.”

“Why do you need Tobin and Kelley?” Alex wanted to get to the bottom of James reasoning.

“Because after your fiasco in Portugal Tobin followed the man you assaulted to Monte Carlo.”

“Yea…” Alex felt her stomach flip as she prepared to hear the worst.

“He died when she was interrogating him.”

“What!” Kelley yells.

“Tobin?” Kelley looks at Tobin also hoping for a plausible explanation.

“He just went limp. One moment he was talking and the next he went limp….Like he had a heart attack or something. I didn’t mean for him to die.” Tobin said trying to stand up, but falls back down still fighting the dizzy spell.

“It wasn’t a heart attack… It was a kill chip.”

“How do you know that?” Alex and Tobin ask the same thing.

“Because he was my agent.”

“So you sent him to attack Alex that night.” Tobin stands up despite the dizziness.

“Sit down Tobs, please.” Alex tries calming her down, but Tobin locks her gaze on Alex making her flinch back.

“Don’t! ….You lying sack of shit!” Tobin roars looking back at James making everyone jump by the uncaged rage seeping out of her tone of voice.

“Before you go ape shit on me I came here to alert you that he was intercepted by their boss and persuaded to infiltrate our own organization!…. Do you know what that means? Do you know the implications this has on the agency! You saved our asses!” James explains.

All three of the women deflate and take in the new information.
“I need you three to fall into their trap. Tobin and Kelley are already in we just need to convince Frank to allow Alex back in.”

“Kelley is not a trained recruit James. She has no business doing undercover work.” Alex calmly adds.

The striker couldn’t even begin to imagine Kelley in such a predicament.

“You will train her.”

“No I will not.” Alex retorts.

“That’s absurd.” Tobin adds.

“Then she will go in unprepared on your call.”

“But…”

“I can do it.” Kelley interrupts.

“No you won’t!”

“Like hell you will!”

Kelley stands up from the couch and raises her hand towards James.

“Yes I will.” She answers shaking James hand making it a done deal.

“I like you.” The silver eyed director smirks.

Alex’s memory flashes her back to her own acceptance within the program all those months ago and how she said those exact words shaking the very same hand Kelley was shaking currently.

Alex didn’t have any other choice but to continue on and she knew it.

‘Giving up on something hard is not going to make you stronger after all.’ Alex thinks as she makes eye contact with Tobin who looked how she felt.

Like crap.
Tobin’s POV

The three women were still trying to comprehend the mess they had fallen into and silence filled the apartment for what seemed an enumerable amount of time.

Alex sat on the couch biting her left cheek with a dazed look on her face while Kelley was grabbing another glass of water for the faint midfielder, still trying to fend off the dizzy spell she succumbed to when she learned that Alex worked for James.

Personally Tobin had shut off her emotions since then allowing her mind to become numb and silent with a faint buzzing sound still ringing in her ears.

Busy flexing her fingers trying to get rid of the tingling sensation prickling her fingertips, Tobin’s attention falls on James walking along the brick wall just by the window’s running his hands along the masonry looking for something in particular.

“What are you looking for?” Tobin’s voice breaks the silence like a whip snapping in the tense atmosphere gathered around the apartment.

“This...” He replies just as his hand presses on the second brick just to the right of the breaker box. This in turn causes a flurry of movements to occur throughout the apartment.

Tobin looks up at the ceiling against the window wall and watches as a thin metal curtain slowly begins to drop down.

‘Well that’s cool.’ Tobin thought.

“What’s that for?” Kelley asks intrigued. Handing Tobin her glass of water as they both watch another section of the house completely interchange into a conference table with several monitors pitched against the wall.

“Your apartment is a fortress. The window wall is made only for you to see out and no one to look back in. The carbon fiber curtain is made to keep infiltrators from surveying you through other means, such as thermal imaging equipment, video and voice transmitters, and is capable of withstanding almost any kind of armor piercing rounds.” James showcased.

All it screamed to Tobin was danger and death.

“Where am I going to train?” Kelley asks.

“We took over the basement under the stadium in order to keep your cover and make you appear as devoted athletes. We renovated it with all the equipment needed to train you, all the tactical gear you could possibly need and Morgan’s personal favorites..... A shooting range with a flurry of weapons to choose from and her knife collection.” James further explained sneering at Alex who strangely remained silent on the couch.

‘Her collection.’ Tobin paused on those words wondering why he claimed them as Alex’s personal
equipment, and referring them as her favorite no less.

Tobin looks back at Alex giving James a ‘piss off’ squint to her eyes after getting up from the couch and makes her way to the conference table turning on the monitors and somehow making a computer elevate from the surface of the table.

Tobin could not help but notice how the striker seemed to know exactly where everything was and how to operate the systems.

Tobin was never assigned to long operations from anything not pertaining to Alex and finding her, but she had a hunch that James used Alex for far more than what Tobin was ever exposed to. It worried her immensely making her imagination run wild with horrifying possibilities emerging within her thoughts.

“Do I have a key to this so called place?” Alex mutters actually working the computers in which unnerved Tobin in not having a clue what she was looking for.

“Not so much a key, but your body. The place is locked with the most sophisticated biometric keypad. Your lovely eyes should do the trick, Morgan.” James notifies her.

“Huh, neat I guess…. well you have about an hour till I need to find myself there for my physical evaluation. What are you still doing here?” Alex said looking intently at the computer while jotting something down onto a notepad.

“I’m here just to notify you of the changes and for Kelley’s orientation. I see you’re making yourself at home…” He gestures making his way towards the striker.

“Home sweet Home.” Morgan smirks shutting the computer off just as he managed to stand behind her trying to read the screen.

“Already Morgan…. Not even an hour and your being a pain in my ass.”

“She has a tendency of doing that.” Tobin interrupts the unsettling conversation between the two. Alex dodges eye contact with Tobin and refuses to acknowledge her. Instead Morgan makes her way to her Nike trainer bag and makes herself busy gathering her training gear.

“Seems like she gained some new tendencies as well.” Tobin adds making Alex slightly pause in her actions before continuing to shut Tobin out.

“Since you seem to have familiarized yourself with everything so easily, you should get Kelley’s orientation out of the way. Can you do the honors, Trainer?” James gestures out to Alex.

“Huh?” Alex mumbles.

“Give Kelley the run through.” He no longer asks, but orders out as he reaches for his briefcase placing it on top of the table.

Almost robotic in action Alex gets up off her knees from packing and walks back to the monitors.

“Are the files in the system already?” Alex asks completely in monotone. James simply nods in answer while making himself comfortable in one of the conference chairs.

Kelley looks at Tobin expectantly, but the midfielder shakes her head waving her off not wanting to approach James quite yet afraid she would smash the glass in her hands on his head. So she
remained on the couch looking on from a safe distance.

Kelley walks up to the table and sits next to James as they all looked at Alex who was preparing the material to begin the orientation.

Tobin remembers hers like it was yesterday given that she had just arrived in France in effort to find out who had captured Alex or so she thought. Tobin makes her jawline more prominent locking it in anger just thinking about the lies James had given her all those months ago.

Slowly getting up off the couch she feels the dizziness pass and makes her way to the kitchen looking for a stronger drink. Just as she finds a bottle of Greygoose hidden in one of the cabinets and pours herself a glass Alex begins the orientation in the most generic way.

“This is your official admittance into the DEA’s clandestine program. This in no means deems you an official agent till you accomplish all skills and objectives you are faced with throughout your training. These trainings will determine your commitment and loyalty to the program. This program is made to produce an absolute soldier capable of doing a three man job. Defeat is not an option….. We only accept those who fight with every cell in their body and see no glory in compromise.”

Alex pauses and turns up to the screen and clicks the presentation to reveal a picture. The picture depicted a lone man perched on a hill in the middle of a war cry as numerous soldiers advanced towards him in all directions.

“You are to be under complete obedience to your Trainer. Failure to follow orders will be answered in swift punishment.” Alex finishes showing a slight glimpse of emotion on her face.

Tobin decides to finally make her way to the table and sit across from Kelley placing her clear liquor in front of her. Alex still refuses to make eye contact with her.

“Kelley don’t do this.” Alex whispers intently focused on Kelley.

Kelley ignores Alex and looks at James.

“Who is my trainer?”

“The highest ranking recruit we’ve had in our ten years of operation.” James eludes.

“And who is that?”

“Our very own Alexandra Patricia Morgan.”

Just as James finishes his remark Tobin downs the rest of her drink feeling the burn all the way down her throat and into her empty stomach.

“I need to leave. I’m going to be late for my evaluation. I’ll hope that you’ll be out of sight when I return James?” Alex states as she makes her way out towards the couch where her bag was. Placing the bag over her shoulder she looks back at James waiting for an answer.

“Don’t worry, Morgan. I still need to find my next diamond in the rough, given that you won’t fully commit to being an agent and all. My flight to Russia is set for late this evening then hopefully ….. For your sake you won’t see me again till this is all over.” James answers.

Alex nods.
Just before Alex turned to make her way out the apartment Tobin makes eye contact and she can feel more than recognize the hidden agony behind those blue eyes.

Just as Heath hears the door slam shut she waits thirty seconds making sure to hear retreating footsteps when she turns to James ready to demand answers.

“What have you done to her?” Kelley seethes. Tobin is caught off guard by the controlled anger emanating from the defender.

“I simply opened her untapped potential. Too bad you guys are still around…she can’t bring herself to cut this life off and become one of the best clandestine operatives in the world.”

“Why do you want her so bad?”

“Because I do. She’s amazing and full of potential if she can simply let go of this life that has nothing left for her.”

Tobin closes her hands in fist knowing full well Alex had plenty left for her in this life and no one was going to push her into the life James had planned for Alex. She was terrified yet full of hope that her Alex was still in there somewhere.

“How long has she been in your program?” Kelley keeps asking all the questions Tobin was thinking.

“About a week after the death of Servando. And that’s because we had to tranquilize her multiple times getting her to Russia. You guys were not joking about the Baby Horse notion. That woman needed twice the dosage of drug that we usually used on other recruits.” James laughed.

“Is this all a joke to you?!” Tobin slams her fist on the table and looks at James incredulously.

“By no means, Heath. To provide further proof in my utter fascination with your girl wouldn’t you like to see her in action? Kelley also needs to go see the Thorns anyways.” James was full of excitement almost jiddy it made Tobin sick to her stomach.

“What do you mean?” Kelley asks.

“You will be receiving a call in a few minutes to answer that question.”

“What about seeing Alex in action…What do you mean by that?” Tobin demands.

“Before you ran into her in Portugal she ran from us during one of her missions…. So, technically I was not lying when I told you that we had no idea where she was. That was almost three weeks of undocumented action she has yet to report. Before we can even let her in on any of our further plans we need to make sure she was never compromised during those three weeks.”

Tobin felt like she was about to heave whatever morsels of food she had left in her stomach pretty sure what James had in mind on how he was going to get those answers.

“And how are you going to get that information?” Kelley seems the only one capable of speech at the moment.

“After her evaluation we are banking on her going down to the basement to reunite with her knife collection and we will strike then to have our own physical evaluation as well as a staged interrogation to assess her.”
“This better not cause injury. I need her as my trainer.” the defender adds.

“Trust me when I tell you that my interrogators are far more concerned for their own well-being than your friends.”
Insights Pt 2

Just to show you the four techniques I talk about in the story the links are below to short vids (2-3 mins tops).

Bloodsport- (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3dMJx4I7ivQ)
Muay Tai- (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WzIRJxndhQ)
Savate- (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9yLLVfUDVM)
Sambo- (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JKd5I428JxA)

Alex POV

*Flashback*

It’s been ten months since Servando’s death and Alex finds herself in Russia somewhere along the coast of Korfa Bay with the Bering Sea being the only separation between her and Alaska. Not that she wanted to go back. She’s been fully integrated within the program since then and finally gained some much needed respect from fellow recruits.

She’s currently walking down the corridor drenched in sweat busy with taking her combat gloves off when she barges past the double doors into the locker rooms.

“Oh no! Watch out she’s taking off the gloves. Who’d you kill this time, Al?” One of her fellow recruits goads as he walks past her in just his briefs.

Before she can answer her sparring partner from moments ago walks through the double doors.

“Why are you walking funny Marx?” Someone questions while Alex gathers her stuff from her locker ready to hit the showers.

“Fucking Morgan and her Savate and Sambo combination….I think she broke a rib…” He groans while trying to sit on one of the benches.

“Are you serious Marx she just threw you around and you’re moping like a wimp?”

“Shut up I couldn’t find my balance. She’s too fast!”

“At least she didn’t use her Bloodsport and Muay Thai combination on you….” Another guy remarks.

At this Alex looks up out of her locker and realizes it was Yasko. He made the error of asking her to spar with him after one of her secret missions James sent her on a few days back.

“My stiches come out in two days and then I demand a rematch, Morgan!” Yasko grumbles
through his thick German accent, cautiously trying to scratch around his three stiches just along his hairline on his forehead.

“So long boys I’m hitting the showers and stop whining like little pricks…. It’s annoying.” Alex simply walks out towards the showers, but one of the guys grabs her wrist.

“Need a hand with that…” He crudely suggests, but Alex couldn’t put a name to his face.

‘Must be new.’ Alex thinks knowing full well that last time one of the guys tried pulling a fast one on her they were made known why her left leg was the most lethal weapon on the national team.

“Let go of me.” She glares.

“Or what.”

Just as she was about to answer his question with a kick to his groin that his great grandchildren would feel James walks through the double doors. Immediately everyone drops everything they have to stand at attention.

“Hmmm am I interrupting something, Zein?” James tsks as he walks down the aisle stopping right in between Alex and the asshole who got lucky he arrived when he did.

“Sir, No. Sir!” They both chant in answer.

“Good. Now I need a three man team to be led by Morgan for the next OP. Who volunteers?”

Alex deflates immediately.

‘Come on! I just finished an OP not four days ago…give a girl a break!’ Alex fought from rolling her eyes in front of James, knowing she would regret his retaliation far more than having the satisfaction of adding a snide remark.

“Sir. Permission to speak? Sir.” Someone at the far end barks out.

“Yes.”

“With all due respect we all know how much of an asset, Morgan is, but do we really need to have her as lead on this one?”

Alex wants to hug whoever asked the question because in truth she was exhausted from her last mission and she just wanted to be on the backburner for this one.

James stands directly in front of Morgan and answers the question.

“I doubt you’ll be able to persuade her not to, given that it’s a Mission pertaining to the very reason of why she’s here in the first place.” James reveals.

“What really!…. Uhhh I mean.. Sir!…Really!” Alex corrects herself making several of the other recruits to snicker.

“Yes. Gather your team and meet me in HQ for your briefing.” James orders just as he walks out the room.

Everyone’s tense position is released as the doors close shut and all hell breaks loose.

“Why the hell does she always get the lead?!”
“This is bullshit!”

“I bet you she’s fucking him.”

At that remark Alex locks in on the man who said it and the room goes silent. It was the same one who made the crude gesture at her moments before James walked in, Zain.

“Nah… If you hadn’t figured it out yet James bats for the same team…maybe since you’re already such an ass you’ll have a better chance in the fucking. Let me know how that goes….” Alex smirks as she makes her way to the showers hearing the rest of the guys and several girls hollering and howling at the comeback.

Several hours later Alex is sitting in one of the conference tables. She couldn’t stop shaking her knees in anticipation to be briefed on her mission.

“This is it. It’s finally going to happen.” Alex calmly breathes out just as the monitors go on and the briefing begins.

“Okay this is your baby, Morgan. The main objection for this operation is to arrive at the extraction point to receive the informant. After this you will rendezvous to one of our safe houses in Belgium to interrogate the subject.”

*End of Flashback*

“What are you looking for?” Alex is brought back from her past and into the Portland studio apartment where Tobin’s voice cracks through Morgan’s thoughts.

“This…” Alex looks up at James just as he presses on one of the bricks along the wall closest to Tobin’s bed.

Alex already knew what was happening once she noticed the interchanging of Tobin’s sleeping area into a conference table she’s seen so many times before in the many safe houses she worked in during her operations.

The equipment the department used is duplicated in every safe house for easy operation for any agent cleared for missions.

“What’s that for?” Kelley asks and Alex is reminded that two of the people she loved were being pushed into something that had broken her both physically and mentally.

“Your apartment is a fortress. The window wall is made only for you to see out and no one to look back in. The carbon fiber curtain is made to keep infiltrators from surveying you through other means, such as thermal imaging equipment, video and voice transmitters, and is capable of withstanding almost any kind of armor piercing rounds.” James showcased.

‘Because what you’re singing up for is a life of hell and blood and people who resemble monsters more than humans…..or become one yourself.’ Alex thinks to herself.

“Where am I going to train?” Kelley asks.
“We took over the basement under the stadium in order to keep your cover and make you appear as devoted athletes. We renovated it with all the equipment needed to train you, all the tactical gear you could possibly need and Morgan’s personal favorites… A shooting range with a flurry of weapons to choose from and her knife collection.” James explained looking at Morgan slyly.

It made her stomach turn just thinking about the pride she actually took in her collection. A clear reminder in how she lost herself in Russia.

‘If they knew what I’d become in that frozen hell hole they wouldn’t see me as the positive, lively Alex they knew and once called their friend… hell I can’t even look at a mirror and say I’m even her anymore…..’

James was clearly trying to bring that to light and it made Alex feel like the most disgusting, ugliest human in the room. Glaring at James Alex gets up off the couch and walks to the table putting pressure on the surface of it making a computer elevate itself in front of her.

If she remembered correctly those safe houses she worked at also had the most intrusive surveillance within the house itself.

“Do I have a key to this so called place?” Morgan asks as she brings up a firewall preventing the security of the computer to monitor her movements. She was looking for a cache warehouse to grab some video jammers she would eventually place throughout the house to keep the department from watching her every move.

“No so much a key, but your body. The place is locked with the most sophisticated biometric keypad. Your lovely eyes should do the trick, Morgan.” James replies.

“Huh, neat I guess…. well you have about an hour till I need to find myself there for my physical evaluation. What are you still doing here?” Alex said jotting down the coordinates to the warehouse in her own personal code to keep others from reading it.

“I’m here just to notify you of the changes and for Kelley’s orientation. I see you’re making yourself at home…” Morgan can hear his footsteps begin to approach her and she quickly cuts the firewall.

“Home sweet Home.” She smirks closing the computer shut just as he reaches reading distance behind her.

“Already Morgan…. Not even an hour and your being a pain in my ass.” He glares at her. Alex wouldn’t be surprised if he retaliated later on for her smartass comment.

“She has a tendency of doing that.” Tobin’s voice rings out.

Alex still had images of Belgium running through her mind and she couldn’t bring herself to look at Tobin. Morgan knew how easily she could tap into her emotions and Alex felt that if she did look at Tobin, the midfielder would learn of her horrible actions of that night. Instead Morgan makes her way to her Nike trainer bag and makes herself busy gathering her training gear.

“Seems like she gained some new tendencies as well.” Tobin bites at her. Alex pauses in her movements.

‘See! I haven’t even looked at her and she’s reading me like the back of her hand. God if James tells her….’

“Since you seem to have familiarized yourself with everything so easily, you should get Kelley’s
orientation out of the way. Can you do the honors, Trainer?” Alex barely hears James through her guilty mind.

“Huh?” Alex mumbles.

“Give Kelley the run through.” He barks at her.

Alex forces herself to completely block out her thoughts and simply become an empty shell as she makes her way to the table and prepares the stupid picture James likes to use during the speech.

“Are the files in the system already?” Alex asks.

Too distracted with finding the files she doesn’t notice that Tobin isn’t at the table when Kelley sits next to James and looks up at the monitors. Alex stands next to them and begins the speech.

“This is your official admittance into the DEA’s clandestine program. This in no means deems you an official agent till you accomplish all skills and objectives you are faced with throughout your training. These trainings will determine your commitment and loyalty to the program. This program is made to produce an absolute soldier capable of doing a three man job. Defeat is not an option….. We only accept those who fight with every cell in their body and see no glory in compromise.”

Alex pauses and turns up to the screen and clicks the presentation to reveal a picture. The picture depicted a lone man perched on a hill in the middle of a war cry as numerous soldiers advanced towards him in all directions.

“You are to be under complete obedience to your Trainer. Failure to follow orders will be answered in swift punishment.” Alex ends the speech.

For Alex her trainer was ruthless and a raging hellhound. She was pretty sure James was asking the same from her.

‘I can’t do this.’

She could feel some emotion bubble to the surface, but somehow suppresses it realizing Tobin was making her way to the seat across from Kelley who looked like a damn kid in college paying close attention to everything that came out her mouth.

“Kelley don’t do this.” Alex whispers intently focused on Kelley.

Kelley ignores her and looks at James.

“Who is my trainer?”

“The highest ranking recruit we’ve had in our ten years of operation.” James eludes.

“And who is that?”

Alex looks down trying to ignore the piercing gaze Tobin was currently giving her.

“Our very own Alexandra Patricia Morgan.”

Alex hated when people recited her full name and she just needed to get out of the apartment in general, then she realizes she only has twenty minutes to reach the stadium for her evaluation to the Portland Thorns.
“I need to leave. I’m going to be late for my evaluation. I’ll hope that you’ll be out of sight when I return James?” The striker asks making her way to the couch and grabbing her bag.

“Don’t worry, Morgan. I still need to find my next diamond in the rough, given that you won’t fully commit to being an agent and all. My flight to Russia is set for late this evening then hopefully ….. For your sake you won’t see me again till this is all over.” James answers.

‘Or I’m dead…’ Alex nods making the error of glancing at Tobin for a split second and that’s all it took.

Those brown eyes make her practically jog out the door and down the stairs just to get away from them.

Alex finished her evaluation with flying colors and got past the annoying treadmill run with the mask on her face.

‘God I hate that shit!’ She screams internally taking the sweaty shirt off just as someone barged into the lonely locker room.

“Oh hey….You must be Alex…HI! I’m Meleana, but everyone calls me Mana.” The short women practically skips across the room to shake Morgan’s hand.

“Uhmmm hey?” Alex eyes the freckled faced midfielder strangely.

‘Does she not know??’

“Oh yes I know about your little fiasco, but hey from what I’ve heard people don’t believe you did it.”

“Yeah well last time I checked I’m under trial for murder so maybe you should go back and check your sources.” Alex slams her locker shut grabbing her stuff and quickly walks out not wanting to explain her situation just yet.

Walking down the second floor of the stadium Alex runs a hand through her hair realizing that maybe she could have handled that better. She’s not a one man team anymore. It hits her then that she was actually going to have to build new relationships in order to maybe in some miraculous way have the second chance to do the one thing that made her feel like the Alex she once was.

Not wanting to take the elevator in danger of getting stuck in those awkward silences with anyone who managed to get on with her she takes the stairs instead. Just as she opens the heavy set door and walks into the stairwell the cool air makes her realize she walked out of the locker room in just her jogging shorts and sports bra.

‘Last thing I need is for the dumb camera’s to see me like this…. let’s make a visit to the secret lair.’ She jokes to herself running down the stairs.

Reaching the basement Morgan walks through the doors and feels like she’s in one of those dumb sci-fi movies Kelley would make her watch all the time.
At the very end of the corridor under the flickering fluorescents she notices a door hiding on the far right corner missing a doorknob.

“This must be it” She speaks out loud running her hands along the door looking for anything peculiar. Slightly to the right of the door small lines making the shape of a hidden panel suggest the keypad James was talking about.

Pressing on the panel it slides up revealing a circular instrument. Waving her hand across it the panel lights up in a blue hue and it moves out of the panel folding out a chin holder just under the biometric keypad. Hunching over to level her eye against the instrument she squints when the thing turns on and starts scanning her right eye.

Shortly after the door clicks open she quickly walks inside not wanting to be seen by anyone wondering around the basement. As soon as she walks past the entry way the door slams shut and she is completely thrown into darkness.

Almost immediately Alex becomes the agent she was trained.

‘This is a test….shit how could I be so stupid!’

A single light turns on in the center of the empty room.

“Long time no see, Al” A voice echoes from the other corner of the room. Out of the shadows Alex couldn’t ask for a better punching bag. It was Zein.

As he walks down towards the center she takes in his appearance assessing him for any advantages she might have.

Zein was about the same size as her so she could use just about any of her four mastered techniques. The best advantage she had was that Zein’s center of mass was all upper body and that gave her the notion that he liked to use his fists. Bad deal for him because this leaves him vulnerable to her long reach with the use of her legs.

In all her denial Alex knew that she welcomed this test in all earnest, because she had so much pent up anger waiting to be released.

‘If James wanted a show I’m more than happy to give him one. Plus it wasn’t like Zein was the most honorable man anyways.’ At least that’s how she justifies what she’s about to do.

“Cat got your tongue Babe?”

“How about you stop talking out of your ass and make you way over here.” She suggests not liking the dark corners. She was sure that Zein was not the only one in the room.

“Nah I like to watch.”

“I’m sure you……” Before Alex could finish her snide remark someone lunges out of the shadows and throws a left jab.

She was caught off guard and that made it worse for whoever it was because this made Alex act on instinct and not on controlled movements.

Stopping the jab she keeps a hold of his wrists and double elbow smashes him across the face. The man groans out in pain. The sound of blood dripping on the floor made it clear Alex broke his nose. Not giving him a chance to fight back she swiftly kicks him just under the chin taking him
out for the count.

Alex cautiously walks closer to Zein.

A few yards to her right Morgan notices a woman hiding along the wall, luckily Alex’s eye’s had slightly adjusted to the dark and before the women even fully emerged from the shadows Alex got a sprinting head start at her. Not realizing Alex was running at her the women took too long to react. Alex was already pushing off her legs and lunging her flying knee to the girls face. Just as Alex felt the impact she followed through with an elbow strike down her forehead nocking the women out from the harsh blow to her frontal lobe.

“I heard your Bloodsport was lethal.” Zein grabs Alex’s attention.

Walking up to him she watches as he raises his hands into a fight stance.

“I heard you bat for the same team too….too bad you didn’t let me fuck you senseless in the showers…could’ve changed your mind ya know what I mean?”

Alex just about had enough of the man in all truths. Closing the distance she allows him to throw a few punches blocking all of them but then he reads her and grabs her wrist reeling in a swift power angle kick to her outer left thigh. Ignoring the numbing pain Alex stuns Zein with a sharp elbow to the top of his right eye.

He quickly tries to retaliate with a right hook, but Alex predicts it and starts gaining rhythm. Morgan blocks the hook and quickly jabs with her left connecting with his chin as she sends her left shin up in to his liver and ends it with her own right hook. Zein retreats slightly back and that’s all the space she needs to roundhouse kick him. The sound of the impact echoes off the walls as she lands it just along his jawline and Zein falls limp to the ground.

“God that felt good, sleep tight suckaa!” Alex grunts over Zein.

“Who said you were done?” A weak voice echoes from behind the striker.

Alex looks over her left shoulder and her high on endorphins is completely shot down when she realizes Tobin was in the room the whole time.

“What are you doing here?”

“James wants to know what you did in Belgium for those three weeks you went dark.” Tobin answers just as four other agents come out of doors hidden by the darkness.

Alex couldn’t fight them off she was too distracted with Tobin in her sights. They successfully restrain her onto a chair. Tobin places her own chair several feet in front of her and sits down.

James appears out of nowhere much to Alex’s disadvantage. She was too focused on trying to read Tobin but it made her sick to her stomach that she couldn’t read the tanned midfielder not one bit.

“It’s funny really….Where you are especially talented in close combat and weapons, our Tobin here has an uncanny ability in getting people to spill their guts out.” He informs Alex as they watch Tobin prepare the polygraph in her possession.

‘I should have stayed and talked with Mana…’ Alex regrets as she fights against the straps knowing full well that Tobin was doing this in her own volition to shine light on the things Alex kept in the darkest corners of her mind.
Tobin’s POV

From the moment Tobin made her presence known she’s yet looked up at Alex, but could hear her struggling against the restraints the other agents had placed on her.

Heath pressed several sensors into the tablet she used as her own personal Polygraph.

Finally looking up she notices James standing beside Alex who was still fighting against her restraints in just her sports bra and jogging shorts no less. The two agents that restrained her stood at attention a few feet behind.

Tobin didn’t work this way she preferred to be alone while she questioned her informant.

“I need you to leave… I need all of you to leave.” She commands paying attention to the tangled mess of wires she needed to put on Alex.

James walks towards Tobin leaning into her ear.

“She’s very hostile during these things…She hated when our agents tried picking at her brain. Also…don’t think this is all about her, I’m evaluating you as well so get the information I need, Heath.” He whispers shortly before following the others out the door.

The sound of the door shutting resonated to her core.

Alex’s temper was not the best of her qualities and Tobin knew far too well…or at least she used to know how the forward lost it sometimes. Walking towards the striker Tobin double checks on the restraints knowing if James was right things could get really ugly.

First she checks the wrist straps noticing the skin around them already beginning to grow tender. A scowl works its way onto her face no matter how hard she tries to fight it because it wasn’t a drug dealer or a scumbag sitting in that chair…it was Alex.

“Where’s Kelley?” Alex tries to sound calm, but her chest was moving rapidly and Tobin knew she was far from it.

“Upstairs signing a contract.” She answers grabbing the tape from her bag and making another restraint on the striker’s forearms.

Tobin learned a long time ago to never underestimate the person glaring at her. Alec thrived on it.

“Is this really necessary.” Alex grunts trying to fight against the new restraints.

“Very.” Tobin whispers as she intentionally slides her hands along the striker’s legs all the way down to the straps on her ankles.

“That’s not going to work for you today babe.” Alex raises her right brow looking down at Tobin. Tobin just gives her one of her trademark smiles and pulls up slowly.

“You sure about that?” Tobin whispers right against the forward’s right ear making Alex hitch in
her breathing.

Tobin returns to her bag and grabs her Polygraph trying to give the forward a break before she really laid on the heavy questions.

She places the three sensors on Alex’s right temple, one on the pulse point just below her ear and one just over her heart. Tobin takes in a deep breath at the same time Alex does making them look at each other for a moment preparing themselves for what was about to come.

“What’s your full name?”

“I think you know that Tobin”

“Just answer the question, this is going to happen whether we both like it or not so stop being a pain for once.”

“Alexandra Patricia Morgan” Alex answers not giving up on her fight against the straps on her wrists.

“Date of Birth?”

“July 2nd 1989” The lines gauge a base line.

“Okay well let’s start small shall we?…. The night of the incident was Servando shot in front of you?”

“Yes.” Tobin watches the line move normally.

“Who was the friend you reached out to that night?”

“…..” Tobin looks up and catches Alex looking at her dead in the eye.

“Hope.” Alex answers and Tobin reads the line. It remains constant meaning she told the truth, but it didn’t make sense because Tobin was there that night.

“You were asleep.” She elaborates reading the scowl on Tobin’s face.

“Does she know where you put the carry-on?”

“Ohhhh you are good.” Alex laughs.

“Answer the question.”

“No she doesn’t.” Tobin shakes her head reading the line with no hitch once again.

“Where is the carry-on?”

“Not here.” Alex dodges the question.

Getting slightly frustrated Tobin walks up to Alex.

“Your file reads that your last mission in Belgium was an interrogation. Did the informant have information pertaining to the group that blackmailed you?”

Tobin noticed the slight change in Alex’s state. She could tell Morgan was fighting against her emotions wanting to keep her base line, but as soon as Tobin mentioned Belgium her pulse line
peaked several degrees.

“Yes.” Alex answers with the truth.

“Your file also reads that your informant along with the rest of your team died during the mission and you went dark shortly after. Did you run because you lost control during that interrogation?” At this Tobin stopped looking at her polygraph because it was jumping all over the place.

“I didn’t lose control.” Alex laughs still twisting her wrists against the tape.

That was not the answer Tobin expected and it scared her to even think about asking the question that was burning in the back of her mind. She was even more terrified of the answer she would get.

Looking up she watches the camera in the corner blink reminding her she was being evaluated.

“What did the informant tell you that made you lose control?”

“Is it too hard to believe that he didn’t….that he just ended up dead?” Alex’s voice echoed off the walls.

Fighting against her inner turmoil Tobin leans over the striker, placing one hand on each of Alex’s forearms to stop her from twisting them afraid Alex would draw blood if she continued.

Tobin remained silent looking at Morgan’s frantic blue eyes taking her in knowing that patience can hold Alex together for only a limited amount of time.

Like Alex read her mind she squinted her eyes into a glare towards Tobin’s passive body language.

“James got you doing his dirty work now?” Alex taunts pulling on her wrist’s again despite Tobin’s close proximity.

“What did the informant tell you that made you lose control?” Tobin asks ignoring the strikers’ question.

“You know last time I was in a chair like this it was my final test. James wanted to know how long I could hold out for…You doing that now Tobin?” Alex instigates.

Tobin stands up and walks behind Alex and she knew exactly what to say to get a rise out of the forward.

“Now you and me both know that you ran because he told you something that you couldn’t handle and he probably died under the same circumstance as the man with the kill chip, so stop dodging like a coward and tell me!” Tobin knew that she touched a nerve as soon as the word left her mouth.

“You don’t have a clue what you are talking about. And Coward really…. Reminds me terribly of the last message you sent me that very night. What was it again…..Oh yeah! Let me remind you.

“I know what we talked about before, dot dot dot! But I understand if you change your mind dot dot dot! Listen to your heart Lex dot dot dot! Fucking dot!”

Don’t talk to me about being a coward because if we want to point out who the coward really is in this room, look in a mirror Heath!” Alex threw out the gauntlet and Tobin felt like she had unleashed something she didn’t want to talk about yet, under James scrutiny off all places.

“I think we can agree that we both had our faults that night.” Tobin calmly responds reaching to
the straps on Alex’s wrist’s taking them off.

“What are you doing?….Are we done?” Alex questioned confused, rubbing her wrist once they were freed.

“No, but I realize that forcing these questions out of you is pointless. You’ll answer them because you want to.” Heath comments tired of the situation in general.

Her mind was still caught up in what Alex had said. Tobin knew more than anyone that she let her go without a fight. That day kept replaying in her head every waking moment, she didn’t need a reminder.

“Here take this, you look cold.” Taking off the hoodie Tobin was wearing she hands it to Alex.

“During the time you went dark did you in any way encounter someone that persuaded you to become a double agent?” asks the one question James wanted to hear and Tobin was already packing up her stuff once Alex answered it.

“No I didn’t all I did was run from everyone… and everything.” Alex’s tone changed and Tobin didn’t need to look at the polygraph to know that was the truth.

“Ok…Looks like we’re done here.” Tobin starts walking out of the room.

“Wait where are you going?”

“Home.” Tobin needed to get out of there and she didn’t care if James didn’t get all the information he needed.

Alex’s POV

“What are you doing?… Are we done?” Alex expected a completely different response from Tobin. Helping her take off the tape strapping her to the chair was not it.

“No, but I realize that forcing these questions out of you is pointless. You’ll answer them because you want to.”

“Here take this, you look cold.” All Alex could do was take the hoodie and put it on, reminded that Tobin was one of the most selfless people she knew and now a days there weren’t too many she did.

‘This is all your fault and all you can say is that she’s a coward….Only Tobin would give the person she just finished interrogating the shirt off her back…literally’ Alex hated that her temper got the best of her again making her say things she didn’t mean, to make the one person she truly cared for question herself.

“During the time you went dark did you in any way encounter someone that persuaded you to become a double agent?” Tobin grabs Alex’s attention and she answers it the best she can because Tobin deserves that much.
“No I didn’t all I did was run from everyone…and everything.” Alex reveals a morsel of what was going inside her head.

“Ok…Looks like we’re done here.”

“Wait where are you going?”

“You really did it this time Morgan.’ Alex’s heart pounds in her chest. Her body begins to prickle from the heat rising on her skin. Alex hated nothing more than having Tobin walk away from her in anything less than the ever present smile on her face.

“Home.” Her tone so final that Alex felt it in the pit of her stomach.

‘I have to fix this.’

Grabbing the bag off the floor from where she dropped it before getting attacked she starts walking towards the door Tobin just walked out of trying to catch up with her.

From out a dark corner like a damn creep James pops out and using his own momentum Alex slams him against the door she just walked out of.

“Easy!” James grunts out past the elbow pressing on his windpipe.

“Haven’t you had your fill yet!!”

“I agree that the day has been prolonged more than necessary, but I need you to tell me what really happened in that interrogation Morgan! You were the only one out of your team that made it out… What happened?”

“I answer this question and we are done for at least a few days, I’ll figure my own way into Frank’s group?”

“Yes, Deal.” He gasps when Alex backs off and allows James to rub his neck.

“We got him to the safe house. He was about to break. He was about to tell me everything when out of nowhere a huge firefight broke out from within the group….Like we had a mole within our flanks. That’s the only way I can explain it. He wasn’t killed by a kill chip…someone shot him in the chest. Before I ran the last words he said were ‘You know the boss.’”

“So we are not…”

“Look I answered your question. I’m leaving now.” Alex cuts him off not caring about any of it. She just needed to get to Tobin as fast as she could.

Running up the stairwell she runs into Kelley going downstairs.

“Hey uhmm how did the…”

“Tobin…. Did you see her?” Alex asks.

“No. What happened?”

“I need to fix something.” She readjusts the strap on her shoulder watching as Kelley puts two and two together.

“She’s probably getting a ride from Shim.”
“Uhm there is nothing downstairs. Can we head home? I need to talk to Tobs.”

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll get a ride from Buehler… I’ll crash at her place.” Kelley adds with a slight smirk on her face.

Alex surprised herself when she embraced Kelley seemingly out of nowhere.

“Thanks.” She whispers quickly letting Kelley go and jogging up the rest of the stairs.

Within fifteen minutes Alex made it to the apartment and ran up the stairs.

“Tobin?” She calls out closing the door behind her walking around the bookshelf to find an empty bed and an empty apartment.

Grabbing the guitar from the corner where Tobin put it, Alex grabs various objects around the apartment busy scheming determined to fix her dumb mistake. To let herself open up to the one person she couldn’t lose.

Tobin’s POV

“Thanks again for the much needed coffee and the ride, Mana.” Tobin leans against the open window not really wanting to go inside just yet.

“Don’t worry too much Tobs. Anytime.”

“Goodnight” Tobin waves till the back of Mana’s car disappears around the corner.

Taking her time up the stairs Tobins’ ears perk up at the sound of music coming from their apartment.

The style of music reminded her of the many night lounges in Paris.

Opening the door she can see candles flickering on the coffee table lighting up the living room where the rest of the place was covered in dark shadows. Just a few steps inside Tobin makes out a trail of sticky notes on various objects leading to one of the couches.

Each one had a single word until she gathered what they had written on them in the distinct slant of Alex’s handwriting.

“Sit your lovely bottom on the couch and give me a smile, gorgeous.”

Nervous, Tobin puts her hands in her pockets not really sure what Alex was playing at making her way to the couch where she notices another sticky note reading “Lovely bottom” with an arrow pointing at a specific spot on the couch.

As soon as Tobin sat on the couch a lamp switched on over the balcony where Alex’s bed was at.

Her mind became mush when Alex slowly walked down the stairs in the most hypnotizing way.
Sporting a pair of black boyshorts and an open white button up with nothing else underneath Tobin nearly died. To make Tobin even more breathless than she already was, the long black stockings that drove her mad when Alex wore them on the field just about wrote her obituary.

“What….”

“SShhhh” Alex places her index finger along her lips cutting Tobin off shaking her head unraveling the loose hair to fall just over her shoulders.

Tobin didn’t know where to look and all her senses kept asking for attention that she couldn’t possibly even register at the moment.

And then Alex started singing to the music and Tobin just about died from laughter.

(Keep by Furns)

*If I could make you see how much I love you* We could make this world a little better Together we could make a change You know that I’ll be waiting for you darling Even if I’ll have to wait forever for you I would, oh yes you know I would wait for you

Tobin was listening to the words but she was clutching her stomach from the fits of laughter she had at the worst dancing and singing she’s ever witnessed in her life. *Cause you’re a keeper That’s what you are You are the sweetest thing Ever happening to me And I don’t ever wanna let you go*

“Stop please I can’t breathe.” Tobin croaked out half laying on the couch.

“Oh I’m not done yet….close your eyes.”

“What why?”

“Just do it!” Alex whines placing her hands on her hips and Tobin gets distracted at the new skin exposed on Alex’s chest by the stance.

“Eyes closed, champ.” Alex pursed her lips knowing where Tobin’s head was at.

“Ugh fine!” Tobin covers her eyes feeling giddy.

Her heart was fluttering not just because possibly the hottest women in sports was parading in front of her in the most alluring way, but because that very same person that was being a complete dork moments ago was the very reason why she risked everything to find her again.

Then Tobin hears the distinct sound of her very own guitar. The chords although amateur kept the tone and Tobin started peeking through her fingers.

Alex was focusing intently on the guitar and making sure she got the chord changes right.

(Never Seen Anything “Quite Like You” by The Script)

“I think I want you more than want And no I need you more than need I want to hold you more than hold When you stood in front of me I think you know me more than know And you see me more than see I could die now more than die Every time you look at me” “Well I’ve seen you in jeans with no make-up on And I’ve stood there in awe as your date for the prom I’m blessed as a
man to have seen you in white
But I’ve never seen anything quite like you tonight
No, I’ve never seen anything quite like you”

Feeling comfortable with the changes Alex looks up at Tobin and for the first time Tobin feels the emotions Alex failed for so long to show her.

“And your eyes are in your eyes And my heart’s in our hearts
Sometimes words just ain’t enough
For this love that’s more than love”

Alex stops because her voice gets caught in her throat and she can’t see past her tears.

“I’m sorry…I’m sorry I took so long and That I said those things back there. I’m messed up…I know that and I can’t see you going down that road Tobs. It’ll kill me more than anything. I love you and I never had the guts to say it to you much less myself.” Her rasp more prominent than ever.

