

## And they were... The Glitra Week project 2021

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# **And they were... The Glitra Week project 2021**

by [the\\_Frank](#)

## Summary

7 days.

7 prompts.

7 stories.

18243 words

1 OTP.

The Frank does Glitra-week 2021. Are YOU ready?

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: Chaotic Girlfriends. Slightly canon-divergent. Prime was defeated, but perhaps not exactly as in the show. So...

**And they were...**

**Chapter 1:**

**...a total relationship disaster**

"It will never work."

Adora sounded uncharacteristically bitter as she sat on a chair in the darkest corner of Bow's workshop.

"What do you mean," Bow replied. "My latest arrow-construction?"

"No! Bow, you're a brilliant inventor, of course that's... You know what I mean." Adora said with dark eyes. "Their relationship. It will never work."

Bow didn't like it when his friends were negative, especially not Adora. And especially not in situations when the cause of their distress was another of their friends. And perhaps he wasn't especially fond of them when they found him hiding in his workshop trying to get some peace from those negative friends. Not that he would ever let them know that. Instead he swallowed his annoyance and put on his most optimistic tone.

"Come on, Adora! Don't be like that!"

Adora grunted. "I am whatever I want to be! I am She-ra! I can do anything!"

"You don't 'do' jealousy."

"Okay, first of all, Bow. *I can do ANYTHING I WANT!* Because..."

"Because you are She-ra. I get it."

Adora pointed at him. "Precisely! And second..." She took a moment to pause and said with a slightly too loud voice: "I am NOT jealous."

"Okay...right."

"I mean it! I am NOT JEALOUS! I am probably the least jealous person on this planet! Especially in comparison to a few others I know..." she added with a mutter.

Bow looked away. He just got something in his eye. Adora however interpreted his silence as a question.

"You don't believe me? Fine! I will demonstrate for you exactly how not jealous I am! CATRA! CATRA!" She took a deep breath and then shouted with her lungs full power. "CAAATRAAAA!"

It took a few minutes for the Cat-girl to show up in the door-way.

"Damn you're loud! I heard you across the castle! Is it down here you're hiding? Wanna come up? Me and Glim are having lunch and we would love it if you could join In! And that goes for you too, arrow-boy!"

Bow smiled and prepared to answer when Adora stood up.

"Catra! I just want to tell you how HAPPY I am for you and GLIMMER!"

Catra gave Adora a strange look, but smiled.

"Heh. Thanks."

"I mean it! Really! The two of you really fit together! I can HARDLY THINK OF TWO PEOPLE WHO FITS BETTER TOGETHER! I mean, you're both hotheads. And you're both really nasty fighters. And you're grumpy in the morning. Especially you! It takes a certain kind of person to put up with that! Glimmer won't have it easy but that's NO PROBLEM! And you both want the last piece of bread. And..."

"Adora? You're rambling."

"Am I? Noooooo!" Adora blushed and waved her hand in that way she always did when she was caught doing something she didn't want to be noticed. "I am just showing my support by telling Catra what a perfect match she and Glimmer is! There's hardly anyone else who will put up with her bad temper or her tantrums or her claws in the knee or..."

"Is this some kind of fucking joke, Adora? Cause it sure isn't funny. I KNOW I'm not the best person in the world, thank you. But I thought you accepted me for who I was! For freaks sake, you've known me since we were kids! But if I am that hard to live with, I will stay out of your sight." Adora's bottom lip started to quiver. Bow sighed.

"Catra, this is just Adora being nervous. She asked me for advice on how she could be supportive of the two of you, and I suggested she would address some obstacles and then tell you how you would get over it. But I didn't realize that Adora was that nervous."

Catra glared at Adora, but she had softened. "Really."

"Really. You know Adora."

“Yeah. You know me!” Adora said with some gusto, but a look from Bow made her deflate and she said with a much softer voice: “You know me. At least... I thought you did.”

Catra stepped up to Adora, put her arm on her shoulder and said: “Of course I know you, you idiot. I know you can get weird sometimes. But you don’t have to overdo anything for my sake. I promise, nothing will change between us. I promise.”

Adora looked away, Bow saw how hard she bit her lip. Her eyes were almost glowing. Bow realized what was about to happen perhaps a second too late to do anything smooth. Instead, he took the largest piece of metal he could see and threw it on the floor. The bang was gigantic in the small area. They all three jumped, even Bow, and he knew what was about to happen.

“Have you been flying with Swift Wind? He’s getting a bit wobb...”

“DID SOMEONE SAY SWIFT WIND?”

“GAH!”

Bow looked up. There WAS indeed a ventilation shaft in his workshop, from where Swift Winds head now stuck out. But how the alicorn managed to get inside...

Now all of a sudden Glimmer was in the doorway.

“CAN YOU STOP DOING THAT? Adora? Please inform your noble steed that he HAS to stop showing up like that. And stop destroying the castle!” Glimmer rolled her eyes and Catra glared at the alicorn who was busy being a steed.

“As a matter of fact, Your queen-ness, there’s a lot of culverts under Bright moon that are big enough for my magnificent appearance. But I still want that chair in the meeting room.” He added, looking at Glimmer. She rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, Swifty. It’s on the agenda. Focus on bringing Etherias horses together until then, okay?”

“Working horses of all lands in etheria, unite!”

“Yes, that.”

Now Swift Wind turned his attention to Adora. “Heey! Adora! ...huh. You look off. Are you sick? I told you you should sleep more.”

“You can’t sleep?” Glimmer gave Adora a worried look.

“N-no... I’m just...”

“She’s pining! She has a tremendous time sleeping alone and for some reason I am not good a substitute for C...”

“SWIFT WIND!”

“Yes, Adora? Oh! Yes! We’re not talking about that. He he. Sorry everyone! My bad! I’m going flying now!” And he was gone.

“What was that about?”

Adora blushed. “He... You know Swift Wind. He gets so worried about me, that’s all.” Catra made a face and nodded, she still didn’t like him, and that was enough for her not to react to his slip. But Glimmer was much more observant, at least up to some level. “Adora, come on! If there’s something wrong, you can tell us!”

Adora looked extremely uncomfortable. Bow decided it was time to step in again. “She wants to be supportive to you both, but Adora has a tendency to get a little overboard.”

Glimmer smiled immediately. “Adora... You don’t have to do a mind map for us. Just be there. Support us. That’s all we want. We like you. You’re a really good friend.”

For a few minutes, Adora was silent. Bow noticed her muttering stuff to herself. and then she bursted out: “YOU KNOW WHAT CATRA! You look tired! Because that’s something a REALLY GOOD FRIEND would notice!”

Catra raised another eyebrow, then said, with a slight unease in her voice. “Then I guess you’re not a really good friend then. I slept like a baby tonight.”

There was a brief devastated look in Adoras face but it was replaced with real surprise. “You were?”

“Mhm? Glimmer's bed is sooooo soft... so many pillows... and they're all mine...”

“In your dreams, horde scum!” Glimmer put her arms around Catra's waist, and kissed her neck. (She didn’t reach higher.) “So that’s what you and Adora and Bow are doing here, making devious plots to steal all my soft cushions... Just as one would expect from you...Horde scum.”

“You need to come up with a new insult, Sparkles. It’s been ages since the horde days. This one is getting used up.” She twisted her body in Glimmer's arms so she could turn her head, lean down, and kiss her.

Glimmer smiled. “Ha. Like Sparkles is getting less old.” Bow didn’t see Adoras face because he was also very much looking in another direction. And looking for some piece of paper or cloths. He needed to wipe off...something.

“Sparkles is a good nickname. You should be honoured by it.” Then she looked at Adora. “Adora? What’s wrong? You look like you’re going to throw up.” Bow finally found a piece of old fabric and turned around. Glimmer was right. Adora looked a bit green in her face.

“I... I...”

This time Bow didn’t need to drop anything. Adora managed herself to make a hammer fall from one of the tables and hit the ground with a thump. Not the largest of sounds, but enough

to break the spell again. Bow was there immediately to grab it and steer Adora away from the others.

“She’s been feeling a bit dizzy lately. She’s probably been exercising too hard. That’s why she’s down here, she could use some cool environment.”

Glimmer nodded. “I knew it! I told you, Adora, you need to relax! Sure, it’s important to be in good shape but for all that’s holy, ease up some! And I know exactly what we should do! We’re having a BFS sleepover tomorrow! I would hate it if you’d miss it! I will even arrange it so we can get your bunk into my room. I know you can’t sleep when it’s too soft.”

“Yeah... Old habits die hard... Or what do you say, Catra?”

