

**saw your face, heard your name**

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# **saw your face, heard your name**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Jenny's growing tired of the life of being a hero along with being an outcast, yet is stuck within it as she has no other option to turn to... that is, until a woman by the name of Lacey Shadows barges in, turning her life upside down.

## Notes

I saw a post on tumblr promoting the idea of this ship and well, I thought why not? Two cute blue gals together... the perfect f/f pair honestly, so here, have this.

Another day, another villain to outwit.

That's the life of a superhero. You fight crime, kick villain's butts, return stolen items if any heists of sorts happen) – this is nothing new to Jenny Wakeman, who has had the idea of being earth's protector drilled into her since her creation. She's used to this routine by now – a routine shoving aside any chance of living a normal girl's life so she could stop some criminal and save the planet over and over, getting some momentary praise from the townsfolk and her peers before they decide they hate her again. It's become so ingrained into her life that the moment she hears of an upcoming evil scheme or a robbery or even just random chaos happening, she's immediately springing into action quicker than a cheetah at a racing track.

This is what she was built for, her mother tells her. She was born to be earth's protector. It's the one thing she's really good at, the one thing she can't muck up – the one thing she can do without people giving her these odd looks, something that makes people actually like her and even want to be her friend. Being earth's protector is the only thing she *can* be, because it's the *only* role in society she has.

Outside of being a hero, there's nothing else going for her in regards to living as a normal girl. Yes, she has a mother who loves her, but that's a given seeing that she's her creator and even then, they still have their spats and she *still* calls her “XJ-9” sometimes, which she is *not*. She is *Jenny*, not XJ-9.

Nearly everyone at school thinks she's a freak. The Crusts keep going back and forth, trying to befriend her when it's convenient for them one time and then the next, they're back to making fun of her along with their friends. Sheldon's... okay. Sometimes, he's a nice friend and other times, he's – he's kinda *weird*. At times, she can't help but wonder if he genuinely likes her in that way, or if it's just some type of fascination. She tries being nice about it though, even if his “crush” on her creeps her out a bit.

Really, the only guaranteed friends she has are Brad and Tuck and even then, they've had their spats. Yes, Brad is the first friend she made and *yes*, Tuck's a sweet boy, but still... they don't get her. They don't understand how she feels sometimes, don't understand how some of their snarky remarks or jokes can get to her, don't understand how bad it feels to be left behind for some girl or to be relied on constantly to the point where exasperation is the only thing she can feel – they don't really *get* her. They don't know how she truly feels at times and while she does love them, at times even they are too much for her.

Life as earth's protector and as a young robot – it isn't fun like the movies like to portray it as. It isn't like a little adventure one can experience and come back as a new person for, or “cool” or “radical” – it's so tiresome. It's restricting, because she doesn't exactly fit in with human society, obviously, but she doesn't fit in with all of the other heroes either. She doesn't get a statue of herself put up, nor is she honored by the mayor. Her fame is so swift and quick every single time, and everyone goes back to seeing her as the weird robot girl, the odd one – the black sheep.

She's tired of it. She's tired of having to constantly play the hero, tired of being the outcast, tired of nobody even *trying* to understand her – truly understand – and she is *sick* of going through this routine everyday because there's no point in it at this point. It's all repetitive, it's all been done and over with and there's nothing new – same villains, same punches and kicks, same weapons, same explosions; it's the same thing every day and she can't *stand* it anymore. She can't take this.

She wants to end this routine. She wants something *new*, something *fresh*. She doesn't want to just be the weird robot peer at school, she doesn't want to be the hero people praise for a day before forgetting by the time morning comes, she doesn't want to be “XJ-9” – she doesn't *want* to stand out from everyone else. She just wants to *live*. She wants to go out without getting these dirty looks or odd stares, she wants to have fun, she wants to learn and grow and live and love and leave all the doubting behind her – she wants to be *normal*. She wants a life where people like her not because she's some cool android that fights evildoers, but because they like her for who she is on the inside.

She wants friends who'll stick by her side and won't leave her when a pretty girl comes by or rely on her so much to the point where she's exhausted. She wants friends who aren't just her friends for the moment, only to dump her when they decide she doesn't fit in with their uppity clique. She wants at least *one* friend who gets her, really *gets* her and at least *tries* to understand her situation, all her frustrations and mishaps and awkwardness and just – just her wacky life in general, really. She wants someone, *one person*, who will listen to her and not dismiss her as a typical teenager. She wants someone she can confide in, vent her frustrations to... someone who she can *trust* with anything and everything.

But she can't. She can't break out of this routine because there's no way out. There's no one to take her out of it, to guide her away from this role forced upon her since 'birth' – she's stuck here. She's stuck in this role, in this life, with these people.

So she just does what she has to, because there isn't any other option presented to her.

~

Jenny suppresses a groan when the latest news of crime in Tremorton breaks out.

Apparently, there's a new villain in town: Baron Vain, who hails all the way from London. He and his legion of henchmen are running amongst the city, causing havoc of sorts – stealing important artifacts, terrorizing citizens; same old, same old. One of his henchmen to watch out for, one person warns, is his henchwoman: Lacey Shadows. Somehow, she doesn't scoff or roll her eyes at the name. At the mention of any other one of his goons, sure, but this Lacey Shadows... somehow, the mention of her doesn't make her feel tired or want to get it all over with quick.