“Come here.” Tobin whispers past the painful strain in her throat trying to keep the tears at bay.

Alex walks to her and Tobin couldn’t hold back so she pulls her down and cradles Alex against her chest.

“I love you to and you ain’t losing me that easily.” Tobin lifts Alex’s `chin to face her.

Tobin stands up right with Alex still in her arms.

“Where are you taking me, buffpants?” Alex smirks past her sniffles.

“To our bed because you’re done sleeping on your own. I won’t have it!” Tobin softly places her on her own bed and follows suit.

Immediately Alex pulls her in close and Tobin couldn’t take the smile off her face.

“You are such a sap.” Alex mumbles in the crook of her neck.

“I’ve missed you…. This you I mean. Thank you for doing this.”

“I think I needed this more than anything. I’ve missed you more than you could imagine.”

Tobin kisses her forehead and starts running her hands through the silky hair lulling Alex to sleep.

Tobin was on the brink of falling asleep herself when she feels Alex completely let go of all the tension in her body and tighten her grip on Heath’s side. It was probably the first time she’d ever truly let go.
**Introductions**

Chapter Notes

Okay for those that didn't realize my story disappeared on Ao3. I had to rummage through my files and piece it all back together.... I hate doing things half-assed so I fixed it and here is LAST WEEKS FULL UPDATE. I couldn't find the file to my last update so i had to rewrite it and it may be slightly different from what you read sooo yeah....
I will be back on schedule for this Sunday.
Pheww !!! Well here you go lol hope you enjoy and if you notice any problems with the previous chapters pls let me know.
Much appreciated.
Gnite!!!

**Tobin POV**

The sun began to rise with the moon still in the sky when Tobin woke up feeling the same calmness of the ocean she’d long forgotten about and the warmth of the sun landing on her skin. It poured out into the apartment landing halfway on the bed where they slept. Tobin refused to open her eyes just yet, but the smile on her face was formed either way due to the warmth of the striker’s body in contrast to the sun’s rays and the long deep rhythm of her chest pressed up against Tobin’s side letting her know that she was still asleep.

Opening her eyes the first thing they landed on was the light brown waves of her hair rolling down her toned bare back. Alex snuggled her way into the crook of her neck with half her face covered by her own hair and she had a faint snore going on.

“Dumb…dumb luck.” Tobin whispers, but that’s all it took for Alex to wake up. Her eyes snap open and her body turns rigid.

In complete contrast to the calm peace she was in, Alex pulls up abruptly and straddles Tobin’s hips with one swift push off the bed. Tobin just woke up and her brain was still lagging not yet able to respond to the rapid movement.

‘Damn she’s fast!’ Tobin rambles trying to stay still and not cause any more alarm for Alex to react to.

The blue orbs glaring down at her changed gradually to one of confusion.

“What? Where am I?” Her voice cracks slowly letting go of Tobin’s wrists she’d pinned against the bed.

‘Groggy Alex was the funniest.’ Tobin remembers as the forward leans back and runs a hand through her hair looking around the apartment still trying to understand where she was at. Tobin
realizes then that Alex was on top of her in just her black boy shorts and it was really starting to become a problem.

‘Oh sweet baby Jesus! This women is going to kill me…’ Tobin swallows the drool before it falls out her mouth and tries her hardest to pay attention.

“The suns out…” Tobin hears Alex mumble under her breath and doesn’t really comprehend the remark.

“Yeah that usually happens when you wake up sleepy head.”

“What time is it?”

“Hmm not sure just woke up a few moments before you.” Tobin just answers not really minding the view.

Alex finally looks back down at Tobin and the way the light glows behind her head Tobin swears she woke up with an angel in her bed.

“I had a dream about you.” Alex smirks leaning back over Tobin.

“I think that would be a problem because I’m pretty sure I’m still dreaming.” Tobin gets pulled in by the endless ocean in her eyes.

“Hmm really…” The mischievous smirk warns Tobin.

Alex POV

Her body felt like it was weighed down on whatever it was that she was sleeping on. Alex woke up from a dream involving Tobin and a bucket of strawberry ice cream she did not want to end in any shape or form and to say she was pissed was an understatement.

“Dumb…dumb luck.” She hears the whisper right over her ear and it startles her right out of her wonderful dream.

Alex makes quick work of grabbing their hands and pinning them down as she takes full mount ready to stop the danger.

Then she’s blinded by the bright smile plastered over her assailants face.

‘Tobin? What?... Where am I?’ Alex thinks recognizing her face and realizing she’s in a bed... in an apartment...on top of Tobin.

She hears Tobin talking but her head was still trying to catch up to her actions.
'Am I still dreaming…' Alex leans back trying to understand where she was at.

“The suns up…” She whispers as the sun’s warmth on her back and the distinct warmth of Tobin’s body under her answers the question that she was in fact awake, but then that means that she didn’t wake up at all last night.

Alex couldn’t believe she didn’t wake up not once the entire night and her body sure as hell was not used to it. Her body felt like she could take on the world.

‘Not one bad dream…’ Alex is baffled.

“What time is it?” she asks still not quite sure if she was awake.

“Hmm not sure just woke up a few moments before you” Tobin’s voice was a little raspy itself in the early morning hours. Alex loved the way her eyes where puffy from sleep and her hair was in all sorts of disarray making her look even more adorable than she usually was. In complete contrast to what she looked like in her dream.

‘God that dream….’ Alex feels her mind starting to catch up to her body beginning to react to the way her body pressed up against Tobin’s.

“I had a dream about you.” She smirks leaning back over Tobin and the huge grin still prominent on her face.

“I think that would be a problem because I’m pretty sure I’m still dreaming.” Tobin answers back.

“Hmm Really…” Alex whispers finding Tobin’s hands again and pinning them back over the stunned midfielder’s light golden hair made even more prominent by the sun’s rays.

‘Wow she’s so beautiful…..How did I get so lucky.’ Alex took in what Tobin really was….natural unblemished beauty and she had her at her mercy.

“My heart hasn’t exploded yet so I’m pretty sure.” Tobin perks up an eyebrow.

Taking that as a challenge Alex slowly rocks her hips and lowers her head to press her lips along Tobin’s jawline.

“Shhittt” Tobin gasps.

“Still dreaming?” Alex gloats trying to control her own needs watching as Tobin starts to comprehend what Alex was playing at.

“Head in the clouds.” Tobin continues to poke the bear.

Alex chuckles taking both of Tobin’s hands in one of hers, releasing her right hand in order to run along the tanned skin she knew no dream could ever do justice towards.

At the moment she begins to agonizingly slowly run her hand down Tobin’s body starting from her right outstretched arm Tobin’s phone begins to ring.

“Ignore it.” Alex whispers her lips still working along Tobin’s collarbone.

“I can’t…. It might be Frank” Tobin has to stop to catch her breath and regroup in what she was trying to say to Alex. “…Or James.”

“I don’t like sharing…” Alex chuckles against Tobin’s neck.
“Neither do I…..” Alex rolls her hips agonizingly slow making her hitch in her sentence.

“Stop being a tease…” Tobin breathes out starting to squirm out of Alex’s vise grip on her hands.

“But what about James or Frank?” Alex lifts her head out from under her neck and stops all movement. The phone still ringing somewhere in the living room.

“Screw them…” Tobin breaks and Alex answers by letting her hands go.

Tobin immediately pulls up and begins to kiss a trail along Alex’s chest making her groan out and lean her head back asking for more.

With Tobin sitting up holding Alex from leaning too far back, the front door is flung open and Alex bucks off Tobin in record speed, too fast she couldn’t control her flailing limbs making her slide off the bed and land in a heap on the floor.

“What the Fuck!” Alex yells as she untangles herself from the sheets on the ground and jumps back up on her feet wrapping the sheet around her in a matter of seconds.

‘Come on!’ Alex huffs out making the hair on her face bounce up pushing it to the side. Her whole demeanor changed once she looked past the bookshelf making out a tall figure walking into the apartment.

At first she thought it was someone back from Russia planning on making their revenge from the many missions she worked on.

“Oh Come on! You haven’t even been here two weeks and you’re already shacking it up, Morgan.” The voice carries and bounces off the walls of the apartment.

‘Oh god please no! ….’ Alex really wished she was dreaming know because she’d recognize that voice anywhere. That voice belonged to the very person that mentored her from the beginning of her national soccer team career. That voice belonged to Abby and she’d just walked in on Alex.

Relieved that it was Abby instead of a crazy Russian Alex felt the laugh begin to surface towards the embarrassing situation. She tried to hold it in, but her eyes landed on Tobin who was still lying on the bed with her hands over her eyes like somehow Abby wouldn’t be able to tell she was on the bed. Alex couldn’t help, but laugh.

That all stopped when she heard more footsteps at the entrance.

“Who else is here!!!????” Alex demands.

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Kelley’s POV

Kelley rolled over trying to block out the hard rapid knocks on the door behind her. Rachel threw
her on the couch despite her desperate pleas of sleeping on the foot of her bed.

“It’s five in the morning! Who in their right mind knocks this early in the morning?” Kelley huffs out in frustration catching herself before falling off the couch.

Walking around her makeshift bed Kelley notices Rachel walk out her room and head towards the coffee pot in the kitchen.

Opening the door Kelley comes face to face with a chest she knew quite intimately and figured the day was going to get a lot more interesting …the sun hadn’t even come out yet.

“Good morning short stuff!” The voice rattles Kelley’s brain.

“Aw Man! I forgot you lived in Portland. Some of us like sleep Abby!” Kelley croaks.

“I got a call from Sermanni last night informing me about a certain person who was relocated back to the states and having the potential of getting another call up before qualifications. I couldn’t wait any longer…. Where is she?” Abby walks around Kelley making her way into Rachel’s kitchen.

“It’s April, Abby. Qualifiers aren’t till October. Plus, she’s not here. They made her live with Tobin in some studio apartment downtown.” Rachel answers while handing over a cup of coffee to both of the women standing in her kitchen.

“You know the address? I need to talk to her…. Qualifications are coming up and I need to understand if she’s really up for making the roster…. We play China in a week.” Abby demands but Kelley could see right through it. The whole team could. Ever since Alex left Abby had been running with no real spark or fire behind her playing time.

They all missed the days of the dynamic duo.

“I can take you there….” Kelley offers way before she comprehends the decision she made.

Yesterday Kelley left the stadium with a small glimmer of hope that Alex was still somehow herself aside from the crazy world Kelley unveiled. She’s still not quite sure of the serious implications she tied herself to.

‘Alex is going to kill me for this.’ Kelley thinks but decides that she would much rather take the wrath of Alex over Abby’s any day.

“Great let’s go.” Abby starts walking out the door.

‘Oh crap!’ Kelley fumbles trying to put her shoes on and look for her phone somewhere lost in the folds of the couch.

“Have fun!” Rachel calls out as Kelley struggles to keep up with Abby.

Already in Abby’s car making their way to Tobin and Alex’s apartment Kelley kept trying to get a hold of Tobin on the phone, but it was pointless.
‘Why don’t they answer their phones?!’ Kelley screams internally hoping for her own sake that they were actually asleep. Given that it was Tobin and Alex she reasoned that they would still be asleep given how early it was. Kelley never met a pair of women who cherished their sleep more than those two dorks she shared a house with for a good portion of a year.

‘…Man how things change.’ Kelley reminisces while looking in her bag for the loose spare key to their apartment she still had in her possession.

“You got a key to their place?” Abby pokes her nose out towards Kelley who sheepishly tries to deny the question.

“…Maybe.”

“Cough it up.” Abby holds her hand out just as she finishes parking in front of the apartment.

“You’re a bully!” Kelley huffs out placing the key in hands that were twice the size of hers.

“You’re a perv.”

“Really…. You’re never going to let that go are you?” Kelley remembers the night she reached second-base with Abby…It was a very emotional game for Kelley and she’ll never admit that she gets a bit handsy at times….most of the time.

Getting out of the car Kelley makes a double take to the broad shoulders walking into the building.

‘Wait….I know those shoulders.’ Kelley thinks ignoring what Abby was saying and jogging towards the tall figure in front of them.

“Hope?” Kelley calls out.

“Huh, Hope? What are you doing here?” Abby walks around her car holding the key in her hand.

“Uh Hey guys. What are you doing out here so early in the morning?” Hope readjusts the bag on her shoulders.

“Could ask you the same thing?” Kelley notices the tight grip Hope has on the bag.

“Ok well while you guys catch up I’m going upstairs.” Abby dismisses herself.

“Wait!” Kelley calls out afraid Abby would scare Alex awake and have her go ninja on Abby. Although that would be a sight Kelley would be intrigued to witness she really didn’t need to explain to Coach why his biggest goal scorer got injured.

“We are going to talk about this later.” Kelley whispers at Hope knowing that something strange was going on with her being there.

Walking up the stairs Kelley could hear a series of thuds and profanity leak out from Tobin’s apartment.

“What the fuck!” Kelley can hear Alex’s voice stream into the hallway.

‘Oh great. Sermanni is going to kill me.’

“Oh Come on! You haven’t even been here two weeks and you’re already shacking it up, Morgan.” Abby makes Kelley stop just outside the entrance afraid of what she would be walking into.
“Who else is here?!” Alex demands.

“I don’t’ even want to know what’s going on in there.” Hope whispers leaning over Kelley’s head.

“Abby!.... Wait …. Stop! Turn around….this is so wrong!” Alex croaks out.

Kelley’s curiosity had her walking through the door and what she saw nearly brought her back to the days that this chaos was normal in her life whenever she was near the two dorks…maybe with a little more clothes.

Alex shuffled across the room holding a bed sheet around her body rummaging through Tobin’s drawers putting anything on she could find. Kelley almost missed Tobin in her sleeping clothes lying completely flat on the bed with her hands covering her face. She could see the blush pouring out onto her forehead and down her neck.

‘Abby definitely walked in on them. Ha!’ Kelley thanks the heavens, God, Jesus and Mary that she wasn’t at the door to witness whatever Abby walked in on. She would never recover.

“I’m Home!!” Kelley makes her presence known.

“You gave her the key, Kelley!!” Tobin mumbles over her hands still covering her face.

Alex slammed the drawer shut glaring at Kelley still trying to pull the sweatshirt all the way down her torso.

“Hey! I tried calling you….Not my fault you were too busy to answer the phone.” Kelley laughs out.

“Kelley I think you should make a run for it.” Hope nudges her shoulder, but as soon as Hope announces herself she notices Tobin and Alex quickly turn their attention towards her…well more like the bag on her side.

“Hope! Wha… Why do you…” Alex stops in the middle of whatever she was saying looking at Abby standing on the side leaning against the couch.

“I need to talk to you… get changed and we can hit up a diner I saw down the road…come on.” Abby interrupts the awkward silence before it became too obvious there was something going on.

‘What is it with these freaks and bags?’ Kelley thinks watching both Tobin and Alex looking like border collies following a wish bone that being the bag hanging off Hope’s shoulder.

“Yeah Alex you should catch up with Abby…get the mojo back up on the pitch we are in serious need of it.” Tobin smirks. Eyes narrowing into a straight up death glare Alex immediately turns on Tobin and folds her arms against her chest.

Knowing they were holding a telepathic conversation between themselves Kelley knew the look Tobin had on her face all too well. Tobin was scheming something and it had to do with Hope.

“How many people know about this!?'

“Come on…Chop Chop.” Abby claps her hands.

Shaking her head Alex walks by Tobin whispering something Kelley couldn’t quite make out before grabbing Tobin’s boots and shoving them on in a dramatic fashion.

“I’m coming.” Alex whines towards a waiting Abby standing by the front door.
“You wish.” Tobin calls out just before Alex walks out the door making her pause holding the door open.

“You’re going to regret this Heath.” Alex calmly calls back out not even looking back into the apartment and shortly after walking out she slams the door shut making the whole wall rattle by the force.

“Tobin’s wearing the pants today!” Hope laughs because currently Tobin really wasn’t wearing any pants, but Hope came up with a funny and she was proud of herself for it. Hope was still laughing from her bad pun that Kelley recognizes her opportunity and snatches the bag in her distraction.

“Hey!” Both Hope and Tobin cry out before Kelley breaks out into a run up towards Alex’s bed trying to get the zipper to open to figure out what the hell was in the bag.
Alex’s POV

“We’ve missed you.” Abby states while squeezing the bottle of ketchup on her omelet sitting across the table from Alex in a booth inside some modern diner a few streets down.

“What do you want Abby?” Alex raises the question wanting to get the conversation over with. Her mind too occupied with the image of Tobin making her way to Franks’ right at this very moment with her only leverage.

“I want to know why you’re doing this.”

“Doing what?” The question not really making sense to Alex.

“Why are you here? Why are you standing in front of me despite everything that’s happened?” Abby questions looking at the other striker intently.

“Because I am….” Alex shrugs.

“Alex you know that’s not what I’m asking.” Abby shakes her head giving Alex a quizzical look.

“Abby I really don’t underst….”

“Don’t do that. Don’t give me the stupid Barbie act because maybe that worked with the people you were running from these past few months, but it’s not going to work on me. You and I both know you’re far more than the pretty face that used to be plastered on every Nike Billboard around a city much like this one.” Abby could sense the bullshit from a mile away and Morgan knew that if she wanted this conversation to end in a matter of minutes she was going to have to give Abby what she wanted.

“Now tell me. What are you really doing here? Why are you planning on coming back despite everything?” Abby restates the question.

Taking in a deep breath Alex slumps her shoulders and looks out the window watching the oblivious citizens walking along the busy streets…with their own problems running through their heads. Alex lets herself answer the question with some truth and actually make sense of what’s been running inside her head for the past few weeks since she stepped foot back in the country that wanted to see her fail.

“I’m back because I want to prove them wrong. Because I want to show them that they don’t know everything. That I can make it right again.” Alex whispered.

“Bullshit!” Abby whispers leaning over the table.
“Look you...” Just before Alex was going to blow up she stops the words that were about to come out her mouth when she spots two young lanky girls each holding a book in their hands. Alex guesses their ages to be around 13 or 14 noticing their pre-game sweats as they walk across the diner looking intently at Abby.

“We’re really sorry for interrupting your breakfast, but you’re Abby Wambach right?” The taller girl out of the two asks while hopping from one foot to the other.

“Yeah that’s no problem. It’s pretty early for you guys to be up at this time of the morning. What are you all up to?” Abby asks giving them a cheerful smile not at all bothered by the interruption really.

Alex was just trying to keep her identity to herself so she slouched further into the booth and covers half her face with her left hand.

“Sweet! We have a tournament in a few hours. We decided to get breakfast together before our games.” The short girl answers while glancing shortly at Alex hunched over the table.

“Well good job in getting the most important meal of the day.” Abby motivates.

“Yeah …can we have a picture with you, please? The girls are gonna freak when we show them!! Oh my gosh, Please!” They giggle and Alex can’t help, but crack a smile. She remembers clearly when she gushed over her favorite number 13 the same way when she was their age.

“Wait…dang it I don’t have a pen for you to sign my book…Aw man!” Alex can hear one of the girls sigh out in a bummed out tone.

“It’s fine I carry one with me.” Abby chuckles reaching over to grab the book the girls were handing over for her to sign them.

“What are you guys reading, nowadays?”

“It’s the uhmm it’s The Kick’s series… never really got over the book so me and Ashley keep reading it and come up with our own endings of the next book that was supposed to come out….before she left.” The young soccer player mumbles out.

Alex lifts her head at this peering over her shoulder to look at the book Abby was holding in her hand.

‘They actually published it?!” Alex thinks surprised by what the girl was telling Abby.

“Huh that’s ironic… did you know she’s back?” Abby informs them and Alex wants to run out the diner in an instant instead she keeps her face pointed out towards the window away from the girls view.

“Yeah one of our friends got in trouble for looking up her name on her computer. Her parents grounded her for watching old games from the Olympics. I can’t watch’em either.” This makes Alex nearly break out in hives.

“I also heard she was going to be on the team again. Is that true?” The other girls asks.

“Where did you hear that?” Abby asks intrigued.

“The internet.”
“Of course.” Abby laughs shaking her head.

“Well do you want her to come back?” Abby asks. Alex bites her lip and closes her eyes not wanting to hear the answer.

“ Heck yeah! We need to kick some butt! That would be so awesome!” The taller girl answers.

“Yeah we do!” Abby agrees with them.

“Excuse me, Ma’am. Can you take our picture?” The shorter of the two girls touches Alex on the shoulder and Alex wants to run through the window.

Morgan slowly turns her body towards the girls and the response she gets is not what she expected at all.

“No way!” They both whisper scream and use each other as support while jumping in place.

“Sure...” Alex takes the phone from Ashley and waits for them to calm down and get next to Abby who was giving her a smile that took her all the way back to the 2012 Olympic gold podium.

“This is the best day ever!” Can you sign my book?”

“Mine too?” They both nudge the books across the table towards Alex.

Alex laughed and signed her autograph something she hadn’t done in a long time.

Shortly after signing both books one of the girls phone began to ring and they said goodbye making their way back to grab their stuff.

But before walking away Ashley the shorter one of the two reaches over the table and hugs Alex abruptly.

“You’re my inspiration.” She whispers and runs off after the girl walking out the diner holding Ashley’s training bag for her.

Alex remains sitting on the bench and no matter how hard she tries to hold in the emotions the tear rolls down her face and she quickly wipes them away.

“So what are you doing here? Why did you come back despite everything?” Abby leans against the table looking at Alex. Alex realized what Abby was trying to get her to remember and Alex couldn’t believe she had lost sight of it all. The very first love she had in her life.

“Because I miss it….I miss the pitch…I miss the feeling of the ball at my feet. I miss playing for them. I miss hearing the roar of the crowd when we score. I miss the team. I…. I want it back.” Alex breaks out of her shell and reveals not only to Abby but to herself of what she was really wanting to take back from all the things that she lost.

“Then make it happen.” Abby squeezes her shoulder after leaving a twenty on the table and grabs her jacket from the booth. There was a reason Abby held such a huge role in Alex’s life.

“I have an interview in an hour. I think you need a few minutes to tell yourself what you just told me, Baby Horse.” Alex listens for the small bell ring indicating Abby had left her alone in the diner.
Walking a short distance back to her apartment Alex had a permanent smile on her face and a jump to her step the whole way. Opening the door to the apartment Alex is reminded of the events that took place before the unprecedented meeting with Abby.

“Where’s Abby?” Tobin’s voice breaks the silence of the lonely apartment. Alex follows it and watches Tobin lean against the kitchen counter raising a coffee mug to her lips.

“She left. Had an interview. Where are the other two...where’s Hope?” Alex looks around the apartment.

“Hope took Kelley to her car so they can get it fixed and I assured her that whatever she had to give you I would keep safe.” Tobin adds nonchalantly.

“Where is it?” Alex walks further into the apartment looking around.

“It’s safe.” Tobin’s small chuckle makes its way to Alex.

‘Dammit Tobin!’ Alex thinks. ‘I told you you’d regret this.’

Making sure that Tobin’s attention was on her, Alex looks at her intently for a few seconds in silence making Tobin shift her weight in her stance. Pulling off the motorcycle boots and leaving them by the couch Alex knew exactly how to make Tobin regret the comment she made before she walked out the door earlier in the morning.

Giving her a smile Morgan turns around heading towards the stand alone porcelain shower.

Taking Tobin’s sweatshirt off while walking slowly closer to the shower Alex peers over her shoulder looking at Tobin while throwing the shirt somewhere near the bed they slept in.

Stopping near the shower curtain still looking at Tobin behind her, Alex slowly makes work of unbuttoning her pants and rolling the zipper down. Each sound heard over the silence. Pulling Tobin’s jeans down Alex slowly bends down taking her time rolling the denim over her legs and taking them completely off.

“Wish I could say the same for your libido.” Alex replies while stepping into the shower.

“Now why would that be?” Alex could hear the footsteps coming around into the living room slightly over Tobin’s concerned tone.

Making sure the curtains where in the way she takes her boyshorts off and makes them hang over the railing.

“Cuz you’re going to be the one wishing I was coming.” She makes sure her voice rasps more than usual before turning the shower on.

She smirks when she hears the tv turn on and the volume begin to raise to where it drowned out the sound of the shower hitting her skin.
‘Poor Toby, you cocky little shit!’ Alex laughs to herself not able to take the smile on her face from the very eventful morning.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the update and have a great week!! :)
Night Calls & New Shadows

Chapter Notes

Was going to hold off till tomorrow but here's the first half of this weeks update
mainly because I only edited the first half.
Enjoy and Happy TurkeyDay ;)

Tobin’s POV

“So Alex was there that night?” Kelley asks sitting on the couch.

Tobin looked at the bag placed on top of the coffee table preferring to lean against the bookcase
and listen to what Hope witnessed that night from afar. She observed better that way.

“Yes, she sent me a message about her ‘not doing it’ and I was confused so I just ignored it. She
called again around four in the morning when you lightweights knocked out in my living room.”
Hope informs the other two and takes a seat next to Kelley.

‘After leaving her apartment, Alex must’ve walked to Hope’s house, but that’s just a two hour walk
at the most…’ Tobin keeps piecing the clues together.

She’d read the files countless times and knew that the incident happened around eleven at night.

‘She was there waiting for us to go to sleep. Alex staked us out…She didn’t want to talk to me. I
could have helped her’ Tobin realizes.

“Well then how did she end up in Europe? Why did you let her go?” Kelley asks calmly, but Tobin
notices the way her right hand folds into a fist.

“Well then how did she end up in Europe? Why did you let her go?” Kelley asks calmly, but Tobin
notices the way her right hand folds into a fist.

“Why didn’t you wake us up? How could you act so calm that morning?!” Kelley keeps asking
questions and Hope just manages to let her take all her frustrations out and Tobin keeps observing.

Heath didn’t know how much Hope was aware of and also wanted to know how Hope managed to
appear unfazed the following morning.

“She was such a mess when she came to me…I doubted she would run, much less end up in
Europe! The whole situation was crazy… is crazy. Alex is the last person I ever imagined
something like this happening to …Much less predict her actions!” Hope explains.

“Why didn’t you wake us up, Hope? I could’ve helped talk her down…. We could have helped
stop this whole mess from getting so out of hand.” Tobin pleads for a past that couldn’t be changed
no matter how much she prayed that it would.

“Alex made it clear she didn’t want you guys informed….She regretted coming to the house all
together. I had a moment of stupidity and left her alone in the room to shower up. Next thing I
know there was a note on a pile of bloody clothes and a broken cell asking me to keep all of it to
myself and burn everything…” Hope explains.
“And you listened….” Kelley deadpans.

“No, she went to go look for her that’s why we woke up with breakfast from Gino’s that morning.” Tobin answers for Hope.

“I looked everywhere… She was on foot there was no way I couldn’t have caught up to her. Alex is fast, but she’s not that fast. She had someone else…I still don’t know how she made it to Europe.” Hope lets them in on her thoughts.

“So you knew she was blackmailed the whole time and didn’t do anything about it?” Kelley was relentless.

“She could have been dead in some ditch!”

“I gave her a week. I think she realized that because just before I was about to report it the phone rang.”

“She contacted you while she was in Europe!” Tobin and Kelley both ask at the same time.

“Yes, but before you pound me with more fucking questions she didn’t tell me squat about where she was. The conversation barely lasted two minutes before she ended the call…”

“What’d she ask?” Tobin made her way to the coffee table wanting to examine the bag.

“She wanted to know how you two were coping with it all. She called me at least once a week. There was only one time she didn’t and I was worried that whoever was looking for her finally caught up to her whereabouts.”

“When was this?”

“The night before we left for Portugal.”

‘Belgium.’ Tobin correlates it with her mental timeline.

“How did you find the bag if she didn’t give it to you?” Tobin asks.

“Cleaning my attic for once and noticed the blood on the backrest, knowing it had to be hers when I opened it and saw the drugs.”

Silence filled the apartment while each of them contemplated the new information trying to piece together the little information they each knew.

“I need to go get my car before they impound it. I’m taking you with me.” Kelley grabs a hold of Hope’s arm trying to pull her up off the couch.

“I need to wait for Alex.” Hope is barely nudged by Kelley’s efforts to get her off the couch.

“I can hold it for her, Hope.” Tobin offers while observing the dried blood at the bottom of the carry-on.

“I don’t…”

“Trust me I know a lot more about this. Just please go with Kelley and I’ll put this in a safe place. I promise.” Tobin interrupts before Hope came up with an excuse to take the bag with her.

“Fine.” Hope lets Kelley push her out the apartment.
Just as the two walk out the door, Tobin walks to the brick wall by the breaker box and pushes the fake masonry in order to flip her bed into the conference room. While it changed Tobin ran to the edge of the wall and placed it between the walls above the ceiling almost getting her arm cutoff by the rotating motions.

Satisfied she presses the brick once again to bring the apartment back to normal. While standing by the window she notices Alex’s familiar body frame walk across the street a couple blocks away.

Making herself look busy she waits in the kitchen and begins brewing a pot of coffee.

She hears the footsteps climb the stairs just as the Keurig finishes filling up her mug.

Watching as the door opens Tobin waits for Alex to close the door noticing that Abby didn’t come in behind her.

“What’s Abby?” Heath asks leaning against the countertop tasting the crisp hazelnut of fresh hot coffee.

“She left. Had an interview. Where are the other two…where’s Hope?” Alex looks around the apartment.

“Hope took Kelley to her car so they can get it fixed and I assured her that whatever she had to give you I would keep safe.” Tobin adds nonchalantly.

“Where is it?” Alex walks further into the apartment looking around.

“It’s safe.” Tobin’s chuckles squinting her eyes close.

“You are too easy to piss off.” Tobin laughs but then opens her eyes when a smart comeback from Alex isn’t heard.

Taking in Alex’s piercing gaze reminded Tobin of those nature documentaries where the innocent baby calf grazes simply minding its own business and somewhere hidden behind the tall grass a lion stands motionless watching the calf, waiting for its chance to pounce. Tobin found it especially fascinating during the few seconds before the lion attacked. Those few seconds that appear to last an eternity where the calf notices the lion’s gaze past the brush, that brief instance where time stands still and the calf is given a small window for escape but is so entranced by the lions gaze… hypnotizing its prey. That lion was currently standing in the living room waiting for the calf to make a mistake.

Tobin almost flinches when Alex leans down and takes her boots off and places them by the couch.

The smile that breaks out on Alex’s face makes Tobin stand in guard fully attentive of the forward turning her back on her slowly walking towards the shower.

“Oh no…” Tobin thinks internally watching Alex lift her sweatshirt over her head revealing to Tobin that she didn’t bother putting on a bra before going out to the diner.

“It’s not going to work Alex.” Tobin was about to voice but when Alex stopped by the porcelain tub and looks over her shoulder making sure she had Tobin’s undivided attention the sound of Alex unbuttoning her pants and the slow rolling of the zipper makes her heart begin to break out in a rapid pace trying to keep up with the blood rushing out of her brain and heading elsewhere.

This is her chance to escape Tobin knows she’s entranced, but she can’t. Not while Alex was
bending down revealing new skin.

“Wish I could say the same for your libido.” Alex’s voice is barely registered.

“Now why would that be?” Tobin starts walking around the kitchen wanting to get closer to her.

It’s worse than she thought. Tobin was not only at her mercy. Alex was reeling her in.

The hypnosis is broken when Alex gets behind the shower curtain allowing Tobin the few seconds for her to operate properly and recollect herself.

Alex pulls something over the railing and Tobin realizes it’s her boyshorts hooked up on the curtain rail.

“Cuz you’re going to be the one wishing I was coming.” Alex answers back in her very distinct tone just before turning the shower on and all Tobin could think about was the water hitting the skin she longed to touch.

Heath silently punches the air around her several times before slumping on the couch and turning the TV on immediately raising the volume to block out the sound of Alex bathing a few feet behind the living room.

The next day consisted of Alex parading around trying to make Tobin beg for it, but like a blessing in disguise she gets a call from Sermanni that night.

Tobin gets the call up for camp leading to their matches with China at the end of the week. Alex didn’t receive any call.

Alex’s POV (Monday Morning)

Alex stopped looking at the minutes tick by on the clock a long time ago fearing it would lull her to sleep and what it would leave her vulnerable to. Alex figured they wouldn’t call her up until they saw her in action with the Thorns. She had to bid her time knowing the fact behind her not touching a ball in almost a full year would be a huge barrier she would have to climb and it nerved her that maybe she wouldn’t play the same as she used to before. All her Sunday consisted of was her sitting in the couch watching the girls win their first round against China.

With Tobin somewhere in Colorado doing the one thing Alex couldn’t wait to become a part of, she hated nothing more than Tobin not lying beside her to bring back the warmth to the cold bed Alex was trying to sleep in.

Somewhere between flipping over for the umpteenth time her phone rang under her pillow. Not wanting to look at the blinding light of the phone she just answers it.

“Hello?”
“They let him go…” a voice whispers.

“Tobin? Is that you?” Alex sits up immediately worried looking back at the clock in the living room wondering why Tobin was calling her at four in the morning.

“Are you okay? What’s wrong?” Alex threw the sheets off her starting to leave climb out of the useless bed.

“Yeah I’m fine nothing like that. Don’t get off that bed…” Tobin informs her.

“I figured you wouldn’t be sleeping… I miss you.” Tobin whispers.

Alex feels the bed lose some of its coldness.

“I can’t sleep without you…” Alex smirks peering out into the sleeping city trying to picture Tobin standing in front of her.

“So what do you mean they let him go?” Alex asks.

“They fired Sermanni. I don’t get it…. This is really weird we won.”

“Yeah it is. Where are you? Are you safe to talk?” Alex wants to make sure that the midfielder wouldn’t get compromised knowing that they had no idea who was behind the drug scheme.

“Yes I’m on the roof of the hotel. Pretty cold…” Alex can hear the chatter of teeth and it makes the distance even more unbearable wanting nothing else but to have Tobin around her arms.

“What do you have?” Alex leans her back against the head board.

“There is so many new call ups that it’s hard to get a feeling on them and now that they fired the head coach things are about to get a whole lot crazier…it’s like their setting something up from high above and its getting me worried.”

“I’ve been thinking maybe they’re smuggling it through the training supply…that’s the only way I would do it. Maybe they needed Sermanni out of the way…”

“That’s a good hunch they keep that room on lock down….Maybe you’re right. I’ll look into that.”

“Be careful Tobin…Please. It’s driving me crazy that I’m not there to watch your back.”

“No need to worry…I want nothing more than to get back to our place and make you pay for your antics, Lex.”

“Tobin, what could you possibly be talking about? I have been nothing but a sound abiding citizen.” Alex plays off smirking wondering how much longer Tobin could take her taunts before Alex drove herself insane.

“Yeah, well see when I get back. I got to go before Syd wakes up. Good morning Lex.”

“G’mornin Tobs.” Alex hears the phone click and decides to go for a morning run trying to avoid publicity at all costs this week knowing the news of her coming back was rolling around.
Ferocity Pt1

Tobin’s POV

Tobin’s plane landed in Portland during the early morning hours. Walking through the silent airport her phone vibrates in her pocket.

“Hello?” She answers having a good hunch on who it was calling her so early in the morning.

“I hope you have what I asked of you, Heath? It’s been a week.” She hears Franks voice break through the crappy signal inside the airport.

“I got it. I’ll drop it off tonight.” Tobin answers back while walking outside towards one of the many taxi’s parked along the curb.

“I also need you to teach Kelley the ropes I plan for you to bring her in as soon as I have a new shipment in and I think you’ll be ready to be informed on our full operation then. We’ll talk about it more when you get in tonight.”

“Fine, I’ll see you then.” Tobin hangs up the phone and climbs into the back of a taxi cab.

It was a foggy morning and Tobin always loved the mysterious beauty it held. The way the mist unveiled things unseen as you got closer and closer. Things like that always intrigued her.

Putting her headphones back over her ears she leans her head against the cool window listening to Vance Joy’s Georgia. She’d gathered enough Intel to report back to James that there was indeed something going on in the training department, but she couldn’t get close enough to make sure. Throughout the camp Tobin tried gathering as much information about the newcomers as she could. But Tobin had a feeling that this chaos within the team was occurring by intention. Heath couldn’t help but feel her frustration growing knowing she was so close in figuring out who it was pulling the strings behind Franks organization.

Tobin convinced Alex prior to her flight that it was best for her to take a taxi to the apartment than have the forward waiting at the airport. Tobin hated how the media had Alex under a microscope and she knew that the forward would try her best to ignore it, but Tobin refused to put Alex in any position that would compromise her chance at having her name cleared.

Tobin walks into the apartment and quietly walks into the place wondering if Alex managed to fall asleep. Walking around the bookshelf she notices an empty bed with sheets practically untouched. Looking at the time Tobin wonders where Morgan could be at four in the morning.

Making sure that Alex was not in her own bed Tobin knew that this would probably be her only chance to grab the bag from its hiding place. Taking it out she takes out only two of the four bags making sure she took careful inventory by taking several pictures on her phone to keep some form of evidence.

Grabbing a small satchel in her closet she puts the bags inside and puts the remaining bags back into their hiding place.
Finding her keys inside her luggage she makes her way out the door determined to finally get the trust she needed from Frank.

Placing the bike along the alley wall Tobin kicks the wheel stand before making her way to the back entrance of Frank’s club.

“It’s Heath let me in.” She bangs on the door.

One of the low crooks opens the door and Tobin makes her way inside.

“Where is he?” Tobin asks wanting to get the exchange over with.

“Up in his office.” The crook answers.

Tobin climbs the three flights of stairs, but as she passes the second floor she can hear the faint groans and thuds of someone getting interrogated.

Heath lowers her head and walks the rest of the way up. Every time she walked away from similar situations it felt like she left a piece of herself back in that same room where she knew someone was getting tortured beyond measure.

Leaving it to burn in the back of her mind she stops at the entrance of Frank’s office that overlooked the main floor to his club, like any other drug lord. Tobin found it laughable each time.

‘Can he be any more stereotypical’ Tobin thought wondering why this idiot hadn’t been caught yet.

Knocking on the door Tobin makes her way inside and takes in Frank standing by his view to the empty dance floor.

“I didn’t expect you till tonight?” Tobin hears his voice over the low bass of the music.

“I found some free time…. Here’s what you wanted.” Tobin throws the satchel on his desk grabbing his attention.

Watching as Frank turns towards his desk and begins to inspect the bag Tobin leans against the arm of the chair.

“Heath before I ask the question you know I’m going to ask. How did you get my stuff back?” Frank sits on his chair looking down his nose.

“I realized Alex had no way of smuggling this back into the states so I just retraced her steps. Clues were easy to follow and this is all I found….There was another bag but it was completely trashed. It ripped open somewhere I’ve gathered and these two were the only ones left.”

“That’s smart detective work you got there, Heath.”

“I do my best.” She laughs.
“Why should I trust that you aren’t just playing me? Why should I believe that you are nothing but a mole trying to get more information to put me in prison?”

James had informed her that this was their tactic. That by asking their recruits blatantly if they were narks Frank could read them like an open book. Luckily Tobin had a special knack in remaining unreadable to those around her.

“If I were a nark Frank I would not have troubled myself in bringing this bag full of drugs to you. You’d be sleeping in a cell at this very moment and let me tell you orange is not your color, buddy. Plus, I see no need in cutting off my extra money on the side.”

Tobin finishes her reply and Frank remains silent trying to break through her unbreakable barricade of emotion on her face.

“Nicely put. Well then we just need you to get Kelley in the fold. We get this stuff across oceans through a very intricate process that has finally been perfected. I’ll need you to come in sometime this week to get the full orientation with a good friend of mine.”

Tobin simply nods her head and stands up already making her way to the door wanting nothing more than to get out of the smothering scent of Franks cologne.

“One more thing Heath….I need you to get the man downstairs to talk. I don’t know what it is about your tactics that gets these guys to spill their guts out but I’m afraid my men would only get blood and teeth from this guy. I just need you to figure out what he did with my money.”

‘Why the fuck did I not walk out this door faster.’ Tobin closes her eyes with her hand resting on the door.

“Yeah no problem.” She grunts out walking out the door.

Walking down the steps Tobin walks down the hall where she could clearly hear the cries of a broken man. Thankfully Tobin feels the lifesaving sensation begin to affect her, grateful that for some reason she had the ability to shut everything out. The only way she could describe it was like a sharp coolness rushing through her veins. She wasn’t sure if it was adrenaline or morphine pumping through them by the feel of her heart practically beating out of her chest, but at the same instance the numbness from her fingertips beginning to spread throughout her body.

Closing the door behind her she notices two men surrounding a man with his arms cuffed to a bar on the ceiling making him stand on his tiptoes to keep the weight off his wrists. He was badly bruised and Tobin didn’t feel anything.

“Leave. Frank sent me in to finish your job, idiots. Get out.” Tobin barks out while taking off her jacket starting to roll the cuffs to her shirt just above her elbows.

It takes her half an hour to get the guy to talk. She tried to get him a deal but as soon as she walked out the door she heard the distinct sound of a silenced pistol go off in the room and she knew the outcome.
Walking out of the club in a daze Tobin mounted her bike driving with no destination in mind. Twenty minutes later she found herself parking behind the stadium. Needing to remain numb and refusing to let herself open up afraid that if she did her quilt would eat her alive.

Instead she walks inside making her way down into the stadium needing to lose herself in a run or a workout….anything to occupy her mind from the pain throbbing on her knuckles and the bloody shirt that her jacket was hiding underneath.

Pulling her face away from the biometric panel she rubs her eye beginning to unzip her jacket wanting to remove the bloody shirt she had on.

Just as the door slid open she felt more than heard the music pouring out of the hidden training facility James had provided them with.

Over the rhymes of Eminem’s Guts Over Fear Tobin can hear the distinct sound of someone hitting a punching bag in a fast rapid pace just around the corner of the hallway. Walking further inside she notices a device sitting on top of a counter along with a huge variety of knifes placed in an organized manner.