“Speak for yourself, Adora. As I said, I’m picking a soft bed anyway. Save for sleeping at your feet, I have no good memories of those bunks. And those thin blankets... Actually, Glitter! I think I’m in the mood for a post-lunch nap after I have finished eating your noodles! Wanna join?”

Glimmer made a face. “I wish. I have a meeting with... Whoever it was today. But I wouldn’t mind joining you later. See you guys at dinner! Bye!”

“Hey! Glitter! No telepo...”

And they were gone in a flash, an agonized yelp from Catra and a giggle from Glimmer.

Bow worked on his invention with much more focus than he had realized when they left. Now he looked up and looked at Adora. Her eyes were wide open, she panted hard and looked like she was in battle. *Soon she will combust into She-ra...* “Adora? ADORA!”

“Huh?”

She broke out of her trance and looked at him. “What?”

“What happened?”

Adora swallowed. “Nothing. It was...nothing. I’m okay. I’m...okay.”

He walked over and laid a hand on her shoulder. “I didn’t know they were sleeping in the same room now, Adora. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. It won’t last anyway. Catra hates soft beds. She just puts up an act for Glimmer...”

But there was no conviction in the words. They stood there in silence for many minutes. Finally Bow spoke.

“Adora.. Go and have a flight with Swift wind. Go to...I don’t know... Salinaeas and spare with Sea Hawk or something.”

“...He could use some defeats...Thanks Bow. You’re a good friend.” Now where is sw... I will call for him outside.”

And she left. Bow concentrated on his work for a while. Then he took out an old drawing from a drawer. It was made when he was 9 and it was just him and Glimmer.

“Bow and GLimmer <3 4-ever” the text read. He sighed. He walked over and closed the door. and then he let the tears run free.

“N-no, Adora. I am NOT a good friend. A good friend would give comfort... But right now, I need it all myself...”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Prompt #2 pirate/mermaid AU.  
Well... poetic justice.

**And they were...**

### **Chapter 2:**

**...bound by verse**  
**The Princess and the Sea by Robert B. Urns.**

The princess stood by the shore of the sea  
With tears in her eyes and her heart  
"I have offered my love, but the world won't love me"  
The sea has a cold, cold heart.

"This summer I have been wandrin' this world  
For 22 years since my start.  
And I've met no one to match what I yearned"  
The sea has a cold, cold heart.

"But once as a girl, on this golden shore  
I saw once a bright piece of art  
She gracefully swam like she swam evermore  
Since then she has captured my heart."

"A star in the sea, so it looked, and you see  
I wanted so much to see more  
But they said it was fake, so I didn't persuade  
In hope that they would love me more.

"I tried to go out in the world,  
To find love where the people are  
But nothing could match the star I once saw  
To you sea, belongs my heart."

"Please, sea, oh sea, oh almighty sea  
Please do not my happiness thwart!  
Please let me see her, oh please help me!"  
The sea has a cold, cold heart.

The sea was silent, the surface was still  
It seemed like they were worlds apart  
The princess sighed, and a few tears she spilled  
The sea has a cold, cold heart.

\*\*\*

"You were my last hope," the princess said  
Her heart almost broken apart.

"And if you cannot help me, well..." she lowered her head.

The sea has a cold, cold heart.

The surface then curled, it bubbled, it boiled

And somehow the sea split apart

And out came a creature all out of this world

The sea has a cold, cold heart

She was such a lady, with dark shiny hair

And fangs that sparkled as stars

On her head was a crown made of purest corals

With a dress of pure silk 'round her heart.

But looking for feet, no they were not there

Of mankind she was no part.

In its place was a fishtail, the sun made it flair

The sea has a cold, cold heart.

A siren, a mermaid, a creature of myth

Those who said so had spoken to soon

One golden, one blue, the colors were two

of Her eyes that shone like the moon

But also a predator, sharp shiny claws

And a maw that would tear flesh apart

and yet so majestic, so pure, without flaws

no fear touched the princess' heart.

"I am Catra, queen of the sea,

I heard your wails from afar.

What do you think you will get from me?

I have but a cold, cold heart!"

"It is true what you said, indeed it was me

That you once before saw from afar

Yes, I am the beautiful star of the sea

But cursed with a cold, jealous heart."

"My queendom is pure, divine, without borders

And you are a mortal upstart

What do you think you can offer me

To please my cold, cold heart?"

\*\*\*

The princess was silent, her eyes were locked

Her lips were just inches apart

"...such beauty..." she murmured, her body in shock

In her chest, a quick-beating heart.

"Your beauty, my queen, is" she finally said

"Worth more than the world's finest art.  
Please, let me come with you! Please give me a bed  
Next to your cold, cold heart."

"Now that's a bold statement, that I ever heard"  
The queen said, her voice clear and hard.  
"But many have said so, and so few delivered  
But give me your name, for a start."

"I'm Glimmer of Bright Moon" the princess said  
"And I have the loneliest heart.  
The world has nothing but sorrows ahead  
It has but a cruel, cruel heart."

"That is true," said the queen, nodding her head  
"It wounds you like a sharp dart.  
But your heart is still beating, with blood that is red  
Why should I take you to my heart?"

"It's eat, or be eaten, you must know that much,  
The sea is a dangerous part  
Why do you make a wish as such  
When the sea has this cold, cold heart?"

"True," said the princess, "the seas are cruel  
But they don't hide what they are."

Compared with people, so false and untrue

The sea at least has a heart."

"I'll offer my soul, my body, my life

my faith, my eyes and my heart

I love you, my queen, let me be your wife

Let me warm your cold, cold heart."

\*\*\*

The queen spread her lips in a smug, evil grin

"You're a fool, little human wart.

My queendom adores me, I am their supreme

I don't need your stupid heart."

"So wander and die, as your kind likes to do,

And don't come back with your cart

Of problems and mis'ry, of anger and woo

There's no place in my cold, cold heart."

"In that case I will throw myself in the sea!"

The princess exclaimed with a start.

"This world has nothing to offer me,

I can't live with a broken heart."

"You have taken others before me, I know  
That from my world has depart'  
They're sleeping in peace way down below  
Protected by your heart."

"And that's where I'll lay for eternity  
Close to you, although dead, not apart.  
In peace, as I know, I belong to thee  
To you, and your cold, cold heart."

So she left the shore and went into the sea,  
And soon her eyes went dark  
As her last breath ended, she suddenly felt  
A spark in her cold, cold heart.

\*\*\*

A hand had reached out, pulled her out of the sea  
And the air filled her lungs like a flood  
"Little girls should know not to hustle with me  
I like to play with my food..."

"And yet" she added in whispering words  
"There's something I feel in my heart  
It's not love, but it's close, oh so close, oh my world...  
You did touch my cold cold heart."

"Yes, there was something within you that I  
Have never tasted before.  
Your tears was delicious, your fear and your cry  
But your love was like sunshine on shore"

"I want more, much more, of the love that you have  
A cruel, jealous mistress, and dark  
No one but me, can have what you give  
Mine is your human heart."

"As long as I live, I will stay by your side"  
Glimmer said to her heart's counterpart  
"My word was honest, my faith will not glide  
To Queen Catra belongs my heart."

The queen then took Glimmer into her arms  
The answer to her deepest wish  
And so they sealed their pledge and charms  
With a longing and desperate kiss

\*\*\*

*And since then, whoever might stands on the shore  
And watch with pure eyes and heart*

*Will catch a glimpse, as they swim evermore*

*The queen and her human heart.*

*Dumfleece -october 1791*

*With love to Elizabeth.*

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Glitra week prompt #3 - first kiss

Swap AU. You'll get it....

**And they were...**

## **Chapter 3:**

**...Tsunderic idiots (Switch AU.)**

*TW: The probably worst idea of all these. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.*

Shadow Weaver looked up from her magical mirror.

"Adora is in Seaworthy. I'm giving you one more chance to bring. Her. Back." She glanced at Catra. She in return glared back and said:

"Didn't Hordak tell you to stop going after Adora?"

Shadow Weaver towered over her.

"And who's going to rat me out? *You?*"

She turned back to the mirror. Catra swallowed and said with slight faked Gusto:

"Fine. It's about time you started treating me like a force captain anyway. I will get her."

"Not so fast," Shadow Weaver added in a sing-song voice that didn't suit her at all.

"You're not going alone. I'm sending another force captain along with you. To make sure you stay focused on the mission."

A Shadow rose from a corner of the room. It grew larger and larger. Catra bit her lip, what kind of monster was Shadow Weaver sending her with?

When they finally stepped into the light, she saw that the other one in the room was a young girl, not much taller than Catra. She had short purple hair cut in a page and even wearing the traditional Horde uniform, she sparkled. Sparkled. The moment she saw Catra she stopped. "OOOOH! You're a cat."