She pushes back this feeling though and immediately rushes to a museum where she sees many folks fleeing. A robbery, they scream, there's a robbery happening and then something about a stolen statue, and she's already going deep into the building, looking for the criminals.

She's already preparing herself for some lame introduction, to slam her fist into some ugly goons and then send them flying to the moon, but when she gets there, she finds that she doesn't have to. Instead, when she goes deep into the museum, into the darkest corners where only burglars would go through, she sees these two figures – a rat and a woman.

The rat's wearing a grey jacket and a helmet that's way too similar to Tammy's, save for maybe only having one spike on it instead of two. He's small, only a little bigger than Killgore was and his eyes are yellow with red pupils. His teeth are... disgustingly more yellow than his eyes and a little sharp compared to most mice, and his tail has this bandage. *Geez, Jenny thinks as she looks at him from behind a pillar. For a baron's henchman, he's quite dirty...*

But then her eyes fall upon the woman.

The woman – or girl, maybe? It's hard to tell, but she can't be older than a highschool senior or graduate, so the seventeen year-old robot assumes she's at least a year older than her, or maybe two – she... she has this teal hair with purple highlights, which match her eyes well. She's wearing this frilly black dress with a lavender shirt under, black fingerless gloves, cyan buttons on it and a teal belt with a cyan buckle, black high-heeled boots and purple leggings with stripes on it. She looks like a goth tomboy, similar appearance wise to all the girls cloaked in black at school yet something about her seems much... nicer.

Jenny's eyes focus on the blue-haired goth as she and the rat have a little banter, or rather the rat rants at the bluenette.

"You little two-faced brat!" the rat hisses, voice thick with this nasally British accent as his hands clutch onto a small golden statue. "Don't think I don't know who you are, because I do, oh I do, alright! And your secret's coming out, soon as I get this—" and he holds up the golden artifact in a boasting manner "—to the Bar- *OOF!*"

The bluenette bops the rat's helmet and once he's off-focus, she snatches the golden artifact away from him. "I'll be taking this," she declares, her voice also carrying an accent, though it's not as thick and nasally as the rodent's. It actually sounds rather sweet and cute, and even a little soothing—

Wait, *what?* Jenny immediately shakes her head. *Get a hold of yourself, Jenny. You don't even know her and you're already thinking she's cute? Christ –*

"Hasta la vista, Rat!" the bluenette's voice snaps her out of her self-scolding, and she watches as the girl zips away while the rat's scurrying to catch up after her and flinging insult after insult at the goth.

Jenny's following suit after the rodent and bluenette as they run throughout the museum, but before she can even deliver so much as a kick to the rat, the bluenette manages to lead him to this dead end and he's crashing face first into the wall.

Jenny blinks, checks the rat and once she sees how still she is, she's left gaping. "Wha...?"

“Tsk, tsk,” she hears a voice from behind her, and she turns and sees *her*. “Silly rat. Always thinks he can get an upper hand.”

“How – what – what was *that*?”

“Another quick chase,” the blue-haired goth replies in such a simple manner, as if she’s done this many a time. “But don’t worry.” She brings out the golden statue, holding it out to the robot. “It’s safe now.”

“I... I...” Jenny looks at the goth, then at the artifact in the girl’s hands. She slowly takes it into hers. “Th-thank you,” she manages.

“No problem,” the bluenette replies. “Couldn’t just sit around and wait for some other hero, y’know? He’d just run around, brag about getting the upper hand and try to spout some petty insults and how he’s the better one and he’ll be the new favorite.”

A part of Jenny wants to ask for context, but she just can’t stop staring at this girl. She’s so pretty and so... *so cool*. She’s different from all the other people near her age that she’s met and not to mention she kicks butt too which is rather neat, especially considering she took care of things herself, which just adds to her radicalness. She’s only known her for a few minutes, but she likes her already.

“Anyway,” the bluenette continues, going over to pick up the rat’s body. “I’ll be taking this one away. Au revo-”

Jenny finds herself immediately yelling, “Wait!”

The bluenette turns to her. “What?”

“Before you go, can - can you please tell me your name?” Jenny asks, and there’s this tingly feeling going through her body. Her body’s shaking all over, from her legs to her shoulders and she feels warm. She always feels warm, yes, but not *this* warm – not so warm she could heat up a snack instead of putting it in the oven.

“Hm,” says the woman. “Alright then. The name’s Lacey Shadows.”

Oh.

*Oh.*

Oh *no*.

Jenny’s nonexistent stomach is already twisting into knots. *How?* she’s asking silently. *Why? Why her? Why did you have to be-*

“And your name is?”

She could say nothing. She could lie, give this woman a fake name and try avoiding her. She could easily beat her up and turn her in like she’s done with many other goons. She could immediately snap. She could ask her how and why she’s acting so... unvillainlike, despite the

fact that she's supposedly the minion of the Baron. She could turn on her, she could fight her, she could -

But she doesn't. Instead, she replies, "Jenny. I'm Jenny."

And she's cursing herself already because Lacey soon smiles, and then *she smiles too*, and then the woman says, "Well, it was nice meeting you, Jenny. Perhaps, we'll see each other again."

*No no no no no no no we won't we won't see each other again you conniving lying little -*

"Maybe we will," her voice betrays her, and it's trembling just as much as her body is.

"Au revoir," Lacey bids her farewell, then leaves with the unconscious rat in tow, leaving Jenny alone with a golden statue in her hands and this weird warmth rushing through her body.

Jenny gulps.

Oh why, *why* can't her life be normal?

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