The device kept blinking and Tobin concluded that it was a Jammer or some kind of scrambler keeping others from watching the person who was down here with her.

The pounding on the bag seemed to get even more intense and Tobin could hear the faint grunts over the music.

Walking around the corner her eyes fall on the body dancing in front of the punching bag. Sweat dripped profusely down her bare back as she only wore a sports bra along with Nike Pros. Her body was in constant movement not one single muscle remaining unused from what Tobin could see.

Alex kept pounding the bag with such ferocity that Tobin believed the bag wouldn’t hold for much longer. The speed and power behind her kicks making Heath understand why the man Alex fought during her test fell like a plank on the floor. Morgan’s entire focus was in the destruction of that punching bag. Much in the manner Tobin had been wanting to achieve by coming down there.

Walking closer to the distracted forward Tobin can see the muscles all over Alex’s body respond to her movements and Tobin knew she was pushing too hard.

The rage radiated off of Alex in droves, and Tobin momentarily forgot about her own actions back in that room where a man fell to her tactics.

Without thinking Tobin places a hand on the striker. Like a bullet in a chamber Alex whips around nearly whacking Tobin with her long mane pulled up in her signature ponytail.

On instinct Tobin reacted against the brutal barrage of punches geared towards her. Blocking each one with her forearms Tobin in turn grabs a hold of her wrists and pulls Alex in. Like a skilled fighter Tobin feels Alex place her right foot behind her making Tobin trip and fall on her back onto the floor mats.
Ferocity Pt2

Alex's POV

The week consisted of Alex going back and forth from the apartment and the stadium. The striker was adamant on getting her ball skills back to what they once were. Everyday seemed like a reminder of what she had lost and it took every fiber in her being not to give up and call it quits.

Throughout training the coaching staff thought it would be best if she trained without being a part of the team to focus on her drills and striking.

Earlier in the day Alex attended her first open training day and it was both physically and mentally exhausting. The public still had a negative view on her and although the younger kids didn’t quite understand why their parents didn’t let them get her autograph, Alex kept her resolve. Morgan was never one to talk, but rather let her actions speak for her and she wanted nothing more than to get back on the pitch and play for them.

Back in the apartment Alex used her sleepless nights to look in every possible hiding spot imaginable, but she came up empty handed. The carry on nowhere in sight Alex realizes Tobin was craftier than she originally thought.

Alex currently sat on the couch in her apartment watching nothing in particular on the TV. The sun had set a few hours ago while Alex kept fighting sleep by shifting on the couch every few minutes, but it was a losing battle. She’d been running on two or three hours of sleep every night since the absence of Tobin and it unnerved her how quickly she became dependent on having the midfielder by her side.

‘Just one more night… less than eight hours and Tobin will walk through that door.’ Alex keeps reminding her foggy brain.

Looking over her shoulder Alex makes sure one of the scramblers she ‘borrowed’ from the warehouse was still blinking indicating that it was doing its job of giving her the privacy she treasured. Turning back towards the TV Alex unknowingly rests her head against the arm rest of the large couch and before she knew it her eyes close against her will. Her brain forcing itself to shut down and fall asleep.

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*Dream*

Her breathe came out in cold mist as she kept pacing the ball around a defender trying to get it just at the right angle before she took the shot towards goal.

The pitch seemed to grow longer for every step she took, the goal getting further and further away and the chanting of the crowd grew in measure.
Then Alex began to comprehend the chants of the crowd surrounding her in the stands.

‘Murderer…Murderer….Murderer!’

Stopping abruptly with her ears pounding magnifying the chant even more she brings up her hands up to her ears trying to block them out, but when she raises them she realizes the red pigment dripping off her fingers.

‘Blood?....Why do I have blood?’ Alex thinks. In turn the striker looks at her surroundings trying to understand how the blood got on her hands.

She doesn’t find anything unusual until she turns to look at her own goal and notices Hope standing in front of it waving her arms telling her that she was about to kick the ball out past the defensive line. Something she always did when she noticed Alex had the advantage of her speed, but the striker didn’t understand why Hope was kicking her a ball when she had one at her feet in the first place.

Confused Alex looks back down at her feet, but no ball.

Fazed by the blood on her hands and the absence of the ball at her feet she is stunned when Alex hears the sound of Hope kicking the ball up in the air heading directly at her. The ball kept getting closer and closer with Alex standing frozen to the pitch unable to do anything but watch it turn oddly in the air.

It landed a few feet in front of her and like a magnet rolled precariously closer to her feet.

Alex’s body responded to what it was before she comprehended why the shrill scream building up at the base of her chest roared over the deafening chants of the ruthless crowd.

“No, no, no.” She bellowed out recognizing that the object at her feet was nothing close to being the soccer ball.

The vacant gaze of the familiar brown eyes rolling towards her feet made Alex fall to her knees and fold in on herself.

*Dream*

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Morgan shot up off the couch out of breath and her chest heaving. Putting her head between her knees she tries to stave off the panic attack she could feel rising from the diaphragm of her chest. The faint stutter of her heartbeat almost becoming too much before it calmed down all of a sudden.

The adrenaline pumping through her veins becomes too much to bare and Alex finds herself putting on a pair of jogging shorts and jacket over her bra and Nike pros before stepping into her trainers and walking out the door of her unbearably lonely apartment.

Alex ran wherever her feet took her wanting the pain of her exertions to take her mind off the burning picture of the disturbing dream. She found herself in front of the stadium an hour later.
Making her way to the basement and walking past the security measures Alex hears the subtle click of the door to her secret training facility closing shut behind her. Walking inside she immediately walks to the hidden compartment behind her personal knife collection to turn on the other scrambler she took from the warehouse.

The last thing Alex needed was for James to scrutinize her every move.

With the music blaring and the slight sting on her knuckles from beating on the punching bag Alex gets lost in her thoughts and each memory becomes a surge of anger to keep her pushing the limits of her stamina and endurance.

‘Why am I doing this?’ she keeps asking herself.

‘I could leave right now. I could take James offer. I could leave this stupid place and just let it all go….’ Suddenly out of the venomous world her mind had created, her thoughts get interrupted by the slight touch of someone’s hand on her shoulder and on instinct Alex reacts.

Alex was so blinded by rage like every other time James took her out on the field that she didn’t care who it was that she was pounding on she just needed to let off the steam, letting the poison run its course completely leaving herself under its control.

But this assailant held their own by blocking each of her punches and to Alex’s disadvantage the person closes the little distance she had, keeping her from using her legs.

‘Shit!’ Alex thinks, but like muscle memory her right leg steps behind their own legs using her center of gravity to knock them off balance. In turn the assailant keeps the grip on Alex and takes her down as well.

Immediately Alex takes mount and pins her forearm under the sharp jawline of her assailant. The tan skin beginning to turn red from the pressure Alex puts on their throat. Alex was looking straight at her yet her rage refused to recognize who it was.

‘Tan skin….those eyes. I know that scent. Citrus and ocean….and blood?’ Alex takes in the person lying pinned on top of her.

Before Alex can react to the new information Tobin hooks her leg behind Alex’s thigh and bucks her off, making them switch positions.

Morgan begins to take in the appearance of the midfielder who currently had her arms pinned to the ground straddling her hips.

Just under Tobin’s brow Alex can see a splatter of blood dried against her skin.

Before she can ask her question Tobin’s lips crash into hers. Alex could feel the desire take over the rage and returns the kiss.

The kiss was slow and soft, Tobin’s chapped lips finding Alex’s soft ones. Alex can feel Tobin lean further into her. Alex didn’t expect for the kiss to be so soft given the circumstances, but Alex could feel the urgency behind Tobin’s movements.

The heat within Alex was becoming too much, the desire she could feel, was driving her to kiss harder and let her tongue explore Tobin’s mouth. Her hand began running up Tobin’s legs, resting on the outside of her thigh.

Tobin’s Kisses were firm, deep and probing. Alex realized then that Tobin liked to take charge.
during sex, her left hand holding Alex’s face in place taking control of what pace they were moving in.

This hunch of hers was answered when Alex tilted her head and moved her hands to Tobin’s ass making Tobin assert her dominance by grabbing her hand and pinning it over her head.

Tobin moved her leg between Alex’s thighs. Alex couldn’t help but grind herself against the firm, muscular thigh, feeling the heat between her thighs build as she engaged in a make-out move as old as time. Alex moaned as she felt the friction build into a dizzying heat.

“Oh fuck” Alex moans out needing to feel the heat of Tobin’s skin on hers and as she focused on finding the hem of Tobin’s shirt she noticed the dried crunchy texture to her buttoned shirt.

Turning her head to the side Tobin begins to trail along her jawline down to her shoulder.

“Tobin….Tobin stop.” Alex pulls her hands up to Tobin’s broad shoulders making the midfielder pull back.

“What’s wrong?” Tobin asks.

Alex felt the emotions pour out from Tobin’s eyes and Alex knew something happened, because the blood on her shirt wasn’t her own. Alex needed to understand why Tobin couldn’t look at her in the eye, why her fingertips were shaking against her cheek where Tobin still cupped her face.

“Let’s go home….take me home.” Alex pleads out of breath for many reasons. She didn’t want to ask questions till they were in the comfort of their own place. Tobin was hurting and this was not the way Alex wanted to experience Tobin’s love for the first time.

Tobin’s eyes revealed the same pain Alex saw every time she looked in a mirror and she knew far too well what it meant.

Alex knew the guilt of her past actions ate at her immensely and she couldn’t even picture the kind of guilt the gentle soul before her could be going through at the moment.

Tobin looks at Alex in silence for a few moments before the heat of their actions died down and she stands up pulling Alex up with her.
Promises pt 1

Chapter Notes

;) Cuz It's cookie day!!!(I F$#*IN <3 my cookie time) lol but yeah enjoy!!

Alex's POV

Alex opens the door to their apartment and steps to the side holding the door open waiting for Tobin to walk past her. Tobin remained quiet the whole ride back to their apartment and it was killing Alex that she wouldn’t let her in.

Morgan tries grasping the midfielders’ hand, but Tobin pulls away quite harshly turning her back on Alex.

“Tobin?” Alex pleads not having to explain herself because that’s just how they were.

“Don’t just leave it Morgan…Leave it alone.” Tobin answers in frustration making her way to the shower.

As she heard the water running Alex remembers the only other time she witnessed Tobin acting like this. In Germany for the first world cup Alex ever participated in. That final tore apart at every team member that fateful night, but that was the first night Alex understood how much she really needed Tobin.

*Flashback*

“I don’t know what to do Alex…I’ve never seen her this angry… much less at herself.” Cheney informs Alex while they make their way to the room Lauren shared with Tobin for the tournament.
“Well if she didn’t open up with you I have no chance.” Alex whispers not really wanting to talk to anyone herself. Last night was possibly the worst night of her entire life to date. She fought with every ounce of power and heart she had, yet it wasn’t enough. Fate had that final played out well before she walked out on that pitch and Alex consoled herself with that and to work even harder for next year. To her surprise the next morning she woke up to Lauren knocking on her door worried sick about Tobin.

Worried because Tobin was the kind of person who always found the good in every situation, everyone expected for her to be up and about the next morning. To be the one knocking on doors making sure her teammates were okay, but that’s not what happened that morning. Instead Tobin was burrowed in her bed covers completely shutting the world out.

Somehow knowing that Tobin was taking it out on herself, made Alex feel worse. At that moment Alex realized it made her feel worse than last night where her biggest dream had ended and all she had around her neck was second best.

Alex didn’t understand it…why she felt the need to console her best friend despite her own grievances towards the outcome of the final.

“I have a feeling you will….” Lauren words out while handing Alex her key card before walking down the hallway towards A-rod’s room.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean!” Alex calls out in an angry whisper.

Despite the need to hide away in her own room and finally binge on a tub of Ben and Jerry’s, Alex walks inside the dark room.

“Tobin?” She calls out.

“Go away…” she hears the groan emanate from the huge mound of covers and pillows.

“Like that’s going to work.” Alex huffs out standing over the mound trying to figure out where the midfielders head was at.

“Seriously Alex I’m not in the mood. Leave.”
In answer Alex sits on the edge of the bed looking at where she hoped Tobin’s head was resting knowing full well Tobin could sense it.

“Stop it! I really don’t want to hear it right now, Morgan! I know what I did and your bullshit of a pep-talk you have for me is not going to work so please just let me be.” Tobin mumbles out.

“Well tell me what you did then because I’m not sure what pep-talk to use? I mean Abby only taught me a few, but I need you to get more specific?”

“Shut up ya dork!” Tobin laughs and Alex breaks out into the first smile she’s had since the game and it was all due to that throaty laugh of Tobin’s.

“…Tobin?” Alex calls out wanting to see her favorite pair of glowing brown eyes.

’Favorite?’ Alex backtracks.

“I should have made that penalty, Alex.” Tobin solemnly confesses.

“Look at me Tobin.” Alex pulls on the covers until Tobin emerges, but only allows her eyes to peer out.

’Can she get any more adorable?’ Alex thinks not really seeing much in it because it was true. Those big brown sad eyes peering out from the covers where mesmerizing.

“You’re one of the best in the world at what you do, Tobin. It just was not meant for us to win last night. I don’t know what it was, but I know I left everything on that pitch much like everyone else did including yourself. We fought, we lost and now it’s time to get back up and fight again.”

“Don’t give me that shit I was benched that whole game and my only job was to make that penalty and I didn’t.” Tobin pulls off the covers suddenly and climbs out of bed.

“You busted your ass on that field Morgan. You made it happen and yet I failed you…I failed this
“Then fix it.” Alex stands up in front of Tobin.

“FIX IT! How the hell am I going to fix what already happened, Alex!”

“You see you’re so lost in what happened already you can’t see what’s in front of you. This isn’t like you Tobin?!” Alex clasps Tobin’s forearms, feeling the panic rise at her chest because this is not the way things usually happened. Tobin was the one that pulled Alex together not the other way around.

“I’m sorry I just can’t…maybe…maybe I’m not as good as I thought I was.” Tobin whispers.

Alex felt the surge of outright anger bubble up to the surface, but instead of screaming at Tobin Alex did something she’s never done before. She lifted Tobin’s chin and tried to understand….she needed to understand what was going on.

‘What the hell am I doing?’ Alex thinks pretty sure if this was Servando in front of her she would have yelled out in frustration completely fed up with the situation in general.

“You haven’t even reached your full potential and you’re quitting before you’ve had the chance to fight. Never pegged you for a quitter, Heath. Now if you keep saying that, you might as well pack up your bags, hang up your cleats and retire.” Alex’s words hit a chord because Alex watches as the fire, the passion, the fight within Tobin’s gaze reignites and Alex keeps herself from smiling in relief.

“We have another shot at this in less than a year and we’ll be unstoppable. Promise me that. Promise you’ll be by my side, making some of your own goals and walking out of there with nothing less than gold around our necks.”

“I promise.” Tobin answers resting her forehead against Alex’s own. Alex smiles knowing that next year all the teams in the world didn’t stand a chance against them.

*Flashback*
Alex is brought back to the present and she smiles at the memory. That was probably the first time she unknowingly reacted towards Tobin with an affection she’d never experienced much less given towards anyone.

“Are you hurt?” Alex calls out over her shoulder walking to the sound system looking for a specific song knowing full well that this circumstance was drastically different than that morning all those years ago.

“No I’m fine. I don’t want to talk about it.” Tobin tightly responds over the sound of running water.

‘You drive me nuts yet I love you for it.’ Alex smiles understanding now how oblivious she was to her actions all those years ago. Realizing that Tobin in any kind of pain didn’t mend well with her…hell she’d been dreaming about it since she ran.

Finding the song Alex presses the play button hearing the piano ring out against the walls of their apartment. Walking towards the shower Alex removes her sweaty clothes watching as the rays of the rising sun casts a shadow of Tobin’s figure against the shower curtain.
Promises Pt2

Chapter Notes

Smut closed of in astericks (*) towards the end. (Fair warning)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobin’s POV

Often after her interrogations Tobin made a routine of working out her anxieties by emptying a few bottles and finding someone to fill the void. Knowing that she practically threw herself at Alex back at the stadium brought her back to the realization of how far she’d gone off the deep end.

“Are you hurt?” Alex’s voice breaks past her thoughts.

“No I’m fine. I don’t want to talk about it.” Tobin responds rinsing her body off as a distraction.

Just as she was getting ready to finish, a slow tune played throughout the apartment and Tobin listens to the faint sound of bare footsteps coming closer. The curtain pulls to the side behind her and immediately Tobin closes her eyes knowing that if she turned around Alex would have her right where she wanted.

A few seconds pass when Tobin feels the strikers’ hands on her waist pressing her front up against Tobin’s back. Right at that moment Tobin feels whole, like the piece missing in her soul had been found and she could breathe in for the first time.

“Talk to me.” Alex whispers placing a few chaste kisses along Tobin’s back to the end of her shoulder.

Tobin felt vulnerable, knowing that if she did let go she couldn’t continue the job she needed to finish. She couldn’t allow herself to get distracted by Alex.

“I can’t.” Grabbing the arms wrapped around her waist she unhooks them pulling the curtain to the side and climbing out the shower leaving Alex surprisingly quiet.

Tobin dried off and changed into a simple t shirt planning on sleeping for what was left of the morning.

Alex POV

After she finished her shower Alex found Tobin soundly asleep on her own bed. Alex couldn’t
bring herself to disturb what little peace she was in. If there was someone to challenge her own stubbornness it was definitely Tobin.

Alex left the apartment a few hours ago to get some errands done allowing Tobin the time she needed to simmer down.

‘Hopefully she isn’t tormented with the same dreams…’ Alex wonders.

Walking back up the stairs with her grocery bags Alex quietly opens the door and finds the faint shadows begin to appear within the apartment due to the sun disappearing behind the skyline. All the lights appeared to be off assuring Alex that Tobin didn’t wake up at all during her absence.

Putting the food away she makes herself busy preparing them an easy meal she knew her horrible cooking skills could not ruin. Some take out salad wraps that she placed on top of the stove to warm up.

Grabbing a tray of their food, Alex is surprised that the sound of food had gone unnoticed by a sleeping Tobin. She walks around the bookshelf and finds the midfielder still sound asleep.

Even in her sleep Tobin gave away her uneasiness. Her body rigid as she slept on her back with the blanket Alex placed over her kicked, down to the foot of the bed.

“Tobin.” Alex calls out but Tobin remains still.

“Tobin…wake up.” Getting closer Alex calls out again, but all she gets in return is Tobin moving her body to lay on her right side. The movement causing Tobins T-shirt to ride up dangerously revealing more of her smooth thighs. Alex shakes her head trying to get the thoughts running rampant in her mind to stop.

‘If it just rode up a few inches more I would…..STOP!’ Alex argues as she sits on the edge of the bed placing the food tray on the nightstand.

She nudges Tobins shoulder slightly and the faint moan that leaves Tobin’s mouth makes Alex return to her unfiltered thoughts.

‘Oh fuck it!’ Alex gives up and leans over kissing Tobin on the side of her lips.

Not able to keep the smile off her face Alex keeps pecking on her lips until Tobin begins to stir unconsciously returning some of her own pecks.

“Hmmm” Tobin moans slowly opening her eyes.

“Hey sleepy head.” Alex sits back up brushing some of Tobin’s wild hair behind her ears.

“Hey…” Tobin sighs.

“What time is it?” Alex watches as Tobin squeals out while stretching.

“Its dinner time you haven’t eaten all day…here sit up.” Alex joins Tobin on the bed placing her back against the headboard with the tray at her lap.

“You made food?” Tobin questions.

“Well… yes and no.” Alex hands over her plate and notices Tobin eyeing the wrap like it was going to jump out at her face.
“What you don’t like wraps?” Alex asks positive that she remembers nothing that Tobin didn’t like.

“No I do it’s just that last time you cooked something you hospitalized me and Kelley… and yourself.” Tobin opens the wrap looking at its contents making sure that nothing had a pulse to it.

“Oh yeah forgot about that….well no worries its takeout I just warmed it up on the stovetop.” Alex laughs reassuringly.

Tobin practically inhales the wrap once it was declared that it was takeout.

“Want mine?” Alex offers.

“No….I’m..good.” Tobin mumbles shaking her head.

Alex waits for Tobin to finish up and hands her the empty plate back to put back in the tray.

Silence fills the apartment and Alex bites her lip trying hard not to ask the question burning at the back of her mind.

“Spit it out.” Tobin sighs.

Alex glances at Tobin already looking at her intently.

‘She’ll talk to you when she’s ready…don’t force it Alex.’ She thinks getting up off the bed returning the tray to the kitchen sink.

“I have nothing to say.” Alex calls out over her shoulder but to her surprise Tobin follows her to the kitchen.

“I almost believed that.” Tobin sits on the counter next to the sink while Alex rinses off their dishes placing them inside the washer just under Tobin.

“Now if you have something to tell me then I’m all ears.” Alex persists, positioning her hands on the outside of the midfielders’ thighs leaning against the counter desperately trying to behave herself if Tobin actually let her in.

“I….I can’t Lex…” Tobin looks down to her lap avoiding her gaze.

Alex lets out a heavy sigh and tightens her grip on Tobin’s knee wanting her to look back up at her.

“I guess that’s where you and I are different.” Alex confesses knowing that she found it way easier to let go than Tobin did. She was the better person and it was the truth in Alex’s perspective and she gladly accepted it.

“What do you mean?” Tobin snaps her head up trying to understand where that statement came from. Alex holds her composure needing to get it off her chest.

“Don’t listen to James, Alex… You are more than that…You hear me?” Tobin cups her face wrapping her legs around Alex’s waist locking her in between them pulling her in closer.

“I’m not going anywhere…you don’t need to worry you’re stuck with me now.” Alex’s voice thickens rubbing her nose against Tobin’s making the midfielder finally break out into the smile Alex adored so much.

“You busted your ass to find me, and I wish I could turn back time and fix this, but I can’t…”
Alex decides to open up instead.

“Then promise me that you’ll be my side after all of this, that when we burn them to the ground you’ll stay by me….you won’t leave.” Tobin asks with such vigor that Alex realizes then that Tobin figured out the offer James had placed on the table for Alex.

“How’d you know about that?”

“Kelley asked him, but I hated the way he looked at you like a trophy. I need to know that you aren’t actually contemplating his offer.”

“Honestly I was doing just that when you found me this morning….but I can’t leave.”

“Why?”

“Because I need you…I can’t function without you. I realized that when you left for camp. I couldn’t sleep. My dreams return and they haunt me well after I’ve woken…” Alex is caught off guard when Tobins lips cut her off.

The same slow sensual rhythm from early in the morning is returned and Alex breathes in past their connected lips. Wrapping her arms around Tobin’s waist Alex bites her plump bottom lip and Tobin allows her entry.

Tongues intermingling and chests pounding, it all becomes too much for Alex to hold back. Running her hands under Tobin’s ass Alex lifts her off the counter and starts making her way across the apartment towards their sound system.

“What are you doing?” Tobin laughs between there hungry kisses tightening her thighs worried that Alex was going to drop her.

“I need to put some music on… We have neighbors Tobin and I’m the only one that’s going to hear that sexy moan of yours.” Alex eludes to her future actions.

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“Tooobin.” Alex breathes out. While she finds Andrew Belle’s Black Bear Album Tobin finds her pulse point just below her ear almost making her knees buckle.

“Oh that’s what it does.” Tobin jokes and Alex glares at her playfully.

“You like fucking with me don’t you?” Alex drawls out in her husky tone looking at Tobin daringly.

“Haven’t had the pleasure, but I’m sure I will…” Tobin snidely remarks.

Alex leans her against the bookshelf freeing her hands up to pull Tobins shirt off and captures her lips once again. Running her hand up from her right thigh to her hip Alex looks down wondering why she wasn’t feeling any fabric.

‘She’s not wearing anything…..well fuck if I knew that before…’ Alex laughs.

“Why are you laughing?” Tobin asks.
“Let’s just say that if I knew nothing was under that shirt prior to waking you up…you would still be hungry.” The laughing is cut short when Alex pulls one of Tobin’s nipples into her mouth and flicks the other one in similar fashion. The moan that rumbles her chest is felt to Alex’s core.

“You’re wearing too much clothes…” Tobin complains suddenly pushes Alex back and hops off her waist. Alex takes her shirt off while Tobin pulls on her jeans making her hips rock forward and Alex hisses out in frustration. Once they unbuckled Tobin pulled them down and lifted Alex out of them in a hurry.

Tobin easily lifts her up pulling her legs around her waist changing the tables in a matter of seconds. Alex didn’t have time to adjust before she felt Tobin palm her making Alex pull her head back in pure bliss.

“Oh god! Tobs…. Bed NOW!” Alex orders and their there in a few strides.

With Tobin’s back falling on the bed Alex runs her hand down to Tobin’s core finding the bundle of nerves that makes her buck against her. Determined to pull her to the edge Alex watches as Tobin scrunches her face in ecstasy while pushing her index finger inside Tobin. To tease Alex pauses out of breath and takes in the faint, quiet moans emanating from Tobin.

‘Come on where is it…’ Biting her lip in concentration Alex thinks past the sensory overload determined to hear Tobin cry out for her.

“Oh GOD!! AALLEXX.” Tobin answers grinding her hips against Alex’s rhythm. Finding her g-spot Alex slows dramatically almost making Tobin whimper out and the sultry look Alex gets from her makes it all worth it.

“Don’t stop…” Tobin demands, but Alex hovers over her smirking as she rubbed their noses.

“I don’t think you’re one to be giving orders right now, babe.” Alex whispers placing a few kisses down her neck, applying more pressure in her strokes as she bites her collarbone making Tobin jerk slightly in surprise.

Alex watches Tobin squirm under her waiting for her resolve to break.

“Faster please….” She whispers and Alex lovingly responds by inserting another digit and hitting her just in the right spot. Tobin completely unravels and it was the most beautiful thing Alex ever witnessed.

“Oh, oui, baisez-moi!” Tobin moans out.

‘Was that French?’ Astonished Alex quirks her eyebrow but doesn't stop her strokes adding her thumb to rub against her clit Alex watches in wonder as Tobin continues her french outbursts.

“Je jouis!” Tobin lets out before arching her back and biting Alex’s shoulder. Reading all the signs Alex knew she was coming. Alex watched Tobin desperately trying to control her breathing, but the energy building at her core was something uncharted and Alex followed the pace it needed to continue to grow. Alex realizing reading Tobin's body in bed was as easy as reading it on the pitch.

Tobin hit her climax twice after that and she collapses on the bed lost in her high.

****
Alex pulls back and continues to leave small kisses along her jawline waiting for Tobin to gain her composure.

“Where….how did…What happened?” Tobin gasps out pulling Alex up to meet her gaze.

“I kind of lost you there babe?” Alex laughs as she pulls the sheets over them and cuddles into Tobin’s side.

“What do you mean?” Tobin asks the smile present on her face as she looks at Alex holding in her laughter.

“I mean I’ve concluded that Je Jouis! means I’m cumming!, but what does Oh oui, baisez-moi! Mean?” Alex asks imitating in the fashion Tobin had cried out in the throes of passion.

“That’s french……wait…” Alex watches as Tobin understands.

“No way…I didn’t…” Tobin denies it making Alex chuckle against her chest.

“So what does it mean! I wanna know!” Alex asks.

“Oh yes, fuck me….There that’s what it means…” Tobin laughs pulling the forward up to have her eye level.

“Well let’s just say it was the hottest thing I’ve ever heard and I find it utterly cute.” Alex pecks her lips and burrows her head under Tobin’s chin trying to match her breathing.

“Love you…” Alex listens to Tobin’s voice rumble on her chest.

“Love you bunches.” Alex hums in response just before she’s lulled to sleep by the sound of Tobin’s pounding chest letting her unconscious know that she was safe in her arms.

Chapter End Notes

Phew.......
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex POV

She’s been awake for a few minutes now keeping her eyes closed and breathing unchanged wanting to take in the state of her body, trying to remember where she was. They must have slept with the music on Alex gathers by listening to the echoing of Andrew Belle’s Album faintly bouncing off the ceiling of their apartment. Sprawled out on her stomach with her back exposed to the cool air of the morning Alex felt the distinct warmth of Tobin pressing up against her right side. Sheets placed just along her hips, the subtle caresses at the small of her back to the base of her neck make Alex want to sigh out in relaxation.

‘Best night to date… Alex Morgan most definitely won last night.’ Alex smiles internally knowing that the only reason for it was mainly due to the woman caressing her back in the most hypnotic way.

Then the phone rang and the atmosphere of pure happiness she woke up surrounded by disappears just as quickly as the bed dips and Tobins’ warmth is replaced by the harsh cool air. Knowing what that certain ringtone stood for Alex didn’t move an inch.

‘Almost forgot…’ Alex sarcastically reminds herself of the serious reality outside the little world they’d create around themselves. She strains to listen in on Tobin’s hushed voice.

“Yes…Well how should I know that!…No I can make it in half an hour…Who am I meeting there?…Yes that’s no problem. I’ll make sure it gets there on time…..” The conversation ends and Alex listens to the sound of Tobin rummaging through her vanity finding some clothes. A few seconds of silence occur before Tobin sneaks out the door and shuffles quickly down the stairs.

Alex sits up and feels the apartment drop down a few degrees. Grabbing a random sweatshirt from Tobin’s drawer she left open on her way to meet Frank’s demands, Alex walks to the breaker and pushes the lever to switch the place around. As the walls rotated Alex noticed a slight jump in the movement, but otherwise it finished interlocking.

‘Looks like we’re running low on funding.’ Alex jokes laughing to herself.

Opening the computer screen she lifts her firewall immediately and searches the agency for Tobin’s file.

“How did you do it Tobin?” Alex curls her lip scrolling past the list of names within the department.

Clicking on her personal file Alex takes in a deep breath to calm her nerves. Reading the first thoughts James had on Tobin.

Recruitment Potential: Her recruiter vouches for her ability to think quickly off her feet and outside the box. I have doubts towards her ability to get the job done in the best way to prevent exposure to this organization. Already infiltrated within the drug organization when we recruited her from our branch in Paris.
Recruitment Assessment: Highly recommendable for our clandestine branch. Shows great skills in impersonations and interrogations.

Final Test: Interrogate an informant to submission. LEVEL 1.

Final Results: Precise and efficient. Although she used more bargaining than submissive tactics she gained the information needed in record speed.

Alex cringes remembering her final to be the complete opposite. Shaking her head rid of the painful memories of her own test, she scrolls down to Tobin’s individual reports and quickly reads through them. A single sentence grabs Morgan’s attention.

...Agent Boulleau’s group shows no connection towards Frank’s organization. I need more time to gain trust on the American side...

‘Boulleau?... How do you even say that?’ Alex thinks to herself finding that name oddly familiar.

Closing the screen Alex gets up and presses on the switch again. Walking towards the kitchen to make herself a cup of coffee on her peripheral she notices a black string hanging down the ceiling giving away the crease to the secret room. Standing on the bed she takes a closer look and realizes it’s a strap and immediately runs to the lever and presses it once again and grabs the strap while the walls rotate.

“Sly dog!!” Alex calls out to no one in particular as the carry on she’d been looking for falls down to her open arms.

“Oh no…” Alex mumbles counting the bags within knowing she was missing two.

Heading to the kitchen Alex replaces the weight of the carry-on with something else and puts it back where Tobin hid it. Conscious of time Alex had enough time to stash the bags somewhere before she had to meet up at the stadium for practice.

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Walking inside the secret training facility Alex didn’t expect to find Kelley carelessly tossing her knives to the dummy ten yards in front of her.

“Good morning.” Alex calls out.

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Kelley’s POV

‘How the hell do I make these things fly!!’ Kelley squints her eyes towards the unscathed dummy.
"Good morning." Concentrated on figuring the art of throwing knives the raspy voice behind her startles Kelley. In turn she flings the knife towards the tall figure before realizing who it was.

“OOoops… Sorry!” Kelley mumbles. The knife landing dangerously close to Alex’s left shoe.

“Although I am happy that you missed my money maker I’m more worried about you being able to protect yourself so no hard feelings…yet. You’re letting it go too late…it’s not a softball, Kelley.” Alex walks forward grabbing a smaller knife from her collection before making her way towards the defender.

A few throws later and Kelley manages to nick a shoulder.

“Maybe if I watch you? I learn better that way.” Kelley suggests.

“Okay….,” Alex mumbles before grabbing the knife from the sharp end, and flings it towards the dummy landing a few inches deep in its hollow skull.

“Here keep throwing I need to make a call…”, Alex gestures as she walks into the small office they had.

Kelley listened in on the call and every now and then glanced inside the office noticing Alex put something in the hidden safe before the person on the other end answers.

“I need to know when….” Alex shut the door suddenly and Kelley grunts throwing another knife towards the battered dummy this time landing just below the ribs.

‘Yes!’ she celebrates.

A few minutes pass and Kelley hears a sharp bang in the office making her walk inside to see what the commotion was all about.

“Hey what’s in your pants! Calm down.” Kelley exclaims noticing the landline thrown across the room while Alex sat in the desk curling her lip looking deep in thought.

“Who is he!?”, Kelley hears Alex.

“Alex….Alex…” Kelley demands the forwards attention.

Alex looks up and Kelley becomes conscious of the glow behind her skin although Alex seemed slightly more frantic than normal…well normal now.

“What?”

“Talk to me. I’m here and I can’t go into this blind you need to let me know what’s happening right now.” Kelley sits on the cheap desk chair facing Alex.

“Last night Tobin came to me covered in someone else’s blood and she won’t talk to me about it.” Alex sighs.

“Is she okay?”

“Yeah she’s fine physically, but…. God Kell it’s eating at her and she keeps shutting me out!” Alex bangs her fist on the desk.

“Where is she?”
“Tobin left this morning. She left unannounced. She left after we…. Not a simple goodbye or a note…nothing.” Alex pulls a hand through her hair shaking her head.

‘oh…’ Kelley getting the idea of why Alex was so pissed off.

“You know that’s funny actually…”

“How is this funny Kelley, please enlighten me.” The striker sarcastically questions.

“Because that’s exactly how you left the night you ran.”

Alex opens her mouth argue back, but quickly closes it looking at Kelley in shame.

“Now from what I’ve gathered you guys had something going on well before that night. I doubt Tobin would let things get physical with you being with Serva and all. Given that you just told me you two did the deed last night I think you were the one too scared to act on your feelings. You kept promising each other things were going to change, but then the unexpected happened and well you never got the chance to actually choose. Now my question is, Where you really going to leave Servando?” Kelley notices Alex lock her jaw in frustration.

“Of course I was.”

“How do you know?” Kelley lays it on hard. She needed to know that Alex didn’t just see Tobin as a replacement and really did love her.

“Because I dream about her death more than anything else that torments me. Because I can’t fathom if it was Tobin in that alley. It’s very fucking sick of me to think that and I know that more than anyone Kelley, trust me.”

“That’s a little selfish…”

Alex shoots up off the chair so fast it’s knocked down and Kelley knew she hit a button. Then Alex does something Kelley’s rarely witnessed especially coming from such a hot-headed individual.

Alex calms herself down sitting on the edge of the desk looking directly at Kelley.

“All the questions you’re asking me Kelley, constantly run through my mind every moment I’m awake and when I’m asleep my brain tells me that I caused this to happen and having Tobin around is only going to end the same way this shitstorm started. So to answer your question of how I know I was going to refuse Servando’s proposal…well I didn’t….I was scared and selfish. I was scared because I was naïve and feared what the public would do once they found out. I was selfish because I…I used Servando….” Alex pauses composing herself to continue, “…and even though we didn’t realize our love had faded until we were at gunpoint…I used him and he used me…that’s what we turned into. Now I’ll tell you that I haven’t changed. Through this whole year I can tell you I’m still scared and selfish. I’m scared because every time she leaves my sight I can’t go a second without having some morbid thought about her lying dead somewhere. I’m selfish because I found her again and the only way I’m letting her go means that I died trying to catch what little fucking peace I find holding her in my arms knowing that she is safe…” Out of breath Alex stands up grabbing her training bag.

“We’re going to be late for practice.” Alex walks out of the office and Kelley knew then that Alex truly loved Tobin.
Alex’s POV

‘Where is she?’ Alex looked at her watch wondering where Tobin could be as she tied the laces to her boots.

Alex felt a huge weight off her shoulders walking up to the pitch after just letting herself open up in such raw fashion. It’s been a while since she drew down those walls and let someone see the battles she fights within herself every day.

Looking over her shoulder she catches Kelley’s eyes smiling reassuringly, looking at each other in understanding. Then Kelley glances past Alex and the scowl appearing on her face makes her turn as well.

Tobin is walking out the locker rooms with someone walking alongside her. The shorter woman's arm hooked under Tobin’s own while leaning against her whispering something way too close to Tobin’s neck for Alex’s liking.

“Tobin?” Alex calls out. Taking in the short woman. Her grey eyes inspecting her own blue ones. Tobin coughs and grabs their attention.

‘Is this why she left so early in the morning?’ Alex pines.

“Alex this is Laure, Laure this is Alex.” Tobin smiles proudly momentarily distracting Alex for the moment.

“Ahh the infamous Alex Morgan. The whole world practically waits in anticipation to see you back on the pitch.” Alex picks up on the thick French accent and bells start ringing in Alex’s head.

“Well I’ve had some pretty terrifying dreams about it so hopefully I don’t disappoint.” Alex laughs although her chest tightens still wondering why Laure was still holding on to Tobin’s arm.

At this point Kelley makes her way to the small group bumping against Alex’s side for some odd reason.

“Laure Boulleau? PSG...you played with Tobin?” Kelley asks holding her hand out.

“Yes…”

“Wait how do you spell that!?!?” Alex interrupts but just before Laure answers Paul blows his whistle to begin practice.

“Walk me off the field, Toby” Laure pulls Tobin away towards the exit.

‘Toby!’ Alex closes her hands in fists watching as they walked away.

‘Does this woman have no sense of boundaries?!?’ Alex seethes when she sees Laure intimately kissing each of Tobin’s cheeks before she walked away.

“Why you little…” Alex starts walking towards the small French defender, but Kelley pulls her back by the bottom of her Jersey.

“Calm your horses, Morgs.” Kelley laughs pulling the forward back towards the team.

“Ha! You get it?” Kelley keeps making fun while they listened to Paul’s instructions on drills.

“Shut it, O’hara.” Alex grumbles while Kelley’s shoulders shaking her head.
Okay this is most likely Sunday's update mainly because I have finals starting Saturday (I know weird!) and not ending till Tuesday. Enjoy!
And thanks for the lovin on my punctuality ;)
G Nite.
Chapter Notes

Okay the two songs that come up towards the end are best if they are played right after the other one.

Intro by Disclosure
When A Fire Starts to Burn by Disclosure.

This is lengthy...sorry ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobin’s POV

Following the small defined ridges of Morgan’s back with the tips of her fingers, Tobin’s lost in a world where the only thing going through her mind is the peace she feels in this very moment. The deep subtle movements of her chest, the dimples at the small of her back, the image of strength and elegance displayed before Tobin making her almost forget that her heart didn’t stop last night and she’d woken up in heaven.

From the nights Tobin could remember, she’d always been the giver in bed with the images of last night still burning at the back of her mind she felt whole and….happy, nothing like the nights she spent with anyone else and the loneliness welcoming her the next morning.

After Alex relentlessly pulled her over the edge multiple times, to Tobin’s surprise and slight embarrassment she didn’t have the strength to return the favor. The thought of wanting to return the favor running through her mind, Tobin just couldn’t come up with a way to stir the striker up yet. A cross between sheer apprehensions on what to do and the slight worry of Alex’s pet peeve of being woken up Tobin paused for a few seconds contemplating her next move.

Then the phone rang and the clouds dissipate throwing her abruptly back to harsh reality.

“Almost forgot….” She thought shaking her head as she quietly shuffled off the bed and answered the call.

“Tobin, a courier is bringing in a package of merchandise this morning and they are landing in Portland’s International airport two hours from now. I need you to secure the courier and the package till I call you later tonight to bring it to me. Is that clear?” Frank’s words streaming out the receiver calling for Tobin’s entire focus.

“Yes.”

“Great, I’ll send you the flight information shortly. I also want to inform you that I’ve evaluated the packages you retrieved from Servando’s carry-on. I sent him off with five packages in total now from what you told me there was one destroyed and you only brought me two back….Where
are the other two, Heath?"

‘Crap’ Tobin bites her lip looking up at the ceiling where she stashed the remaining two bags.

“Well how should I know that?!” She angrily whispers, looking back at Alex’s still sleeping form.

“I just told you Heath. Now unless you want me to pry out the location of those bags from the superstar myself you better have those on my desk along with the shipment coming in….Hopefully you don’t have the same problem with this small task I’ve given you. Will you, Heath?”

“No, I can make it in half an hour. Who am I meeting there?”

“It’s a surprise. Just be there when they hit the ground and have ‘everything’ on my desk by midnight. Understood?”

“Yes, that’s no problem. I’ll make sure it gets there on time.” Tobin replies, while rummaging for clothes to put on.

“I sure hope so….For her sake.” Tobin pauses feeling the hair on the back of her neck stand on end, knowing that Frank kept to his threats all too well.

Putting her arms through her motorcycle jacket, Tobin glances towards her bed noticing the smooth skin she so desperately wanted to get lost in, memorize, and please in every way she could.

‘What am I doing?! I can’t believe I let myself forget! Get your head together, Heath!’ She shakes her head utterly disappointed in her ability to keep focus on the task at hand. Tobin walks out the door in haste and pure determination to get things done.

Once at the gate Frank had sent her too, Tobin waited anxiously wondering who it could be smuggling in the packages. Tobin didn’t have to look too hard given that her attention was grabbed by someone calling her name behind the security line.