"...Yeah? Surprise?"

"Exactly how soft is your fur?"

"That's none of your business!"

"I think it is. You look like you could use some grooming, have you even seen a brush? Kitty wants to be Petted? Hmm? Kitty want to play?"

"What? NO!"

"Too bad. I will do it anyway!"

Glimmer seemed to disappear from sight, only to return right behind Catra and began to scratch her behind her ears. It wasn't uncomfortable, and for a few seconds Catra considered purring. Then she snarled and threw the assaulter off. She disappeared again and returned on Shadow weavers side.

"This is the Force captain Glimmer. My... protege. She will keep you in line." Catra swallowed her anger (and the slight feeling of wholeness that this Glimmers touch had given her) and spat out:

"Alright, alright. At least you will give me a vehicle, right?"

She felt more than saw how Shadow weavers eyes narrowed in a nasty smirk.

"Something in that way..."

\*

In the distance she could see the other annoying princesses and the more than anyone annoying ADORA celebrating their stupid little victory. As she crampily held on to the last remaining floating parts of Horde Battleskiff class IX '*Limax Flavus*' she swore to herself.

"A boat... why did it have to be a boat?"

"Because it's practically impossible to reach the seaport by land?"

"Why are you even speaking to me?"

"Because you asked a question, smarty."

"Perhaps it was a rhetorical question, sparkles? Hey! What was that about you being Shadow Weavers protege?"

"Eh, I just am. Nothing fun about that. Let's change the subject to something more stimulating! I for myself love the sea. I love myself to get my hands dirty on a real sailing ship. Flogg the sails, turn in the snoozbacoozer and let the fairway run free."

"What?"

"Sea terms. They covered it in force captain orientation."

"Of course they did..."

She felt Glimmer's hands gripping her jacket, pulling her a few inches more away from the sea. (It almost made her push Kyle into the sea, but Rogelio managed to catch him.)

As they sat, slowly drifting away by the stream, watching the sea gate get stronger and stronger, Catra felt the urge to hit something. Hard. She clenched her fists but her anger was cut off by Glimmer.

"You know kitty, you really suck in a fight."

Catra glared. "Why, thank you."

"No, really. You need to work on your skills. You're way too emotional. Sitting there trying to break She-Ra by talking? You're not that much of a villain, you know. Throw some punches! Give them what they deserve! Serve them a meaty knucklesandwich! Like me."

"Says the sparkling one."

"Why, thank you. But that won't work on me. I am very well connected with my feelings, thank you! You on the other hand seem to suffer from severe psychological and physical abuse. Have you considered talking to someone?"

"This is THE HORDE, Glitter."

"Glimmer."

"Whatever! That's what they DO! Abuse, lie, hurt...No wonder Ad...It's only the toughest that gets to stick around."

"I know! Protege, remember. But then, why are you here?"

Catra clenched her fists again and only the fact that she knew they would have to swim - AGAIN- if she broke the raft made her not punch Glimmer in the face. Instead she bit her lip and said:

"Whatever. Next time this won't happen."

"If there ever will be a next time, if you keep screwing up."

"I didn't come here to get insulted by you!"

“Shit man. So where do you go for that, then?”

\*

Catra entered the training facilities. “Glimmer? You said you wanted to see me?” She was instantly hit with a magic beam in her gut and fell down on the floor. “OUCH! What was that about?”

Glimmer jumped down from the platform she had been standing on and stood in front of Catra. She managed to get up to a half-seating position and glared at Glimmer. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Glimmer smirked, and her hands began to glow with magic. “What I think I’m doing? Heh. Out of the two of us, I think I know what I’m doing. You on the other hand... have no idea!”

Catra rolled over to her right to avoid the hit, but Glimmer had only fired of one shot, and she was hit again in her side. This time she hit harder, as Glimmer was closer, and Catra was thrown back onto the wall.

As she slowly dropped down on the floor, Glimmer approached again, magic ready and unhinged.

“You know, there’s quite a lot of stories going on about you. Shadow Weavers punching bag.”

Catra slowly rose, she hurt more than before, but she was not going to let this sparkling piece of scrap get her. She growled, and let her claws out, ready for a fight. Glimmer stopped.

“I got to say, in theory, I like you. Someone who in spite of all the things thrown at her still managed to fight back, to get up every time. Even managing to keep her own style when everyone else gets a uniform.” Catra waited for Glimmer to take a step closer, but she stood where she was. She got more and more angry with every word she heard, and finally she couldn’t hold back. She jumped and was but inches away from Glimmer’s face with her Claws, when Glimmer fired both her hands into Catra’s gut, making her fly back the exact same way she had jumped.

“That person, or kitty - sorry, should be a person of impressive determination, I thought. And even if some of this can be credited to Adora... It wasn’t she who chose your hairstyle, was it? Or your clothes. Or your fighting style. I would say, from what I saw of Adora, that you did what you could to be as DIFFERENT from her as you could.”

Glimmer had not moved. Catra was standing up much faster this time, but she was feeling dizzy. Three hits on a wall does that to you. She began to run, switching direction often and erratically to make it harder for Glimmer to aim. She began to jump from the wall to a platform and down again to land behind Glimmer. But when her paw fell down for a strike, Glimmer sidestepped with relative ease, and she was hit with another beam to her leg. It hurt, but she was standing.

“And yet, here you are now.” Glimmer began to pepper Catra with magic. there was no possibility to attack, she had to use her arms as a shield.

“With Adora gone, and your straight career gone to Salinaeas, you’re trying, in the most pathetic way, to do what Adora did. You’re trying to be her. Trying to be a force captain. Playing by the rules and get Shadow Weavers respect.” The magic beams were still raining over her, Glimmer got closer and closer and the magic hit harder and harder. Catra felt her anger reach the boiling point, but there was nothing to do but block.

“You haven’t got a single role obeying bone in your body. You’re not Adora. Right now, you are a failure. And you lack determination.”

Catras' anger was now reaching whitehot level. She HAD to sew Glitters ugly mouth *shut*. Show her what she could. Show her who was boss.

She noticed that the hits hurt less and less. Sure, it was possible that she was growing used to it, but that was not likely. Shadow Weavers magic hurt as much now as it did ten years ago. There was only one possibility. Glimmer was running out of magic. So, if I can just keep her... Catra began to retract. Glimmer kept shooting magic at her, and Catra did her best to avoid getting hit. It wasn’t hard, Glimmer wasn’t especially good at aiming, and with a moving target... Finally she found her chance. She was running towards a platform. In one swift move, she jumped to the platform, used is a springboard to gain velocity and height, and when Glimmer took one step aside to avoid being hit, Catra used her feet to bounce of the wall and hit Glimmer in the side, forcing her down on the ground. She growled again, her eyes shone with anger, and she lifted her arm to turn Glimmers face into grinded ration bars.

“There you go!”

Glimmer sounded... not scared, but happy and positive. Although there was a dark nuance to her eyes and there was a hint of a hard steel edge under all the positive fluff. Catra froze.

“That’s the Catra I heard about. The one you need to be.”

“what?”

“Look. I know her better than anyone. She always talks to herself when I am around. Protege is just a word for fancy tea maid. You can’t impress her. And you can’t win against anyone if you try to outsmart them fair. You need to do what you do best. Find their weakness. Tire them out. Force them to come to you, so you can use those claws. There’s no point in running, I saw your attacks a mile away. But when you got close... well, you noticed. I, for example, need time to aim. Well done.”

Glimmer sat up. “Well, that was today’s lesson. I learned A LOT. Get some rest, we have work tomorrow.”

“What work?”

“Knowing Shadow Weaver, probably searching for Adora. Or cursing her name and her destiny.

\*

“You wanted to see me, Shadow Weaver?”

"Yes. I wanted to know how you could fail so miserably at Salinaeas. But after giving it some thought, I decided that I am not interested in your excuses. If I want this done properly, I need to do this myself." Catra glared at Shadow Weaver and ground her teeth but she said nothing. "Now get out. You can waste someone else's time. I have work to do." With that, she concentrated on her magic mirror. Catra left as fast as she could. The humiliation stung, but she had no wish to see Shadow Weaver's shadows more than necessary. She did not notice Glimmer peeking out from behind a steel post, looking after her, and then leaving in the opposite direction.

She did notice the note Lonnie threw at her about an hour later. "Read it and weep, Catra. "

*Rooftop in ten. Or else I'm using your tail to do the dishes.* Catra furrowed her brows. "When did you get this?"

Lonnie smirked. "Some time ago. Better hurry, Catra."

"Bite me. I will feed Glimmer her own hair before she gets her hands on me."

Catra was up on the roof in but a few minutes and found Glimmer sitting on the edge, dangling her legs in the air.

