"She would suck up the life she had taken. As the lights drained from her latest kill's eyes, she would start to shine. It was a transfer of life that no one but her understood. She wasn't sane, but he was." Never realized. Never there. Impossible. Deadly. Love. A Cato/Clove one shot.

Love. For lack of a better word it was love. But clear as day, it wasn't really. Two people who are heartless can't love so why would they be any different?

Cato didn't think she was worth claiming at first. She was so small, delicate even. It looked like she would break after only a moment, but she knew she wouldn't. Clove never had to claim him as her own; everyone knew it from the start. The second he saw her in a fight, eyes blazing, knives flashing, it was done. One look at him and no one would question it; he had claimed her.

They talked of nothing but blood and weapons. And pride. Maybe that's what it was. Pride for their district, pride for each other. Unlikely though. It was love. A love for pain. A love for taking what was rightfully theirs.

Or could it have been hate? The opposite of love isn't hate, it's indifference. And they were anything but indifferent towards each other. No, he noticed everything about her and she pretended that she couldn't care less. But she cared perhaps more than he did. She had him memorized. One glance over at him and she knew exactly what he was thinking, planning, plotting. Sometimes she didn't even need to glance over, he was that predictable. Being predictable can get you killed and she knew that. That was one advantage she had.
He could never quite read her. She wasn't a book. No easy story-line to follow like he was. She was a painting, no doubt. A painting that didn't make sense up close. A Monet. Someone from the outside might have been able to figure her out, but she always drew them in. She made sure of that.

They were together but no one would dare call them a couple. No one would dare step between them either. That end wouldn't have been pretty to anyone other than them.

Cato admired her. Her artistic cuts, creative kills. She made it an art form. He could never kill as gracefully as she did. It didn't come as naturally to him either. He killed with brute strength, anger. But she didn't need that. No, it was a different experience for her. She would suck up the life she had taken. As the lights drained from her latest kill's eyes, she would start to shine. It was a transfer of life that no one but her understood. She wasn't sane, but he was, as much as he didn't want to be.

They never questioned it; it was a mutual attraction. Magnetic. They were constantly together. Distance was not a problem. Neither would ever drift off from the other. They heard every word the other had to say. She stored them up to use against him later. He would often notice her lips, but he never dared to taste them. She wouldn't have wanted it.

They were one. He had been inside her and no one else. She hadn't needed to grant him permission, he always had it. He was more infatuated with her than she was with him. She knew she had him wrapped around her pinky, but he would have to make sure she was still his.

They laughed at District 12 who were foolish enough to love. You had to be stronger than that.

Clove had his death all planned out. She knew she could easily kill him. She promised it would be her worst. Usually so graceful, so stunning in her actions, she would trick him instead. As they stood there, the last two standing, she would ask for a kiss. Cato, being a foolish boy with actual feelings for her, would lean in. She knew it. As his lips would brush against hers, she would drive the knife into his back. Not forcefully enough to end him, no she wanted a fight, but just enough to let him know she had won. She had won from the first instant she drew him in. He pretended to have a plan but he changed his mind everyday. Sometimes it was with his bare hands, other times with her own knives. On occasion he couldn't imagine himself doing it, but he knew he had to. He wouldn't give up victory for a crazy little girl who he couldn't get out of his head. But if he had to give it up, it would be to her alone.

Not love, but trust. He trusted her to have his back and she trusted him to make her death splendid if the odds were not in her favor. They had trust that it was the two of them against the world and, in a way, it was.

It wasn't love until the very end and even then neither was quite sure. She screamed for Cato and in that instant she wanted him to do more than just save her. She was scared. She wasn't supposed to be. She had never been scared before, but this was her secret. No one would ever know. He heard his name and knew. She never would have called for him unless it was too late. If she couldn't save herself than no one could; it was over.

He thought she wouldn't have wanted him to save her even if he could. Because having to be saved means accepting that you are weak. It means that you need someone. But as she called for him, she did want to be saved. She wanted to admit to him what she never told him; that he was her equal. That she relied on him despite acting like she was a lone wolf. In her scream she hoped that he would know.

As he saw her on the ground, it was pain that he felt. Deeper than any injury she or anyone else had inflicted upon him. He knew she was gone; there was no hope.
The rock had done more than dent her skull, more than take life away from her. It knocked her feelings around. The pain intensified along with her regrets and realizations. He came barreling into sight, always there for her. Predictable. As she saw him, she knew that not only was he hers, but she was his. She cared. Clove cared for no one and yet, she did for him. She cared that he tried to save her. She cared that he had been her one companion, but she never said anything. She hadn't known before now. Maybe an inkling here or there, but now it was solidified, if only for her.

He thought it was love. Now that he was losing her, he was sure it was. Because he always wanted what he couldn't have and that was her. She wasn't supposed to belong to anyone so, of course, he had to have her. Now that they could never be, he convinced himself he loved her. But she would never know. No one would know.

She wanted him to be angered. She hoped he would rush to her side and cause more pain to her. That is what she needed him to do so he could win. But instead he dropped his weapon and begged her to stay with him. She knew that wasn't how it was supposed to happen. He wouldn't win. Not if he was caught up on her. She chose her last words carefully. She wasn't one to pour out her emotions. She wasn't one to lie. So she decided to say, "We were each others kill." Twisted words which disgusted viewers. But in her words she revealed everything. He knew what she meant. She said Thresh robbed him of what was his. He would pay. They were each others. As much as she kept it hidden, he was it for her.

Cato couldn't take it. He didn't want her to see, but he cried. She saw. Weak. Not him for crying, but herself. She was too weak to pick up a knife and end him. She would have if he had come earlier. Because that was how he was supposed to go out. He would die as surely as she would.

He knew what she wanted. One thing had to be set right. She was still his as long as her shallow breath continued. It was him that would get credit for her death because he was the one that put the sword in her heart. He had reached to do it with her knives, but that wouldn't have been right. It would have been a disservice to her. No one killed with knives like she did and he wasn't going to try.

Beautiful. Her death wasn't supposed to be so beautiful. Lips parted, green eyes glossy, she was in one piece still. He knew what he had to do. He had to make Thresh's death everything hers wasn't. He didn't deserve such a grand exit, but Clove would have wanted it after this.

As she died, she thought only of how Cato would soon join her. Her last image- for she thought in images- was Cato. If someone is the last thing you think of, it must be love.

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