“Tobin…Tobin is that you?” The thick accent carried over the loud airport intercom.

“Laure?” Tobin questions surprise clearly written all over her face.

‘But this means they’ve made a deal with France…Evidence that Laure needed to get a step further in building a case against the whole organization. And now it more names where coming to light with this expansion.’ Tobin’s inner banter gets stopped by the kisses on both of her cheeks she receives from the French defender.

“Laure…but…how?” Tobin didn’t want to get her hopes up.

“Shh!! We will talk about this once you get me out of here.” Laure interrupts, hiking the strap to her carry-on back up higher on her shoulder and pulling Tobin towards the airports exit.
“I have practice in about an hour or so. After that I need to get something from the apartment before we make our way to the club and hand over the packages to Frank….It’s going to be a long day.” Tobin sighs as she stands over her motorcycle in traffic heading towards the stadium.

“Be strong, Toby…” Laure comforts by placing a hand over Tobin’s right thigh slightly rubbing her thumb across the fabric of her jeans.

“Laure what we had in Paris….”

“You’re going to be late for practice if you don’t start weaving through this traffic.” Laure interrupts and Tobin decides to let it go not really wanting to talk about what happened between the two of them.

“So how did you get involved with Frank?” Tobin asked bending down to tie her cleats as Laure combed through her hair looking at her reflection off the Locker room mirrors.

“Not here, Heath.” Laure mumbles under her breath.

“You look good, Heath….Is she treating you well?” Laure changes the topic walking up to Tobin’s sitting frame, her voice teasing.

“Who is she, exactly?” Tobin stands up aiming to walk out the doors to meet the team on the pitch for practice, but she only manages to put a few inches between her and the defender before Laure loops her arm around Tobin’s own, walking side by side out the doors.

Tobin looks down towards the short defender, brow lifted as she wondered why Laure was laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Tobin asks just as they make it outside the tunnel towards the field.

“Tobin, ignorance is not a trait you mask well. We both know you screamed a very distinct name when we lost ourselves under the moonlight and an empty bottle of merlot at our feet….and it sure as hell wasn’t mine.” Laure leans into Tobin and whispers quietly into her ear.

Tobin looks down at her feet remembering the darkest days she had in Paris and how Laure was there to fill the void.

“Tobin?” Her heart nearly plops out her chest as she lifts her gaze up out towards the field and it lands on Alex. Tobin ignores the brief flash of sadness that is quickly replaced by a pensive glare that Tobin knew was evaluating every single aspect of the defender standing by her side.

‘….say something, stupid!’ Tobin’s brain begins to operate again and spits out introductions trying to put the best fake smile on her face she could possibly muster.

“Alex, this is Laure. Laure, this is Alex.” Tobin gestures between the two.
“Ahh the infamous Alex Morgan. The whole world practically waits in anticipation to see you back on the pitch.” Tobin listens as she watches Alex interact with Laure.

“Well I’ve had some pretty terrifying dreams about it so hopefully I don’t disappoint.” Alex laughs surprising Tobin at how welcoming she was, but while Laure laughed along, the tall forward looked down at Laure still leaning on Tobin’s side. The fake smile nowhere to be found on her face just long enough for Tobin to notice.

The conversation takes on a thick awkward silence while Alex practically has lasers shooting out of her eye sockets staring Laure down.

Tobin was frozen on the spot not really knowing how to diffuse the situation until Kelley makes her way into the conversation gently bumping Alex’s hip knocking her out of her death glare stance.

“Laure Boulleau? PSG….you played with Tobin?” Kelley pulls her hand out in front of her, but Tobin’s attention is on Alex when the mention of Laure’s last name quickly grabs the forwards attention.

“Yes…”

“Wait how do you spell that?!” Morgan cuts in but Paul blows on his whistle calling in the players to start off the practice.

“Walk me off the field, Toby” Laure pulls on Tobin’s arm steering her towards the tunnel.

“My keys are in the side pocket of my bag back in the locker room take my bike back to my place. I’ll catch a ride with Alex. Just be careful with the packages…the last thing we need is to lose them, Laure.” Tobin rubs the back of her neck.

“No worries. Remember I’m the one that taught you everything. Also….someone’s possessive…” Laure chuckles as she finishes kissing Tobin on the cheek looking back out on the pitch. Tobin follows her gaze to watch Kelley pulling on Alex’s jersey.

“I can’t afford distractions right now Laure…..Especially her. I screw up and the first person Frank will use against me will be her. It’s not going to work….“ Tobin rubs her eyebrows needing the distraction of practice to clear her mind more than anything else at the moment.

Laure simply nods in answer before she walks back into the tunnel and Tobin makes haste to reach the huddle of Thorns players.

Tobin kept to herself throughout practice and ran her drills relentlessly. Alex on the other hand had a bone to pick with just about everyone that got in her way during practice.

“Jeez, she needs to get laid.” Mana chuckles standing next to Tobin waiting for her turn on the next drill.

“Alex just has a lot of pressure on her shoulders right now.” Tobin tries justifying, listening to the
groans of frustration coming from the striker leaning down with her fists pounding the pitch when she misses the right post by a small margin.

“Hey did you want to hang out tonight the team is having bonding time tonight...you can invite Morgan...get to know the team better.” Mana asks.

“Uhmm...”

“That sounds like a great idea!” Kelley adds.

“I can’t tonight. I have plans to show Laure the city, but I’m sure Alex is up for it. I’ll go next time for sure.” Tobin calls out running her drill to leave the conversation at that.

Practice had ended and Tobin was gathering her stuff from her locker when Alex rushed past her fresh out of the showers with just her shorts and sports bra.

Catching the tattoo at the side of her hip, Tobin's gaze follows Alex stop straight across from her own locker and put on her clothes.

“What’s going on Tobin?” Kelley knocks Tobin out of her thoughts that wandered off to last night.

“Huh?”

“What are you doing with Laure, Tobin? You have the girl...why are you pushing away?”

“Can’t talk about this here, Kelley.” Tobin whispers.

“Hey, Kelley if you need a ride to your place I’m leaving now...Hurry up.” Alex calls out over her shoulder not bothering to look out to her two other friends before grabbing her bag and walking out the locker room.

“Crap, stop pissing her off, Tobs. I’m getting all the rage from Helga, right now. She’s brutal in the basement, dude!” Kelley whines grabbing her stuff in a hurry to keep up with Alex.

“Wait I’m coming with. Laure took my bike back to my place.” Tobin runs after her.

“What!” Kelley yells under her breath with Alex already out in the parking lot talking to someone on her cell.

“What do you mean, what? She took my bike, therefore I need a ride.” Tobin drawls out.

“To your place...where Alex also lives! Does she know?”

“I’m sure Alex will be fine with it. She’s one of us Kelley.” Tobin informs the defender just as they reach Alex’s car.

“Laure’s an agent?”

“Yeah.” Tobin sighs before their attention is caught when the driver’s window is rolled down.
Alex looking at the pair while ending the call she had and arching an eyebrow towards Tobin in question.

“Can I have a ride?” Tobin asks shifting her weight from one foot to the other.

“What happened to your bike?”

“Laure has it.” Tobin answers and Kelley scoffs.

“I call shot gun.” Kelley walks in front of Tobin jumping into the passenger side.

Alex nods her head and rolls up the window. Tobin hops in trying to figure out a way to bring up the topic of Laure staying in their place for a few nights.

Alex’s POV

“I don’t know James. That’s too risky! And I still don’t understand why you didn’t tell me about Boulleau!” Alex whispers trying to find the keys to her car hidden deep within her side pocket.

Alex was trying to talk herself out of it more than anything else. She was itching to fall back into the routine of following orders and forgetting about everything else around her, but the adrenaline pumping through her veins from working on a mission.

“She recruited Heath once she found out Tobin was trying to find you by recklessly working with Frank on her own. If you do this it may be your way inside. Get inside like every other mission I’ve sent you on. Be a distraction, seduce your way inside, and make your own path.”

“I’ll find a way in tonight…” Alex bites her lip sitting in her car waiting for Kelley to show up so she could leave.

‘So she recruited Tobin. They have history…’ Her imagination running rampant with horrifying scenarios. Gripping the wheel till her knuckles turned white, Alex felt her chest tighten just thinking about it. Alex was competitive by nature and she didn’t like being second best in anything. She hated it more so that Tobin had kept it from her.

“I know Frank… it will piss him off, but he’ll be surprised more than anything. You’ll create a great cover for Tobin. Make her look bad and I’m positive He’ll stop thinking that she’s a mole if you put her in a bad position.” Locking her jaw Alex notices Kelley walking alongside Tobin towards her car.

“I’ll take that under consideration.” Alex hangs up.

‘Now I need to find an excuse to be there.’ Alex schemes.

Rolling down the window she arches her brow looking intently at Tobin wondering why she was lingering.
“Can I have a ride?” Tobin looks at her feet and Alex almost breaks out into a smirk despite the frustration she felt towards the midfielder.

“What happened to your bike?”

“Laure has it.”

‘Of course she does.’ Alex nods her head in answer.

“I call shot gun.” Kelley huffs out and climbs into the car.

‘A crappy morning, a french defender who so happens to be Tobin’s recruiter in the City of Love no less!... and the feeling of utter uselessness during practice. Well this day couldn’t get any worse....shit I shouldn’t have said that.’ Alex lost in inner banter completely unaware about the tension building inside her car.

“So the team invited us to a night out on the town?” Kelley jolts Alex making her look at the defender quickly before looking back on the road.

“That sounds great. I am totally in.” Alex answers.

“That’s perfect!’

“Great.” Kelley smiles looking back outside the window.

Alex looks at her rearview mirror and watches Tobin chewing on her nails absentmindedly.

‘Hmm where is your head at.’

“What about you Tobin?” She asks just as she reaches Kelley’s place and notices her quick movements to get out the car.

“Wait, Kelley where are we going tonight?”

“We haven’t decided yet.” Kelley closes the door while Alex lowers the window.

“I have a good place in mind. I’ll text you about it later.”

“Great see you then….by girls.” Kelley walks inside her building already looking at her cell.

Making sure that Kelley makes it inside her apartment Alex spends a few seconds scouting the area for anything out of the ordinary when her phone vibrates.

“Play nice, Alex!!” - Kelley

Morgan rolls her eyes knowing Kelley was talking about Laure.

“You can come up front, Tobin. I don’t bite.” Alex whispers still looking around.

“Well I don’t bite in public...” She smirks remembering last night.

“Trust me I know.” In typical Tobin fashion, instead of walking out the car like a normal person, she jumps over the console and plops herself down on the passenger seat.
“You didn’t answer my question about you joining in on the team bonding.” Alex asks knowing that Tobin had a meeting with Frank later in the night and if her hunch was right so did Laure.

“I can’t I have something going on later tonight.”

“…with Frank.” Alex fills in pulling out of the curb once she was satisfied no one was staking out Kelley’s place.

“Yeah.”

“…and Laure.” Alex glances at Tobin.

“Yes and don’t hulk out on me it’s just a job.”

Alex remained silent for a few minutes as she drove them to their apartment.

“Say something.” Tobin pleads just as they park the car and Alex pulls the seatbelt off her shoulder.

Alex lets out a breath she forgot she was holding in.

“Don’t get me wrong I am pissed off…You don’t know how bad I want to yell at you right now, and I’m not going to apologize for it because I’m not perfect and I never said I was….But the one thing that rubs me the wrong way is that you didn’t talk to me this morning. You left without letting me know where you went…We’re supposed to be in this together, remember?” And before Alex lost the control she had over the anger bubbling on the surface, she climbs out the car and makes her way into the building.

“Wait, Alex! Let me explain.” She feels Tobin pull her wrist back before she manages to unlock their apartment door.

“I’m sorry about this morning, but I just…I got scared that I lost my focus on finishing what I started and I can’t let that happen.”

“Somehow I feel that you’re not telling me everything, Tobin and I told you I’m not going anywhere! You’re stuck with me so if it’s something you’ve done trust me we can work through it, but you’ve got to let me in!” Alex unlocks the door and strides her way into the apartment.

The shower was running and there was a bag that didn’t belong to Alex or Tobin.

‘So that’s what Kelley meant by playing nice…’ Alex silently chuckles throwing her bag on the couch before walking to the kitchen to grab a much needed drink from their wine bar.

“Finally you’re here! I was getting bored, Tobin. Did the striker finally grow a pair and let your amazing hands do their magic on her?….I know that glow on your cheeks all too well, Tobs.” Laure’s voice rings out over the running water.

Alex had the idea of Tobin and Laure being a thing, silently lingering in the back of her mind but she refused to think about it, refused to acknowledge it, but now she couldn’t ignore it and the wine she was currently drinking didn’t cause the slightest burn down her throat as she chugged it down.

“Laure Please!” Tobin yells.

‘That’s where the French outbursts came from…. Oh god, I need to get out of here…’ Alex quickly
grabs her keys from the coffee table and rushes past Tobin.

“Alex, wait!” Tobin reaches for her but Alex jukes out of the way and races down the steps in a hurry to get as far away as possible.

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**Tobin’s POV**

“Finally you’re here! I was getting bored, Tobin. Did the striker finally grow a pair and let your amazing hands do their magic on her?….I know that glow on your cheeks all too well, Tobs.” Laure’s voice echoes off the walls of their apartment and Tobin closes her eyes in answer shaking her head.

‘*God can this day just end already!*’

“Laure please!” Tobin yells out looking at Alex nearly finishing her wine glass she just poured herself a few seconds ago.

In the corner of her eye, Alex dashes to the living room and snatches her keys flashing right past Tobin.

“Alex, wait!” Tobin tries to grab a hold of her, but Alex jukes out of her reach and dashes down the stairs.

“Crap!” Tobin pulls her hands through her hair and looks at her watch. 8:43 pm.

“She lives with you!? La vache! I’m sorry Tobin I didn’t know!” Laure shuts the water off and quickly changes into her clothes.

“It’s not your fault, Laure. I screwed up…” Tobin stands at the doorway listening to the screeching of tires just outside the apartment.

‘*This needed to be done.*’ Tobin consoles herself knowing that Laure would be the one to push Alex away without actually needing to say the words to Alex, understanding that the forward would read the lie from a mile away.

“We need to get our stuff together and get ready to meet Frank.” Tobin takes another glance at her watch and shuts the door.

“…No problem.” Laure gives her space understanding what Tobin had done.
“Laure it’s almost midnight!! We can’t be late for this.” Tobin yells jumping off the bed from retrieving the bag she hid in the ceiling.

“I’m ready…I’m ready.”

“Great let’s go!” Tobin hustles not looking inside the carry-on knowing that by the weight she felt weighing down on her shoulders the bags were inside.

Knocking on the door several times, Laure locks her arm around Tobin just as the door is pushed open and they make their way inside the bustling club. Before they’re allowed clearance they’re patted down from head to toe.

“You’re good to go.” One of the crooks nods his head.

Walking up the three flight of stairs Tobin knocks on Franks door and gently pushes the door open allowing Laure to enter first.

“My my Laure you clean up nicely!” Frank greets in the French traditional manner while taking in Laure’s black one shouldered ruched chiffon cocktail dress that accentuated her body in all the right places.

“We got everything you asked for, Frank” Tobin cuts right to the business at hand placing the two bags on top of the desk and sits on the chair. Frank opens the package Laure transported first inspecting that everything was in fact in the bag.

Like Laure could read her mind she grabs them both a glass of champagne and hands one to Tobin.

“Thanks.” Laure simply nods looking up at Frank moving to the carry-on Tobin ‘found’.

“Are we celebrating something, Frank?” Laure asks taking a sip of the champagne.

“Huh…well we were, but it seems like Tobin didn’t finish the task at hand.” Frank grunts.

“What? What do you mean! They’re in there!” Tobin stands up just as Frank dumps the contents within the bag onto his desk.

“Oh then I’m the one mistaken! Sorry I forgot I’m in the business of smuggling 5 pound bags of fucking sugar!” Frank barks out.

Tobin stands shell shocked quickly trying to come up with a plan to fix whatever the hell just happened. The beginning beats of Intro by Disclosure flooded her senses, the words spoken floating through her mind.

“Wait something’s written on them…” Laure leans over to turn the bag of sugar over and Tobin slams her fists on the desk at what she reads written on the bag in permanent marker.

“Make me some sugar cookies, Bitches!

P.S. Did you honestly think it was going to be that easy, Frank!

- A.”

‘That’s Alex’s handwriting….Crap!’
“She found it…” Tobin breathes out before she realizes what she said out loud.

“How did you do this exactly, Heath?” Frank narrows his eyes.

“I found the bag without her knowing and I had it stashed in a place she would never find it. Clearly she played me for a fool!” Tobin pounds on the desk once again.

“I mean she did just find out about us, Tobin…maybe she wanted you to fail?” Laure places a hand on Tobin’s arm to keep her from pounding on the desk.

‘What the hell are you doing, Laure!”

To keep from knocking Laure upside the head, Tobin focuses in on Frank who was still looking at the letter Alex had left him.

Suddenly Frank’s door is pushed open and Devon walks inside to whisper something in Frank’s ear and the song switches to When a Fire Starts to Burn by Disclosure and the heavy beat bounces off the walls of the club reverberating off Tobins chest.

“Looks like she’s wanting to push you out of her way completely, Tobin.” Frank walks out to his window overlooking the busy club. Laure and Tobin follow him and following his gaze smack in the middle of the dance floor, Tobin recognizes someone she hardly recognized at all.

Tobin didn't understand the carefree atmosphere that radiated around Alex's movement that hypnotized everyone around her...she was completely lost in the rhythm of the music.

She took her breath away completely. Alex left her hair the way Tobin liked it best, loose curls that bounced freely along her back. The red wine dress she wore, hugged her figure tightly and with her back still facing towards them, Tobin couldn’t help but glance lower down her back.

‘What are you doing, Alex?’ Shaking her head out of her stupor, Tobin quirks her brow when Alex finally turns around only to look up directly at the one-sided window. It felt like Alex knew exactly where Heath stood as she stopped dancing altogether advancing down towards the back of the club with a wry smirk on her face.

"Let her through.” Frank orders.

Chapter End Notes

Now Alex's POV will be updated tomorrow night or Monday however you want to look at it.
And thank you for the good wishes on my Final's! Ya'll are too much lol but here it is hope you enjoyed it!
GNite ;)
Alex’s POV

In the many months she was on the run Alex learned to effectively block out her emotions when it all just got too overwhelming. Despite the skill of ignoring her emotions, Morgan still had trouble calming herself down as she drove off in a hurry to put as much distance between her and a certain tan midfielder that kept her world from falling apart. Her eyes blurry from unshed tears and blowing out air through her lips, Alex was finding it hard to control the spasms in her chest. Just the thought of losing Tobin made her forget how to breathe.

Alex always visualized scenarios of losing her ending in Tobin’s death, never did the thought of losing Tobin’s heart to someone else ever cross her mind.

She sure as hell wasn’t prepared for it.

‘God how could I be so delusional! Of course she found someone….You have no right to be mad, Alex. You left, Remember?!’ Alex’s inner voice argues in frustration with herself as she slams her fists on the steering wheel.

‘Why didn’t she tell me….is that why she left without warning? Was she with her this whole time?’ Alex wondered in thought as she drove absentmindedly towards the stadium.

Pulling the car in park she cuts the ignition and marches down towards the basement pulling her phone out to call Kelley.

A few seconds pass before her call is answered.

“Hello. Did you figure out the place we’re hanging out with the team yet?” Kelley questions.

“I need you to come to the stadium alone.” Alex sounds calmer than she felt.

“What’s wrong?”

“Just be here in ten, I’ll explain everything then.” Alex hangs up just before she leans down onto the biometric pad in order to unlock the door.

Walking directly to the small office, Morgan turns to desk lamp on giving her the light she needed to unlocks the safe and grab the bags she hid earlier in the day.

‘My life turned to crap because of this shit!’ The resentment towards the significance of what her life had turned into, pushed Alex’s temper to focus entirely on the two bags she held in each of her hands.

With all the strength she could muster Morgan grunted in her efforts as she threw them across the office. They hit the wall with so much excessive force the bags explode on impact.

Surrounded by the darkness of the basement and the only sound coming from her short breaths, Alex stares at the drug splattered along the carpet of the office floor in silence.
‘What am I doing…What the hell did I just do!?’ Alex realizes the gravity of her actions and she quickly makes it across the office and falls to her knees trying to gather the drug that spread into the carpet.

“Alex… What’s going on?” Alex hears Kelley enter the office, but she was too busy trying to fix her stupid mistake.

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**Kelley’s POV**

O’hara walked into the basement noticing the small light emanating from the small office and hearing movement inside.

Pushing the door slowly open she catches Alex quickly dashing across the room falling to her knees in a very frantic manner. The floor was covered in white powder and Kelley’s stomach twisted as she witnessed Alex scooping what little she could.

“Alex…What’s going on?” She whispers, but her question goes ignored.

“Alex…” The forward refused to answer.

‘Dammit answer me!’ Kelley scrunches her face in frustration, grabbing the first thing she could find on the desk to throw at Alex, slightly apprehensive of laying a hand on the disgruntled forward.

“Ow Kelley…why do always throw things at me?!” Alex rubs the spot on her forehead where the ball of rubber bands smacked her.

“I’ve done a lot of knife throwing….it’s second nature.” Kelley shrugs her shoulders.

“What are you doing?” Kelley deems it safe to walk to Alex’s side and hunches over. Something catches her eye at the edge of the wall hidden beneath a mound of white powder.

“Screwing things up…as always.” Alex huffs out grabbing the torn plastic bag trying to shove in as much of the white powder as she could.

“Is this cocaine?” Kelley asks while she pokes around the object that grabs her attention and realizes it’s a small flash drive.

“Yeah. The one’s Frank needs Tobin to deliver to him by midnight…” Alex whispers looking down at her hands.

“What is this?” Kelley picks up the flash drive.

“Where did you get that from?” Alex leans over lifting her hand to grab it from Kelley.

“Found it in the pile of drugs.” Kelley pulls back before Alex could grab it and makes her way to the computer on the desk.
“It was in the bag?” Alex asks jumping up off the ground following Kelley behind the desk.

“Yeah…” Kelley bites her lip as she waits for the flash drive to load up on the screen, but is immediately hit with an encryption of some sorts.

“Please don’t tell me this is what I think it is?” Alex almost laughs out.

“If it is…it’s encrypted. We’ll be lucky if it’s just a password we need to have a look inside…I doubt it.” Kelley toys with the code a little until she recognizes the gist of what she needed in order to crack it.

“I….Oh my god…this whole time…” Kelley glances to her right making note of Alex laughing to herself.

Kelley raises her brow till Alex notices her watching and clears her throat.

“Explain.” Kelley demands.

“They are the bags I ran off with from that night….This entire time I was in possession of the evidence that could clear my name! Well Hope was in possession of.” Alex ran a hand through her hair. The look of pure shock written all over her face.

“I can’t even express to you how fucking messed up this is….Its so fucked up!!” Alex screams, but ends in chuckles.

Kelley sat in silence trying to really take in the information.

‘Wow’

“So much for 13 being your number…. 2013 really shit the stick on you, Baby Horse.” O’hara shakes her head.

“Can we crack it?” Kelley could feel the anticipation dripping out of Alex’s raspy tone. She was nearly dancing on her feet.

“I know a little about cracking code, but I don’t think I can unlock this without being in close proximity to the set IP Address…” Kelley groans.

“So it needs to be in Franks’ club?”

“Yes.” Kelley answers.

“Well, Kelley it looks like we’re going on your first mission.” Alex has the biggest smile on her face and it makes Kelley break out on her own.

“This Drive may have everything we need in order to take this whole organization down.” Alex taps on the drive poking out on the side of the computer.

Chapter End Notes

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Alex’s POV

“Okay, Kelley tell me again.” Alex breathes out as they sit in her car just about to pick up Mana, Allie and Nikki before they head out to Frank’s club.

“I don’t do anything till you come back from his office and give the go ahead….” Kelley recites for the sixth time as she pulls the small tablet into the secret compartment of her satchel that matches her silver-grey cocktail dress.

“And then what…”

“I finish unlocking the encryption and get the girls out of there as fast as possible.” Kelley finishes as they both watch their teammates make their way down the flight of stairs from their apartment.

“…And if I’m not back before the sun rises you make sure you contact James and give him the drive reminding him that he promised to get Tobin out.” Alex looks at Kelley intently making sure that she understood the plan.

“Al, why do you have to go back in?”

“Because I don’t just want Frank….and Tobin may still be in there….and Laure.” Alex takes a few seconds to add in the last person.

“As much as you wish you were a bad ass, you’re just a softy Lex.” Kelley smiles and before Alex can deny the remark the girls hop in the car and Alex drives to the club.

Her plan was coming together and she knew the girls would use social media to make it known what their plans were for the night, especially Allie. Although she’d kept her face out of the social scene since she made it back to the States, Alex welcomes the security of having so many cameras around Frank’s club. It assured her that Frank would think twice before doing something rash.

She looks up on her rearview mirror and notices Allie whispering something to Mana and it seemed really important, but Kelley interrupted their conversation when she asks who was taking over the first round of drinks.

‘Hmm strange...’ Alex shakes her head brushing it off as her just being antsy about Kelley’s first mission under her wing and she let it go as nothing else other than her paranoia.
Alex almost laughed out loud at how accurate her predictions were about the girls posting their whereabouts as she jumped out her car and is immediately blinded by the flashing lights of multiple photographers trying to get her to smile at them.

“Alex!!! Alex! You drinking tonight?.....What’s it like being on the run?!” They screamed at her from all directions as the bouncers of Franks club pulled the group in past the mob, but in the corner of her eye she can see one of them yell into their radio informing Frank of her appearance.

Walking into the club Alex grabs a hold of Kelley’s hand as they push through the crowd as the words of *Intro by Disclosure* echoed off the dancing crowd around her.

She’d kept the incident that happened in her apartment earlier in the day in the back of her mind wanting all her focus to be on preparing Kelley for her first mission, but she can’t seem to shake off the gloomy mist over her head. She wasn’t prepared to understand what Tobin had to say about the relationship she had with Laure. Alex ignored that pesky annoying organ beating in her chest as she danced along with the oblivious crowd around her.

‘*If this all goes to plan, I’m free….’* Alex thought of something else and like it finally hit her she felt the adrenaline shoot through her veins as she pulled the girls onto the dancefloor.

‘*I’m free….’* She repeated to herself with a smile creeping on her face as she heard the words of *When a Fire Starts to Burn by Disclosure* playing throughout the club.

‘*One more time and I won’t have to be her anymore…’* Alex tells herself as she feels the fire start to burn deep within her chest and her hips match the beat to the music.

Nothing scared her more than the person she turned into during missions…it terrified her.

She catches Kelley’s gaze and nods slightly before she turns around looking up at Frank’s office. The smirk still evident on her face Alex was sure they knew she was here.

‘*No stopping till the big win…’* Alex pep-talks to herself as she walks through the crowd heading towards the entrance to the back of the club and the bouncers standing on each side of the door simply open the door for her before the sounds of the music is muffled out and she’s being escorted up the flight of stairs.

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**Tobin’s POV**

“Let her through” Frank orders Devon to let Alex into the back of his club.

“And call Vlad….Let him know she’s here.” He calls out to Devon walking out the door.

“Who’s Vlad?” Tobin asks.

‘*This is getting out of hand…I’m not in control!*’ Tobin puts all her effort on trying to calm herself down and look at the big picture. Try to figure out what the hell was going on!
“An old friend….” Frank answers with a sly smirk of his own before sitting down behind his desk. Tobin surveys her surroundings trying to hack up a plan of escape, but all she found were dead ends.

‘Come on….There is always a way out.’ Tobin wracked her brain.

A faint knock on the door grabs the attention of everyone in the room before Devon opens the door and is shortly followed by Alex walking inside.

‘Wow’ Tobin forgot where she was entirely as she took in the red herve leger dress Alex wore to perfection.

‘FOCUS!’ Tobin yells at her sporadic thoughts.

Alex’s gaze falls on Tobin for a split second before she sweeps the entire room and stops on Frank who sat behind his desk looking way too comfortable for Tobin’s liking.

“I’d say it’s nice seeing you again, Frank….But I think we all know we’d rather be doing something else entirely than be in each other’s company.” Alex walks behind Laure and Tobin pausing slightly behind the midfielder.

“Or maybe it’s just me…” Tobin feels the icy glare practically searing the back of her head.

Her hand skimming across the desk Alex leaned on it between them and chuckled as she read the note she’d left Frank.

“I see you got my note…” Tobin notices the cocky smirk she’d only seen in rare occasions. Alex rarely felt the need to gloat about her talents. Just another quality Tobin liked, but right now the Alex standing in front of her was not the Alex she knew.

“……” The room stays quiet and the tension is making Tobin anxious.

“Let’s get to business shall we? You’re boring me…” Alex exhales.

“I think you’re forgetting in whose territory you just walked into, Alexandra.” Frank’s tone holds malice as he leans forward. Tobin tightens her jaw knowing that if Frank so much as lifted a hand towards Alex she would blow her cover.

“You’d be stupid to touch me now…..You had your chance, too bad you couldn’t keep up.” Alex reaches over Laure and grabs Tobin’s champagne glass right from her hand. Tobin ignores the way her movements make the bottom of her dress hike up a few inches.

“And what makes you think I won’t…” Frank asks intrigued.

“Because a whole team of soccer players are out on that dance floor that would have an awful time trying to get home if I suddenly disappeared….also the mob of reporters that are currently camped outside waiting…hoping that I come out of your club wasted off my ass.” Morgan walks over to the window glancing down towards the dance floor taking a sip from Tobin’s drink.

“Have you gone mad? Why would you bring the team here?” Tobin asks worried for their safety as well as the striker who was currently laughing.

“As much as Frank likes to play the man in charge….someone else has him by the jewels calling all the shots and something tells me he would have to ask for permission first….” Alex dismisses
Tobin simply brushing past her left shoulder.

“In fact, I should make an appearance shortly before they start wondering where I went….should take about ten minutes. More than enough time to ask the real man in charge, Frank….I’ll be back.” Alex walks to the door and opens it, but is immediately faced with one of Frank’s men.

“Let her through.” Frank orders to Tobin’s surprise.

Alex leaves the room and immediately Frank stands up in frustration.

“Tobin go down to the floor and watch her…” Frank practically kicks her out before she hears him address Laure to take a sit.

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_Alex’s POV_

Morgan makes her way to where she saw the girls last from Frank’s window and simply nudges Kelley’s shoulder and she nods.

“I drank too much water today….Excuse me ladies.” Kelley dismisses herself grabbing her satchel as she walked out into the crowd towards the bathrooms and the calm instrumental beat of *Open by Rhye*, slows down the movement of the dancing crowd.

A few seconds pass while Alex downs a shot before she senses someone standing behind her.

“Hey, Tobin! You made it!” Mana yells over the music and Alex places the empty glass back on the table before she turns around and allows herself to actually take in Tobin for the first time since she laid eyes on her in Frank’s office.

She wore a plain white singlet and teal blue skinny jeans that made her tan skin glow in the most enticing way. Alex paused a few seconds allowing her the time to glance at Tobin’s strong defined shoulders that gleamed against the lights. Before she can stop herself she’s lost in the events of last night and the way those very arms felt as Alex pushed her over the edge and the way….

‘Shit! Focus Morgan….you’re on the job, and plus she lied to you…” Alex reminds herself just enough to block out the explicit memories flashing in the back of her brain.

“Dance with me.” Tobin holds out her hand for Alex to take.

“No thanks.” Alex scoffs out turning her back on Tobin but almost loses her balance when she’s pulled against Tobin’s lean frame.

“I wasn’t asking.” Tobin grunts as she smiles over her shoulder towards their teammates.

Biting the inside of her cheek in frustration Alex allows Tobin to walk her into the middle of the crowd probably to use them as cover for what Tobin was about to say.

“What the hell where you thinking bringing them here, Alex!” Tobin yells behind her as their hips
swayed in time with the slow beat.

“I’m getting the job done!”

‘*God seriously this song needs to change…*’ Alex’s thoughts are going haywire.

“Is that all it is to you….A Job.” Tobin’s whisper tickles her ear and Alex was having a hard time concentrating on her surroundings.

“Oh please don’t start….” Alex begins to pull away, but Tobin wraps her arms around her waist.

‘*Dammit Tobin!*’

“It’s not what you think….Laure and I.” Tobin’s words make Alex go back to what she tried to ignore before she walked into the club and she fought against it.

“Stop trying to make this about us, Tobin.”

“Yeah, because you keep trying to make this about anything else…”

“You know what. Fine, let’s do this then.” Alex tries to wiggle away again, but Tobin’s hands tighten on her hips pulling Alex even closer to the midfielder.

“Don’t pretend like you pulled me out here to talk about the girls. If you want to talk, then talk.” Alex challenges knowing full well that’s the last thing Tobin wanted to do. Tobin never knew what to say.

Before Tobin answered or tried to answer she turns Alex around pulling the striker’s arms around her neck.

“Here’s the thing Alex, I don’t know what to say….”

‘*Shocker!*’ Alex rolls her eyes.

“…Or do…or think.” Tobin’s voice takes on a darker tone. Alex fights the chill running down her spine while Tobin slowly brings her hands down to her hips pressing their fronts together making Alex hitch her breathe despite her efforts not to.

“All I know is that right now I want to rip your clothes off right here in the middle of this dance floor and throw you in one of Franks many hidden rooms and kiss every square inch of your body while a bunch of clueless people listen and wish they were us…” Tobin whispers slowly biting her lip with so much lust as she looked intently at Alex’s lips. Morgan’s jaw slacks and she forgets where she is, her name,… everything as she witnesses the sexiest thing she’s ever seen.

“…That’s probably a bad idea right?” Tobin’s husky tone distracts Alex for a few seconds before she realizes Tobin was waiting for an answer.

“Uh…Ri…Right.” Alex blinks trying to get a single word out without sounding like an idiot.

‘*Did I really just stutter?*’ Alex manages to gather her thoughts slightly.

“Right.” Tobin repeats.

“See you upstairs.” Tobin unwraps Alex’s arms from her neck and walks towards the back of the club with Alex gaping at her from the spot she’d left seconds ago.
“What was that about?” Kelley bumps Alex’s shoulder.

“Uhmm….” Alex was still trying to comprehend what happened herself.

“Never mind I don’t want to know. I got it done.” Kelley shakes her head.

“Okay leave. Take the girls…I need to get Tobin out of here.”

‘Shit why did I lose focus that was my chance…Dammit!’ Alex shakes her head using all the training she’d ever come across in her life to focus.

‘Focus….Focus.’ She kept repeating.

“Remember if I’m not back at your place before the sun rises call James.”

Kelley nods and they walk their separate ways.

Alex walks to the back and they search her again before they let her walk up to Frank’s office.

Walking into the office she blocks everything out beside the job she needed to get done.

“Finally got permission, Frankie?” She walks towards Frank sitting on his chair facing away from her.

‘What is this Scarface? Man this guy watched Godfather way too much in his childhood.’ She thinks, but Frank’s voice comes from the other corner of his office and not from the man sitting in his chair.

“Even better Alex, I brought him here just for you.” She looks over her shoulder and glances at Frank finally realizing Tobin was right next to him.

“Huh, I like your real name…Way better than Jennifer, Alexandra.” The thick Russian accent tone of voice behind Alex lifts the hair on the back of her neck in a second.

“Vlad…?” Alex questions whipping her body around to the tall Russian rotating on the chair like some bad joke.

“Ahhhh you’re even wearing the same dress from that night….How nice of you.” Vlad raked his eyes over Alex slowly and it knotted her stomach in the worst way.

‘This is some sick fucking Joke!’ Alex screams internally in rage understanding now, why the organization knew so much about the agency.

They knew she was an agent.

Vlad was a Russian arms dealer that Alex grabbed Intel from to take his whole mob down back in Russia. The way she grabbed that Intel still made her skin crawl to this day. It was one of those memories that idly played in the back of her mind as a reminder of the monster she’d let herself become overseas and away from her old life. Once she was done getting all the information she could from him she blew her cover and took him into custody. Further interrogation led to the understanding that he knew the whereabouts of refined untraceable plutonium and they handed him over to the CIA.

How he escaped the CIA was damn near impossible, but they also said that about her escaping the agency. If Alex knew one thing for sure in all her experience in life it would be that nothing was impossible if you wanted it bad enough.
Morgan’s vision was pulsing on the edges and she pushed through it.

“Before we talk any further and delve deeper into us being business partners….I don’t want any of them here. They need to leave.” Alex points over her shoulder towards Frank, Laure and Tobin.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh!!!! Trust me when I say this is all unraveling in my head as I write it and I’m in the same boat as ya’ll.
Update tomorrow!
Enjoy and Goodnite! ;)


Harsh Truths Pt1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex’s POV

Frank’s office is empty apart from Vlad and herself as they stare at each other in silence waiting for either one of them to break.

The silence ends when the door behind Alex is swung open and a few guards come in. She stands up defensively, tightening her jaw in preparation for what she believed Vlad had in store for her.

Morgan faces the guards ready for their first move, but before she knew it a pop went off behind her and although she ducked on instinct, Vlad aimed for her thigh. The pain of the needle piercing her skin Alex grunted in pain as she felt the tranquilizer do its job. The all too familiar sensation of drowsiness beginning to work its way throughout her bloodstream. The numbness of her limbs allowing the guards to cover her head, and the last thing she remembers is the smile that always managed to make everything better.

Flashback

*8 months ago*

“Vlad’s taken me into his inner circle, but he hasn’t dropped any information on where the weapons are held yet.” Alex greets walking into James office for her weekly debrief on her longest mission yet.

“Who would have thought hiding a boat load of military grade weapons would be that easy to hide.” James jokes.

“When is the deal going down?”

“He meets with Al Qaeda’s Jihad fighters on Tuesday.” Alex answers.

“Well needless to say that can’t happen. So we have two days to secure the location of the weapons.”

“Sir, I am close I just...” Alex pleads.

“After that bring him in with or without the location of the weapons. Clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You still have time to work your magic. No other girl has lasted this long in Vlad’s rotation. You must be making quite an impression.” James adds standing up from behind his desk and Alex ignored the knot that twisted in her stomach.

“Look… I know these assignments are distasteful, but sometimes we have to do them. You see that don’t you?” James holds her gaze while Alex remembers the reason why she viewed Vlad as the worst kind of criminal.

“…The other day Vlad was unhappy with an engineer, said he was taking too long making a bomb
casing. So he brought in the guy’s wife and broke her arms right in front of him…. Then he said he wouldn’t let her off so easy next time and would go after their little girl too. So, yes I know what I have to do.” Morgan answers with conviction. Turning her back to walk out of James office Alex pauses and faces James again.

“And Sir, when we do bring Vlad in, I’d like five minutes alone with him in a room with no cameras….I want to show him there are women out there who can hurt him too.” Alex takes James nod as approval before she walks out his office.

*End of Flash back*

Kelley’s POV

She left the club the moment Alex gave her the go ahead and Kelley couldn’t help but feel anxious although the mission was going just as they’d planned.

“Where is Alex?” Allie asks sitting in the passenger seat.

“With Tobin.” Kelley answers with the truth, glancing at the midfielder sitting on her right.

“Are they a thing?” She asks.

“Are you blind Allie? No two people dance that sexy together if they ain’t getting it on. Of course they’re a thing.” Nikki laughs.

Both of them laugh together and Kelley notices Mana looking out the window frantically biting her nails. It rubbed O’Hara the wrong way, knowing Mana usually joined in on teasing matters.

Just as they made it to the girls place Kelley parks the car making sure to keep a close watch on Mana.

Allie was watching her although discreetly, but Kelley noticed it.

“Mana can I talk to you, I need some help on something?” Kelley asks rolling down her window before they walked up the stairs to their apartment.

“Sure…” Mana answers and like they were coiled together Allie hangs back as well.

“Uhmm Allie do you mind….It’s a little embarrassing and I’m not ready to tell too many people.” Kelley smiles out towards the midfielder.

Allie looks at Mana for a few seconds before she simply nods and follows Nikki up the stairs. Kelley waits till Long closes the door behind her before she looks back at Mana leaning on the side of her jeep.

“Are you okay, Mana?” Kelley whispers.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Why the worry?”
‘Man my gut better be right…’ Kelley questions herself wondering if what she was about to ask would bite her in the butt afterwards.

“I just noticed you were out of it tonight. You can talk to me. I want you to know that, Mana. I can help…” Kelley keeps eye contact needing to get the underlining message across somehow.

“I’m fine….Just make sure you know who you trust….Foreigners are not always welcomed. Know what I mean?” Kelley quirks her brow.

‘Foreigners?...what?’

“Goodnight O’Hara…” Mana waves walking towards the stairs and Kelley notices the shadow behind their curtain window move slightly out of view.

‘Is Allie really that nosey?…’ Kelley thought to herself as she pulls out the parking lot.

Kelley races to her apartment hoping that on some off chance Alex would already be waiting for her so they could unravel whatever Kelley discovered with Mana, together.

Unfortunately that wasn’t the case, the apartment is empty when she walks in. Kelley opens the satchel in her hand and reveals the tablet along with the flash she decrypted.

‘Let’s see what this is all for…’ O’Hara leans against her kitchen counter biting her lip as she scrolls down the files and what she comes across makes her gasp out in a mixture of surprise, worry, and fear for her friends lives.

Alex’s POV

A subtle caress on her cheek followed by a nudge startles her out of unconsciousness. The first thing she opens her eyes to is Vlad’s face and the ceiling behind him.

“Time to wake up…no rest for the wicked.” His voice rumbles against her own chest.

“Vlad…” Morgan whispers taking in her surroundings.

“Ahh you remember me. Good. We don’t have to waste time in catching up.”

‘We’re in the stadium?’ Alex notices her Jammer blinking behind Vlad.