"Using my tail, sparkles? You have to rip it off my dead body first."

"Got you here, didn't it?"

" 'Catra, can you please come to The rooftop' works too, you know."

Glimmer smiled. "Do I look like someone who asks nicely? Besides, can't let Lonnie think I'm soft."

Catra crossed her arms and rolled her eyes. "Oh, sa-weet. You get a reputation as the hard one. What about me?"

Glimmer was still smiling. "You probably said something about making me eat my own teeth or something similar."

"Something in that way."

"Then you should be fine. Come sit here."

Catra sat down, but with somewhat of a safe distance between them. They sat in silence for a while. Then Catra said: "Isn't that risky to sit on the edge like that?"

"You tell me, you do it too."

"Well, yeah. But... well..."

"Just sit down. Relax. You're tenser than Shadow Weaver when she see Imp."

They sat in silence, looking out over the Fright Zone. All the red lights and smoke made it hard to see anything except the industrial buildings shooting out from the clouds.

"This is an awful place."

"I know."

"You think Shadow Weaver will make it? Getting Adora back?"

"Nope."

Catra raised an eyebrow. "You sound very certain. Oh yeah... protege. I need to get my head around that."

Glimmer gave her a tilted smile. "She's too one-sided. She only has one thing on her mind. She never saw your potential. She doesn't see ANYONE'S potential."

The last sentence had Glimmer muttered through gritted teeth. Catra had questions... But for now, it was enough just being there. Being there with Glimmer.

\*

They had sported Shadow Weaver in the distance, angrily roaming the corridors. They hadn't seen what had occurred, but there was an impressive lack of Adora so it wasn't hard to draw conclusions. And Hordak had been growling in his sanctuary. Things were beginning to boil and Catra felt her annoyance grow. She walked to and fro in her quarters, shouting at the walls and Glimmer.

"I'm SICK of this! Shadow Weaver failed to get Adora, and if Hordak finds out, she'll take us down with her. She's obsessed! We need to think bigger! It's time for someone else to take over. We..."

"Calm down, kitty. I told you, you don't think well when you're upset. Want me to pet you behind your ears?"

"No! ...maybe later." Later apparently was right now, as Catra lay down with her head in Glimmer's lap. The touch was nice and calming, but she didn't stop talking. "As I said. It's time for someone else to take over and that someone is me. Are you with me?"

Glimmer wasn't particularly listening, she was busy with a letter. "Mhm... Yeah, sure."

"Are you even listening? One day you tear me a new one, then you're deep and far out there, the next day you giggle and make jokes like... like... like no one else here does! Dammit, why are YOU the only one I can trust around here..."

"Because you like me, I put up with your moods and you think I am charming. And I give good belly rubs. Besides, I trust you too."

"Stop being so you and help me think! ...I didn't say you should stop with your hands... I need to capture Adora so Shadow Weaver doesn't demote me. And yes, I know what you said yesterday, but as long as she's on top that's how we need to do this."

"NOW you're thinking like a true winner."

"Thanks, but pep-talk won't take us far! We need a plan! I need to impress HORDAK so he makes me the new Shadow Weaver. How do we do BOTH?"

"How about trying the old princess ball? I bet Adora would go there."

"The old princess ball? Is that also something they cover on Force Captain orientation?"

"No, it's word of mouth more or less. And invitations."

"What do you have there..."

"It is, as I heavily hinted, my invitation to Princess prom. It's an event that's held once every tenth year, this time it's the snow kingdoms turn to host and... OOOH! This year's theme is WINTER WONDERLAND! I wonder what I should wear..."

Catra stared at Glimmer and the note. "You're a PRINCESS?"

"Well duh! You're currently in the lap of Her royal highness Princess Glimmer of Brightmoon. I think it's a bit of a mouthful, Force captain is good enough. But teleporting and magic is fun so..."

"Why didn't anyone tell me YOU are a PRINCESS? Also, what the h... is BRIGHTMOON?"

"It's what the Fright zone was called before Hordak crashed into us and liberated us. And we gave him our runestone, the moon stone. They mention it in the Force captain orientation. Didn't you... no, of course you didn't."

Glimmer stood up, leaving Catra on the bunk to blink at her while she was going through her trunk, looking through different types of dresses. "Are you going? Even if you're with the Horde?"

"Are you kidding? Of course I am going! Free food, GOOD food, lovely dresses and a chance to reek up some gossip." She gave Catra a glance. "If I were you, I'd hatch a plot based on that."

"You have the possibility to add a plus one, right?"

Glimmer smiled. "Would you give me the honors to accompany me to the prom?"

Catra smirked back. "I would be honoured, my princess."

"But I have to tell you, no foul play. It's against the rules." Glimmer gave Catra a stern look. Catra smirked in return.

"Come on Sparkles! It will be FUN!"

Glimmer smiled back. "That's what I hoped you would say. But can we at least have SOME genuine ball fun first?"

"No promises."

"I will give you my first dance if you agree."

"Make it three and we have a deal."

\*

"She's so beautiful... Oh, Adora, where have you been?" Adora fell down on the couch, exhausted.

"I told you, winning over Frosta! or actually, scratch that, failing to win over Frosta." Now Adora noticed the far away look in Scorpias eyes.

"Are you okay?"

She was leaning over the rails, eyes stuck on Bow and perfuma who were at the centre of everyone's attention. her whole concentration was fixed on the two.

"Why does it bother you so much?"

"Bother? whohahahha! Adora, it doesn't bother ME! Bow can be with anyone he likes! It's juuust that it used to just be him and me aaaand maaaaybe if he wanted to have another date he prooobably shouldn't choose someone with blonde shiny hair... beautiful eyes... flowers that always match her dress and who... kinda... sails around the room when she walks..."

Scorpia splayed her pincers, almost cutting through an ice pillar. Adora looked at her with equal worry and confusion.

"Ooookay...Scorpia, you don't have to worry. Bow isn't the type who would abandon all his friends and neither... am...I..." Then she found another thing to focus her attention to. Catra and Glimmers just entered the ball room. Arm in arm. Catra in a crimson red suit, Glimmer in a black dress with red and purple slitz. Had she known fashion lingo she'd say they clearly owned the place.

The second Adora saw Glimmer and CATRA walk into the prom, arm in arm, she tore herself away from Scorpia (Which was a feat in itself) and ran up to the podium.

"Revered hostess, you can't possibly let THEM in here, they're from THE HORDE!"

Frosta glared at her, which wasn't a hard feat, she glared at everyone. Catra failed miserably in looking hurt and Scorpia, who had caught up with Adora, looked like she wanted to run away. "Revered hostess, Her royal Highness, princess Glimmer of Brightmoon was invited as per the rules of this ball. Rules that I have the utmost respect for."

"You do not!" Adora screamed in a high pitched voice as Catra smiled angelically. "Princess Adora." Frosta said with a voice even colder than before. "The rules state clearly that all princesses, and their chosen guests are welcome."

"They're up to something, I can feel it! I!"

"THAT'S ENOUGH!" Frosta cut her off. "You look at me and see a child, but I have worked too hard to earn respect only to throw it away because you feel they're up to something. For centuries the princess ball has been neutral ground. I will not dishonour that legacy. GLimmer is a princess. Princesses get plus ones. They. Stay."

Adora gave Catra a last glare before Scorpia pulled her away. "I apologize, Fro... revered hostess. Adora, you can't just..." And they were gone. Catra smirked after them and turned towards Glimmer.

"That sure was something, wasn't it?"

"You just love to steer up mischief, aren't you, kitty?"

"Nicks? Huh. I didn't take you for a nickname type, Glitter."

"Well, Adora seems to be knotted tighter than Kyle on thursdays. Why not wind her up some more?"

Catra answered Glimmer's smirk with an even wider smirk of her own. "Why indeed not? Come here!"

Catra pulled Glimmer closer and when she was sure Adora was looking, she pressed a kiss on Glimmer's lips.

The whole room froze at that moment. Glimmer stared at her. She stared at Glimmer. Adora stared at them both, with an open mouth. It hadn't been planned. She wasn't sure if Glimmer wanted it. She wasn't sure if SHE wanted it.

But Glimmer's surprised face changed into a smile she knew. And she leaned closer for another kiss. In the background she heard Adora scream.

"CATRA! CATRA! Ca..."

After that all was a blur. A bomb went off, someone was kidnapped, there was a fight and...

\*\*\*

Catra found Glimmer in her bunk. She was surprised they both had their ears intact.

"Hordak did a number on you too?"

"It was tolerable. Hordak is never especially hard with me. So, what's our next step?"

Catra stared at Glimmer. "OUR next step? We just failed miserably. We had the sword, we had Princess Scorpia in chains AND Arrowboy, an 'important' member of the rebellion as well, BUT we failed to keep them and we even allowed a direct attack which was very close to end in disastrous results!" Glimmer rolled her eyes at what was clearly an echo of Hordak.

"Relax, kitten. What did I say?"

"You were bragging on how easy Hordak treats you. Well, good for you!"

"It's not Hordak that is my problem."

Again, that steel side to Glimmer's voice.

"As I said, I am a Princess. I have a connection to the moonstone. And even if Shadow tried her hardest to steal the energy, she never gained complete control. I need to give the energy to her. She wanted to enslave me, but Hordak felt I could be of better use as her protege."

Glimmer looked up at Catra. Darkness had completely covered her eyes now.

"You think you have it rough with Adora abandoning you? You hate that Shadow Weaver only cares about her? Well, Adora took MY PLACE. I could have been running this show by now hadn't it been for blondie. And now she's gone."

Catra took a few steps backwards. Glimmer was smaller than her, but she was SCARY. It wasn't hard to see how she could have been a perfect Shadow Weaver 2.0.

"I hated her. I hate her. I hate them both! But you..." Glimmer looked straight at Catra. "You showed everyone that you didn't care about her crap. And you didn't like Adora as much as she thought."

There was a sharp look in her eyes now and she stared beyond Catra, and her voice was low and hard as stone.

"Brightmoon is *mine* by *birthright*. And this crap about us being liberated and that we gave them the moonstone... Horseshit. This is MY kingdom and I am going to get it back." Glimmer clenched her fists and dark sparkles were erupting from them. Catra swallowed.

"How?" In a second, the darkness disappeared and Glimmer was her 'normal' cheerful self.

"Eh. Something will come up. We keep planning until we know how to throw out Hordak and Shadow Weaver head first."

Catra realized she was still clinging to the wall and she slowly began to step away from it. But she couldn't help but ask another question.

"...What about the rebellion? Okay, so they have Adora but still... This sounds a bit more up their alley."

"Yeah, and how much have they accomplished? No, let them negotiate with New Brightmoon when we're done."

"We're?"

"Don't you want to be in on this? Don't you want to see Shadow Weaver humiliated and defeated? Don't you want to show Adora that you don't need her?"

The mention of Adora made Catra's heart skip a beat but the idea of actually getting one up on her warmed her. Glimmer was scary, sure. But she had shown Catra a kind of respect that no one had shown her. Save for Adora. And she had abandoned her.

"I'm in."

"Good. But you should know that I want more of you than a simple warrior."

Glimmer took a step closer to Catra and took her hand.

"You're smart, cunning, strong... and cute. I am going to be the head of a new and powerful kingdom. I need a queen."

She placed her other hand around Catra's neck and pulled her down. Then she whispered. "The kiss... at the ball... Did you mean it?"

Catra caught her breath. Did she?

Yes. Yes she did. She leaned closer. Their lips were just an inch apart.

"You think you can handle me, Sparkles?"

"I know I can, kitty-cat."

The kiss tasted good, as good as it had on the ball, but with the sweet aftertaste of knowing this was the third one of many. Catra had a line on her lips when suddenly... Something was different. Something in the air had changed. Something was there that shouldn't. All her senses were on attention and she let go of Glimmer's hand.

"Catra?"

"Shh. We're not alone..." She sniffed and focused. There was... movement. Muffled sounds. And a smell. Something... there! A Swift move with Catra's claws and the pipe running along the floor was torn open. Out rolled a huge pile of hair that in the end was connected to a person.

"What the..."

"Hi Catra!"

After the first confusion had settled, a new, more confident smirk began to play on Catra's lips.

"Hello, Entrapta. Glimmer, let me introduce you to Princess Entrapta of Dryl. Master of tech. And *our* ticket to victory..."

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

Glitra week prompt #4 Knight/bodyguard

**And they were...**

## **Chapter 4**

**...destined to serve and protect (Modern military AU)**

“Miss Perfuma? Could you come in here, please?”

“Of course, Executor Greyskull. Let me just get my notepad.”

“That won’t be necessary, Perfuma. I just want a quick reminder of the rest of the afternoon.”

“Very well, executor. The report of the latest developments in Salinaeas needs to be reviewed.”

“I have it here. I am halfway through. Sea hawk really writes the same way he speaks... I will have it done by tomorrow.”

“You have an appointment with General Juliet about increasing the number of guards patrolling the whispering woods.”

“Yes, what time was that?”

“16.30. But you don’t have to go there, she called and said she will drop by here on her way home.”

“Alright. Can you brew some tea until then?”

“Of course. Save for that, it is the usual pile of reports to review. The most urgent are at the top. Do you want more coffee?”

“Yes, thank you. No inspection of troops today then.”

“No, that’s tomorrow. Oh, and her royal highness princess Glimmer's bodyguard is here for her appointment also.”

“What?”

“Commander D'riluth. Catra, as per your orders, ma'am.”

“Yes, I know her name, Perfuma. I was just surprised that she was here already. I ordered her to be here at 9.30 sharp and now... Huh. What do you know. Only 15.07.”

“I apologize, ma'am. Shall I ask her to come back tomorrow...?”

\*sigh\* “No. But bring me that coffee before you let her in. And make it strong. No milk or sugar this time.”

“Yes Ma'am.”

*\*four minutes later\**

“Hi Adora.”

“I would expect a bit more respect from you in this situation, *commander D'riluth.*”

“Oh how boring we are today. Alright, if that's what you want, all hail, *Executor Swordhand Greyskull.* Morituri este salutem.”

“Te salutant, Catra... Commander, do you know why you're here?”

“Because you think I am sexy and you want something hot to rest your eyes on since your secretary is such a prude?”

“I warn you, commander...”

“Wow, you're REALLY serious today. Okay, okay, Yes yes. I am here to discuss the disciplinary actions that will be ventured onto me after yesterday's little debacle.”

“Little... Catra, you completely destroyed a bus!”

“I wouldn't call it *completely* destroyed. It was still rolling when I left.”

“It had no engine, no driver's seat, no roof...”

“Still not destroyed, if it was rolling.”

“CATRA! Do I HAVE to inform you that this is the fifth time this month that you are called into my office?”

“Do I get a free coffee on the sixth?”

“NO! ...Didn't Perfuma give you any coffee?”

“Nope. Can I have some?”

“NO.”

“Wow. Master suppression tactics. Very rude, Adora.”

“ *EXECUTOR, Cat...Commander!* ”

“Does Huntara call you that when you’re getting it on?”

“No, she c...CATRA!”

“Yes, Adora?”

\*deep sigh\* “If *the bus* had been all I *suppose* I might have been able to quiet this down! It was also an assault on civilians -NOT just the bus driver. There were two passengers on board.”

“They looked like they could use some more excitement in life.”

“They almost shat themselves! Catra, your claws are a class-six hand-to-hand combat weapon! You are not allowed to use it in public!”

“If my subject is in danger, I am entitled to use the amount of violence I find necessary, *executor.* ”

“YOUR SUBJECT WAS JAYWALKING.”

“Which put her in what I would say was a very dangerous situation! She could have been hit by that bus.”

“And what, pray tell me, was she doing which hindered her from SEEING said bus?”

“...That is hardly relevant in the matter, ma’am! Gli...Her royal highness is allowed to do whatever she wants in public!”

“WHAT. WAS. SHE. DOING. COMMANDER?”

“...She... was feeding me her ice cream.”

“And?”

“That was all she did.”

“I wouldn’t call speaking cute Love-sickish baby language and making lewd comments about ‘spooning’ ‘all she did’, commander.”

“Love-sickish?”

“One of the witnesses used that expression. A few examples were ‘Sugar pie’, ‘kitten’, and ‘pudding’”

“I like pudding.”

“Of course you do. Point is, there was no need to, and I quote, ‘wave your paws and claws in a suggestive and threatening manner while you cut through the metal plate on the bus left side and growled.’”

“The bus driver and the passengers were threatening her!”

“They were angry and called on her to, and I quote again, ‘watch where the f--- you’re going, lady!’”

“I clearly remember them calling her the b-word, executor.”

“Not in my reports. And even if they had, however inappropriate that had been, you still stepped out in the road right in front of a bus. They had to slam on the brakes NOT to hit you both.”

“WHICH makes me seriously doubt their capacity to safely drive a bus in public transport, executor! I just did society a fa...”

“I am DONE with this, Catra! Your overprotectiveness over her royal highness is going way too far! Last week you assaulted an ice-cream van because they didn’t have pistachio, and the week before that you blew up a Starbucks because they got her name wrong!”

“...I am the only one allowed to call her sparkles...”