‘Oh god this is not good news…. This will be the last place Tobin would think about looking.
*Sigh*

“What do you want?” She asks pulling on the restraints around the steel chair she was sitting on. She followed the wires wrapped around the arms of her chair leading up to a battery Vlad was walking towards.

“What do I want?... What I want is for the last 6 months not to have happened. Not to have been water boarded, sleep deprived, and humiliated on a daily bases. What I want… is to have my life back, but I can’t have that…So I guess I’ll just have to settle for you.”
'You and I both, buddy.' She thinks.

“Look I know you’re angry…” Alex retorts still yanking on her restraints.

“Angry, No. Well, maybe the first month and the second.” He chuckles.

“You have to know that I was following orders…” Alex grunts testing the restraints on her ankles.

“I did come to some clarity…”

“James gave the order.” She adds.

“More of an understanding really…” He keeps explaining.

“I was doing a job and now I’m on the run from the agency…we have a mutual enemy.” Alex finally looks at Vlad in the eye trying to persuade him.

“Hmm…”

“I hated what James made me do…I still do…”

“NO! No you did not!.... You enjoyed doing this to me…” Vlad points at the scar on his face Alex managed to block out until now.

“…Just like how I’m going to enjoy doing this to you.” He marches towards Alex and she holds his gaze as he leans down to her eye level.

“Feel free to scream, James made a great job in making this place the best for what I have in mind.” He turns his back on Morgan.

Alex shakes her wrists in one last futile attempt to free herself before she feels the surge of electricity pulse throughout her body and Alex grits her teeth against the pain.

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**Tobin’s POV**

Tobin rushes down the stairs not really having a choice with the crook behind her holding a gun to her back. Her thoughts filled with questions and worst case scenarios she wringed her wrists out of habit.

The harsh bang of the alley door unknowingly called the attention of the photographers staking out the back entrance on some off chance that Alex would try to sneak her way out. Laure and Tobin rush to her bike in a hurry to bypass the media.

“Here you can put my helmet on, Laure.” She hands her the helmet and Laure immediately pulls it over her head before mounting the bike behind Tobin.

Heath sensed Laure was being unusually quite throughout the night and it was starting to ring a few warning bells in her head.
‘Who the hell is Vlad?’ Tobin kept asking herself from the moment the Russian made his way into the office. She didn’t miss the way Alex reacted to his presence either.

She noticed the surprise in Alex’s face when the man made his presence known and she couldn’t let it go. Peeling out the alley-way she wastes no time getting away from the flashing cameras riding towards her apartment.

Grabbing her phone out from her pocket she pulls Kelley’s number up pretty sure that she saw Kelley in the club along with the group of her teammates. Tobin needed to make sure they left the club safely.

“Tobin?” Kelley answers the call immediately.

“Kelley where are you?”

“My place. Is Alex with you?”

“No, they kicked me out of the club on her orders…I’m coming your way…”

“Okay.”

Tobin ends the call and looks to her rearview mirrors before she makes a hairpin turn pulling on the throttle of her bike towards Kelley’s place in a hurry.

A few minutes later Tobin knocks fervently on Kelley’s door. After a few rapid footsteps, a few seconds of silence the door is swung open and Tobin is met with Kelley holding a gun to her side, worry written all over the defenders face.

“What was Alex thinking, Kelley? I know she went to you after she left our place. What’s going on?” Tobin frantic in getting answers while walking into Kelley’s simple apartment.

“Wait…” Kelley mumbles allowing Laure to walk past her before she shuts the door. Tobin follows her into her living room with Laure a few steps behind. Suddenly, Kelley pulls a book on her bookshelf and her room switches around much like her own apartment.

The french defender walks to the conference table and pulls the computer up, typing away.

“Laure call James, please.” Tobin asks walking into the kitchen on the other side of the apartment, Kelley following her as she opens her fridge to grab herself a bottle of water. Before she can close the fridge Kelley pulls her further into it and opens her hand out revealing a pill.

"Trust me...swallow this and follow my lead." Kelley whispers.

"What is it?" Tobin asks simply swallowing the pill and following it with a few sips of water.

"A ingestible tracker..." Kelley whispers closing the fridge and walks back towards Laure.

“What were you doing at the club, Kelley?” Tobin asks again changing the subject. Tobin paces the room trying to wrack her brain for ways to get Alex out.
“We needed to…get you out.” Kelley pauses slightly not looking at Tobin, but at Laure instead.

“Well Tobin’s out now. Do you have the drugs? Where are they… maybe we can bargain them for Alex. A trade.” Out of nowhere Laure stands up from the computer looking at Kelley waiting for an answer.

“No, those are gone… Alex took them.” Kelley answers.

“…And why would we need to bargain them for Alex?” Tobin questions.

“James is on the line…” Laure interrupts in haste by pulling up the screen on the monitor for the video call.

Tobin shares a look with Kelley and notices the slight shake of her head. If she was getting the right message from Kelley then things just got a whole lot worse.

“I’m here. What’s the urgency?” James voice crackles through the feed.

“We have Alex…” Laure quickly replys.

“Who is Vlad?” Tobin cuts off Laure from talking to James.

“Vlad? I’m based in Russia, Heath. I know lots of Vlad’s.”

“The man Frank follows orders from is called Vlad. Alex knows the guy.”

“Where is Alex?” James asks. His voice rising.

“She’s still in the club and she made him kick us all out from the club entirely… How does she know him?” Tobin’s clipped words giving away her frustrations.

“Does he have a scar on his left eye?”

“Yes, along with scar tissue on his cornea.” Tobin tries to answer, but Laure beats her to it.

“Tall… Russian. Thick rustic accent behind his English. Grey eyes that seem to look right through you?” James adds. Tobin nods.

“So who is he?” Kelley leans against the table in front of Laure.

“A Russian Arms Dealer Alex brought in for me a few months back.” James sighs out. Tobin didn’t like the way James himself was reacting to the information.

“He knows then. That she’s an agent.” Tobin lets the words sink in as she words them out.

“Vlad definitely knows… Shit.”

“What?” Laure whispers.

“He runs the organization and now he knows Alex’s true identity. See, Alex hurt his pride. She lied her way into his life in a matter of weeks and he spilled his guts out to her. This is the reason why I want her to stay.”

“Ok so why didn’t he kill her on the spot?” Tobin asks while rubbing the back of her neck. Her body was on high alert and she needed all the information she could use to figure out a way to get Alex out of there.
“The man is a sadistic psycho that takes pleasure in inflicting pain on others. He’s out for blood… Her blood.”

Tobin makes it for the door, but is pulled back by Kelley.

“She said to wait till the sun rises, Tobin. That’s the time she wanted me to give her before I sounded the alarms.” Kelley quickly adds.

Kelley understood that Heath is the kind of person people related to immediately and could sense her emotions from a mile away. She felt her emotions fully and immensely and right now Tobin was on edge and her restraint was being tested well beyond its limits.

Tobin unclasps Kelley’s grip on her forearm and shakes her head before she walks out the apartment.

Alex’s POV

“ARRRGHH…….” The screams stop once Alex passes out for the first time.

Vlad pours some ammonia on his fingertips and wafts them under her nose making her wake up.

“Don’t tell me that’s all you’ve got… I was expecting soo much more.” Vlad chuckles.

Disoriented and out of breath Alex could hear him rambling in the far distance of her groggy brain.

“Remember the first time I saw you? In that club in Moscow…You were wearing this very same dress, a natural blonde if I remember correctly although I do prefer you as a brunette….. You said you had one too many glasses of wine and man you’re just as beautiful as I remember.” She feels him play with her hair, but she’s too faint to flinch away. Her muscles didn’t respond like she’d like them to.

“Hey….stay with me.” Alex feels him grab her chin and slap her cheek lightly.

“You know what helps? Pick a point in your mind and focus on it. Something that will help keep you going.” Vlad whispers by her ear.

The only image she needed was the very one that kept her going since that fateful night. It was a memory more than anything. The moment she won her first Olympic Gold Medal and Tobin walked up to her with the brightest smile she’d ever seen on the midfielders face. The hug they shared and where Alex couldn’t contain herself and twirled the tan midfielder until they nearly toppled over.

She had to fight from smiling the memory worked so well.

“See what really kept me going… was the thought of seeing you suffer and beg for your life….you kept me alive, Alexandra” Alex was gaining her senses back. She can tell now that he was standing next to her rambling in her ear.

“The woman you knew was not me…I was under orders. I was forced to work for an agency that
made me do terrible things…” She mumbles past the fatigue.

“Oh Must’ve been hard!” He taunts.

“It’s the TRUTH!” Alex not sure if she yelled to convince herself or him.

“…I hated what they made me do.” She whispers.

“Then why didn’t you get out?”

“I couldn’t.”

“Oh well you could’ve killed yourself…that would’ve been a way out.” He pulls her head back by her hair and Alex tries desperately not to break.

“See that’s just it. You didn’t really want to get out. You just don’t want to admit it, but I know you…intimately….and I’m not talking about the sex.” He stands back upright pacing around her.

Alex is so lost in his words that she stops fighting the restraints altogether.

“No…we shared something much more primal. I saw behind your lies and caught a glimpse of your true self. See the woman who did this…” He kneels in front of her pointing at his scar and Alex focuses on the memory even more, but nothing was helping. He was hitting too close to home. All her fears.

“That’s who you are!” He yells and Alex can feel her barriers breaking.

“The woman who did this and enjoyed it…That’s the real Alexandra!!”

“Oh just kill me already and get it over with!” Alex spits out in anger.

“No I’m not going to kill you for a long time. You think I’m going to let you off that easy? Baby you’re in for the long haul… Just relax.” Vlad simply smiles and stands up to walk towards the battery and Alex swallowes the whimper that would make her seem breakable to masochistic psycho in front of her, instead she closes her eyes. Imagining the bright smile under them she braces herself for the pain that pulses throughout her entire body a few seconds later.

*Flashback*

James opens the door to Vlad’s fleeting screams just as he slumps against the wall unconscious.

“Looks like you put your five minutes to good use.” James peers behind Alex who was rubbing the blood off her hands with the cloth he handed her.

Her adrenaline diminishing, clearing the hazy cloud her mind fell to as she tried to get the locations of the nuclear material out of Vlad.

“Thank you, sir.” Alex stood in silence noticing her fingertips remained calm and still. No signs of apprehension whatsoever.

“We’ll hand him over to the CIA and they’ll get what we need…I just wanted to congratulate you personally. Morgan, you just managed to bring down one of the most dangerous, vindictive arms dealer in the world.” James places a hand on her shoulder to grab her attention.

“I’ll be honest with you I was doubting your commitment to the program. I was about to decline your clearance for the mission you want most…I didn’t think you had it in you to really get things
done no matter the cost. But you showed me something here I’ve never seen before…Something evil…. You have evil in you.”

“Wha….but I…” Alex steps back looking up at James in bewilderment.

“Relax. It’s a good thing. There are monsters in this world and the only to beat them is to get down on their level and fight fire with fire. That’s why the agency exists.” James walks away. Alex felt the guilt of her actions finally penetrate the wall she’d built around herself since the night she accepted James offer.

“There are monsters out there.” He repeats over his shoulder.

*End of Flashback*

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Alex’s POV

Her cries bounced off the walls and he killed the switch just before she blacked out again.

Alex gasped for air.

Her whispers softly making their way to Vlad and he walked closer trying to understand what she was trying to say past her involuntary shakes.

“I’m sorry….” She whimpers.

“What was that?” He kneels down laughing at Alex.

“I’m sorry I didn't take out your other eye….” Alex finds strength in her anger to lift her head and look up at Vlad.

“And if I’d known you’d be talking me to death I would've cut out your tongue too…So turn it up, last one tickled a little.” She nods towards the battery and she saw him breaking in front of her.

“You’re going to beg me for death!”

“Like you did with the CIA….” Alex smiled as she watched the man literally tear up in front of her.

“…What’s the matter? They hurt the poor little psychopath…”

“Ooomph” She groans as he punches her in the gut out of anger.

Alex laughs to frustrate Vlad even further.

‘Okay he’s losing control….either he makes a mistake or he kills me faster…’ Alex thinks knowing she needed to push further….lose herself in the lie completely.

She needed to get inside Vlad’s head to find something…anything to let her free.
“I’m going to tell you something I’ve never told anyone…. I’ve regretted most of my missions in the agency, but not all….not yours. You’re right….I enjoyed hurting you.”

“Bitch!” Vlad spits out. Alex noticed the tears that started flowing down Vlad’s cheek.

“What’s wrong? You wanted to get real! Let’s do it.” Alex challenges and Vlad stands up letting out a deep breath trying to control himself, but Alex kept getting inside his head.

“The person who beat you inside that room all those months ago…is someone I pretend isn’t there. Someone I lock deep… deep down inside and never show to the people I love…, because if they knew the truth they’d hate me.” Alex used the truth of her fears. Of what she feared the most ever since she returned to Tobin. Why she can’t meet her family’s faces after all the things she’d done.

“But here in this hole we can be honest with each other, right? So come on, you and I can spend all of our lives hurting each other….we deserve it.”

Tobin’s POV

The midfielder was banging on the door of the club with a little too much force. The window slides open and she demands them to open the door.

“I need to talk with Frank, Now!” Something in her gaze made the crook open the door without apprehension.

A soon as they finish patting her down she races up the stairs and barges into Frank’s office immediately scouting the place for Alex.

“Hey!” Frank stands up startled.

“Where is she?” Tobin locks the door without Frank noticing and advances towards Frank’s desk.

“Hell if I know. Vlad took her to God knows where….” Frank sits back down fixing his jacket out of habit.

“Where?”

“Honestly, Heath, I have no clue. The man gives me the creeps and looks like Alex really knew how to pick em, because that Russian is flat out if his mind.”

Tobin was itching to get her hands on Frank, but she needed him on her side still and he was the best chance she had of finding out where Alex was.

Before Tobin could threaten Frank his cell rings in his pocket and Tobin sits on the desk folding her arms waiting for Frank to answer the call.

“Hello?” Tobin strains to listen to the thick voice that answers Frank.

“I didn’t get what I was promised…”
“What are you talking about, you have Alex!”

“This sick bitch doesn’t get it… she won’t be hurt. I want my revenge!”

“Look let’s take a step back and work through this like professionals… I really want my own share of the profits and freedom to branch out and in return I think I can help you…. Alex is all hard exteriors…but at heart she’s a softie. She can’t stand to watch the ones she loves get hurt.” Frank looks up at Tobin and smirks.

“And you have access to someone she cares about?”

“I have someone in mind.” Frank ends the call and looks up at Tobin.

“You really want to know where she is.”

“Yes, I’m not in the mood to play games, Frank! What does he want?” Tobin stands up in frustration.

“He wants to be heard and it seems he’s having a hard time getting through to your girlfriend. SO he’s going to need someone to help her listen.”

“Get to the point, Frank!”

“If you want Alex… really want her it’s going to require a sacrifice. ….. You’re going to have to sacrifice yourself, Heath. You get the point now?”

Tobin already knew her answer well before Frank made it known, what Vlad wanted.

Alex's POV

She could feel her muscles beginning to respond to her again and she shook against the chair frantically trying to loosen the straps. She notices a few of the stitches on her right leg coming loose but her attempts at escape are interrupted when she hears the door sliding open again.

'How is he getting through the bio-metric pad?’ She wonders.

Her question is almost immediately answered when Vlad walks in with someone perched over his shoulders....wearing teal blue skinny jeans.

"No..." Alex whispers before she can stop herself.

"...Let's see if I can hurt you now." Vlad voice drips with malice, but Alex couldn't take her eyes off Tobin's unconscious body lying a few feet in front of her.
Hopefully there'll be another update by tomorrow.
Enjoy!
Gnite ;)
(Quick Note: I can't reply to the person on my comment stream for some reason...Yes the flashback scene with Vlad is a scene from a show i like *Nikita*) But I'm building off from it.) And Tonight should reveal a little bit more from Allie and Mana's story into it all)
Kelley’s POV

“So how are you involved in all of this?” Kelley asks Laure as she sits across the table from her.

Kelley did not understand how she remained calm after she read the files in the decrypted flash drive. They’d been infiltrated in all sides by this Vlad guy that if it weren’t for her love towards the woman they most likely had captive she would have called it off as a total failure.

The tactics they used to recruit in and out of the agency ranged from extortion, blackmail, to simple agreement of joining them.

“I’ve been with the agency for years.” Laure answers raising her head up from the computer screen to look at Kelley in suspicion.

‘Traitor…’ Kelley remains calm telling herself this was like the countless times she tried tricking Alex and Tobin into believing her ridiculous stories.

“So you and Tobin….”

“I don’t think that’s any of your business.” Laure cuts in. Kelley’s grip on the gun tightens under the table.

“Well that answers my question…” Kelley sneers lifting her eyebrow taunting Laure.

“It meant nothing. You don’t have to worry so much about it. Tobin is stupidly in love with the striker.” Laure informs Kelley while standing up and walking to the kitchen facing her back to Kelley.

Kelley stands up and quickly pulls the gun into a potted plant placed by the entrance to her kitchen.

“I’m not so sure about that Tobin seems a little distant lately.” Kelley eggs her on noticing the slight pause in the French defenders movements.

“All for her safety…” Laure is cut short by the shot of Royale she poured herself.

“And how do you feel about that?” Kelley leans against the counter glancing at the clock for the time. 3:18 am.

‘I need to find out where they took Tobin! Dammit.’ Kelley rants internally, but Laure’s answer is interrupted when sharp knocks call their attention to the front door.

‘There is no way they let Alex go free.’ Kelley thinks aware of what was really taking place.

“It is your house, O’Hara.” Laure waves her hand dismissively.

Kelley walks past the potted plant and quickly reaches into the pot and out of inexperience shoots the gun before aiming, closing her eyes as she hears the small sound of air popping and the gasp of air escaping Laure’s throat.

Peering through her left eye she gasps as she looks at the dart sticking out of Laure’s windpipe. She hit her right in the larynx unknowingly stopping Laure from warning the people still knocking at the door as she fell to her knees.
“I’m sorry….so so sorry. But you’re a bad guy.” Kelley whispers leaning over Laure just as she closes her eyes from the heavy dose Kelley used on the tranquilizer.

Out of nowhere a huge bang makes Kelley jump up her feet and climbs up the counter in the corner away from view to whoever walked into the kitchen giving her just enough time to shoot a dart to the back of their neck. Happy that her dad thought it important to teach his kids on how to properly aim and use a gun.

‘Okay this just got worse.’ Kelley tightens her palm over the grip of the gun noticing that the person who broke into her apartment was Allie Long.

She didn’t have time to take it in when she hears a pair of quick footsteps skid to a stop just at the doorway and Kelley panics because the gun only allowed two shots.

Out of habit she chunks the gun at the small figure and pulls the cupboard open grabbing anything she could use to throw at the intruder.

Plates shattering and the grunts assuring her that she was hitting her target, Kelley takes in her assailant and notices the long hair and the freckles.

“Kelley!! Stop…..OUCH! Dammit I’m not…..OW…going to HURT YOU….Stop!”

“Mana!?” Kelley held up a plastic pitcher in her hand.

“Yes. Damn Kelley what the hell! Are you planning on clubbing me to death with that pitcher? God!” Mana rubs her head with one hand and her knee with the other.

“Why should I trust you?” Kelley asks noticing that Mana dropped her gun to the floor during her relentless attack.

“Because I want to keep the people I love safe too.” Mana sighs brushing off the pieces of broken glass on her shoulder.

“They blackmailed you too?” Kelley hops off the counter and looks down to the two unconscious villains she took down all by herself.

‘Damn I’m good…’ Kelley smirks.

“Yes, they threatened my girlfriend a few months back if I didn’t become their mule…..It’s beyond me on how you managed to take these two down.” Mana leans over Allie pulling her up by the shoulders.

“Come on we have to tie them up and make sure they don’t warn Frank about your hostile takeover.” Mana huffs out as she drags Allie’s limp body out the kitchen.

“What about Allie?” Kelley asks.

“Oh no Allie’s just a lemming….my recruiter. They wanted us to get along with Alex to figure out what she knew about the organization, but Alex left no room for small talk during practice….That woman pressures herself way too hard…I don’t know how she does it.” Mana pauses halfway to the chair by the conference table.

“Everybody knows Alex works best under that kind of pressure.” Kelley grunts passing Mana with Laure’s lighter dead weight.
“Let’s hope…” Mana whispers.
“Well that’s one way…” James voice crackles over the speaker as he takes in Kelley’s handy work.

She isn’t sure how many rolls of duct tape they used to strap the two unconscious women onto the chairs.

“I can’t wait any longer, James. I need to go and find them. Tobin has a tracker on her, but I’m not picking it up anywhere.” Kelley looks at the screen where Tobin’s tracker should be blinking, but nothing is there.

“Why is that one free?” James nods towards Mana standing by Kelley’s side.

“I trust her.” Kelley sighs.

“You sure? Laure put on a good face too. You can’t be too sure.”

Kelley looks at Mana asking herself the same question she’d been asking herself since they finished strapping the other women down.

“I understand if you need to, but just know that I did all of this with Allie threatening the people I love…I had no choice and I won’t fight you.” Mana reassures raising her hands up.

“I trust you, Mana.”

“How many players do they have under their thumb?” James asks.

“It’s a tactic they tried out. Using loved ones to motivate them….Alex and Servando were their first test subjects.” Kelley informs them from the files she read within the flash drive she was currently uploading. Nonetheless the flash drive only took her so far…she figured out the rest once the pieces fit together in her head.

“…And that didn’t really work out to their advantage so they changed to simple recruitment. Tobin the one determined to find out what happened to Alex followed the trail of crumbs to Frank. She appeared out of convenience to them and smuggled a large portion of their merchandise. With your protection they coasted by and made good profit….and then recently Vlad took over. He knew what to look for and they started recruiting within your very own agency. Using your clearance of customs to make their money.”

“They never used the team then….they just left crumbs to make it seem like they were.” James
begins to understand the con.

“Yes. That night Servando died…the night that pushed Alex to join your little club…that was the
night they got lucky. You gave them the perfect opportunity to keep smuggling. Tobin went
running to them and they recruited her…then Laure recruited her for you….a series of rather
unfortunate events. Laure turned once she found out your new favorite trophy was Alex and she
gave them all they needed to make you look like an asshat. They used you.”

“So it was all out of chance. They succeeded because of James involment?” Mana asks.

“Yup. And then Vlad figured out who Alex really was. That’s where Mana and Allie come in.
They were used to figure out what she knew…to figure out her ticks. A way to get the ultimate
revenge. The idiot didn’t know he had the one thing that would grab Alex’s full attention.” Kelley
shakes her head still unable to really understand what she unraveled in her head.

“Tobin…” Laure’s whisper grabs everyone’s attention.

Then Kelley realizes why they never figured out Tobin was Alex’s Achilles heel.

‘She loves Tobin…’ Kelley comes to an understanding.

“… that’s why they never used Tobin against her…You were afraid of what they would do to
Tobin to get Alex running out of the shadows. You love her.” Mana adds.

“Well hell this is all just a cluster fuck then!” James pounds his fists against his desk.

“You kept the whole thing going by giving Vlad false information.” Kelley leans down to make
eye contact with Laure. The French midfielder simply nods in answer.

“I can’t have this coming to light…I’ll look like a fool!” James finally realizes.

Knowing that Kelley stands up and walks up to the computer making sure that the file was fully
uploaded to the FBI’s server.

‘Someone is getting promoted.’ Kelley smirks as she reads the e-mail she receives from Micael.

‘Tobin’s last signal appeared by the stadium. The only way we lose signal is when the
tracker goes underground! I have a unit out, but they need half an hour to reach the
location.

As for the deal we agreed upon Alexandra Patricia Morgan and Tobin Powell Heath will be granted full pardon. There are not many friends like you.

Your country & the FBI thank you,

Micael Herden

P.S. Tell that Minx that she still owes me a satellite phone!!’

Closing the computer Kelley looks up at the computer and reacts like James would expect her to.

“I can’t believe you!” She yells convincingly before she ends the call immediately grabbing Mana
and bolts it towards the front entrance. Her instinct telling her that somehow James had control
over her safe house and would lock them inside once he realized his name would be pulled across
the mud.
She was right as they stand outside the apartment hearing the shift of locks permanently close.

“Well that Stanford degree is a real thing after all…” Mana snickers.

Kelley rolls her eyes making her way out of the building pretty sure that Allie and Laure were not going anywhere.

“Shut up, Shim. The night isn’t finished yet.” Kelley’s focus on her friend’s state knowing that the FBI would take too long to get to them in time.

Alex’s POV

Vlad’s in the small office talking to someone in Russian and from the little that Alex could understand he is making negotiations with Frank about profit shares.

She managed to loosen both the straps around her ankles realizing she had one chance to protect Tobin from Vlad.

Morgan needed to make it count.

Vlad strapped Tobin in similar fashion a couple feet in front of Alex. Close enough for the striker to hear the small groans beginning to emanate from the tan midfielder.

“Tobin…Tobin…did he hurt you?” Alex whispers trying desperately to stay calm while Tobin stirs.

“No.” Tobin answers and Alex relaxes slightly.

“What about Laure? If he knew you were an agent he had to know about her…..and Kelley.” Alex realizes.

“No they don’t know I’m with the agency….they don’t know anything and Kelley made it out the club. She’s with Laure.” Tobin pulls on her own restrains.

Alex quirks her brow not understanding why.

“What do you mean…then how did Vlad get you here?” Alex asks holding her breath for an answer she knew was already coming.

“Look at me in the eye and tell me what you mean?” She asks again.

Tobin raises her head and locks her gaze with Alex she breaks it when she answers.

“I gave myself up…”

Alex couldn’t believe it.

“It was the only way I could find you…” Tobin explains.
“You….gave….yourself… up.” Alex repeats to herself.

“Are you that fucking stupid?!” Alex yells under her breath looking at Tobin with Anger she couldn’t contain.

“What?” Tobin questions.

“You stupid fuck!” Alex yells a little too loud.

“Alex…”

“I told Kelley to wait till sunrise….I had this contained. And now what! You just gave him what he wanted.” Alex lowers her voice trying to gain control of herself.

“I didn’t know where you were. You were in danger.” Tobin answers as calmly as she could.

“I was lost…I am lost.” Alex laughs out.

“Tobin you just gave yourself up for a dead women…”

“You are not dead Alex! We can still…."

“Oh shut up!” Alex cries out.

“Typical Tobin….Always got to do the right thing, right Tobin? Can’t ever be selfish…Saint Tobin…” Alex chuckles.

“Just had to give yourself up to this psycho like some kind of martyr….like you kept your feelings to yourself…from me all those years…like you had to go find Frank in Paris and fall into this mess!!….Why can’t you just ever say ‘This is what I want I don’t care if it’s wrong’!!”Alex pulls the blame on Tobin showing the ugly side of herself full force.

“You think I can’t be selfish? ….. This is the most selfish thing I’ve ever done. I needed to see you one more time even if it killed me…I went to Paris to find you…..”

“Look at me, Alex!” Tobin demands waiting till the striker looked into her unyielding brown eyes.

“I love you….” Alex feels the words fully and she’s reminded why she’s filled with raging anger.

“Don’t do that!” She cries looking away.

“You don’t know who I am! I’m not the same, anymore. If you knew you wouldn’t love me anymore.”

“No, Love. I know exactly who you are. That women that made me laugh as she danced to the corniest song I’ve ever heard and made me laugh for the first time in months. That’s who you are…."

“The things I’ve done, Tobs I’m not…..”

“That is one small part of you. I won’t allow you to be put in a situation like this ever again. I promise you….You and me remember.”

“Unstoppable.” Tobin somehow simmers Alex down.

“He’s going to hurt you, Tobin.” Alex fights the tears already feeling the pain just thinking about
Vlad getting his hands on Tobin.

“We’ll get through this. I feel it…We are getting through this okay.” Tobin comforts, but the sounds of heavy footsteps walking out the office make Alex think otherwise knowing what Vlad was capable of.

“Ah, now that you’re awake let’s make introductions.” Vlad leans close to Tobin.

“Well Alex you have good taste. She’s quite the cutie.” Alex pulls against the straps on her wrists watching as he played with Tobin’s hair.

Suddenly a huge gasp of air and a grunt of pain is heard from Tobin’s mouth as her hair whips to the side from the impact of Vlad’s fist connecting with her cheek.

“Stop….Stop…!!! Stop! PLEASE!” Alex begs shaking against the chair.

“Now that’s what I like to hear.” Vlad pauses and turns towards Alex.

“Beg for it, babe.” He sneers and all Alex sees is red.

Moving with power and speed she kicks her legs free and stands up turning slightly to pick up the chair swinging it at Vlad. He pulls away fast enough, but that’s what Alex wanted…the distance.

He smiles and charges towards her, but Tobin tilts her body to push him slightly grabbing his attention and that’s all Alex needed.

She focuses all her strength on the kick directed towards the side of his knee. The crack resonates along with his scream of agony as his knee snaps from her kick and Alex ends it with a lethal kick to his head as soon as he hits the floor.

Her entire focus is on breaking Tobin out of the straps when two distinct shots make her heart stop and she turns around to see Vlad pointing his pistol at her.

“Alex!” Tobin’s voice is muffled and followed by several other voices behind it, but her hand falls to her hip. Alex is pretty sure that she laughs noticing the bullets damage almost overlapping her other scar.

“Well at least it’s the same scar.” She laughs.

_________________________

**Tobin’s POV**

“Alex!” Tobin screams and feels someone taking her restraints off, but her focus was on Alex.

“Well at least it’s the same scar.” Tobin hears her laugh and she’s able to breathe again finally taking in the person leaning over her.

“Kelley?”
“Yeah…it’s over, Tobs.” Kelley pulls her up.

Tobin looks past Alex and takes in several FBI agents pinning Vlad down as he holds his right shoulder. Someone shot him just in time to deflect the bullet aimed towards Alex.

“Alex are you okay?” Tobin asks, but before she can get an answer they pull them apart.

“Hey! Let go of me!” Alex yells at the men snapping cuffs to her wrists.

“It’s okay, Alex. Just let them question you. I told them everything, trust me. Answer their questions and they’ll understand. Okay?” Kelley calls out as they handcuff Tobin also and pull them away.

“What?” Alex groans.

“What?” Tobin echoes.
Tobin’s POV

Tobin’s the first to go in for questioning. They just finished and walked her into the holding room where she last saw Alex in.

“Can we get some gauze on that, please?” Tobin gestures towards the wound on Alex’s left hip, asking the agent standing guard at the door of the room they just put her in.

“I’m fine. It’s just a flesh wound.” Alex sighs moving her wrists making the chains of her cuffs to clink together.

Tobin sits in the only other chair available in the room and observes Morgan looking at her cuffed wrists in withdrawal.

‘She’s beating herself up right now…’ Tobin thinks not really taking the words that came out of Morgan back in the basement to heart. Past experience telling Tobin it was for the best to give Alex the space she needed.

“What are we in here for?” Tobin asks the guard.

“We need to get a full detailed account of what happened in the past year…..People are going to get fired…Whoever thought it was a good idea to recruit athletes into the force is out of their mind.” He scoffs and Tobin just laughs.

“Okay it’s your turn superstar.” The guard motions to Alex grabbing her by the shoulders to help her up from the bench on the opposite side of the room.

“Are you sure you don’t want to get that looked at?” The guard asks.

Once the room is empty Tobin felt the laugh bubbling up to the surface. Pretty sure she looked like she lost her mind to the people monitoring her. She laughs because the whole situation for the past year is clearly something that was meant to happen above all the ridiculous notions it held. It didn’t bother Tobin as much as it did to Alex.

That’s where they were different. Tobin chuckled realizing they were from two different realms entirely. Where Tobin flowed with ease, Alex measured and calculated. Where Tobin found it easy to let go, ALex held onto weighing on her shoulders. Tobin smirks at the memory of trying to teach the forward to ride a wave. That didn’t work out too well and ended with Alex frustrated that she couldn’t master the skill.

“Why is it so easy for you?” Tobin remembers the question Alex asked her as they treaded water
just outside the Santa Barbara shoreline.

“Surfing is all about letting go. You need to let everything that holds you down with worry and angst leave your mind. If you go in thinking about your next move you fall into the ocean and get your butt pummeled by the constant tide. It’s not an easy thing to do, yet it’s the best feeling once you learn how to.”

Alex never really learned how to ride a wave… How to let go. Tobin hadn't surfed in months because she found it hard to let go as well. They's both fallen into the ocean unable to get out of the tide.

“Okay you are free to go Tobin.” The guard opens the door allowing Tobin to leave the small room.

“Can I wait for her?” Tobin asks as the man takes the handcuffs off her wrists.

“No, it’s best if you make it to your apartment and wait for her there. This whole mess is being kept under wraps. That means no one is to know about this outside of those involved understood.”

“Yes.” Tobin walks out the room and down the long empty corridor noticing the large exit sign shining on the ceiling a few doors in front of her.

As she walks down the hall Tobin recalls the moment she realized she made a life-long friend with the star forward of the American national team. Nobody saw it happening until the pair ended up finishing each other’s sentences, getting the other’s favorite food without asking, and having their own personal way of talking through gestures and glances that only they seemed to understand.

She remembers the camp she first encountered the forward. It was a rough year, 2010, Tobin had been battling a crazy stomach illness that prevented her from playing for months and in March things were beginning to look up. Coach called her and asked if she wanted to travel with the team for the game against Mexico in Utah, she was cleared to train, but not push herself too hard. Tobin accepted it and was truly grateful. Tobin thought she was going to self combust if they kept her off the field for any longer.

*Flashback* (Five Years Ago)

“How are you feeling?” Kelley asks holding Tobin’s bag despite the midfielder’s pleas that she could hold it on her own.

“I’m better. I’ll warn you before I start blowing chunks.” Tobin laughs.

“You better not be contagious Tobs!….Did you here we got that striker from Berkeley coming in for this game against Mexico?” Kelley grunts past Tobin holding the door to their hotel room.

Tobin remembers a conversation she had with Kelley a camp before telling her about the girl that came seemingly out of nowhere and got clenching goals when teams needed them the most.

“I’m not! And Yeah I remember you telling me about her. What’s she about?” Tobin flops down on the bed ignoring the slight drain of energy she still felt from her fleeting illness and blamed it on the traveling.

“Some Cali girl, very intense, and focused. That forward from Berkeley… I have even more to worry about… she’s good Tobin.” Kelley sits on the edge of the bed and the way she sounded made Tobin turn over and look at the forward.
“Better than Kelley O’Hara….I doubt it” Tobin reassures her knowing that Kelley was the kind of person that really took it hard on herself when she wasn’t getting the results she wanted.

“I’ve been bouncing around in every offensive position since I got here. Next thing you know they’ll start throwing me in the back as a defender.” Kelley jokes brushing her hair back anxiously.

“…and to make it worse Abby took Alex under her wing. She’s getting mentored by the best goal scorer in the world!” Kelley flops down for dramatic affect moaning in frustration glancing at Tobin.

“You’ll be fine Kelley. They don’t give Mac Herman trophy’s to just anybody. You are here because you worked hard for it just as I’m sure she did. You will get your chance you just have to settle in and do what you do best and that’s breaking goal records. Okay?”

“Okay.” Kelley nods and they lay there in silence. Tobin counted the seconds before Kelley couldn’t take it anymore and broke the silence, but before she hit ten seconds of a quite-filled room a muffled voice is heard past the wall behind their heads.

It was coming from the room next to them and the wall was thin enough that they could make out the conversation.

“No I just got here, Dad. I’m fine it’s just nerves I guess.” A slight rasp lay behind the voice behind the wall.

Kelley looked at Tobin mouthing ‘That’s Alex’ to her.

“Well of course I’m nervous. I’m so out of my element, Dad. What am I doing here? This is crazy. These women are way out of my league! I have no technical skills whatsoever compared to them. I look like a fool against these players.” A small thud against the wall lets them know that Alex was sitting on the bed.

“This is so not our business, Kelley.” Tobin whispers starting to get up off the bed, but Kelley grabs a hold of her.

“Please.” Kelley puts on her face that Tobin swore was spellbound somehow because every time she pulled it on someone, Kelley got what she wanted.

“I know, but…” Alex whines.

“Yes, Sir.”

‘Man her dad must be some hardcore dude.’ Tobin thinks.

“Yes let her know I’m fine. I’m going to take a nap before we head out for practice. Bye.”

“Love you to.”

Nothing else is heard indicating the conversation with her dad was over and Tobin could breathe again. She hated creeping around.

“Okay Kelley, I’m hitting the shower to cool off before practice.” Tobin walks towards the bathroom and hears Kelley say something before she closes the door.

“Does it make me a bad person if I’m glad she’s nervous?” Kelley calls out.

“No Kelley it just makes you super competitive.”
“Psshhh! me competitive? Wait till you meet her… Then tell me who’s competitive.” Kelley gasps.

*End of Flashback*

Tobin smiled at the memory. She saw it as no coincidence that the first time she encountered Alex revealed the nervous side. Not the measured and calculated Alex, but the side that made it apparent to Tobin that the women being questioned wasn't the perfect American Gold Olympian that the world build her up to be. The women that fell from that pedestal they raised her so high on…and boy did she fall hard. Tobin saw the side of Alex that she hid so well even to this day allowing her to see the vulnerable side of Alex's hard exterior. She missed that side, but every now and then Alex let her see it.

Just as Tobin reached the exit and pressed on the door slightly open she felt a slight pull on it.

The door opened and Tobin smiled at the face she saw once she opened it fully.

“Tobin! Tobin!” She glances back into the building and notices Alex wearing a pair of blue jeans and a simple gray hoodie, turn into the hall at the other end of the building in haste. In that instant Tobin is flashed back a few weeks in time to the moment she hits an elevator door and is met with a pair of blue eyes with a tinge of grey.

‘She still runs the same…..’ Tobin thinks, but a slight pinch at the back of her neck makes her turn around and take in her assailant before she’s hauled into a car and hears the tires screech on asphalt.

Chapter End Notes

;) Stay tuned there might be an update real soon....
Alex’s POV

“Thanks for the change of clothes.” Alex smirks at Micael as they just finished her query of questions.

“I still can’t believe that we made it out of there alive….Thank you.” Morgan looks at Micael before a cell phone begins to ring.

Alex lets out a deep breathe watching as Micael answer his call and is immediately on guard when she takes in his reactions to what the person on the phone was telling him.

“Are you sure….But how does that even happen?!” Micael storms outside the room with Alex in toe.

“What’s going on?” Alex asks recognizing the yelling coming out from Micael’s phone.

“Is that Kelley?” Micael simply hands the phone to Alex.

“Alex? Are you there?” Kelley’s voice filled with anxiety makes Alex start walking towards the holding room.

“Yes. What’s wrong?”

“Laure is Vlad’s mole. I had a couple of FBI agent’s escort them out of my apartment and Laure escaped on the way.”

“She’s the mole….but then that means…” Alex starts jogging to the holding room needing to make sure that Tobin was safe with her own eyes.

“She has a thing for Tobin.” Kelley’s words echo in her head. Alex bites the inside of her cheek just as she reaches the door and is met with the guard, but no Tobin.

“Does she know our location, Kelley?” Alex asks.

“Yes.”

’Damn.’ Alex ends the call and looks at the guard.

“Where is she?”

“I let her go just a moment ago. She’s probably barely making it out the building.”

Alex bolts it to the end of the hall and she hears the echo of the heavy set door unlocking. Just as she cuts the corner tightly she manages to see Tobin just opening the door.

“Tobin! Tobin!” Alex catches the midfielders attention but as Tobin turns she can see the french defender stand at the exit behind Tobin looking at Alex tauntingly. It pisses Morgan off more than anything and Alex pushes her legs to go faster, but she’s not fast enough.

Laure uses a stun gun on Tobin. Pulling her into a car just as Alex barrels out the empty storage facility.
Alex looks around the lot and recognizes Tobin’s motorcycle hidden behind a dark alley.

‘Laure must have kept her bike…’ Alex uncovers as she races to the bike and hotwires the already exposed wires looking at the road Laure’s headlights just disappeared from.

Accelerating as fast as the bike could go Alex hears Micael’s phone ring again. It was Kelley.

“She took Tobin! I’m on her tail, but I don’t have a visual on them…Kelley!”

“I can help with that. Tobin has a tracker. Let me just bring it up…” Kelley mumbles.

Alex had no idea how she was keeping herself so levelheaded. She always imagined or dreamed about this moment and it always resulted in her not being able to control herself going into shock and leaving Tobin defenseless, but all Alex felt at the moment is raw determination fueled by anger.

“You are on Hayden’s Island I just lifted the bridges. This FBI clearance is amazing. You have her trapped on the bridge…She’s waiting for you.”

“Kelley I need you to tell Micael to not shoot Laure. This is high risk and he more than likely has a sniper targeting her right now! I’m almost there!” Alex ends the call killing the engine just as she reaches the mouth of the bridge. She can see the car stopped in the middle. The closer she gets she’s met with an empty car.

Then on the edge of the bridge Alex makes out two figures and just before she takes a step towards them she sees Tobin tied by her wrists and ankles standing by the edge.

“Laure don’t do this!!” Alex yells in desperation slowly taking a step for every word she yelled out.

“Why don’t you take me instead?” Alex offers.

“Isn’t that what you want? Me out of the way.” Alex gets closer and looks at Tobin for a brief second and that was all she needed to get her point across. Alex needed Tobin to jump off the bridge on her own and that would distract Laure just enough for Alex to reach her. Knowing that if Laure died Tobin would never recover from it.

Alex nods and Tobin pushes herself out of Laure’s grasp falling into the water while Alex lunged at the French defender.

Hearing the splash Alex knew she had two minutes at the most to subdue Laure and reach Tobin in time.

Laure has a tight grip on Alex’s forearm keeping her close. Alex grunts in effort when Laure tries to use the stun gun on her, but Alex catches her wrist just in time.