“What was that, commander?”

“Nothing, executor.”

“Good. Now, that same week you...”

“Hey, I did stop a valid attempt on Glitter’s life!”

“...Can you PLEASE refer to her as ‘princess’ at least?”

“Never. We’re beyond that phase.”

“Stop making vulgar gestures! Now, as I SAID. That same week you decided that because her soup was too hot, you forced the waiter to eat it herself. You even handcuffed her and spoon-fed her. By force. I admit that by doing so, you uncovered a conspiracy against the crown and rendered the assassin harmless with the poisoned soup, but YOU DIDN’T KNOW THAT IT WAS POISONED!”

“I still count it as a win.”

“This is enough, commander! More than enough! Her royal highness is... “

“You know you can call her ‘Glimmer’ too, Adora. She has known you longer than she has known me.”

“IT IS HARDLY APPROPRIATE!”

“Oh? Then I guess we have to cancel game night then.”

“Catra. PLEASE. I GET that the both of you are head over paws in love and I GET that you both are twenty-ish, rich and without a worry in the world, but there are things that you just not. do. as a soldier. This requires the strongest of military consequences! I am afraid I will have to let you... go.”

“Really.”

“Yes. Really. I would say ‘if you could improve your behavior’ you would get another week, but I gave you that opportunity two weeks ago. Believe me, this hurts me as much as it hurts you!”

“Well! Lucky for you, you won’t have to sack me! Because I QUIT!”

“You WHAT?”

“I am sorry, I mean I will ‘soon resign from my position’. I was actually going to tell you tomorrow at game night, but since you asked me to come here, I guess I can make it public already.”

“What’s this?”

“My resignation. Signed, sealed, delivered.”

“You... you’re resigning? Catra! What happened? Did you two fight? Are you... are you no longer friends? How’s Glimmer?”

“Wipe your tears, Adora. We are not angry at each other. Quite the opposite. No, Ad... *Executor!* I am resigning from my post as her royal highness princess Glimmer's personal guard since there will be a conflict of interest in the future.”

“...What?”

“I guess I can give you the invitation right now. I want you as my best woman.”

“You are hereby invited to the wedding between... PRINCESS GLIMMER MOON AND PRINCESS CONSORT CATRA D'riluth!?”

“I will be tied to my duties for another month, but then I need to step down. I can't very well by my wife’s personal guard myself, can I? Oh, and... you need to find a guard for me as well. Now that I am going to be royalty. Was that all? Well, executor. I accept my punishment and wish you a pleasant day.”

*Ten minutes later.*

“You rang, ma’am?”

“We need to find another personal guard for the princess... and her consort.”

“Yes, ma’am. Do you want me to find some candidates from the files?”

“No. Start looking in the asylums. Whoever we put in charge with this must be completely insane... And give me another coffee. With lots of sugar. and milk. And skip the coffee.”

“...Yes ma’am.”

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Glitra week 2021 prompt #5 - roommates to lovers.  
The natural order of things to happen.

Modern Day AU.

**And they were...**

**Chapter 5:**

**...roommates (The ultimate fanfiction!)**

I wish I could say that this was rare, but... You know that thing they say in movies or books sometimes? ‘For everyone else it was the end of the world. For Jason Bourne it was tuesday.’. And it was like that. Ok, so this was on a Monday. And it was Glimmer and Catra. And myself. But you get what I am going for. So, here I was. No, actually, here we were. Me and Glimmer were sitting at the table, I was having coffee and looking through my insta and Glimmer was having tea and... also looking through her phone. Somewhere in the house my moms were doing mom-stuff, not that it matters for this story, but I mean, they were there and I might as well mention it.

And then Catra came in. Glaring.

“Sparkles.”

Glimmer looked up.

“You know my name, Catra.”

“So do you, and you know better than to use it. I need to know something. What. is. this.”

Catras real name is Catrionagh. No one knows how to pronounce it and Catra refuse to tell. Best way to get under her skin? Trying. Sorry, sidetrack. So, Catra threw a piece of clothing on the table. It was a slightly damp sports bra.

“It’s a sports bra,” I said. Why that would be strange I don’t know. We all looked at it, it was very much a sports bra. A very Glimmer sports bra, pink, purple, sparkly and -I kid you not - with amethysts sewn into the fabric.

“You stay out of this, Greyskull. This is between Sparkles and me.” Catra spat out.

Greyskull? Like -hello-? What have I done to her? She turned to look at Glimmer.

“As I said. What is this?”

“Like Adora said. It’s a slightly damp sports bra.”

“I know that!” she threw up her hands. “What I am wondering is: What is it doing with my laundry?”

“Because it’s laundry day?”

“Yeah! MY laundry day! not OUR! What gives you the right to throw YOUR shit in MY wash bin?”

I had something in the line of 'since when do you guys live in the same house', but Catra had told me to stay out, and stay out I did. I'm a good friend like that.

Glimmer looked at Catra with that look I know means ‘back off or you will get my head in your diaphragma’. “Well, the same right that allowed YOU to steal my cookies!”

“Excuse me? YOUR cookies? What, did YOU bake them?”

“As a matter of fact, I DID!”

“And you’re so damn cheap you can’t bother to share with me?”

“Maybe if you had ASKED!”

“Should I have to ask?”

“YES!”

Catra glared daggers and crossed her arms over her chest. “Alright then! If I have to ask before I take ONE cookie, you have to ask me about the next time you want to have a weed night with your lazy bum friends!”

Glimmer lurched over the table and was in Catra’s face. “Do you have anything against my friends?”

“Look guys...” I said, as calmly as I could, " It’s probably mom's cookies. I am sure that...”

“I DON’T CARE WHO’S COOKIES IT IS! IT’S THE PRINCIPAL OF THE THING!”

“Okay... Also, ‘weed night?’ Catra, you...”

“YOU STAY OUT OF THIS, ADORA!” they both shouted. I sighed, shrugged my shoulders and left the kitchen. Had I been Bow I would probably have stayed and tried to make them bond over their common love for pets or something. But I was not Bow, I was Adora (at least last time I checked) and I had no time for this. If they wanted to be weird in moms kitchen, be my guest. S.

At first, as I sat down in the living room with a book (I do read paper books sometimes, okay? I like the smell.) It was okay. I heard the low bickering from the kitchen, but no words slipped through. Nice.

But as time passed, it got louder and louder. At first just words. Then full on sentences.

“...crack...”

“...SAYS YOU! WHAT AB...”

“...MY BEER...”

“...PERFUMAS!”

“...ALSO, YOU KEEP BRINGING ALL THOSE SLUTS OVER!”

“I HAVE MY OWN LIFE, I DO WHAT I WANT! YOU’RE NOT MY MOM!”

“THANK GOD FOR THAT, I WOULD’VE HATED TO HAVE A BITCH LIKE YOU FOR A DAUGHTER!”

About now, I decided that I had enough. Bow or not Bow, I had to stop my friends from roasting each other and hopefully calm them down before Mom would come and see what happened. More than one of the words I heard was from the 'this is why you're grounded' category that both moms', Catras mama and Glimmer's parents used. Not to mention I had no idea Glimmer or Catra drank beer. I rose from my chair and went back into the kitchen.

“Alright! You two, stop this right now! I have no idea what you are on about but this is enough. You two are friends! Good friends! And... What...the...”

There they were, kissing and hugging and even making out. I mean really making out, Hallmark-bending-her-backwards-and-kissing-her-in-front-of-the-stove making out. Without the stove, mom doesn’t like fire indoors and we don't live in Vermont either. But that’s not the point. Then they noticed me, smiled, and after a last kiss they separated.

“Hi Adora!”

“...What... are you...doing?”

They shared a glance and Glimmer answered with a weird face. “Kissing?”

“Don’t you know what that is, Dor?” Catra added with a smirk. “You’re the hitched one of us, you and Tara kiss all the time if you haven't noticed..”

“Okay, yeah, but we’re dating! We’re allowed to kiss! ... I suppose you’re allowed to do it as well but... you were arguing! Just a minute ago! Like, really loud! Really ‘We-are-not-arguing-we’re-just’-having-a-discussion-’loud! I thought you were going to kill each other!

They looked at me, then at each other. Then they started to laugh.

“What do you know, we even got Adora to step in and try to make it good again. I say we’re ready.”

“Yep, we’re more than ready. Thanks dor!”

“Whu...? What?”

Glimmer smiled and produced a letter. “Look here, Adora. As you know, me and Catra have been accepted into the same college, BUT, which we found out only today, WE are also going to be ROOMMATES!”

“And!” Catra added, “As you know, roommates ALWAYS start out decent, then get on each other's nerves, try to kill each other and then end up together.”