“You don’t have to do this, Laure.” Alex grunts turning Laure away from the edge of the bridge. Her balance giving her the upper hand.

Laure was short and Alex is able to push her back a few steps away till they reached the car.

“You know I was her first…” Laure taunts and Alex bangs her wrist against the body of the car making her drop the stun gun.

Alex keeps her comments to herself and lunges her elbow under Laure’s chin pinning her against
the car.

Her anger getting the best of her Alex leaves herself vulnerable when she pulled her weight against the car shifting her balance giving Laure a window to pivot her knee up into her ribcage knocking the wind out of Morgan.

Laure doesn’t pull away, but pulls Alex under her arm and cranks her neck cutting her air off.

“I never understood what Tobin saw in you. You’re just a little pretentious brat that likes the spotlight.” Laure grunts.

Alex focuses on the stun gun thrown on the ground just under her head. Alex raises her left arm behind Laure’s head. She has enough strength to overpower Laure making her fold forward putting her in the same hold she had Alex in.

Morgan grunts trying to reach the gun with her free hand as she pivots both of them down closer to the ground.

‘Oh Come on!!! Hold on Tobin.’ Alex reaches for the gun with all her strength, but Laure realizes what she is doing and pushes off the car pulling them further away.

Alex begins to see stars in her line of vision and starts turning to the side trying to relieve some of the pressure, but Laure wouldn’t relent.

Alex falls to her knees feeling her limbs weaken due to the loss of oxygen.

“No last minute surprises from you anymore.” Laure whispers.

A small pop echoes from a distance and Laure grunts instantly letting go of Alex who gasps for air to reach her lungs.

“You have got to be kidding me! Not again!” Laure moans reaching behind her. Alex glances up noticing the dart poking out her back.

“You’re telling me…” Alex scoffs forcing herself to stand up to look across the bridge noticing Kelley waving to her holding a rifle on her left side.

Alex runs to the edge looking down trying to locate Tobin.

“Tobin!” Alex yells.

“I’m fine! But I’m in need of a little assistance.” Alex hears the midfielder and follows the voice to the edge of the river.

“Tobin how did you get out of the water?” Alex looks surprised. Tobin was tied up.

“I’m practically a mermaid in water. I don’t need limbs.” Tobin calls out. Alex smiles taking in the dork trying to flop further up the bank of the river. She looked like a fish out of water.

“You dork!”
Mourning Doves

Chapter Notes

I strongly recommend playing the song once the scene pops up I just love how it speaks about the emotions going on between them.
More to come ;)
GNITE

Alex’s POV

The sound of the helicopter that just picked them up off the bridge drowned out all of the chaos surrounding her. A medic on board is in the middle of checking her injuries. He just finished stitching back up her wound that Laure opened up during their scuffle and shuffles across the cabin to Tobin who absentmindedly gazed out towards the fleeting mix of trees under them. Alex could already see the subtle light beginning to rise over the horizon past Tobin’s shoulder.

Alex notices the slight shake in Tobin’s shoulders from the cold air. She was still dripping from the plunge she took and Alex couldn’t find it in herself to slide across and wrap her arms around Tobin.

She felt like she needed to make distance from those she loved still apprehensive that maybe someone else would pop out of the wood work and threaten them. Yeah sure her identity was hidden during her time in the agency, but how can she be sure that they won’t figure her out again. Take Tobin from her again.

As Morgan is lost in her thoughts still gazing at Tobin the medic grabs Tobin’s attention making her look back inside and that’s when Alex notices the gruesome bruise on her left cheekbone. Shifting her gaze to look elsewhere she closes her hands into fists and continues to blame herself.

“Why are we going out of the city?” Kelley’s voice is heard through the oversized headset Alex had over her ears.

“You three were seen at the club last night and the best thing to help blow this over is to have you placed somewhere else during this mess.” The pilot answers back making a slight shift to the right heading towards the coastline.

“A cover story.” Kelley yells over the loud engine.

“Yes. We have a cabin just off the coast a few miles out in Manzanita prepared for you ladies. Not far enough for the court system to get antsy with Alex getting too far, but enough for a cover story. As far as the public is concerned you girls left the club shortly before midnight with a road trip planned and a cabin booked for the weekend. The paperwork will correspond with it and all you need to worry about is not telling anyone about what happened tonight. Our people will create a story for the women you captured. We don’t need this ridiculous story making headlines.”

Kelley nods and Alex shakes her head in disbelief.

‘No one will have a clue.’ She thinks realizing that the past year will fade into just an untold nightmare she battled through and eventually fade into nothing as time passes.
Fifteen minutes is all it takes for them to reach the coastline and Alex exits the helicopter hunched over until she makes it to the edge of a pathway leading up to a small cabin.

Surrounded by tall grass the modern cabin seems rather too luxurious for Alex’s liking. A deck of dark maple wood surrounded the cabin and the entire side facing the shore is open by floor to ceiling panel windows. The closer she gets the less she likes it. She’d rather be in a shack with a simple view of the ocean if she had the choice to pick.

Walking inside the cabin her routine layout check is interrupted when the view of the shore from the inside takes her breath away. The grass appeared an ocean of its own kind as it danced with the soft wind and the pink haze of the sun rising over the horizon bled out into orange hues. Tobin stops just beside her and Alex can feel the midfielder looking at her waiting for Alex to open up and let them discuss what happened in the basement.

Alex didn’t really know how to explain her outbursts just yet so she turns away from the window to finish scanning the rest of the small cabin to memory.

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**Tobin’s POV**

She watches as Alex walked further down the hallway opening each door peering inside slowly and meticulously taking the layout of the cabin.

Kelley walks down the steps to the den where Tobin stood.

“I don’t think its hit her yet that it’s actually over.” Kelley speaks under her breath.

“That guy broke her down Kelley…you should’ve seen her. He was inside her head…probably still is.” Tobin sits on the couch facing towards the shore and she can hear the doors echo further into the house from the strikers’ movements.

“What happened down there?” Kelley sits down beside her.

“I don’t have a clue, but she was so defeated when I got there. He tortured her….” Tobin spits out leaning her head on her hand shaking with anger.

“Kelley if you hadn’t shown up I would’ve killed him…with not an ounce of regret.”

“It’s done Tobin. We are safe. Alex is safe. Now we try our hardest to help her through this final step of letting go.” Kelley stands up with renewed energy.

“You go get her and I’ll ready our cabin for a much needed girl’s night. And take a shower your freezing.” Kelley pulls Tobin up off the couch and pushing her out towards the hall as she heads to the kitchen humming to herself.

“A shower only Tobin!” Tobin smiles slightly from Kelley’s whining tone. Moving her feet one step in front of the other towards the master bedroom she can hear *Mourning Doves by Mikky Ekko*
spilling out of the room loud enough to drown out any other noise inside.

Heath can make out the soft snuffles coming from the bed as she walks inside the low lit room finding Alex sitting on the edge of the bed facing away from her. Tobin’s eyes land on Alex’s shaking frame letting her understand why Morgan turned on the radio on the table beside her.

Hoping that the music would drown out her faint sobs, Alex’s attempt at not letting them see her so vulnerable has her so caught up in trying to keep herself from crying that she doesn’t realize Tobin is in the room with her.

Closing the door shut loud enough to make Tobin’s presence known, Alex makes haste of wiping the tears from her cheeks. Tobin slowly walks around the room and she understands entirely what the forward needed.

They made it.

Despite everything they fought against they stand in the same room given she had a shiner on her left cheek and Alex was stitched up, but they were alive and healthy by rough standards. Tobin couldn’t be any more grateful than she is at the moment, but at the same time she’s terrified because maybe they fought against too much. Maybe there’s no way that they could go back to how they were once before…. They’ve seen too many things.

Could they get past it all? Could the love they have be strong enough to battle through the aftershock as well?

Alex looks up at Tobin and even snot-dripping red faced Alex made her weak in the knees. She reaches her and they look at each other with the only sound coming from lyrics that seemed to work on Tobin’s attempt to get Alex to let her in.

Alex’s POV

Tobin steps in closer, standing between her knees to have a closer look at the forward. They silently look at each other not saying a word. Morgan is transfixed on the pair of brown eyes that gazed at her with so much intensity making her feel exposed.

Knowing the weakness that Tobin had on her, being the only person she knew that could knock her walls down even if Morgan fought against it. It’s like her body was against all her thoughts of pushing Tobin away.

Her hands unconsciously wrap around the midfielders’ waist as Tobin in turn cups Alex’s face between her hands inspecting for any wounds the medic may have missed making Alex close her eyes in comfort. She lets out a shaky breath as she leans her head against Tobin’s chest once the inspection is done and Tobin pulls her in tightly against her.

Morgan felt at ease.
Tobin acting as her anchor to the ground Alex could feel herself calm down. Then she hears Tobin’s heart pound against her ear where she rested her head and she’s overcomed with the sense of responsibility for the harm Vlad caused Tobin.

“You didn’t pick this life. I did.” Alex mumbles against her chest and she can feel Tobin look down at her.

“But I picked you.” She hears Tobin’s remark resonate through her chest and pulling her arms tighter around the forward.

Alex lifts her chin up to look at Tobin and her eyes fall down to her fat lip making the forward frown.

“I can’t even kiss you…” She whispers.

“Yes you can.” Tobin leans her head down and as soon as she touches her lip against Alex’s own she pulls back making Alex laugh wholeheartedly.

“Ow.” Tobin pouts.

“You’re wet, Tobin.” Alex chuckles feeling her clothes beginning to soak and stick to her skin. Tobin was freezing from the wet clothes she still wore.

“Very wet.” Tobin adds with a coy smile on her face.

“Well someone’s head is in the gutter….Go shower, Tobin. I don’t need you getting a cold.” Alex pulls away and Tobin begins to take her clothes off making her way towards the bathroom. Alex heads for the door in record speed.

‘Oh no you don’t.’ Alex’s competitive side giving her just enough restraint to walk out the room before Tobin could offer an invitation at least that’s the lie she tells herself not able to shake off the sense of putting Tobin in more danger.

Kelley’s POV

She hears the music and although she wants Tobin to get through to Alex she prayed that she didn’t spend the weekend having to bang her head against pots to shut out any noise that made its way into the living room.

Busy with trying to figure out the microwave Kelley hears the shower pipes turn on and starts making her way to the T.V. on the kitchen counter in hopes to drown out any noise when she hears the door open shortly after.

Alex walks into the kitchen and Kelley’s sighs in relief.

“What?” Alex leans against the counter.
“Nothing.” Kelley smiles finally getting the popcorn inside the microwave.

Alex laughs and the way it dies out makes Kelley look back up at her from across the counter between them.

“What?” Kelley repeats sensing the words Alex is trying to come out with.

“Uhmm… I just wanted to say that if it weren’t for you Kelley, Vlad would have…..” Alex fades out and Kelley waits patiently for Alex to get the words out.

“Just I really appreciate what you did. Thank you. I owe you.” Alex finishes kneading her hands on top of the counter and Kelley reaches over placing her hand over Alex’s to grab the forwards attention.

“You don’t owe me anything, Alex. Stop treating me like I don’t know you. You’re practically my sister. We are family.”

Alex smiles and Kelley understands that things aren’t going to fall into place so rapidly. It was going to take time to bring out the Alex she knew.

Walking around the counter Kelley hugs Alex making her chuckle from the way Kelley nuzzled in between her neck and shoulder.

“It’s over Alex. You’re safe.” Kelley mumbles against her neck.

“I’m not safe for you.” Alex retorts, and before Kelley can speak some sense into Alex the microwave beeps and Alex pulls away to grab the popcorn out of the microwave.
Painkillers

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait, but here it is....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobin’s POV

Tobin walks out of the shower and realizes she doesn’t have any clean clothes to change into. Looking around the room she finds a small robe hanging against the door. Putting it on and gathering the wet clothes from the floor Tobin walks aimlessly around the cabin until she finds a fancy looking washing machine.

Biting her lip in question she shrugs her shoulders and stuffs her clothes inside. Not really sure what buttons she’s pressing, Tobin gets the thing to turn on and is satisfied with just getting it to work. She walks out to the living room expecting to see Alex and Kelley sitting in the couch but all she gets is a radio left softly playing in an empty room and the smell of buttery popcorn. Her stomach protests in hunger making her decide to cook something tasteful for dinner.

Alex’s POV

‘You are free…why the hell can’t you just let go.’ Alex argues with herself as she floats along the ocean’s current effectively creating a world all to herself. Only her thoughts and the sense of being utterly vulnerable to the elements. Her feet are off the ground, and the weight of gravity pulling her down slowly becoming nonexistent.

That’s what she loved about the ocean so much. That every time you stepped into it, from the moment you let it pick you up …you have to trust it…you have to let your body fall under its rhythm and if you fight against it, the ocean will have no problem in reminding you how powerful she really is.

As her body lolls with the waves Alex feels her toes begin to tingle due to the cool water, but she’s experienced far worse and continues to float just under the cool ocean water.

‘I used to be so carefree…I used to laugh at dumb jokes….Kelley’s dumb jokes…..Why am I letting them win…” Alex loses her calmness on the last thought making her head bob down under the waves causing her to get water up her nose and it stings, like her own body rejects the very thought of letting anyone win let alone have the power over her own life and the will to enjoy it.

‘What am I doing?’ Alex asking herself again why she can’t simply walk back inside that cabin and take control of her life as she turns away from the endless ocean to face the shoreline. The first thing she notices is a small figure leaping up and down just a few feet into the shore. It’s Kelley and Alex can hear remnants of what she was yelling out towards her waving her hands urgently
over her head.

“Shark!” Kelley’s voice manages to travel its way towards Alex, but she knows Kelley for the trickster she is, so instead Alex scoffs rolling her eyes, but grimaces when her movement causes the salt of the ocean to sting on her stitches still tender on her fresh wound.

‘Are there sharks this far up the Pacific??’ Morgan’s mouth gapes open and she gasps in panic not taking the chance to look back over her shoulder.

‘Oh crap crap crap…’ she scolds herself wondering why she’s barely recognizing the danger she could be in. Her heart begins to pound so hard against her chest that it hurts her sternum as she pulls her arms in one after the other until she manages to feel the sand of the ocean floor under her feet. She musters up all the strength in her legs to lunge them forward. It feels awkward and Alex knows she looks like a crazy person, but she’s read enough articles where sharks reach water that fell well below her knees.

By the time she gets close enough to the shore she can see Kelley laughing, clutching her stomach as she leans her head back in hysteric.

Alex looks back out to the ocean for the first time since she heard Kelley scream the words that still had her heart pounding out of her ears….the Ocean is silent, not a single fin breaking through the calm waters.

“I’ll give you five seconds to haul ass…” Morgan drops her tone as she walks closer to the shore.

“Five seconds is a lot of time…” Kelley chuckles as she leans down to pick up Alex’s clothes she had pinned against a rock.

“Kelley don’t you dare!!” Alex is hit by a wave that knocks her knees forward and she has to regain her balance before looking back up, but when she does Kelley is already halfway up the path towards the cabin.

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**Tobin’s POV**

Tobin finds herself in the kitchen when the landline rings. Not thinking much on it she answers it while taking inventory of their food.

“Hello?”

“Tobin? This is Benstiti.” Tobin halts on her focus on the fridge and looks at the phone.

“Coach?” Tobin scowls wondering why her coach from Paris was calling her. She closes the fridge putting all her focus on the call.

“Yes I was told I could reach you by this number….I understand you are on vacation, but I just got a call from your stand in coach, Jill Ellis. She wanted to know if you would be available for this coming week with a match against Canada.”

“Yes, Coach?” Tobin relaxes at the realization that the call was only about her contract and nothing else.

“I can’t afford your absence…I need you in Paris for the next month.” Tobin pulls on the knot from
her robe knowing that she had no other choice PSG still had her on contract till the end of May and she wouldn’t be able to play with the team until it ended.

“Okay when will I be leaving?”

“Tomorrow morning, we have a champion’s league game in a couple days. I need you accustomed to the time change as soon as possible.”

“Understood.” Her voice held no emotion as she hangs up the phone.

Leaning against the counter in silence, rapid footsteps outside on the deck grab her attention and Kelley bolts through the living room, down the hallway and into the bedroom in a matter of seconds.

“Kelley you little shit! Give me my clothes!” Tobin can hear Alex and she can’t help but laugh when the forward reaches the sliding door. The momentum of her speed is too much for Alex and she has to grip the edge of the doorway to stop herself from banging against it.

“What are you laughing at? This isn’t funny. Where is she?” Alex huffs as she walks towards Tobin.

“Were you swimming?” Tobin asks as her gaze falls down the strikers form taking in Alex in nothing but her black underwear.

“Yes, until Kelley decided to run off with my clothes…” Alex rings her hair out and flicks it towards Tobin.

“Now let’s not forget the wonderful Michael Phelps impersonation….I think you have a great chance in the 500m. Go for the Gold, Al!” Kelley comes barging back into the living room.

“Where is my clothes Kelley…” Alex whines.

“I put it to wash, but I found a robe you can wear in the meantime.” Kelley throws the garment across the Kitchen Island. Alex huffs dramatically before she walks down the hall towards the room to wash up.

“What’d you do, Kells?” Tobin smacks Kelley while her gaze follows Alex walking down the hall.

‘Oh man, that walk is going to give me a heart attack.’ Tobin bites her lip, but is interrupted when Kelley nudges Tobin back.

“You can thank me later…” Kelley arrogantly jokes.

“You’ll regret it later.” Tobin snidely remarks making Kelley look nauseous at her suggestive undertone.

“Oh No, not while I’m here. Keep it in your pants, Heath.”

(Few hours Later)

It’s two in the morning when she wakes up to Kelley’s hand smacking her in the face and the bruise on her cheek throbs in pain. Lifting O’Hara’s hand off of her she sits up from the couch and looks across the living room to the other couch where Alex fell asleep hugging a cushion to her chest as her head rested against the side facing towards them. She probably fought sleep for as long as she could making sure that no one snuck up on them while they slept.
There is a bowl of popcorn forgotten under their feet besides the couch that Tobin almost kicks over when she stands up to pull a blanket over Alex. They spent the afternoon and early night watching foreign films much to Tobin’s demise, but like old times Alex and Kelley always outvoted her.

Tobin rubs the back of her neck in angst remembering that she hadn’t let the girls know about the call she received earlier the day before.

‘Maybe this is what we need a little distance to get our feet back under us?’ Tobin thinks to herself as she looks at Alex hug the cushion tighter against her chest.

‘I just got you back…’ Tobin pines trying desperately not to pull some of Alex’s hair away from her face, but she fails and before she can stop herself her hand is already placing hair behind a delicate ear.

Immediately Alex’s hand shoots up to grab a hold of Tobin’s wrist stopping her actions. When Tobin gazes at her she’s met with blue eyes that shine against the moonlight pouring in from the windows of the cabin.

“Tobin? What are you doing?” Tobin smiles as she listen to the rasp in Alex’s groggy voice.

“Somebody needs to watch over you…” Tobin whispers as she takes a hold of Alex’s right hand. She wraps it with both of hers when she feels how cold Alex’s hand is.

“Crap, I fell asleep.” Alex softly sighs out in frustration.

Tobin remains silent, busy drawing patterns on the top of Alex’s hand. The moon faintly casting a soft blue light into the room they slept in and as they remain silent the only sound Tobin hears is the crashing waves outside. Minutes pass as Tobin continues caressing Alex’s hand.

“I think this is our first time actually holding hands…” Alex’s rasp prominent against the silence even though she whispers it softly, aware that Kelley is asleep on the other couch.

Tobin takes her attention from drawing to look at Alex who is also looking at their hands when the silence on Tobin’s part makes Alex glance up also.

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**Alex’s POV**

She’s calm, but then again she’s always calm when Tobin’s around her. Alex can feel the warmth of Tobin’s hands as they enclose around her cold one.

The way Tobin is looking at her at the moment reminds Alex of how intense Tobin can be when she wants to. It always captivated Alex when she did because on the norm Tobin usually kept to herself and observed the world around her…but if you were lucky enough to witness the chill Tobin on the other side of the emotional spectrum you were blown away. She’s always full of surprises and if Alex took her eyes off Tobin even for a few seconds especially on the pitch she’d risk missing talent so raw, Tobin making it look effortless.

But that intensity is cut short when Tobin breaks her gaze and looks back down at their hands. Alex realizes Tobin is keeping something from her.
“What’s wrong?” she asks leaning up to raise herself in a sitting position, but gasps when pain shoots up her side. Tobin lifts the blanket she placed over her and pulls up her own shirt that Alex stole after they finished drying to reveal the open stitches along her hip.

“You’re bleeding.” Tobin whispers and Alex looks down and sure enough her wound opened up when she tried getting up. Alex rolls her eyes more in knowing that Tobin is grabbing any chance at changing the subject than having her wound opening back up again.

“Let’s clean it up, come on.” Tobin helps her stand and they walk down the hall into the bathroom. Alex leans against the counter in the small space while Tobin leans down to grab the first aid kit under the sink. The bathroom is small to where they bump against each other with little room to move around as Tobin reaches around to grab a towel on the other side of Alex. Tobin folds a damp cloth over a bottle of alcohol while Morgan pulls her shirt up and pokes around the wound.

“Stop touching it. You probably infected it when you decided to keep isolating yourself by going for a swim.” Tobin chastises her while brushing the forward hand away from her stitches to stand right in front of her.

“Much like you’re dodging my question now.” Alex laughs and shakes her head arching her eyebrow in challenge closely watching Tobin.

Tobin looks at her in silence nothing but a few inches between them while gently placing the cloth against Alex’s wound overlapping her already scarred tattoo. In response Alex bites her lip to keep herself from gasping as the alcohol cleans her wound.

Feeling the sting of the rubbing alcohol subside Morgan’s focus falls back on the brown eyes she feels gazing at her, but instead catches Tobin looking down at her biting lip. Their short breaths almost become deafening in her ears as she watches Tobin’s eyes dilate and her own heart doubles its rate against her chest.

Like Tobin senses the change she looks back up at Alex. The tension is too much for Alex and just when she’s about to close the distance between them Tobin pulls away. They both take in deep breaths to calm their beating hearts and the heat of the moment falls through. To Alex’s frustration Tobin simply finishes covering her stitches with gauze in a couple seconds.

“Here take these painkillers, they’ll ease the pain.” Tobin hands over the two pills along with a small paper cup of water.

After taking the pills Alex continues silently watching Tobin gather the trash and place the medical kit back under the sink. Still nothing comes out between them and Alex finds herself playing with her hands out of angst.

‘God, how are we going to get past this…’ Alex feels the knot in her throat when her eyes start watering. Shaking her head in defeat Alex tries to get out of the bathroom as fast as she can, but her escape is cut short when Tobin grabs her hand just in time.

“Wait.” Her voice makes Alex pause, but she refuses to turn the salt of her tears stinging against her chapped lips.

“Why do you keep blaming yourself for all of this?” Tobin squeezes her hand wanting the forward to turn and face her.

Alex pulls herself together and looks back over her shoulder taking in Tobin’s pleading brown eyes. She doesn’t understand how Tobin can be so oblivious to the harm she’s done. Raising her
hand to cup Tobin’s cheek she gently brushes her thumb across the bruise. Tobin slightly jumps against the subtle caress and Alex can feel the knot in her throat return.

“You ask me why and all I can see is what that asshole did to you…It keeps repeating in my head and I can’t get it to stop.” Her voice cracks.

Tobin brushes past her and leads them into the bedroom where she pulls the sheets up and places pillows against the bed’s headboard to support Alex’s back from straining her wound open again. Alex gently lowers herself on the bed with her help.

“I understand that you need time to work through it, but don’t blame yourself for any of it, Alex… please.” Tobin sits on the edge of the bed.

“Am I sleeping alone?” Alex asks trying to change the subject.

“Not if I can help it…” Tobin scoffs as she crawls over Alex making the forward chuckle slightly and pulls herself under the covers.

“Nice change of subject by the way.” Tobin smirks while Alex slides over to her side and rests her head against Tobin’s chest.

“Tell me why you dodged my question earlier….” Alex raises her head to look at Tobin.

Tobin sighs, but the smile on her face remains and it’s beyond Alex on how she managed to run into such a beautiful human.

“I got a call, yesterday.”

“How could you get a call? Nobody had their cell when they flew us out here.”

“The landline. They gave it to Benstiti…somehow.”

“Benstiti?” Alex scowls and when it hits her she feels like her chest hallows out even though her pulse is roaring in her ears.

“You’re leaving.” Alex states.

“I’m under contract for another month.” Tobin explains and Alex simply rests her head back against Tobin’s chest. Alex is distracted momentarily by Tobin’s fingers brushing through her hair.

“I’ll go with you.” Alex doesn’t panic in leaving so abruptly, because Tobin is the only reason she came back in the first place.

“I won’t let you do that. You have to get your spot back on the team and the only way you can do that now is by playing in the league first. I can handle Paris just as I did before I found you.” Tobin softly replies and it frustrates Alex because she isn’t used to fighting with people that sounded so calm.

“I don’t care about that, Tobin. I’m not letting you go to Europe alone.”

“You’re a good liar, Alex, but I know you. You and I both know you do care about it. It’s you, Alex. You would never let me walk away if I was in your place. Don’t ask me to let you come with me.”

“I care about you, Tobin.” Alex yawns at the end of her statement and her head starts feeling cloudy.
‘Why are you so comfortable and calm?’ Alex thinks to herself snuggling further into Tobin’s side.

“I need you to take care of yourself first….and so do I. Maybe this needs to happen.” Tobin’s voice echoes in her head as she falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

So this Sunday's update might bring this fic to a close. :o
Hope you enjoyed this update a few more to come :)}
Strong Enough?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kelley’s POV

She’s stirred awake from headlights flooding the room directly towards her and the sound of tires running over gravel. Kelley mutters profanities before she curls further into the couch trying to hide from the light, but faint footsteps just behind the couch startles her awake with her chest pounding in fear.

Slowly peering up the side of the couch she notices Tobin tiptoeing across the kitchen to head out the front door.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Kelley whispers looking around the room to find no trace of Alex.

“Crap…” Tobin pauses midstride.

“Shh quiet you’ll wake her up. *sigh* …I’m leaving.” Tobin scratches the back of her neck when she turns to face Kelley.

“Who’s out there? And why are you leaving?” Kelley asks knowing that jumpy Tobin never meant well.

“That’s my ride to the airport and my contract with PSG isn’t up yet, so…”

“…You’re leaving for Paris.” Kelley ends her statement.

“Trust me it’s the last thing I want to do right now…I need you to make sure she doesn’t follow me, Kells.” Tobin walks closer towards the couch Kelley’s perched over.

“You didn’t tell Alex?” Her whisper makes Tobin cringe, but it’s too early for Kelley to understand what that meant.

“I did. We woke up in the middle of the night and her wound opened up. I gave her some painkillers to ease the pain and I think they made her drowsy. She fell asleep with the idea of dropping everything here and following me. I…I can’t let her do that she’s so close to getting everything back and I’m not going to let her throw that away out of fear.” The way Tobin is looking at Kelley with a glint of pain, rises her need to focus.

“It’s for the best, Kelley. Tell her to focus on fully understanding that she is done with this and to find her passions again…and I’ll be counting the days….hours…. seconds till I can finally wrap my arms around her and never let go.” Tobin’s emotion pours out tenfold and Kelley understands why Tobin is walking away. Kelley’s noticed the way Alex holds back on enjoying herself around them out of fear of distraction. In order for her to get past it she needs space from the major focal point of her fear.
Tobin’s safety.

“I will.” Kelley pulls Tobin in for a hug.

“You do realize the danger you’re putting me in, right?” Kelley whines in the crook of Tobin’s neck making the midfielder chuckle silently. They both knew the ordeal she’s going to face the second Alex wakes up with Tobin gone and already on a flight towards Paris.

“I’m sorry.” Tobin smiles apologetically and Kelley shakes her head.

“You’re going to miss your flight…I can handle Baby Horse.” Kelley pushes Tobin towards the door.

“I’ll call when I land just to ease the wrath.” Tobin whispers lightly as she closes the door and the sound of a car pulling out of the driveway slightly fades as they drive further away.

Exhaling silently to herself, Kelley stands in the middle of the living room for a few seconds trying to come up with a plan of counteracting the bomb that was about to go off in….

She looks at the clock on the stovetop. 5:33am.

‘Three hours?’ Kelley bites her lip in concentration.

“I’m gonna die…” Kelley pouts to herself plopping her dead weight on the couch.

Alex’s POV

‘What is that smell?’ Alex scrunches her nose in her sleep sliding across the bed stretching her limbs out. Her body feels tight from soreness and the sting of her stitches stops her from stretching further.

With her eyes closed as usual she remains on the bed limbs sprawled out and takes in her surrounding using her other senses.

‘God what is that smell…’ Alex asks herself again.

‘Man those pills knocked me out….and where’s Tobin?’ With that final question Alex sits up slowly and pulls her feet down to the edge of the bed.

Rubbing her eyes out before she opens them, her eyes focus to the light streaming through the skylight over the bed. Her gaze falls on a notepad resting on the nightstand just to her right.

She squints against the bright light and reads the lazy slant of Tobin’s handwriting.

‘Find your passion….Find your peace and I’ll do the same. I’m counting the days till I see you again.

Be patient, Love.'
‘See you again?’ Alex scowls and before she can react to her realization that Tobin actually left a loud beeping noise rings out from the living room causing Alex to pull herself up and race down the hall.

Before she turns into the kitchen Alex notices smoke streaming into the hall and her first thought is someone is in the house. They found them again. She bolts into the kitchen despite the pain running down her left side.

She skids to a stop when her eyes fall on the chaos going on. She finds Kelley standing on top of the counter waving a table cloth over the fire alarm blaring in the kitchen as smoke bellowed out of a skillet pushed off the stove.

“Kelley! What’d you do?” Alex calls out in complete surprise.

“I…*cough* wanted to make us some breakfast, but this stupid stove is wack!!” Kelley yells out over blaring sound of the fire alarm.

Alex grabs the skillet covering her mouth as the smoke rises up to her face as she quickly walks out the front door and places it on the driveway.

‘It’s just Kelley…’ Alex breathes out the panic rising in her chest subsiding as she looks out to the shoreline.

‘I can’t live like this….This isn’t healthy.’ Morgan shakes her head. Walking back inside she hops on the counter next to a frantic Kelley and reaches over the defender to pull the top off the alarm and pull the battery out. The loud silence follows shortly after.

Small fits of coughing from both of them follow as Alex takes in the mess Kelley made.

There’s an array of fresh fruit cut in slices placed on a platter next to the stove, some pancake batter, and fresh brewed coffee resting just on the other side.

‘Tobin left and Kelley’s covering her ass…’ Alex peers at Kelley who walked out to the living room making herself busy by opening all the windows to air out the smoke.

Grabbing a mug she pours herself a cup and leans against the counter amusing herself by Kelley’s squirming. Alex makes herself comfortable as she plops a fresh cut strawberry in her mouth.

She’s halfway through her second cup of coffee and Kelley roams around the room like she’s waiting for Alex to confront her, but Alex holds back to throw her off.

“Okay can you say something already, you’re freaking me out?” Kelley calls out from the living room and Alex grabs the fruit platter walking towards the couch.

“I get it.” Alex looks down at her mug. The couch dips next to her and Kelley stays quiet. Alex takes a deep breath and forces herself to look at Kelley and explain herself.

“The first thing that crossed my mind when the alarm went off is that they found us again and I got so consumed with fear and rage that I forgot about myself completely. I get that I need to let go… find my peace before I can find my passion…” She focuses on her now cold coffee and squeezes it in frustration.
“...But it’s so hard to. You know how I am with routines...I can’t break them so easily. For the past year it’s become second nature for me to react out in complete self-preservation and to keep my distance from the people I love for your safety.” Alex can feel the knot in her throat begin to tighten and she clears her throat in attempt to control it.

'That's why I haven't even spoken to my family...my dad.' Alex thinks to herself.

“I know how you are with routines, but I also know the other side. My dork and it’s going to take time to find yourself again...This is the time where you focus on yourself Alex. It’s over.” Kelley pulls Alex into her side and surprisingly Alex rests her head on her shoulder.

“She drugged me...” Alex scoffs realizing that the only way she could sleep through Tobin’s escape is by the medication she gave her.

Kelley chuckles.

“I don’t think we can accept the fact that our Tobin isn’t so innocent anymore...”

“Oh trust me when I tell you she isn’t…” Alex adds while grabbing another strawberry and Kelley pushes her away to the other side of the couch making Alex laugh at the face of disgust written all over her face.

“Gross, keep that to yourself...Alex!” Kelley gets up and yanks the platter away from Alex before walking out on the deck.

“Hey...I was kidding.” Alex yells out taking a few seconds longer to pull herself up off the couch.

Alex joins Kelley outside leaning against the railing looking out towards the shoreline and with a mischievous smirk she reaches for the platter again and as she eats a bright, juicy mango she holds in her laugh.

“Not really...Toby nearly ripped my dress off the first night we spent in the loft. Actually never mind she did rip my...” Alex speaks nonchalantly.

“Stop it...” Kelley throws a piece of fruit at Alex, but the striker easily catches it in her mouth and chews it quickly to continue tormenting Kelley.

“Say something else....” Kelley threatens and Alex can’t help, but laugh at the overwhelming cuteness.

“Come here!” Alex pulls Kelley in and hugs her tightly.

“Thank you.” Her tone more serious because in all truth if it hadn’t been for Kelley her worst nightmare would have become reality and that makes her hold the defender tighter where words couldn’t convey how grateful Alex is for the person she’s holding in her arms.

(One month later)

Kelley’s POV

“She’s twice our size how the hell are we going to manage getting her up the stairs and into her
room?” Mana questions out to Kelley as they take in the mess they put themselves into.

“Jeez…Al. Why are you so heavy?” Kelley grunts in the crammed stairway while the giggling idiot leaning heavily against their shoulders hums faintly to herself.

“I want ice cream…” Alex whispers in answer.

“Okay you help us out a little in getting up these stairs and I’ll give you all the ice cream you want. Okay?” Mana tries bargaining. Kelley sighs in relief when Alex puts one heel in front of the other.

“No! I want Tobin to give me all the ice cream I want.” Alex slurs stumbling over a few stairs and the other roommates ignore the comment entirely huffing out in effort to get the forward in her room as fast as possible before further request where voiced.

Five minutes later they make it to her bed and try leaning her down slowly, but they underestimated her clumsiness and Alex falls face first into the pile of pillows.

“I want strawberries in it…” Alex mumbles into the pillow and a few seconds pass before they watch her fall asleep in record time.

“I still don’t understand how we lost so badly.” Mana places some Advil and a bottle of water by the nightstand while Kelley yanks off Alex’s heels and tucks her in.

“She was going to spend all night beating herself up about it….It was her first game back and this team fell apart around her.” Kelley follows Mana out of the room.

“I understand where the nickname comes from now. She literally ran her heart out the entire game.” Mana chuckles.

“That’s our Baby Horse.” Kelley shuts the door and follows Mana downstairs into the living room.

It’s been a month since the cover up, a month since Alex was declared innocent in the case of Servando’s murder and a month since Tobin left for Paris when her contract with PSG still held her rights for a few more weeks. After that weekend Kelley managed to get together with Mana and Alex to rent out a house for the rest of the season.

Last night was the debut of Alex’s first match in the league and the team had their biggest loss in record. The NY Flash dismantled their lineup entirely and the media pulled its spotlight on Alex the instant the 90 minutes of the match ended. The question of why she didn’t score asked countless times.

Just as Kelley reaches the living room her phone rings and Tobin’s name flashes on the screen.

“Hey, Tobs.”

“Hey Kell. I just watched the interview online….She didn’t look too happy. How is she?”

“We had a night out on the town and she made the bartender a run for his money. She’s mastered the art of getting free drinks…its ridiculous!” Kelley exclaims.

“Uhmm…” Tobin mumbles and Kelley laughs at the worry seeping out of Tobin’s tone.

“You have nothing to worry about…She was too busy asking for you and a tub of strawberry ice cream just a few seconds ago before she past out?” Kelley rolls her eyes at the odd request as she kicks her heels off and plops on the couch.
“Oh…” Tobin laughs.

“So where are you?” Kelley changes the subject.

“I’m just about to board a plane in New York I should be there when she wakes up…She doesn’t know right?” Tobin asks.

“Nah, she’s been moping around like a sick puppy since the match I couldn’t take it any longer!”

“Great! I have some awesome news to tell you when i get in town…See you in the morning, KO. Love ya.”

“Love ya!” Kelley ends the call and exhales in worry.

“What are you so worried about?” Mana asks as she sits on the opposite side of the couch and rests her legs over Kelley’s.

“Whether or not the noise cancelling headphones I ordered two days ago will get here in time…” Kelley whines pulling her arms over her eyes.

“What!?” Mana shouts.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed.....
Ohhh the suspense! ;)
Peace I'm out for the count...
GNITE :)
Kelley’s POV

They’d fallen asleep in the living room and Kelley stirs at the sound of the front door shutting close. It’s still early in the morning and thinking its Tobin at the door Kelley sits up to greet her, but instead finds a sweaty, out of breathe Alex walking past the couch and into the kitchen with a jump in her step.

“If I remember correctly you where the one drunk off their ass last night….Why are you alive?” Kelley moans.

‘Damn she’s awake…and Tobin isn’t here yet.’ Kelley thinks rubbing her puffy eyes to focus on Alex leaning against the counter.

“I don’t get hangovers anymore. I also needed a good run after last night’s game.” Alex soft rasp giving away her state of mind while opening a cold bottle of water. Kelley shifts Mana’s legs over to stand up not worried about waking up the Hawaiian native remembering the first night they moved in together and pranked the newcomer.

Their first night together after a few glasses of wine Mana fell asleep way too early for her roommates liking. Kelley talked Alex into placing half a tub of whipped cream on Mana’s open palm while she tickled Mana’s nose with her own hair. The moment she slapped her face with whipped cream the pair of troublemakers bolted sure that they woke her up, but to their amazement Mana simply turned over, licked her lips, made a face, and fell back asleep. From that night on Mana made sure to sleep in the safety of her room with the door locked.

“Mana slept out of her room?” Alex asks nodding back towards the couch.

“I guess so.... It’s hard work getting you up those stairs.” Kelley goads. She glances at the clock on the stovetop. 6:02am.

“Oh whatever.” Alex scoffs shrugging her shoulders.

“It’s barely six! What time did you wake up at?” Kelley steals the bottle of water.

“Five…It’s not nightmares or anything it’s just that…I miss her.” Alex confesses.

“She’ll be here soon.” Kelley smiles bumping her shoulder against Alex.

“Yes…I’m going to shower up.” Alex shakes her head pushing off the counter to head upstairs to her room. Kelley bolts for her phone and sends off a quick text to Tobin hoping that she reads it. Her flight didn’t land till eight.

‘Hmmm what to do…’ Kelley thinks walking around with her arms swinging carelessly and her gaze falls on the vulnerable human sleeping in the living room.
Alex’s POV

Her room is still dark when she walks past her bed to open the sliding door to her own small balcony that overlooked a small patch of woods. The morning sky glowing a soft blue she pulls her hair out of its hair tie, turns on the old fashion stereo Tobin had hidden in her luggage and walks back inside heading towards her bathroom.

‘Just a few more days.’ Alex counts in her head standing against the tiled shower watching as the water poured down the drain and her thoughts wonder off. Questions of what Tobin could possibly be doing right now flooding her mind and counting down the days till her contract ends with PSG.

She’s gotten pretty good at restraining herself from keeping tabs on the midfielder. It was a struggle at first to get the nightmares to stop playing repeatedly in her head at all hours of the day. Unbearable to the point where Alex caved in and used her resources to call one of her contacts to keep an eye on Tobin, but that didn’t last long. She was found out almost immediately. Tobin called her out at the attempt and Alex couldn’t even skype her that night from embarrassment.

Her efforts of focusing on a normal daily life are starting to show. Recently she finds herself forgetting to check floor plans, to check the hands of strangers, and aside from the a few bad nights her sleep is constant and uninterrupted. She wakes up fully rested, but like a splinter just under her skin every morning that she wakes up with the warmth absent on the other side of the bed Alex is reminded that she’s oceans apart from Tobin.

After the court announced her innocence things exploded into a frenzy of getting her exclusive interview of what happened, but Alex pulled her head down and for the most part her days were filled with trainings and keeping to herself….surrounding herself with loved ones.

Her loved ones being the team and even though her voicemail is filled with messages from her sisters and parents trying to get a hold of her the worry for their safety still holds her back from answering their calls. It wasn’t even a matter of question since the moment she ran out of Hope’s house that night. For Alex the instant it became aware that the people she loved could be used as pawns she completely cut off that part of her life.

They didn’t exist.

In all truth if someone asked her who she loved more than Tobin she’d only give four names. Her family held a huge part in her life and she couldn’t fathom the pain she would go through if her enemies figured out who she really was. The understanding that the only reason Vlad didn’t go for her family was because she broke her rule with Tobin and Vlad used her instead.

That small probability that things could go wrong is more than enough for Alex to keep her distance even while things were beginning to look up. It was the final hurdle she needed to pass.

Finished with showering Alex changes into a pair of shorts and a shirt from Tobin’s closet. She’d took the liberty of moving all their stuff out from the loft and managed to keep Kelley from getting the master bedroom of the house using the excuse of having Tobin’s stuff along with hers.