“So we just wanted to know if we were ready to be roommates. So we tried it all. The dirty laundry, the food stealing, the use of recreational drugs...”

I stared at Glimmer. “Your dad would kill you if he caught you drinking.”

“Yeah, but this was purely hypothetical! We have to try all scenarios.”

“...So... you’re not dating.”

They both looked visibly disgusted. Catra even stuck her tongue out.

“No! Eugh! Why would I date a prissy, frilly girly-girl like Glimmer? No offense glim.”

“None taken. And why would I get stuck with an uncouth dirty brat like Catra? No offense, love you to bits, BFF”

"None taken."

I stared at them. “Why the heck were you kissing then?”

Catra sighed. “Because THAT’S THE RULE, Dor! Roommates that start as enemies always end up sleeping together.”

I blinked for like, a full minute. Then I ran out of the room. I had to check that rule with Huntara. Because if that’s true I am going to college with her!

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

Glitra week 2021: Prompt Swap!  
NOIR.

**And they where...**

### **Chapter 6:**

**...Hardboiled eggs. (noir AU.)**

GLIMMER-AND-CATRA-BW.jpg

I knew she was trouble even before she stepped over my threshold. My trusted assistant, Bow, told me as much when I entered the office a few minutes past lunch time.

“There was someone here looking for you, Glimmer” he said.

I didn’t answer. I just walked over to the desk, opened the top drawer and took out the bottle inside. I poured myself a glass of the irish poison and emptied it in one go.

“She never gave me her name, she just said she’d come back when you were in. I must say she was a real Bee’s knees.

“That’s some expression. Where did you read that? ‘The monster from the dark place?’ or whatever your shit magazines are called.”

“You really should cut down on the booze, boss. No, she was. For real. Your type, if I may add.”

I let out a dry laugh. “I don’t have a type. Women are my curse.” I mean it. I find women boring. They’re like cats. They don’t care if you like them, if they fancy you, they just throw themselves at you. Wenches.

I ignored Bow and threw myself down behind my desk. We had a few cases to work through, mostly suspected adulteries but at least one store owner suspecting an employee for theft. Brave new world. And the glamorous life of the private snake.

It was about one hour later. Bow entered with that weird look on his face he gets when he’s excited. “Boss? *She’s here!*”

I shot him a glance. I didn't have to ask 'who'. The next moment, she slipped into my office, managed to push Bow out and close the door in one single elegant gesture. Yep, she sure was trouble. But I had to admit, Bow was right. She was the real bee's knees and then some. Legs lathered from ebenholtz, silk stockings that cost more than my whiskey, and a dark purple satin dress that left no curve on her body to my imagination. I would say she was a hot kitty, save for the fact that she was the real thing. Her tail was long, slim, and well groomed, her mane and ears seemed to be trimmed by the best salon in town and her fangs were white as a nuns conscience. All in all, a face and body that would make a fortune and hair that would make my hairdresser piss himself. All topped by a weird kinda tiara and lipstick crimson red. Yep, this cat got all the cream she could lick up. And when she spoke it was with a cat's whole attitude. "Miss Moon, if I'm not mistaken? Purrrivate detective?"

I nodded. "The same. Have a seat, miss..."

"D'riluth. C'yra D'riluth." She sat down, giving me a peek at her equally expensive underwear. Those laces would cost me three bottles. "So. What can I do for you, miss D'riluth?"

"Is it okay if I smoke?"

I nodded, and gave her light. She smoked thin turkish cigarettes in a long black cigarette holder that I knew only could be purchased in the richest part of Etheria City. She offered me one, I accepted, even if I knew that Bow would bash me for it. We sat in silence and smoked for a while.

"Did you just come here to have a smoke with me, Miss?" I could feel her smile in my left pocket.

"No, of course not. Just wanted to know if you were the right purrrson for this job. I think I have been burrrrgled you see."

"Burgled. Ah." I fetched my notepad. "All details."

"I live in the Whispering woods arrrrea. Lookee street 421. Thirrrrd floor. It's a lovely apurrrrtment."

"I can't wait to see it." I remarked dryly. "Go on."

"I have a few quite valuable itemssss... A few paintings and sculpturesss... But the most costly thing I have... a purrrre work of art... 'The cat's kiss.'"

"I can't say I have heard of it."

"Of course not. It's a family heirloom. A small statue, but made in solid gold." She produced a photo from her pocket. I looked at it. It was a small statue, and the picture didn't do it justice. It looked like a cat, plain and simple. but if it was gold...

"It is missssing from my apurrrrtment. I need you to find it."

"I see. Do you have any suspects?" Damn her purring. But I was not going to let her have the satisfaction to see me react. I leaned back in my chair as carefree as I could.

"I do... It's probably stolen by my ex-boyfriend... Horrrdak."

I may have let some excitement show in my face. "hurricane" hordak was a bit of a name in town. Not the biggest of the sharks, but not the smallest. He controlled the part of town known as the "fright" zone, an area notorious for its industry and extremely run down gin joints. He was also very careful and hard to catch, something I knew from my own experience back when I was still wearing the blue cap myself.

"When was it stolen?"

"A few days ago."

I looked up. "And you only come here today? Why didn't you report it to the police?"

She waved it away. "Tcah! What can they do?"

"Find the perpetrator probably." I added dryly.

"Miss Moon... Can I call you Glimmerrrr?"

"How do you know my name?"

"I have my ways... Well, can I? You can call me Catrrrrra. All my friends do."

"Miss D'riluth" I said with some emphasis on miss, "The police have the resources to help. They can get prints, evidence, witnesses... And they can get your insurance money easier."

Once again she made a gesture with her hand. "Miss Moon. The police might have been a good idea, had not some of the items stolen been... hot."

I sighed. Why was I surprised? Of course Hordaks ex was as shady as he.

"What makes you think I will help you? I used to be on the force, you know."

"I do know. And I believe this..." She produced a check from her purse and handed it to me. I had to bite my lip not to scream. The number was double my normal fee. "You think you can buy me?" I said.

"You're a gun for Hire. That's how things work. Everyone likes to eat and drink. It's just a matter of how thirrrrsty one gets." She licked her lips.

I could tell her to go to hell and take her money with her. But I had to admit, my business wasn't a high profit one and principles never pays any bills. If nothing else, Bow deserved a raise. "Alright, miss. I will accept your case. I will arrange an examination of your apartment and I will see what I can find on Hordak. Your number? For reports."

She smiled and handed me a card. I glanced at it. Huh. Her title was 'wiseass'. I had no idea you could work as that. Better not tell Bow, he might quit. We shook hands and she left. I sat in silence for a while and then I called Bow. "Dinnertime" I said. "And then we call it a day. First thing tomorrow you're going to check the apartment on this address. A burglary." I handed him a note with our address. "She gave no time when she was home, but around 10.30 should be okay."

He nodded. "What am I looking for?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"She claims there was a break in a few days ago. See if you can find anything."

"Okay boss. And you will...?"

"Visit an old friend." I rose from the chair. "Indian?"

He rolled his eyes. "Why not. I guess I'm paying."

"Yes, and unless you get better at chess you better get used to it."

\*

The next day, around 10.45 I entered my old workplace, the station at 47th and main. It looked and smelled as I remembered. The burnt coffee blended with ink, dried cheese and cigarette smoke. The young chick in the reception looked at me with open contempt.

"Do you have a licence?"

"I do. Doesn't mean I have to show it to you. I have an appointment."

She glared at me. "You all say that and you have siltch. Who do you think you will see then?"

"Officer Greyskull."

Her eyes opened quite a bit.

"That I can believe, actually. She gets all the wackos. Okay, wait here. I'll go check if she's busy."

She left, and I got through all the wanted posters and two more cigarettes before she returned with a huge tall blond police officer, who also happened to be my former colleague, Adora Greyskull.

"She claims she has an appointment with you."

Adora smiled. She's probably the last person in town that still does.

"She always has. Thank you Frosta! Hi Glimmer! Come, let's talk in my office! Coffee?"

"Not the manure you drink here" I replied. "But if you have some tea..."

She smiled again, and left me in her room while she got the drinks. I killed my cigarette, Adora doesn't smoke and she's one of the few whose opinion I respect. She soon returned with two steaming mugs and sat down.

"So, how are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Works okay?"

"Adora, the day I want small talk I will tell you. I need some info."

"Oh! Okay! By the way, do you want to come over for dinner saturday?"

"Nice moves, Adora. Yes, I do. But info first, okay?"

"Yeah! yeah, sure. So, what's up?"

I told her the necessary parts. She frowned.