Walking to the balcony with the calming beat of The wind by Amos Lee playing softly she sits on the ridiculously comfortable mushroom chair she slept on the first few nights she moved in with the girls. Reaching over to grab the book from the table to read. It was a book she ran across at a flea market during a day off they spent roaming the city and its old weathered nature drew her in and she bought it although the man she bargained with didn’t budge too easily. The tattered title took a few minutes to decipher, but Alex managed. The Unbearable Lightness of Being by Milan Kundera took up most of her quiet evenings and she found the book interesting enough to forget
about the world around her. The sun begins to rise over the horizon with its rays of warmth reaching her as Alex gets lost in the pages. Her guard is down, she isn’t looking over her shoulder….Alex feels at peace.

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Tobin’s POV

“The reservation is under your name…I’ll get her there, I promise.” Tobin ends the call just as the taxi cab pulls up to her new place. She swears Kelley has a future in realty, because she managed to find them a house almost completely hidden by tall evergreens and located just a few blocks away from the Rose Garden for an unbelievably cheap price. It’s a beautiful green Tudor style home with a deck in the back that Tobin can manage to make out.

Walking inside the whole place is illuminated by natural light shining through large windows overlooking the back yard. She finds Kelley perched over the couch and immediately backs away when she hears Tobin walking across the room.

“What are you doing?” Tobin asks. Kelley in a quiet house meant she’s up to no good and out of precaution Tobin looks around for booby traps of any kind.

“Entertaining myself…I’m so glad you’re here Tobs!” Kelley skips to the midfielder and catapults herself giving Tobin only a few seconds to react and catch her.

“Hi, Kell….” Tobin grunts, buts smiles towards the ball of energy that is Kelley.

“We have a big lunch today?” Kelley asks.

“Yeah we do…I thought you said Alex woke up at the crack of dawn. Where is she?” Tobin walks them to the free couch and Kelley plops down while Tobin notices Mana covered in a ridiculous amount of stickers and makeup.

“Oh Kelley…..Leave the poor thing alone.” Tobin holds in the laugh at the base of her chest and shakes her head.

“It’s way too easy…I swear I think I could pop fireworks in here and she wouldn’t bat an eyelash. Alex is in her own little world upstairs…reading a book.” Kelley pouts she looks so underwhelmed.

“Aww is Kelley bored…” Tobin teases.

‘I swear you could get away with murder….’ Tobin rolls her eyes.

“Okay how about I go get Alex, you wake up Mana and we walk to the Rose Garden to pass the time till we need to go to lunch?” Tobin musters up a plan.

“Okay…” Kelley nods satisfied with the plan.

Halfway up the stairs Tobin laughs at the sound of Kelley waking up Mana.
The door to their room is open and Tobin can hear the soft guitar of Violin by Amos Lee streaming in the empty room from the open balcony. It’s a beautiful day and the slight breeze fills the room with the scent of pines.

Tobin walks past the doorway and on the far right her gaze falls on the most beautiful sight. She finds Alex sleeping peacefully on a puffy mushroom chair that hugs her in all directions. If it’s possible for Tobin to fall even more in love than she already is with the forward her heart soars at the sight of Alex wearing one of her old college T-shirts. The faded baby blue prominently brighter against tanned skin.

The warmth of the sun casted over the forwards face making her wet hair glisten against the light and Tobin smiles at the sight. In that moment she knew that her decision to keep Alex from leaving worked. Her body looked relaxed and free of worry.

“Kelley I swear if I look in the mirror and see something….” Tobin hears Mana yell as she walks past the doorway to her own room. A few seconds later something bangs against a wall somewhere in the house.

Shaking her head Tobin looks back at Alex surprised that she’s still asleep given all the ruckus going on inside the house.

It’s short lived when Kelley’s laugh from hell rings across the hallway and Tobin manages to see her sprint across their room.

“God I live with children…” A small rasp takes over Tobin’s senses as she watches Alex bury her face to the side of the chair.

“Kelley I’ll break your headphones….” Mana threatens and Tobin lifts a brow in question.

“*Gasp* you wouldn’t!” Kelley gasps in horror and Tobin is stuck on why the headphones where such a big deal, but the display of frustration coming from Alex kept her quiet.

‘She must really be over it if she can’t sense that I’m standing right here.” Tobin thinks as she watches the forward stand up and walk right past her.

“Can’t I take a nap in peace?” Alex mutters as she walks towards the door, but pauses midstride to look back over her shoulder at Tobin and instead of running at her in a heap of joy to Tobin’s surprise Alex heads for the door to their room and closes it shut. The swipe of the lock clicking into place makes Tobin walk further into the room.

Alex’s POV

“God I live with children…” Alex groans to herself burying her face to the side of the chair.

“Kelley I’ll break your headphones….” Alex can hear Mana threaten and scowls at the notion of it all.

“*Gasp* you wouldn’t!” Kelley’s outrage pours into the balcony and Alex huffs out in frustration.

“Can’t I take a nap in peace?” Alex bolts out of the chair squinting her eyes from the bright sun she walks inside muttering profanities to herself to close the door she left open, but pauses when she smells a scent that’s all too familiar.
She couldn’t turn fast enough to look over her shoulder, but once her eyes landed on a smile she’s missed dearly Alex rushes to the door to muffle the noise of their loud roommates.

“Tobs…” Alex whispers closing the distance between them, but she holds back from hugging Tobin. Alex needed to take her in fully and tell herself that she wasn’t dreaming.

“You’re here.” Alex declares to herself more than anything as she pulls in the shorter midfielder into her arms.

“Hey…” Tobin replies softly.

“How?….When?….Why didn’t you tell me?” Alex whines.

“Because I wanted it to be a surprise, but everything kind of didn’t happen….but I have a special lunch planned out for all of us.” Tobin looks up at Alex and she notices the slight apprehension coming off of Tobin.

Alex is rushed with a sudden flashback of her running into an apartment in Seattle and a serious case of Deja-vu falls over the forward. Like the events of that fateful night with Servando were somehow reoccurring and it messed with her head so much she got dizzy and needed to take a seat.

“Hey are you okay? What’s wrong?” Tobin tone filled with worry leading Alex to the edge of the bed.

“Yeah…I think. Is there something you want to tell me?” Alex asks not sure if she wanted an answer.

Tobin looks up at her in awe and Alex doesn’t understand why the smile on her face gets brighter.

“There is…” Tobin conveys as she joins Alex on the bed bringing their hands together much like their last night together in the cabin.

Tobin’s hands are shaking slightly against Alex’s making the forward’s skin prickle in heat.

“I missed you.” Alex whispers against any of the worry floating in her thoughts. She refuses to be led by paranoia. Tobin locks her gaze on Alex making her uneasy at the intensity of Tobin’s gaze.

“I can’t find the words to tell you how much I’ve missed you, but I understand why it might be frustrating sometimes when I can’t….”

“Tobs you don’t have to… I’m sorry…I said some pretty horrible stuff in that basement when Vlad had us….I didn’t mean it.” Alex turns to face Tobin.

“Yes, you did and that’s one of the many…many things I adore about you.” Tobin chuckles.

“You see no need to sugarcoat things and I’ve come to the realization that since the moment we found each other in Portugal I’ve yet to even try to express to you the emotions I go through when I’m around you….”

“When I’m around you I’m aware of every breath you take, when you laugh I’m drawn to you like a homing beacon, and when I’m away from you every time I close my eyes I see yours….” Alex couldn’t fight the butterflies in her stomach even if she wanted to. It brought her back to that night a drunk Tobin poured her heart out and Alex was nowhere near prepared for the way her heart surrendered in the cab of her car all those months ago and the way she felt now was indescribable.
“…and gosh was that corny.” Tobin laughs making Alex giggle at the blush forming on Tobin’s cheeks.

“It’s because you’re my goofball…” Alex whispers cupping Tobin’s cheek closing the space between them for a tender kiss that Alex savored in every sense.

“I love you.” Tobin whispers wrapping her hand behind Alex to tangle in her still damp hair.

“I couldn’t see our future that night you left, but now I can’t stop thinking about us sitting on our porch….drinking our coffee on Christmas morning.” Alex smiles due to the lightness in her chest, and the knot in her throat makes her rub her nose against Tobin’s in the middle of reciting Tobin’s drunken speech she knew by heart.

“…We’d hit our fifties and you’d lose your awesome looks.”

Tobin’s POV

“…and I’d lose my mind listening to you sing your corny songs when you’re focused on something. I’d embarrass our kids…Our kids with their beautiful ocean blue eyes…” Tobin smiles remembering that night she confessed her feelings to Alex.

“I would much prefer them to have your gorgeous brown ones.” Tobin feels Alex kiss her gently again.

“I can’t believe you remember all of that…” Tobin’s filled with a rush of pure adoration for the woman sitting in front of her.

“I haven’t been able to get it out of my head since you said it…” Alex blushes.

Tobin pulls her arms around the forward and they remain embraced for some unknown time.

“It almost time for lunch!!” Kelley’s voice rings throughout the house making the two women sigh out in slight frustration.

“You hungry?” Tobin asks slightly nervous.

“Very! Just let me change and I should be ready in a couple of minutes.” Alex gives her a quick kiss as she literally skips to their bathroom.

“I’m going to make sure the children don’t murder each other in the meantime…” Tobin call out before walking out of the room.

Alex’s POV

She’s sitting in the passenger seat of her car while holding Tobin’s free hand over her lap as she drove them to their ‘special’ lunch.

If her mind wasn’t so clouded by the euphoria of having Tobin back again she would have noticed the eerily awkward silence throughout the whole drive towards the restaurant.
They reach the restaurant and Tobin walks them towards the host table.

“Hi…Uhmm I made a reservation for a private lunch?” Tobin asks the host behind the counter and Alex raises her brow.

‘Why private?….It’s just us?’ Alex thinks.

“Can I have the name, please?” the host asks while looking at the monitor.

“Oh yeah, It’s under The Morgan’s.” Tobin answers.

“Okay we have you in the first open villa up top.” The host leads them towards the private patio.

“The Morgan’s?” Alex asks her heart starting to pound as she squeezed Tobin’s hand to get an explanation while walking up the steps to their secluded table.

“Do you trust me?” Tobin asks.

“Yes of course…” Alex stops her words when her eyes land on a table already seated with four people talking amongst themselves.

Stunned and in shock Alex knocks against a chair from an empty table making it ring against the stoned floor and the quick banter coming from the occupied table stops abruptly.

“Dad?”

Chapter End Notes

May not be the only update this week. :)

GNITE
Enjoy Enjoy sorry about the wait I just wanted it to be the best It could before I posted it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex’s POV

The smothering tension on the patio lingered in the air while Alex wasn’t sure if she could speak, much less walk towards her dad standing only a few feet in front of her.

“Papa Morgan!” Kelley breaks the awkward silence as she tugs Mana along with her to get the introductions out of the way thankfully buying Alex some time to pull herself together.

She’s zoned out in her own turmoil when a squeeze of Tobin’s hand on hers makes Alex turn towards the midfielder.

“If you honestly think you’re not ready…We’ll leave.” Tobin whispers between them. Alex knew the sudden surprise of springing her parents on her is unlike Tobin. She would have told her that her parents would be here, right?

The question of why Tobin would pull a stunt like this playing in her mind, she looks back over Tobin’s shoulder to see her family politely introducing themselves to Mana, but all four of them kept stealing glances towards the forward.

Alex finds herself analyzing the situation mechanically noticing that Jeni and Jeri were holding each other closely while her mother held onto her father’s forearm for support waiting for their youngest daughter to say something.

The introductions were over and even though the conversation of other reserved parties filled the silence, Alex realized the only thing keeping her from running out of the restaurant is the slight caress of Tobin’s thumb across the palm of her left hand.

‘Are you going to live your life in fear for the rest of your life?’ A small declarative voice echoes in her head. And like a flush of sheer determination Alex is filled with a stubborn competitiveness she knows all too well.

She swallows back the knot in her throat slowly letting go of Tobin’s hand.

Tobin’s POV
At first she thinks Alex was going to bolt out of the restaurant, but the moment the forward walks past Tobin towards her family she’s overwhelmed with joy and relief.

Distracted by the simple baby blue summer dress Alex donned fluttering against the breeze Tobin barely turns around fast enough to witness Alex getting bear hugged in all directions from her family.

“I’m sorry…” Alex’s voice cracks within the huddle of the Morgan family.

“No. You have nothing to be sorry about.” Her mom retorts and Alex disappears again within the arms of her family. Kelley’s dancing in place at the reunion and Tobin smiles fully assured that Alex is slowly, but effectively getting better.

“I can’t breathe.” Alex croaks and the Morgan’s laugh while releasing the baby of their clan. They all make their way to the table forcing Alex to sit in the middle between them. Tobin sits directly in front of her, but before she sits down she surprises everyone in the table by leaning over and tenderly brushing the tears streaming off Alex’s cheek.

“I love you.” Tobin’s voice resonates throughout the table, leaving Alex open mouthed and blushing at the confession, but quickly pulls herself together when Tobin’s wry smile breaks through.

“I love you too, and this very surprising and thoughtful gesture…but you’re not getting off so easily for this.” Alex cocks her brow at Tobin, but the blush on her cheeks just makes her even cuter in Tobin’s eyes.

“Before you blame Tobin for setting this up…. She kind of didn’t have a choice in the matter.” Jeni smirks at the midfielder who currently made herself busy by scratching the back of her neck.

“What do you mean?” Alex asks as she glances at her family.

“…Dad Kind of jumped her in Paris….” Jeni laughs.

“Oh do not blame this all on me!” Micheal defends himself and Tobin laughs at the memory.

After the ‘run-in’ she had with Alex’s father, Tobin knew why Alex’s personal drive was so intense and well terrifying if you found yourself in the way of it. The entire Morgan family practically mobbed her in the streets of Paris one rainy night and Tobin didn’t even see them coming at her until …well …. They surrounded her, literally.

“Oh god….I’m sooo sorry, Tobin.” Alex apologizes for her family.

“No worries. They really…Really love their baby…” Tobin chuckles.

The rest of dinner is filled with light chatter and somewhere between the main course and dessert a loud vibration interrupts conversation.

Alex reaches into her purse to grab her phone and answers it.

“Hello?” Alex asks slightly annoyed at the interruption, but after a few words spoken from the receiver Alex shoots up off her chair.

“Yeah…I mean yes! Yes of course I’d be delighted to.” Alex walks off to the edge of the patio.
“Thank you so much. You to. Bye.” Alex ends the call and turns back towards the table.

“I’m on the roster.” She whispers like she was telling herself that more than to the people around her.

Tobin stands up from her seat and reaches for the forward.

“You earned it.” Tobin reassures.

“Tobin I’m on the roster!” Alex repeats again but with more vigor while doing a simple shimmy of her hips making the group laugh at the ridiculous display. Then Kelley joins in and the patio is filled with overjoyed laughter. Tobin finds herself observing the interactions of the group.

Alex and the girls dancing with their heads thrown back in laughter while the Morgan girls laughed at their antics.

Her Alex was back and Tobin couldn’t fully encompass the strong emotion erupting from her chest. Looking to her right she finds Michael looking back at her and she knows she just got caught.

Her reaches over the table and leans in.

“You’ve had my blessing for a long time Tobin. You didn’t have to ask me.” He whispers.

“I did?” Tobin replies and cringes inwardly at her tone of outright surprise.

“Yes.” He smiles with his eyes and Tobin chuckles in slight shyness.

“I like you Heath, and I know you’ll keep her safe.” He squeezes her shoulder as he stands up to congratulate his daughter.

They spent the rest of the evening celebrating and only when the sun begins to set do they start asking for the check.

Tobin covered the bill well before the Morgan’s even asked for the check. After a few protests to her taking the bill Tobin brushes them off smoothly and they begin walking out the restaurant.

“Thank you, Tobin….Thank you sooo much.” Alex’s mom manages to whisper in Tobin’s ear as they said their goodbyes. Tobin shrugs her shoulders. With Michael, Tobin simply nods her head in understanding with a smile on her face at the memory of their conversation.

She notices Alex and her father walk off on their own having a conversation between themselves.

“Can you tell she’s the favorite?” Jeri goads standing between the footballers and Kelley scoffs.

“Yeah right…. I’m the favorite.” Kelley scowls jokingly and walks over to Pam.

“Right, Mom?!” Kelley hooks her elbow with Pam’s, making the older woman laugh.

“I’ve missed you, Kelley.” Tobin answers.

“Oh please, Mom! Don’t encourage her!” Alex calls out before returning back to talking to her dad next to the Morgan’s car.

“I’m glad you stayed.” Alex’s father slings his arms over the striker and they embrace.

Tobin, Kelley and Mana walk to their own car to give the family a few moments of privacy.
“Tobs can you drop us off at Nikki’s place?” Kelley makes conversation in the cab of the car while Alex gives her goodbyes.

“Okay?” Tobin answers distracted as she looks through the collection of CD’s Alex had stashed just under the drivers seat.

‘She has all of my CD’s!’ Tobin scoffs to herself.

“You can have the place to yourself. Mana and I are chillin at Nikki’s for the rest of the evening with a couple more teammates.” Kelley smirks and Tobin shakes her head oblivious to the undertone in Kelley’s voice.

“Fine with me.” Tobin mumbles back just as Alex waves out to her family driving away and climbs into the passenger seat of her own car.

“Hey! You snoop!” Alex cries out as she reaches over the console to get the collections of CD’s resting in Tobin’s lap.

“I’ve been looking for these for years! I can’t believe you had them in your car the whole time?” Tobin jokes pulling the case just out of reach while looking over her shoulder to pull out of the parking lot heading towards Nikki’s.

“I didn’t….” Alex starts, but is cut off when Tobin arches her brow tauntingly.

“Oh, yes…. I took it the last night we had in London. It’s been stashed in my car since.” Alex confesses looking out towards her window and Tobin smiles at the revelation. Mainly because all the music she listened to during that Olympic year revolved around the unrelenting emotions Alex pulled out of Tobin in such an intrusive manner, like every album held a piece of her mind during that year. A chronicle of trying to understand what the hell was going on in her head towards the sensationally skilled forward.

The rest of the ride is filled with a comfortable silence with Tobin stealing glances at Alex every now and then. Bringing back memories of numerous bus rides where Tobin found it humorous to give the forward a hard time about getting the window seat every time during camps, but truthfully Tobin loved it when Alex took the window seat. She loved the way Alex’s curious blue gaze kept shifting on every object or scenery as they drove by.

Tobin’s current smile brightens realizing that the same quirk still existed as she glanced towards the forward looking out into the scenery of Portland’s strange, but inviting city.

The midfielder reaches over the console to interlock hands with Alex making the forward turn towards Tobin with a gleam in her blue eyes that Tobin could read as nothing more than the love they finally had to themselves.

Tobin parks by Nikki’s drive way and the girls get out of the car as fast as they could.

“Love you guys! See you tomorrow.”
Alex is in a state of euphoria. Everything is just clicking in all aspects of her life….Well besides a goal she’s been itching to make since she started playing a striker’s addiction and Alex was long overdue for one. But aside from that she hadn’t felt this way in a long time.

Looking out the window of her car as Tobin drove them to drop off the girls Alex couldn’t shake off the smile from her face. When Tobin’s hand takes a hold of her and the forwards gaze takes in the bright gleaming orbs of Tobin’s brown eyes she’s almost delirious with the amount of love she felt for the midfielder.

The way Tobin’s hands easily engulf her smaller ones. The way she could easily smile and make any day a better one in Alex’s world. The simple ease that surrounded the Jersey native in everything she did and even though sometimes Alex couldn’t stand the seemingly unending patience Tobin had, Alex loved her for it.

The car comes to a stop in front of Nikki’s and they jump out of the car.

“Love you guys! See you tomorrow.” Kelley yells out over her shoulder, but Alex rolls down her window.

“Don’t forget the flight for Tampa is tomorrow night!” She reminds Kelley.

“I won’t Al!” Kelley yells as they drove away.

Back in the cab Tobin stops at a red light and starts messing with Alex’s stereo.

“What are you doing? Stop snooping!” Alex gently slaps Tobin’s hand away and the throaty laugh that escapes the midfielder throws both of them into a fit of laughter. For what? They really didn’t know, but the high of pure happiness made Alex feel buzzed from the merriment of it all.

It dies down and the CD Alex had in the slot since Tobin left for Paris begins playing *Continuum by John Mayer*.

They drive the rest of the way to their house jamming to the songs and Alex loved the way Tobin’s nose crinkled when she sang the high notes. Somewhere between the songs ‘I Don’t Trust Myself with Loving You’ and ‘Belief’ Alex found herself overwhelmed with another kind of emotion.

One where Alex bit her lip at the way Tobin’s arms flexed as she turned the wheel to park in the driveway of their house. Her breathing coming in short intakes as the song ends and shifts towards ‘Gravity’ and it’s like Alex has no hint of restraint.

She wanted Tobin…needed Tobin.

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**Tobin’s POV**

Tobin is into the beat of the music her head nodding slowly while singing. Driving into their driveway she wants to wait till the song ends before shutting off the engine, but before she turns to
look at Alex she’s grabbed by her T-shirt.

“WHaa….” Tobin starts, but Alex stops her with the playful grin she gives her and Tobin gets entranced by the lust radiating off of Alex.

“Come here.” Alex whispers. Her voice doing things to Tobin’s breathing.

“No.” Tobin replies and Alex rears her head back blinking in surprise at the response.

“You come here.” Tobin whispers back pulling Alex over the console to straddle her lap.

“Ow.” Alex chuckles when the belt clip pinches her leg.

“Sorry…” Tobin caresses her exposed thigh and the beat of the music pulls them back into a trance. Tobin begins tracing Alex’s collarbone with soft kisses.

“It’s been soo long, Tobs.” Alex breathes out.

“Hmm way too long.” Tobin hums.

Suddenly Alex pulls Tobin’s face up and they kiss eagerly. Tobin shifts her hands under Alex’s dress to feel the lace of her undies causing Alex to pause kissing her and gasp out.

The moment Tobin rubs her fingers along her core over her panties Alex jumps and braces herself against the frame of the car.

“Awww Fuck. I want you so bad right now.” Alex smirks lazily over Tobin and kisses her into another world entirely.

Not used to having a playful lover Tobin is at a loss for words. She wanted to hear Alex moan not laugh.

On a conquest Tobin pulls her panties to the side and continues her motions tauntingly slow, but with enough pressure to make Alex gasp out impatiently.

Tobin holds in a moan of her own when Alex gets a little crinkle on her nose and a look indicating she was getting frustrated with Tobin’s antics. Then surprising the hell out of Tobin Alex leans back and grinds herself against Tobin’s hands to gain control in her own way.

“Tobbbinnn….Oh God…” Alex moans and when she bucks against one of Tobin’s taunts her hand hits the radio controls and she changes the music to the radio. It startles the crap out of them.

“GOOOAALLLLLLLL” A Spanish commentator yells for what seems an eternity and Tobin falls into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the scowl on Alex’s face.

“I think we should move this to a more comfortable venue. I mean unless the commentating turns you on.” Tobin jokes placing kisses along Alex’s sensitive shoulders.

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Alex’s POV
'Are you fucking kidding me I was sooo close!' Alex yells internally and out of breath with Tobin’s tongue making a trail between the hollow of her neck.

The sound of the commentator’s description of a soccer game pulls Alex into a string of superstitions.

'I haven’t scored....' Alex thinks.

“Babe?” Tobin calls out to Alex and the striker opens the door to jump out of her car.

“Uhhh Tobin.”

“Yeah?” Tobin draws out as she unlocks their door.

“I haven’t scored yet.” Tobin looks at her weird and Alex rolls her eyes pulling her hands through her hair out of frustration.

“Alex can you wait till we get to the room? It’s not that far.” Tobin laughs as she leads the forward inside the house.

“Not in that way, boob. I mean like on the team….I haven’t scored yet.” Alex makes her stop before they reach the stairs knowing that if Tobin got to her again she wouldn’t be able to stop herself.

“Please tell me this isn’t one of your superstition things!....Alex.” Tobin whines.

Alex chuckles at the pout forming on Tobin’s face pulling the midfielder closer so she could kiss it away.

“You and I both know I do my best work when I’m under pressure.” Alex informs in between pecks.

“Is the world looking at your every move not enough pressure!??” Tobin squeezes the forwards waist closer into her.

“Not if I don’t care….” Alex adds pulling away to look at Tobin fully.

“Now knowing that once I score I get you on the other end….Now that’s pressure.” Alex openly looks at Tobin suggestively.

“Why did I have to fall in love with a forward?! Why?” Tobin looks up at the ceiling in disdain.

Alex laughs at the way Tobin pulls herself away out of her arms and plows herself on the couch in utter dismay.

“Babe! It’ll be worth it trust me!” Alex sits next to the midfielder and Tobin scoots over to place her head over her lap.

“But what if it messes with my game?” Tobin mumbles picking at a loose strand on the couch.

“I doubt you will…You fall into this weird trance when you play….Have you seen yourself? It’s like nothing exists in the world but you and that ball.” Alex retorts while running her hands through Tobin’s soft hair.

“I guess…Alex. If you think it’ll help you…I’ll wait.” Tobin raises her head to look at the striker.
“Thanks.” Alex lands a small kiss on the side of her cheek.

They remain on the couch for a few more minutes until Alex gets restless.

“So… what do we do now?” Tobin asks like she could read the forwards mind making Alex smile at their unspoken bond.

“Hmmmm play me a song?” Alex gestures towards the guitar case leaning against a bookshelf on the other side of the living room.

Tobin smiles at the request and pulls herself up off from Alex and walks towards her guitar.

“Hmmmm let’s see. Bring me that stool from the kitchen and pour us a glass of your favorite wine.” Tobin smiles and Alex gets a slight heat wave at the way Tobin’s gaze scanned her figure as she walks to the kitchen and pours the requested wine and grabs a stool across the couch.

Just as she places the stool besides Tobin and begins to pull away to get a good seat Tobin takes a hold of Alex’s wrist and pulls her back.

“I don’t come cheap…” Tobin grins jokingly.

“Of course not.” Alex whispers running her fingers along Tobin’s left shoulder.

“Would a kiss suffice?” Alex peeks under her eyelashes at Tobin and the midfielders stare burns her skin.

Alex is playing with fire and she knows it.

“Better be a good one?” Tobin pushes a button and Alex pulls her in roughly while crashing their lips together. Folding her free hand against the back of Tobin’s neck Alex takes her time drawing patterns along her lips till Tobin allows her entry. The forward cracks into a smile when Tobin moans slightly when she bites her lip tenderly and pulls away just before things got a little too much for Alex to handle.

“How was that?” Alex asks slightly out of breath herself.

“It’ll do for now.” Tobin recovers shrugging her shoulders and Alex scoffs as she takes a seat on the couch closest to Tobin.

“Well then… Can I pick a song?” Alex laughs as she takes a sip of their wine watching Tobin position herself on the stool holding the guitar loose against her side.

“Nope I have something in mind… Just sit there and look pretty, babe.” Tobin smugly answers.

Alex almost spits out her wine at the remark.

“I forgot how cocky she can be.’ Alex tells herself.

Tobin begins playing her chords and Alex falls under her spell.

(Between The Bars by The Civil Wars)

*Drink up baby
Stay up all night
The things you could do
You won’t but you might*
The potential you'll be
You'll never see
The promises you only make

Alex is intrigued by the words and she leans her head against her hand anchored against the arm of the couch.

Drink up with me now
Forget all about the pressure of days
Do what I say and I'll make it okay
Drive them away
The images stuck in your head

Alex gaze lingers on the way Tobin’s body sways to the beat she makes against the body of her guitar.

People you've been before
That you don't want around anymore
They push, shove and won't bend to your will
I'll keep them still

She feels the tear drop down her chin and finds herself standing up from the couch to walk closer to the beautiful human playing for her.

Drink up baby
Look at the stars
I'll kiss you again between the bars
Where I'm seeing you there
With your hands in the air
Waiting to finally be caught
Drink up one more time
And I'll make you mine
Keep you apart, deep in my heart
Separate from the rest
Where I like you the best
And keeping the things you forgot

She raises her hand to gently caress Tobin’s cheek and Tobin leans further into her closing her eyes against Alex’s open palm.

People you've been before
That you don't want around anymore
That push and shove and won't bend to your will
I'll keep them still

Tobin strums the last chord and Alex grabs the guitar out from her lap to place it against the couch. She pulls in between Tobin’s legs and hugs her tightly against her chest.

“I’ll always need you, Love.” Alex runs her hands along the midfielders’ back. Then Alex is suddenly suspended in the air as Tobin stands up.
“Hey where are you taking me?” Alex cries out when Tobin lifts the forward and walks them up the stairs.

“To sleep because if we don’t I’m going to make you scream.” Tobin almost growls at the end of her explanation and Alex keeps chanting the promise to herself that she’s not going to break her own personal goals she’d set.

“I think that’s best.” Alex responds with absence of any kind of humor.

Chapter End Notes

Until next Sunday and fair warning you will need to read that in private.... ;)
GNITE
On Fire Pt 1

Chapter Summary

This is the first part to the ending sorry for the wait, but I'm on spring break and today is my traveling day so I'm able to update.
Second part Tomorrow (Promise).

Tobin’s POV

A sudden jolt on the bed pulls Tobin out of her sleep. Groggy and sluggish from jetlag she turns around on her side to face Alex, taking a few seconds for her eyes to adjust under the little light streaming in through their windows.

“I’m sorry…I didn’t mean to…..I’m so sorry.” Alex whimpers in her sleep and Tobin isn’t given enough time to fully register what was going on when Alex gasps for air her body turning rigid besides the midfielder.

“Shit!” Tobin sits up and walks over to the forwards side of the bed.

“Alex….. Wake up.” Tobin places her hand softly against her shoulder making Alex bolt upright out of bed.

“It’s Tobs….Hey! You’re fine.” Tobin bites her lip harshly accepting the slight pain as to keep her at bay and momentarily calm her nerves.

“I ….can’t …breathe.” Alex gasps.

Tobin hooks her arms under Alex’s legs and her back, grunting in effort as she lifts her body off the bed and practically runs to their bathroom suite

Tobin had seen this before when she was a kid. Her younger brother would often have similar night terrors and the only method that seemed to settle him down was putting him in a bathtub with the room full of steam.

Pulling the shower door open Tobin leans against the tile and pulls the knob of the shower with her right foot. Not really able to control the knob she accidentally slides it to the hottest it could go. Before the hot water could hit Alex square in the face she turns her back on the shower head were the scolding water hits her back instead.

Gritting her teeth against the sting of hot water hitting her back Tobin shimmy’s her hip on the knob trying to turn it. Distracted by the nuisance of the hot water the slight chuckle coming from Alex goes unnoticed at first.

Alex’s POV

Maybe it was the nerves of getting her first call up to the team or maybe it was the late night wine
she had before bed.....or simply because she hadn’t had her night terrors in a few nights and her brain thought she was due for one. Whatever it was it pulled her sleeping frame into a frenzy when Alex woke up.

If it weren’t for the way her lungs felt as if they tightened in her chest for every breathe she took Alex would have reacted completely different to Tobin’s hand rubbing her shoulder.

“I…can’t ….breathe.” The panic in Tobin’s eyes giving her enough motivation to muster up a few words to gasp out between her wheezing labored breaths.

The room is spinning well before Tobin lifts her up off the bed and Alex feels helpless not having enough energy to even lift her head up.

She’s dead weight.

A flurry of movement and Alex gathers that they are now in the shower. Her ears ringing and her windpipe thin as a straw she counts the seconds in her head till her shoulders begin to relax with relief by the steam coming out of the shower head gradually calming her beating chest.

Beginning to gain focus on her surroundings Alex scowls due to the weird movements Tobin is currently doing. Maybe it’s all the oxygen rushing to her brain in that moment…she doesn’t know, but the look on Tobin’s face throws her into a fit of laughter.

Tobin looks down at her bewildered due to her sudden change of state.

“Are you okay?” Tobin breathes out.

“Yeah….sorry. I don’t know why I’m laughing.” Alex forces herself to stop the smirk on her face.

“This is not funny.” Alex tries to convey seriously, but ends up snickering and hides her face under Tobin’s chin.

The slight rumble of Tobin’s chest causes her to pull out from her hiding spot realizing that Tobin is joining in on her completely inappropriate laughter.

‘I love you.’ The words echo in Morgan’s head. Her laughter dying out while tightening her grip around Tobin’s soaked T-shirt looking intently at brown eyes that made her chest tighten in a whole other sense.

Alex is mesmerized by the smile on Tobin’s face. As if the midfielder could read her mind she leans her forehead against Alex’s own intimately rubbing their noses together.

“I love you to.” Tobin whispers.

They spend the next couple of minutes showering and Tobin carries her back to their bed.

Alex curls her body into Tobin’s side tangling their legs making sure she didn’t know where her body began and where Tobin’s ended.

She’s lulled to sleep by Tobin's hand softly combing through her hair and the constant rhythm of her beating heart.
Alex’s POV

Alex is the first to wake up... sort of…. The slight snores coming from Tobin bringing her the first smile of the day she gently rises out of Tobin’s loose grip on her waist. Alex silently walks into the bathroom to brush her teeth. She’s grabbing her toothbrush from behind the medicine cabinet when a pair of hands grab her hips making her jump up letting out an embarrassing squeal of surprise.

“Tobin!” Alex glares at Tobin from the reflection on the mirror still too early to be a fully functioning human as the midfielder chuckled into her neck while pushing her body flush against the counter. Grabbing their toothbrushes, grumpy Alex hands Tobin hers with paste already on the bristles.

Alex didn’t turn the lights on in the bathroom hating the harsh light on her eyes and in the soft light pouring in from their room she stares at Tobin still groggy from sleep as the midfielder rinses off.

Alex is pretty much asleep leaning against the counter, lazily brushing her teeth when the heat of Tobin’s hands running along the waistband of her shorts forces her out of her sleepy state. Subtle kisses on her neck make her pause on her brushing and relax into the midfielder pressed up against her back.

Then Tobin slides a couple fingers inside her waist band and Alex nearly swallows the foamy paste in her mouth trying to keep her moans at bay.

"Nuh uhh." Alex mumbles before rinsing off and turning to face Tobin.

"What?" Tobin breathes against her lips.

"I know what you're doing....." Alex whispers arching her eyebrow at Tobin.

Tobin’s POV

With a smirk on her face Tobin rolls over to her side facing their bathroom. Her gaze follows Alex practically sleepwalking across their room and into the bathroom.

Tobin is feeling slightly mischievous this morning and tiptoes across their poster bed once Alex walks out of view. Her jaw tightens as she walks through their open bathroom door her gaze falling on a seriously cute showcase of Alex in the early morning hours.

Alex is rubbing her left foot behind her right leg leaning towards the medicine cabinet too sleepy and out of it to hear Tobin's faint footsteps getting closer.

The squeal that emanates from the forward brings out a glare aimed at Tobin from the mirror and Tobin can't help but laugh at the display of grumpy Alex in the morning.

"Tobin!" She groans while Tobin snuggles into her back.

Momentarily parted from Alex while she brushes her teeth Tobin begins to remember what happen earlier that night.

Rinsing off her toothbrush she returns to her spot behind Alex slowly wrapping her arms back
around her waist when Alex slows her movements down making Tobin look up at her from the mirror.

‘This amount of cuteness should be illegal….’ Tobin thinks to herself. Alex is slack against the counter and Tobin isn’t sure if she’s even awake in this very moment.

‘Hmmmm maybe if I…..’ Tobin slips her fingertips slightly under Alex’s loose waistband of her shorts. The forward bucks back and Tobin allows her to rinse off before she cages her in back against the counter this time facing her.

“Nuh…uhh.” Alex places her hand against Tobin’s shoulders just before Tobin can reach her lips.

“What?” Tobin mumbles against her lips gazing into blue eyes that seemed to capture what little light there was in the room.

‘God…either my heart just exploded or it expanded to fit the amount of love I have for this woman.’ Tobin evaluates herself not sure if they could really hold out till Alex scored.

“I know what you’re doing?” Alex whispers pulling Tobin out of her own reverie.

“I’m just happy…” Tobin explains pulling Alex in closer.

“How are you feeling?” Tobin asks.

“I feel good….just tired.” Alex mumbles inside the crook of Tobin’s neck making the midfielder chuckle by the slight tickling Alex caused with her lips.

“….I’m sorry I woke you….you must be exhausted from yesterday.” Alex adds.

“I’m perfectly fine….Don’t worry about it I’ll make up for it in tonight’s flight…Come on lets get some coffee.” Tobin grabs her hand and leads them out the room and downstairs to the kitchen.

Alex’s POV

“Ow Babe, What’s wrong?” Alex groans when Tobin stops abruptly just at the foot of the stairs causing her to crash into her back.

Peering over Tobin’s shoulder into the kitchen she cocks her eyebrow at their two other roommates idly walking around cooking breakfast both wearing a pair of headphones.

‘They must have gotten a ride from the girls late last night.’ Alex thinks.

“DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE SYRUP IS?” Kelley yells obnoxiously loud.

“NO I THINK WE’RE OUT!” Mana answers just as loud and it was starting to give her a headache. Alex walks over to them and lifts one of the headphones on Kelley’s head.

“Stop yelling.” Alex scowls expecting to hear the loud music pouring out of the headphones…but nothing.

“Oh well all is fixed now that you guys are downstairs…” Kelley shrugs her shoulders
nonchalantly taking the headphones off returning to the eggs cooking on the stove.

“Are these noise canceling headphones, Kelley?” Alex asks grabbing the pair placed on the counter.

“Uhhhh….”

“Oh I get it!” Tobin enters the conversation sitting on the stool on the other side of the counter.

‘Oh god I live with three children now…’ Alex pinches the top of her nose to the realization.

“Well Kelley we got some good news….at least for you two.” Tobin adds looking bummed.

“Tobin!” Alex begins to blush and walks towards Tobin, but the midfielder jumps off the stool to put distance between her and Alex heading into the living room.

“What?!…..” Both Kelley and Mana interject.

“I ain’t scoring till Alex does….ummphf” Tobin is interrupted when Alex tackles her down making them fall over the couch.

Alex pins Tobin down between her legs with her arms trapped under her giving her full control.

“You little shit!” Alex starts tickling Tobin.

"Stop....Please..." Tobin pulls the pout card and Alex almost folds, but as soon as she stops Tobin tries to turn them over.

She’s almost bucked off when Kelley practically catapults herself over the couch and on top of them. Kelley is small enough to wrap all four of her limbs around Alex and begins to squeeze with all her might.

“Gotcha!” Mana yells before both Alex and Kelley are pelted in the face with a plate full of whipped cream.

They freeze in their movements and Tobin’s throaty laughter fills the room at their open mouthed faces covered in whipped cream.

“Dude!! Your face!” Tobin laughs under them.

“Paybacks a bitch.” Mana smiles at her work before walking up the stairs like a boss.

“Damn….this was supposed to be used for the cheesecake in the oven.” Kelley sputters past the whipped cream unlatching herself from Alex heading back towards the kitchen.

“…you made cheesecake?” Tobin lifts herself up on her elbows still pinned down under a silent Alex.

“No!” Kelley yells.

Tobin’s POV
She’s desperately trying to hold in her laughter at the outline of Alex’s eyebrows scrunched downward into a scowl. Her eyelashes rapidly blinking away the cream around her eyes that appeared more gray than usual.

She loved that. Tobin could never really understand the color of Alex’s eyes…sometimes they were as blue as the ocean, others they smoldered into a lethal grey…much like they are now… and on special days they almost appeared green in just the right light. It fascinated Tobin at the amount of beauty displayed before her.

Tobin flicks her index finger across Alex’s cheek to tastes the whipped cream from her finger.

She didn’t really understand why Alex was looking at her the way she was, but Tobin continued to savor the sugary taste on her finger.

“Stop doing that.” Alex breathes out her eyes burning Tobin’s skin from the intensity.

“So what?” Tobin challenges.

Alex’s POV

‘Don’t do it….Don’t do it…’ Alex kept repeating to herself, but her body kept leaning down closing the distance between them.

‘That damn finger!’ Alex grabs a hold of it and pulls it into her own mouth her eyes narrowing into a smile at the way Tobin closes her mouth and swallows audibly.

“It’s too quite over there!” Kelley’s voice crashes into the little world they created around them and to retaliate in Tobin’s antics Alex rubs her face against Tobin’s causing her to scream in surprise.

“Stop….get off!” Tobin finds leverage and flips over successfully throwing Alex off the couch.

“Ow!” Alex laughs into the carpet watching as Tobin stands up with whipped cream all over her face and neck.

“Breakfast is ready!!” Kelley screams.

In that moment Alex finds herself still sprawled out on the carpet looking up at the ceiling with the biggest smile on her face. The sound of chairs scraping hardwood floor, Kelley’s creepy laughter, probably looking at Tobin’s face, and all of it just means so much more than it ever would have before that night. Her throat tightens and she’s pretty sure she’s about to cry her eyes out when Mana’s face comes into view.

“Need some help there?” she asks leaning over the forward.

“Yeah.” The crack in her voice gives her away, but Mana simply smiles and helps her up.

“Truths?” Alex clears her throat.

“Sure you big sap….” Mana walks off knowing that Alex was trying to play it off.

Tobin’s POV

(At the airport in Tampa waiting for the bus.)
“Relax, Babe….You’re killing my hand.” Tobin laughs slightly wincing at the pressure Alex currently had on her hand as they got closer to the teams bus area just outside the airport.

“Oh sorry…I’m just really nervous.”

“They’ve missed you…” Tobin reminds the forward trying to ease the tension clearly present in the way she kept bumping against her shoulder as they walked.

“What if they think I….”

“Tobs!…..Baby Horse!” A voice calls out over the busy airport commotion.

Tobin looks over her shoulder to a head of curly hair that’s walking a few feet away open armed ready for a hug.

If there was anyone that Tobin would love to reunite with Alex first it would be Lauren. She’s so freaking maternal it’s almost embarrassing.

To prove her right as soon as Holiday reaches the pair she engulfs Alex in her arms making the forward laugh.

“I’ve missed you! When I saw the roster I was so happy.” Lauren is practically jumping in place and all Alex could do is hold on.

“Okay don’t break her…Cheney! We need her!” A-Rod slowly making her way with a stroller through the crowded area.

“Man he’s out.” Tobin looks down into the carriage to see the baby boy soundly asleep.

“I think he gets that from you…” A-rd laughs.

Cheney finally let’s go of Alex and helps A-Rod with her luggage.

“So what were you about to say?” Tobin asks Alex.

“Uhh nothing I’m going to put our stuff up I’ll meet you on the bus in a bit.” Alex grabs their luggage and Tobin lets her knowing she needed a few minutes to calm her nerves.

**Alex’s POV**

Her hands are sweating and it felt like the very first time she was ever called up to camp.

‘Are they nice?’

‘Will they like me?’

The questions all coming back and Alex nearly wants to laugh at her own self for how nervous she was.

‘They used to be family Alex….Don’t overthink it….” She rings her hands just outside the doors to the charter and pulls herself up on the first step. Immediately the laughter dies out.
Alex’s POV

She’s biting the tip of her tongue forcing herself to walk down the small aisle between the seats towards her own. Not daring to look at anyone in particular Alex pulls her headphones back over her head just as she reaches her seat unable to keep her left knee from twitching.

It was a bad habit of hers…getting lost in her thoughts full of negativity and self-doubt till the hand sliding over her restless knee grabs her attention to a pair of eyes that seem to always be around in trying times.

Alex’s shoulders visibly relax the moment Tobin grabs her hand interlocking their fingers while raising her palm up to her lips and before she kisses it a subtle whisper of her lips brushes her palm making Alex smile softly.

“Dumb luck…” Tobin whispers against her palm and all Alex could do is place her head on the midfielders shoulder.

Tobin is her rock…her home base. The tension on the bus becomes bearable and in that comfort that Tobin so easily provided Alex takes a nap against her shoulder.

“Hey….Lex….We’re here.” Tobin kisses the side of her head. The forward wakes up super groggy.

“Is everyone off already?” Alex asks looking over her shoulder to nothing but empty seats and mindlessly tries to gather her things.

“Yeah I waited to wake you up till then. Here I got our stuff….” Tobin takes a hold of her bag taking the lead off the bus.

“Thanks…” Alex jogs down the bus and into the lobby with her hands inside her pockets following Tobin as they walk through the lobby. Alex looks around for the group when she notices Kelley barely making her way inside a conference room on the other side. Looking down at her phone Alex is following Tobin’s footsteps a few feet behind.

“We love you, Baby Horse!!!!” A huge uproar of yelling and hollering, mainly coming from Abby, startles Alex wide awake.

The tears come way before she could even control them as the scene before her unfolded. The whole team is squished inside the small conference room with a store bought cake being held by
Kelley and Kriegs.

“I love you guys….” Alex’s voice cracks as she walk into the huddle.

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**Tobin’s POV**

The whole team is picking on Alex to take a bite out of the cake so they can eat it when Tobin grabs their key from Heif.

“I think it’s best if you stay with Alex on this trip.” Heir adds patting Tobin on the back.

“Sure.” Tobin shuffles around the room heading up to the room but before walking out laughter fills the room shortly before Kelley’s distinct laughter breaks through.

“Kelley!” Alex groans Tobin barely catching a glimpse of the cake on the floor.

“It wasn’t me!”

“I wanted some cake Dude!”

“Freaking Kelley!”

Tobin shakes her head amused at the typical atmosphere revolved around the team.

If one thing was certain it was the love this team had for one another. Tobin called them her second family knowing full well that these women would hold each other up no matter the need and give each other the boost they needed to succeed both off and on the field.

“Okay….you have till four and we meet up back in the lobby for a light training to end the day.” Jill grabs the attention of the group.

“And Alex….we’re glad to have you back.” The coach nods towards the forward before walking out of the room past Tobin.

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**Alex’s POV**

*First game against France*

The half barely started with the US up a point curtesy of Syd’s bullet on goal and France is putting
on a physical battle on the pitch. Her knees can’t keep still the moment Tobin sits back down on
the pitch with a grimace of pain etched on her face. She leans forward biting the inside of her cheek
when the trainer is called out.

“Alex limber up. You’re getting subbed in for Heath.” Jill nods towards her.

Taking in a deep breath to calm her nerves she stands up, but before she walks off to do her
stretches Kelley tugs on her penny.

“Remind ‘em who Alex Morgan is.” Kelley peps her up and the rest of the bench joins in
managing to rise a smile out of the nervous forward and effectively calm her nerves.

She’s subbed in and the minutes tick by. Her first touch on the ball gives away her nerves when
she miss hits it.

‘Breathe…’ Alex tries to calm herself down. Her body is full of energy and her focus is too intense.
She’s unable to just let herself loose and have fun with it.

The final whistle blows and Alex is slightly frustrated as they huddled together at the end of the
match.

That frustration dies out when her focus falls on Tobin remembering she was subbed in due to her
injury of all things. As soon as the huddle breaks she walks across having to place her hands on the
midfielder to grab her attention.

“How does it feel?” Alex looks down inspecting Tobin’s foot herself.

“A little tight but its fine I’m just being cautious….no worries.” Tobin reassures her by grabbing
her forearms. Alex smiles at the playfulness allowing Tobin to control her arms making them clap
together.

“Hey champs! Media Time….They’re located on the other side of the field.” Heif interrupts them
while pointing out towards the location of the Media.

“…But Sydney scored. Why do they want to talk to us…” Tobin asks not even looking at Heif as
she pulls Alex’s hands up for a bit of patty cake.

‘What are you doing?’ Alex tries to get the pattern Tobin is making.

“Probably to hound Alex on why she hasn’t scored yet.” Heif jokes.

“Yeah Lex! Why haven’t you scored yet?” Tobin asks with a smile in her eyes as Alex looks at her
knowing full well what Tobin was talking about.

“Ha Ha… very funny, Heath.” Alex deadpans.

Nonetheless Tobin keeps to her promise as they head for Connecticut for their second match
against France. Alex pushes herself past her limits in training and literally dies in her sleep each
night. Tobin swore she never heard anyone snore louder in her life.

They spend a few days of intense hard training while their off days revolved around supporting
their male counterparts for the World Cup. That day Tobin refused to torture herself in watching a
game with Alex sporting a tutu and high socks.

‘That’s not fair, Lex!’ Alex smiles at the memory of that evening.
'But I’m not the only one doing it…and plus I’m wearing shorts under.' Alex tries to console really wanting Tobin to go with her, but Tobin made up an excuse something about shopping for a new pair of cleats or something.

Alex doesn’t really remember what she did during that time.

It’s the night before their second match and Alex had planned to go shopping with Syd a few days back. Although she’s still tired from the intense morning session she didn’t mind at all…in fact Alex needed Syd to be her confidant in what she needed to get.

“Hey Tobs, I’m heading out….I’ll be back in a couple hours.....” Alex walks out of their bathroom finding Tobin laying on the bed upside down with her eyes closed.

“...Okay I’ll be here taking a nap.” Tobin smiles still with her eyes closed. Alex walks over to lean down and give her a couple of kisses.

“Bye.” Alex calls out over her shoulder as she walked out of their room.

“Buh bye.”

Kelley’s POV

“Where is she?” Kelley pokes her head in whispering to Tobin laying on the bed closest to the door.

“She’s out with Syd….doing what I don’t know, but it involves shopping so I declined.” Tobin pulls herself up from the bed.

“Great soooo where is it?” Kelley practically squeals from her giddiness.

“It’s inside the vase.” Tobin nods towards the table just behind Kelley where a vase holding fake lily’s sat in the center.

“Can I see it? Huh...” Kelley doesn’t even wait for an answer already reaching inside to grab the small leather clad box hidden inside.

“Why do you even ask?” Tobin laughs pulling her legs under her Indian style. The bed dips when Kelley joins her in the same fashion while opening the box.

“Oh my god Tobin!!! I can’t believe you’re actually putting a ring on it!” Tobin is pretty sure she’s never seen Kelley so animated.
“I know….”Kelley smiles at the way Tobin answers looking totally out of it and in another world entirely.

“So what are we going to do this?” Kelley’s tone turning serious.

“Uhhh that’s what I texted you for…” Tobin gives her the puppy eyes.

“Are you serious!? Oh no this is….I’m going to need some help, Tobs.” Kelley smiles as she looks at the engagement ring capture the light from the room.

“How much more help?” Tobin asks.

Alex’s POV

Second Game

It was game day and Alex is wearing a penny again. Of course she understood why she wasn’t starting, but the competitor in her made her restless on the bench.

The referee blew his whistle indicating the end of the first half. The score flipped this time with France having a one point lead gained on a penalty kick.

After a very intense locker room meeting Alex enters the game on the second half.

A few minutes pass when the crowd roars to life the moment the ball is perfectly crossing in time with her run. Alex cuts the ball inside on her first touch, steady’s it on her second, and fires on her third from twenty-five yards out.

A slim second of anticipated silence as everyone holds their breath watching the ball soar through the air and fly just out of the keepers reach erupting the stadium in deafening cheers the moment it hits the back of the net.

Her hands shoot up in the air initially jogging towards Lloyd, but before she understands what exactly she’s doing Alex changes her course and sprints towards the crowd while kissing the crest on her left shoulder and jumping over the field barrier to join in the celebration with the fans chanting her name.

“Nice Job, Baby Horse.” Lauren is the first of her teammates to reach her. Alex leans her head against her shoulder with a twitch of a smile at the kiss the midfielder places on her forehead.

“Glad to have you back…” She whispers. Alex doesn’t say anything out of fear that she would succumb to tears right there on the pitch, but instead hugs Holiday tighter against her side.

The game hadn’t ended yet and a few minutes pass when Alex hears the crowd cheer when Tobin is subbed into the game.

They share a smile and Alex does a double take when Tobin falls in step just to her right. It’s
different and it takes Alex a couple of self-reminders to get adjusted to the new layout.

On the sixty-eighth minute France scores again and something in Alex shifts.

“We are not losing tonight.” She states to herself.

The French were itching for a win to successfully end the U.S.’s unbeaten record on home turf for the past ten years. They were finding any excuse to waste precious seconds on the clock in the last fifteen minutes of the game and if there was anyone else running harder than Alex in the last ten minutes of the match it was Tobin.

She’s all over the field and on the eighty-fifth minute Tobin calls out for a ball out of bounds in rushed fashion. Alex very faintly raises her hands and like many times before Tobin feeds her the perfect ball.

It gravitates just in front of her feet on her favored left side. Alex is sandwiched between two french defenders just in front of goal. Her first touch effortlessly controls the ball at her feet she jukes to the left and cuts back inside the middle striking the ball to rocket between two clashing defenders and successfully nutmegging the keeper before the sweet sounds of the crowd’s explosion of gasps and cheers make it clear the ball went in the net.

Alex falls on her side and all she can do is roll on her stomach before she’s surrounded by her teammates.

She can hear A-Rod screaming into her ear on her right side when suddenly someone practically crawls over her and lays down over her side with a leg wrapped over her hip.

“Well that was my personal gift to you, Baby Horse.” The hairs on the back of her neck stand on end and she breaks out with a huge grin on her face knowing all too well whose cocky voice that belonged to.

She refrains from looking at Tobin afraid of causing a huge media craze if she did, but Tobin held no restraint as she lifted the forward up off the ground and patted her on the butt.

Although when the final whistle blows and they didn’t manage to win the game Alex felt on top of the world. Still isolating herself from the tanned midfielder who is currently kneeling on the pitch out of breath from her endless fight till the end Alex shakes hands with fellow players before she’s escorted by Heif towards the Media for interviews.

Kelley’s POV

It’s been a couple hours since the match and the team finds themselves in one of the few clubs Kelley found worthy enough to party like a rockstar in and celebrate the game given it was Connecticut.

The club has a rustic vibe to it. The DJ perched up over the bar just above Kelley and the Dance floor just behind her to where she could see some of her teammates dancing and having a goodtime.
When the DJ starts playing Beyoncé’s rendition of *Kings of Leon’s Sex On Fire* the bar just earned a few more cool points in Kelley’s book.

Overtly singing along while waiting at the bar for the fourth round of drinks that were on her Sydney squeezes against the packed bar next to the small defender.

“That’s just cruel…” Syd gestures out towards the dancing crowd where Kelley’s gaze follows and her eyes widen at the scene.

“How is that even possible!?” Kelley questions the intensity of it all.

Alex and Tobin have taken over the middle of the dancefloor. Swaying intimately to the beat their bodies flush against each other. The crowd around them are captivated by the undeniable love displayed before them. The couple is simply swaying to the beat smiling and whispering to themselves in the most innocent way, but the sexual tension is so palpable even from the bar in which Kelley currently was.

“Now that’s sex on fire!” Syd laughs.

“They’re not even doing anything!” Kelley scoffs.

“I thought Alex was nuts when she asked me to help her look at rings Yesterday….I didn’t know they were that serious.” Syd explains.

‘Rings?…’ Kelley’s eyebrow furrows at the word.

“Wait! She took you to go ring shopping with her?” Kelley harshly pulls Sydney making the forward lean down.

“Yeah why? You jealous….” Syd asks not in a cocky way but actually concerned.

“No!...Yes! …. Okay maybe a little but the real problem is that I’m in the middle of coordinating the whole team to help Tobin in popping the question?”

“No way!!” Syd almost spits out her drink.

“Are you serious! Alex is planning on popping the question early in the morning too!” Syd gasps.

“Oh Shit!” Both Sydney and Kelley echo each other before grabbing the drinks from the bar and hastily walking through the crowd towards the teams table.

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Chapter End Notes

Last and Final part Tomorrow...

Be patient I'm not going to post anything I'm not satisfied with.

I do it because I enjoy it and I hope you enjoy reading it as well...

Feed back is always appreciated ;)

Gnite
Incandescent

Chapter Notes

Take a seat(Preferably secluded)....finds some headphones....and enjoy.

Here's the playlist in order. (Recommended to play as indicated within the story.)

* They're already linked up to the song so all you need to do is click on the italicized song as you read.*

"Your Love" by Nicole Sherzinger.
"Sex on Fire" by Kings of Leon covered by Beyonce.
"Rocket" by Beyonce.
"Take You There" by Ne-Yo.
"You and Me" by You + Me.
"Stand By Me" by Seal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex’s POV

“Syd, where did you put it?” Alex whispers into her phone looking over her shoulder towards the open bathroom door where the sound of the shower running indicated Tobin is still getting ready for the nights events.

“Inside the drawer of the nightstand behind the bible.” Syd answers and Alex crawls over the bed to open the drawer of the nightstand closest to the window.

The drawer fell in pretty deep reaching farther inside Alex manages to grab the black suede box, but before she pulls it out her hand brushes against something else that clanks against the wood of the drawer.

Scowling at the familiar sound Alex gasps softly already realizing what it was before she even took it out of the drawer.

“Handcuffs?....Sydney!!” Alex quietly screams into the receiver as the pink fluff of the cuffs wrap around her fingers.


“Alex? Babe who are you talking to?” Alex jumps startled by Tobin’s voice behind her.

“Uhhh…” she stalls looking over her shoulder still holding her cell against her ear when her eyes fall on Tobin fresh out of the shower holding a towel wrapped around her body.

“There’s also some slow jams in the Beats Pill underneath the pillows….Have fun….” Sydney whispers jokingly after the line clicks.
‘Fucking Syd….’ Alex slyly slips the box under her phone in one hand as she turns around.

“Lex…you okay there?” Tobin arches her brow walking closer to the flustered forward.

“Well besides the fact that Sydney bought us a pair of handcuffs and you’re standing in front of me in nothing but a towel….nah I’m perfectly fine.” Alex pulls her hand holding her cell with the box hidden underneath and places it against her hip faced away from Tobin while her other hand raises the cuffs hanging off her index finger.

Alex tosses the cuffs on the bed scanning Tobin as she shakes her head softly laughing to herself while heading back towards the bathroom.

“Don't be sassy. YOU are the one that wanted to celebrate with the team….I’m perfectly fine staying in for the night and trying those out…..” Tobin calls out from the bathroom.

‘Shit where do I hide this!’ Biting her lip Alex looks around the room when her eyes land on the vase holding fake lily’s placed on a table just by the open bathroom door not even listening to the words coming out of Tobin's mouth.

…”I want to see for myself how the great Alex Morgan escaped the FBI.” Tobin’s laugh holding a seductive tone to it that distracted Alex as she slyly dropped the black suede box inside the vase before leaning against the doorway to the bathroom. Her already racing heart due to almost getting caught red handed doubles in speed when she finds Tobin standing in front of the bathroom mirror in nothing but a red lacy underwear set to Alex's surprise.

'.... Why wait? I already scored....twice.' Morgan's patience runs low with Tobin's amazing body displayed before her as the midfielder grabs her jeans.

"See something you like?” Tobin sneers as she hops on one leg while putting on her red skinny jeans almost losing her balance.

"Dork....I think that last goal got to your head, Tobs." Alex walks further into the bathroom to stand behind Tobin. She’s mesmerized by the display of Tobin’s toned back were her movements cause her muscles to ripple underneath tan skin.

"I'm more than happy to assist you in any way I can, Ms. Morgan." Alex looks up to their reflection on the mirror to look at the cockiest grin on Tobin's face.

'Fuck we're going to be a little late...' Alex thinks biting her lip eyeing Tobin's half naked body from the mirror as she closed the distance between them.

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Tobin's POV

Tobin couldn't get the forward out of her head since she scored off her assist and although they didn't win the current smile on Alex's face is the happiest Tobin's ever witnessed. The fact that she had a huge part in it made it all the more sweeter.
The forward had finished getting ready before Tobin mainly due to her being held up in the lobby by Kelley hounding her with last minute details on their plan for tomorrow. Sporting a white sleeveless button up tucked into a sinfully tight black leather skirt and matching black heels Alex easily towers over the midfielder as she stood behind Tobin.

"I'm more than happy to assist you in any way I can, Ms. Morgan." Tobin fuels the tension.

The sauntering forward closes the little space between them wrapping her arms around Tobin's bare waist and the way her gaze rakes over Tobin's skin pulls her heart into overdrive.

"You're turning me on...." The raspy tone tickles the back of her ear. Alex peering over her shoulder from behind her right side partially hidden by Tobin's wet hair Tobin is lost in the intense blue gaze looking at her from the reflection of the mirror.

"I'm pretty sure Kelley is going to kill us if we.....uhh." Tobin can't finish her sentence before Alex teases her earlobe gently between her lips while they both watch her fingers run along the center line of Tobin's abs slowly working her way down to the half exposed v-line along the waist band of her jeans.

'...' Tobin can't come up with words even in her thoughts.

She's never experienced this Alex....... with a predatory look geared towards her, Tobin felt cornered, like her body couldn't gauge whether it was in danger of self-combusting. The sensation almost becomes too much when Alex begins to raise her right hand up under her bra while her left one tugged on the zipper of her jeans.

All Tobin can do is close her eyes to the sensory overload and lean her head back against Alex, but as soon as she does Alex bites the most sensitive part of neck just where it meets her shoulder.

"Look at me." The forward demands.

"God Alex....that feels amazing." Tobin manages to voice her eyes slowly opening only to be met with a playful glare from Alex's reflection.

Alex remains silent her gaze locked on Tobin's. Noticing that her usual blue gaze has turned to a smoldering grey Tobin lifts her hands behind her to grab a hold of Alex's hips pulling her in closer against her own back. It’s not enough…

Then Alex slides her left hand inside the front of her jeans and Tobin can't tell who moaned first.

"Fuck...you're soo wet, babe." Alex whispers against her shoulder both standing frozen in anticipation of what her hands going to do next until Alex can't keep it together anymore.

When Tobin believed no other actions from Alex could ever surprise her again the forward slides her fingers against her core before slipping her hand out from her jeans and slowly licks her finger never breaking eye contact with Tobin.

"Jesus Christ, Lex..." Tobin turns around to face Alex. Tobin leans in for a chaste kiss, but Alex leans back tauntingly.

“You tease…” Tobin whispers just before she’s about to push Alex back into her.

"I HAVE A NEWBORN CHILD IN MY ARMS PLEASE BE DECENT!!! This is an emergency!" Kelley's voice clamors out from their room and Alex literally growls plopping her forehead against Tobin's shoulder.
"Kelley could win Olympic gold for cockblocking..." Alex mutters against Tobin's shoulder as the midfielder composes herself before laughing.

“Hold on Kell! I just got out of the shower!” Tobin manages to sound calm, but her skin is flushed and she has to splash her face with ice cold water from the faucet before putting on the remaining of her clothes.

Alex's POV

“What do you want Kell...” Alex tries to sound polite as she walks out of the bathroom closing the door behind her, but it doesn’t quite come out so nicely.

“You know how to change a diaper?” Kelley holds the small baby at arm’s length and that’s when the smell hits Alex.

“The only reason I’m not kicking your aahh.....” Alex stops the word coming out of her mouth and exhales deeply “…butt is because you are holding an innocent child.” Alex grabs the little guy and walks towards the spare bed.

“Phew man what does A-Rod feed him?!?” Alex groans.

‘Fucking Kelley!!!’ Alex kept repeating in her head as Kelley handed her the wipes.

“I love you to, Lex.” Kelley smiles, but gags when Alex throws her the wrapped up diaper.

“Are you almost ready, Tobs?” Alex asks holding the door open for Kelley to walk out with a freshly changed baby.

“Yeah...almost.” Tobin answers.

“I’ll meet you two in the lobby. I’m going to drop this cutie off with his momma.” Kelley made a funny face that made the baby boy break out in a smile and Alex chuckles.

“Yeah sure see you in a bit.”

(Up In Da Club)

Alex finds herself on the dance floor with Sydney, Ali, and some of the younger girls that are still in college. The beat of *Your Love by Nicole Scherzinger* is pumping against her chest and a slight buzz is running through her veins making her giggle when Ali grabs her hands trying to find their rhythm as they dance together.

“I’ve missed my other half!” Ali yells swaying to the beat.
“I’m not so sure about that….,” Alex backfires and when Ali quirks her brow in question, Morgan nods in the direction of Ashlyn leaning against a bar stool next to Tobin both intently eyeing their girls from across the club.

“I have no clue what you’re talking about.” Ali tries to brush off, but the blush running down her cheeks gives Alex her answer.

“You look happy,” Alex squeezes her hands reassuringly.

“So do you…You’re glowing, Al.” Ali compliments in return making Alex look back over to the pair still looking at them. Both of them easily pulling off the bad ass persona. Ashlyn sporting a black fitted v-neck with green harem’s while Tobin opted for a loosely fitted white tank, the red jeans Alex got up close and personal with and her signature black boots.

‘I’m about to make that mine…” Alex shamelessly checks her girlfriend out as the beat drops and the words to the song are voicing her very thoughts in that moment.

Yeah baby you got me
Yeah my body's like Bugatti
You know everybody wants one
You got everything they don’t
You get all my love and all my kisses when we huggin'
MC Hammer girls can't touch this
I got everything they don’t

And I, I'm never letting you go baby
I love you so baby
Love me the most baby
Ain't going nowhere like froze baby
Do whatever you want, baby
And everything you don't baby
Be whatever you need

“I’ve never been happier!” Alex replies laughing in pure happiness freely throwing her head back as they dance in rhythmic circles.

Ashlyn steals Ali away from Alex when the beat overpowers the music. Looking around for Sydney, Alex can’t find her and instead her eyes land on Tobin still leaning against the bar stool a few feet in front of her and Alex knows exactly what to do to get the midfielder out on the dance floor with her.

“Come here.” Alex mouths knowing Tobin is already looking at her when she smiles tauntingly raising her left hand flexing her index finger in gesture.
Tobin laughs as the forward lip-syncs the words at her from across the dancefloor.

_I need you in the daytime
Especially in the night time
I'm never in my right mind
When I'm with you baby, oh
I need your body on me
Whenever you're gone I get lonely
Can't believe how much I'm missing you_

The song is about to end Tobin knows it, but Alex is determined to get her out on the dance floor. Tobin can’t help but bite her lip and moan internally when Alex turns her backside towards her shaking her ass to the sensual beat and way beyond her control Tobin’s own two feet are propelled out onto the dance floor.

The lights dancing over Alex’s hypnotic movements make her all the more enticing….she’s incandescent….. on fire.

‘_Dumb Dumb fucking luck!’_ Tobin finds herself laughing at the way life turns out as she easily glides through the crowd finally reaching Alex just as the song begins to close.

Resting her hands against the forwards hips Alex turns around placing her hands behind her neck when she pulls Tobin’s left leg between her own closing the distance between them. Tobin can’t focus on one specific point all her senses on high alert. The beat works in Alex’s favor and Tobin hears the gasp leave her lips when Alex grinds against her thigh to the last seconds of the song.

“You’re driving me crazy, Babe.” Tobin whispers against her ear.

“I heard you were good with your hands…” Alex’s raspy tone whispering against her ear overpowering her senses as the song shifts to Beyoncé’s rendition of _Sex on Fire_.

“Imagine that.” Tobin retorts her eyes darting across Alex’s face a breath away from hers.

“I have…..” Alex rocks her hips against Tobin’s causing the midfielder to tighten her grip on her hips.

“I’m not sure anyone has ever loved the way I love you…..” Tobin confesses.

“…..Hmmm I’m positive I can think of someone…” Alex tickles the back of her neck.

Suddenly Tobin’s had enough of the club and grabs Alex’s hand leading her off the dance floor.

---

**Alex’s POV**

They share a moment of silence looking at each other as the crowd sings along to the music when something in Tobin’s gaze shifts and immediately Alex is being led off the dance floor and
towards the teams table.

“Are you thirsty?” Alex asks only realizing the double entendre when Tobin scoffs at her.

“I didn’t mean it like…” Alex stops her explanation when she notices the scheming faces on their startled teammate’s expression once they reach the table.

“What are you guys doing?” Alex asks cautiously eyeing Sydney and Kelley who are in the center of it all.

“Uhmmm trying to see who’s getting the next round why are you leaving?” Cheney intercepts innocently.

Alex eyes them suspiciously noticing the subtle relief of the table when Cheney explains.

“UH yeah we’re heading out….See you guys in the morning!” Tobin adds quickly pulling the forward in front of her towards the exit.

“What was that all about?” Alex asks herself looking back over to the table as they return to their huddle of sorts. Alex occupies herself with analyzing the previous interaction with the team knowing full well Cheney didn’t tell the truth.

She’s in her own world as they enter the lobby of the hotel and Tobin leads them into the elevator when a possible explanation pops into her head.

‘Did Syd tell them about the ring?!’ Her eyes widen in realization, but is startled when Tobin tugs on her arm.

“Hey anybody in there? You planning on staying in here for the night?” Tobin waves her hand over Alex’s eyes.

“Oh….Yeah” Alex waits by the door as Tobin unlocks it and right away in the darkness of the room Alex’s gaze falls on the vase of fake Lily’s right by the door. Noticing Tobin looking at them she panics and cups Tobin’s faces with her hands kissing her as she pulled them further into the room and further away from the vase.

She makes fast work of pulling Tobin against the edge of their bed and gently pushes the midfielder onto it making her fall much like Tobin did to her the first night they shared in the loft.

“Are YOU thirsty?...Need some water?” Tobin smiles making the forward laugh.

“Very….” Alex bites her lip.

“There’s something under your pillow…” Alex remembers the Beats Pill Sydney left as Tobin peers over her shoulder stretching her arm out under it grabbing the Red speaker while Alex busies herself by unbuttoning her blouse.

Tobin turns it on and immediately *Rocket by Beyoncé* starts playing her gaze lifting up to Alex pulling out her already unbuttoned blouse from her skirt.
Tobin’s POV

‘Ohh my........Did I write my will already?’ Tobin seriously questions whether her heart would literally implode by the end of the night. Her heart stutters in beat when Alex shimmy’s her hips pulling her skirt slowly down her endlessly long toned legs.

Tobin leans back up on her elbows when Alex finally lifts her gaze up towards her and pulls the blouse off making it fall at her feet.

“Pass the water please.” Tobin pleads jokingly and Alex smiles standing in front of Tobin in a white lacy lingerie set that made Tobin’s mouth literally water.

“You wanna touch it, baby....” The rasp in her voice practically melts Tobin’s brain into mush. To make things worse….better….Alex crawls over her each movement of her limbs meticulous and calculated all the while her striking grey eyes take Tobin further up into heaven.

‘Jesus I’d spill the codes to all the nukes in the world right now....Damn no wonder James wanted you.’ Tobin thinks. Alex has perfected the form of seductress as she hovered over Tobin teasing as she seemingly leans in for a kiss, but pulls away at the last second.

Having enough of the teasing Tobin slides her hand behind the forwards neck and pulls her in their lips crashing against each other until Alex falls against her. Running her left hand along the length of Alex’s bare back until her palm rested against her bare ass….just realizing she’s wearing a thong.

Squeezing her ass Alex breaks the kiss gasping for air. Tobin needed more. She rolls them over as she hovers over Alex running her free hand along her chest and down her abs.

Alex’s POV

Pulling on Tobin’s shirt the midfielder gets the message standing up off the bed wasting no time in taking her clothes off in a matter of seconds before surprising Alex when she pulls on the waist band of her thong pulling it down with haste.

“Take it off.” Tobin points at her bra and Alex happily complies.

Alex has to catch her breath when Tobin lifts her left leg up and begins a trail of her lips from the top of her calf to her inner thighs. Without warning Tobin runs her tongue along her core to the tip of her clit making Alex moan seductively. Her back arching off the bed she grips the sheets when Tobin slows down agonizingly slow.

She’s biting her lip trying to keep herself from pleading Tobin to go harder and instead runs her own hand down her hips to ease the torture, but Tobin immediately pulls her hand away.

“OH God Toobbin......baby harder, please.” Alex finds herself pleading without a second thought….She didn’t care anymore. Her chest is flush and she’s not sure of where her body begins...
and ends. Tobin is the epicenter of her world in that moment.

Tobin surprises Alex once again when she trails her lips up her belly onto her chest as she licks and bites on her left nipple finding her intimate button when Alex gasps for air as her teeth grazed against her sensitive bud.

*Hard ... Rock ...Steady ...Rock...*

*Hard ... Rock ...Steady ...Rock...*

“What are you doing……to me?” Alex breathes out running her hands through Tobin’s hair pulling her back up to kiss her.

*Hard ... Rock ...Steady ...  

“Give youuuu my lovin …if you need it...” Tobin sings causing Alex to giggle, but is immediately cut off when Tobin’s hand runs down back to her core.

“MMMMmmm Fuck!” Alex pulls her head back down on the bed as Tobin’s index finger glides inside her entrance. Tobin rubs her nose against her cheek asking for her and Alex pulls back in to meet her lips against her own, but pulls away in need of air when Tobin curls in just the right spot.

“Yesss.....Please don’t stop.....”

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**Tobin’s POV**

Alex is unlike any other of Tobin’s lovers. Where others got louder as they grew closer to their orgasm and silent after they reached it …. Alex is the opposite Tobin realizes as she maintains the rhythm of Alex’s rolling hips.

Alex grew quieter as she drew near…. Sudden gasps for air the only sound leaving her lips as Tobin takes it all in to memory, her movements slowing down as she dug her nails in Tobin’s lower back sure to leave a mark.

…and then the dam breaks and Alex overflows with emotion.

“Oh GOODD Baby Yess! …..Please don’t stop!” Her whole body is shaking as she rolls the tide of her pulsating orgasm.
And where others lay exhausted and numb from an orgasm that intense Alex would much rather kiss Tobin senseless until they find their positions switched once more. The song switches and the rhythm of *Ne-Yo’s Take You There* is followed by Alex’s hips against Tobin’s.

Wasting no time in kissing a trail down her chest grazing her teeth along Tobin’s sensitive nipple making the tan midfielder hiss against the motions.

Continuing her trail further south Alex takes her time tracing Tobin’s toned stomach, trailing her tongue along her v-line and finally placing a teasing kiss just above her clit.

“Fucking tease…” Tobin moans glaring up at the ceiling.

Tobin refused to look down knowing that if she did indeed witness that gaze looking up at her from down below she wouldn’t last but a few seconds.

Like Alex read her mind she pauses just above her sensitive bundle of nerves and softly whispers. “Look at me.”

Tobin bites her lip bracing herself as she glances down and like she predicted Alex’s tongue falls over her core just as she makes eye contact.

The forwards motion making her rest her head back down and in that very second Alex stops completely pulling herself back up over Tobin.

“Babe what’s wrong.” Tobin asks watching Alex intently hovering over her before Morgan leans down placing her lips tenderly against Tobin’s own. Biting her bottom lip asking for entrance Alex flicks her tongue inside Tobin’s gaining dominance before pulling back to rest her forehead against Tobin’s.

“I told you to look at me.” Alex replies out of breath just as she pulls her hand back down against Tobin’s core and insert her index finger deep inside with one swift motion causing Tobin to grip her back in surprise.

She almost closes her eyes until she notices the need behind Alex’s own….

“Right there….Yes….That feels amazing.” Tobin breathes out placing a few loving kisses along Alex’s shoulders.

Then Alex adds another digit and Tobin can’t hold it off any longer.

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**Alex’s POV**

Alex can see the muscles on Tobin’s belly ripple against the buildup of release knowing Tobin is just about there. Alex is awfully territorial and the fact that the last time she had her like this the words Tobin screamed in the throes of passion were french fucking irritated Alex in the most childish way. She’ll be damned if it ever happened again. Curling her fingers up against the spot
she’s put to memory she leans over Tobin’s shaking shoulders.

“Scream my name, Baby” Alex breathes against her ear and it pulls Tobin over the edge.

“Oh GODD YEESSS Alexxannndra!” Tobin screams so loud Alex is positive they are going to get complaints in the morning.

Alex can sense Tobin’s state as she leans against her ear and whispers softly “Did I take you there?”

Tobin is still shaking from her orgasm that she giggles against Alex’s raspy tone tickling her still sensitive skin when the Pill resting by their pillow starts playing *You and Me by You + Me*.

It’s probably the cutest thing Alex has ever witnessed in her life and in that moment she stands up from the bed causing Tobin alarm when she notices that she’s reaching for the vase.

“Alex what are you doing?!” Tobin tries to get up off the bed before Alex reaches it, but her limbs aren’t responding as fast as she wishes them to.

Alex reaches inside the vase and grabs the box, but when she takes it out it’s not her black suede box, but a brown leather one that makes her heart swell.

“What?” Alex reaches back inside the vase and this time takes out her own holding both of them in each hand in amazement.

“What?” Tobin echoes and that’s when it clicks in Morgan’s head.

‘*We both bought rings….oh hell NO!*’ Immediately Alex perches on one knee stark naked and opens her box towards Tobin.

“I need you to…”

“Alex!”

“SHhhhh!” Alex cuts her off not able to stop herself from laughing until she continued to pour out the emotion the women in front of her seemed to pull out from her seemingly cold heart.

“I need you to know that before all of this….before that night my life fell through I looked outside my window that very day thinking about you. Knowing that you took over my heart the moment I fell down those stairs and into your arms all those years ago….I was just too damn ungrateful and selfish to the point that it took someone’s life and many others….” Her voice cracks at the confession before she can continue.

“Alex….”

“….It’s fine let me finish. Back in Russia they teach us to pick a memory… a moment in our lives where nothing we could possibly be enduring in that moment could make us quit fighting….keep us going. You should know this…”

“Yeah….”

“It was your smile…..That one right there…..” Alex smiles at the memory of it being so distant in some points in her life where she believed she’d never see it again and yet… here she was.

“You kept me alive….and at one point I thought you were the only reason I was until you left me a month and a half ago being that I’m stubborn and wouldn’t realize that I can in fact….live without
you…yet I don’t want to. I want you by my side for the remainder of my life, because you’re it for me…If you’ll have me…Tobin Powell Heath…‘I’d like to be yours for the rest of my life and the next if possible.’

“Will you marry me?” Alex opens the box to reveal a simple titanium ring with an engraved signature resembling her tattoo.

“Forever and Always you and me, Babe….Yes you can put a ring on it.” Tobin flexes her left hand out.

“Dork!” Alex laughs kissing her hand before sliding it over Tobin’s ring finger.

“Come here!” Alex lifts Tobin up showering her face in kisses before she topples them back onto the bed.

“Wait give me my ring it’s my turn!” Tobin chuckles against Alex’s unending flurry of kisses against her face.

“No! How about we start this playlist over again!” Alex reaches over Tobin for the speaker.

“You little….” Alex cuts her off as she hastily kisses a trail down her lean toned body until Tobin’s screaming her name all over again and Alex has to push Tobin away from exhaustion.

(Next Morning)

She woke up to the sound of footsteps outside her door. Laying still her eyes remaining closed she knows Tobin isn’t in the room and the scowl on her face crinkles her nose in annoyance.

Her body is sore in all the right places and she smiles in remembrance of her proposal to Tobin just a few hours ago.

‘Proposal!’ Alex repeats in her head as she shoots up on the bed. She groans against the fast motion until her eyes focus on a small sticky note on the pillow next to her with a poorly drawn heart. Inside the heart there is a title of “Tobin’s heart” written under it.

“Huh?” Alex turns it over and reads the words out loud to herself.

“Please return to owner if lost….Seriously! I need it to pump blood and other stuff…” Alex laughs and quickly pulls on a pair of jogging shorts and a training jacket before brushing her teeth and racing out the door.

_________________________

Tobin’s POV

She’s spinning the ring on her left hand well into the early morning hours….they didn’t catch much sleep last night and Alex is sprawled out taking most of the bed. The distinct snores coming from the forward deciding for Tobin that she’d wait for her to wake on her own and place a few hints beside her.
Leaving the note she walks towards the breakfast lobby to meet the team.

As soon as she walks in her face turns beat red realizing that the whole team is sporting noise canceling headphones as they walked the buffet line to grab their food.

“Ha Ha very funny guys! Come on take em off….” Tobin tries to diffuse the teasing before it even starts but she’s met with silence realizing that they hadn’t even noticed her standing there.

Grabbing a biscuit from the line she chunks it at Kelley sitting in a nook with the rest of the team.

“Hey!” Kelley shouts until she sees Tobin.

“Heeeeyyyy!” She reiterates and the rest of the team takes off the headphones in similar fashion.

“Man Tobs did you hit it all night long? The whole team dude….The WHOLE TEAM heard you!”

“Uhhh.” Tobin scratches the back of her neck knowing she was going to get it from coach later.

“Wait she’s wearing a ring!” Sydney yells jogging towards Tobin taking a hold of her left hand.

“Al beat you to it!” Kelley whines reaching in her back pocket as she made her way to Syd’s already outstretched hand.

“Too easy! Come on cough up!” Syd walks around the room grabbing money from several other teammates to Tobin’s amazement.

“That’s what you were doing last night! Placing Bets…” Tobin whisper yells as she reaches out for the small leather box looking intently at it.

“Hey she’s coming!” Becky races across the room to Tobin’s side and the team rushes to grab their stuff and get in their positions.

Alex’s POV

Alex is cheesing so hard as she turns into the breakfast lobby and finds the room empty and a small white coffee cup placed in the center of the main table.

Walking up to the mug she finds her name engraved along the outer edges of the handle and inside the mug it reads ‘Christmas Morning’.

Lifting it up a sticky note falls off from the bottom landing face up on the table.

“Find me in the courtyard.”

Alex faces the doors leading out the open courtyard her ears perking up to the sound of music swearing that it sounds like *Stand By Me by Seal*.

In all truths Alex is slightly terrified of what could possibly be taking place in that court yard as she walks closer to the doors.
Peeking her head out first her eyes fall on half the team dancing in sync her mouth falling open at Kelley intensely singing along to the words as she rocked to the beat at the center of it all sporting a pair of Ray bans and a popped collar.

*Well the night has come…and the land is dark and the moon is the only light we’ll see.*

*No I won’t be afraid…No I won’t be afraid just as long as you stand ….stand by me.*

Kelley motions her hands dramatically out towards Alex and the team follows suit. It’s taking everything in Alex’s control to keep from laughing her ass off.

‘Oh Jeezz…’Alex blushes a bright red her gaze searching for a certain tan midfielder.

Then the whole team joins in on the chorus from all around her and at this point there’s a crowd gathering around making her blush a brighter red because she’s still wearing her sweats and her hair is a mess.

“Care for a dance, darling?” Startled by Tobin’s voice right behind her Alex turns around to the ridiculously beautiful smile she loved dearly as Tobin asks for her hand.

Smirking shyly Alex nods her head taking Tobin’s outstretched hand as the forward is led closer to the center of the group surrounded by her teammates laughing at the corniness of it all.

“When did you learn how to dance?” Alex asks slightly surprised by the effortless movements behind Tobin’s steps as she twirled her around.

“During camp…” Tobin laughs and Alex joins her, but then Tobin leans down on one knee as the team begins to clap in time to the song and Alex is cracking up trying to keep her tears at bay, because the woman kneeling in front of her is her world.

“Here’s your heart.” Alex pulls out the sticky note from her pocket and Tobin shakes her head.

“It’s belongs to its owner….I can’t explain the emotions I feel in this very moment, because their simply isn’t enough words to describe the love I have for you and Although you already have my hand in marriage…because you’re so damn competitive and couldn’t fathom the thought of me beating you in this I’m going to ask you anyways. Alexandra Patricia Morgan…. Will you stand by me for the rest of our lives and keep my heart safe in your hands?” Tobin slowly opens the box to reveal a silver band with a cursive signature just under the diamond reading ‘I'm yours’.

“Forever and always…You and me, Babe.” Alex forces out past her tears streaming down her cheeks as Tobin intricately slides the ring on her finger.

“WHOOP WHOOP Get IT TOBS!!” The team cheers as Tobin lifts the forward up wrapping the forwards legs around her waist as they kissed forgetting about the world around them.

Alex Morgan most definitely won today.
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