“Hurricane Hordak. Well, we probably got the same intel as you. Small things, not the biggest hotshot, but definitely with dirty hands. We still can’t pinpoint anything to him though. What do you have on him?”

“Possible theft. A statue. ‘the kissing cat.’”

“The kissing cat? Hmmm... That does ring a bell... Where did I...” She rummaged through her papers. “Oh come on! It was here... Ah well. If I find it I will tell you. Anything else?”

“You got anything small regarding the fright zone? I need to do some snooping and I could use a cover up.”

“Something small in the fright zone? Heh. Sure. What do you want? Another theft? blackmail? Assault? Counterfeit gin? A missing dog?”

“A missing dog?”

“Some people really like their pets, I guess.”

“The dog sounds fun... But I suppose the Counterfeit Gin will take me longer. I’ll take that.”

She gave me the details. It was a bar named Nanni who complained that their dealer Eanasir had sold them banana brandy instead of real gin. I wasn’t going to look into it, it was a small thing. Would be forgotten in a few weeks. But it gave me a reason to be in the neighbourhood. Before I left, with an eager prompt not to be late Saturday I left. Or least, I hoped that was what I could do. A tall woman, even taller than Adora, stood in my way. She wore a jacket suit, high heels and long braided red hair and hands on her hips. She looked angry, a cold anger that would have felt nice on a hot evening in June.

“Private eye Moon. I must say you have some guts to enter my precinct.”

“Hello to you too, chief. I’ll be out of your hair in no time.”

“Not so fast. Join me in my office.” And then she added, with a softer voice. “Please?” I sighed. “Alright mom.”

She showed me into her room and pointed to a chair. I choose to stand up.

"How are you, Glimmer?"

"Good. You look healthy as well, mom."

"Thanks. How is work?"

"It pays the bills."

"Good." She paused. "I... passed your office yesterday. Did you see the check I left?"

"I did. I gave it to Bow. It was payday for him. Almost his monthly payment. Mom, I told you I don't want your money."

She sighed and pinched her nose.

"Why do you have to be so hostile?"

"Stop treating me like an eleven year old and I will consider it."

"I am only worried about you."

"Worried enough so you took me from the field and made me a glorified secretary. I want to do some real work, mom. Make a change."

"You did!"

"In six months all I changed was managing to perfect a new system for cataloging parking tickets! I don't want that, mom! I want...I want to live."

"Do you know the expected life-span of a private detective?"

"I prefer that limited time than wasting it all away behind a nice shining desk!"

I left, closing the door behind me. The last thing I heard was "We're not done talking, Glim"

\*

Nothing gets you into working spirit as an argument with your stuck up mother. I met Bow at the office. His report was short and simple. There were a few signs of break- and enter, some traces of a fortified Key in the lock, and she had a display cabinet that definitely showed signs of things being gone from it. Combined with what I learned from Adora, I decided it was enough to at least check up "hurricane" and see what he was for a figure.

I decided to get right into it. First, I needed to create an alibi for myself. I brought Bow with me and we spent the afternoon investigating the counterfeit Gin. It was a clear no-brainer, Eanasir was a brazen crook class one. We had the matter cleared up by dinner time, but I told Bow that I needed to look into a few more details in the area.

"Boss... If it has something to do with what that hot tomato wanted..."

"So what if it has?" I cut him off. He looked at me and rolled his eyes.

"You really got it this time... Just, be careful, okay?"

"What is it you think I've got?"

"Nothing boss. Go investigate the case that's already cleared up."

Sometimes he's way too outspoken for an assistant.

We had dinner in one of the least bacteria-infested joints in the area. I paid, since the prices were reasonable. I had a steak and baked potatoes, he had smoked salmon. It tasted surprisingly good. Bow went home before coffee and pie. He was torn since it really smelt delicious but He mentioned something about being late for a date and I told him to get a cab on the firm. Kitty's check had been solid, and I felt that we could have some fun. I stayed behind though, had two servings of pie (cherry and raspberry) as well as a chat with the owner. A large scorpionic woman with a red healthy face and huge pincers. She made great coffee though, and even better conversation.

"Nassir? If it has anything to do with Hordak? Heh, missy. Everything around here is connected with Hordak in some way. Even if it's just delivering lunch to his henchguys. Which we do. And not a single illegal affair. Nope. Especially not cheap-ass meat. Nope nope nope."

"I didn't hear anything about some cheap-ass meat, miss. No worries there."

"Mrs, actually."

"My apologies. Oh, and the steak was excellent."

"Oh! I will let my wife know then! She's the cook."

I was surprised. Not that she was married, but there were only two more people running the joint, and the slim, blonde lady with flowers in her hair did not look like the chef type to me.

Too much harmony, too little high blood pressure and choleric outbursts.

I had to follow the scorpion lady into the kitchen and say thanks in person. A bit too much for my taste but overall nice folks. Very rare in the fright zone. I gave them a large tip, hopefully they could move away someday. As I left the diner, I noticed I was being followed. Very amateurish, the guy probably thought he was discreet, but I saw him a mile away. Small, lanky and blond. I did a classic trick, and ran ahead and hid in an alleyway. Soon enough, he passed by me. I was moving quickly and managed to drag him into the alleyway. I pushed him up against the wall.

“Why are you following me?”

“I-I--- I’m not...” The poor guy was scared out of his wits, but I didn't care.

“Get out of town, I know you were. You’ve been after me since the Black Garnet Diner. Did you really think you could follow me around, without me noticing?”

Then I heard a voice behind me.

“Nope, we wanted you to notice Kyle. So you wouldn’t see -us.” Then I felt a pain in my head and the world went dark.

When I woke up again, I was tied onto a chair. Hordak sat in front of me, with three of his goons covering the rest of the room. The lanky one of them apparently was Kyle. The girl must have been the one who spoke. Third guy... was big. That was all I could see.

“Awake, I see.” His voice was low and without emotions. Impressive. He looked and talked the part of a scumbag if nothing else.

“Well observed.” I remarked. “You must get up very early in the morning.” He snarled, and the big one of his goons, a lizard guy, slapped me over my face.

“No need to be a smart ass. Who are you?” I didn’t answer. The lizard guy grunted.

“A private detective? Huh. I thought everyone was smart enough to stay out of the fright zone.”

“Apparently not, since you’re here.” He grunted again, and this time I was slapped twice.

“No more jokes. What do you know about Sharon Weaver?”

“That she has a nasty name.”

“What did I say about being a smartass?”

“What did I say about living here?”

Smack. Smack. Smack.

“I will only ask you one more time. What do you know about Sharon Weaver?”

“Does she have dark hair and wears a creepy scarf over her face?” He nodded. “Then that’s what I know. I am investigating the selling of counterfeit Gin.”

“Likely story.” This time he slapped me personally. “Try again.”

“Okay. What do you know about a statue called ‘the kissing cat’?”

Hordak stared at me. “Are you really that stupid? Of course I know about that statue, it’s mine. This is getting ridiculous. Listen here, kid. If I see you in this area again asking questions about Sharon Weaver... Then you will leave in a coffin. Is that clear?”

“Crystal. Now, do you know anything about that Gin?”

His response was a grunt and then his guys went for me. I was mercifully knocked out after the third fist to my face.

I woke up bleeding in the street hours later. It was already dawn. I was in pretty bad shape, but no bones were broken, I think, and I managed to stand up with the help of a trash can. I was feeling dizzy and every ten meter I stumbled. How I managed to crawl back to my apartment I had no idea. It probably involved a taxi and maybe a call to Bow. I may have ruined his date, but knowing him, he was probably dropped of on his purchased with a peck on the cheek at eleven. I did wake up in my bed at noon, with all my clothes still on. Bow is such a prude. He will make some preacher's son very happy someday. My head ached and it took me a good deal of the following ten minutes to get to the bathroom. I looked like I had been thrown into a dry cleaner. But I had seen worse. My ex-girlfriend, for example. I washed off the worst, stuck some plasters to the worst parts and went to the kitchen. A beatdown always gives me an appetite. I made myself some bacon and eggs and washed it down with my own coffee.

So, Hordak knew about the statue. But he claimed it was his. I didn't know who Sharon weaver was, and I frankly didn't care. but he did, apparently. He was worried enough about her to question me, but not enough to sink me in the harbour. But if I kept pushing, that was a probable end to things. I sat on my bed contemplating my next move when the phone rang.

"You didn't show up, darrrrrling."

"What do you mean?" I was genuinely confused. We had no meeting booked.

"Tsk tsk tsk. You know what I mean. You sent your assistant to my apartment. I was so disappointed. I was expecting a visit from the boss herself..." she let the words hang in the air. It was silent for some time and I realized that I had been holding my breath.

"Are you still there, miss moon? You're not such a rude person that you hang up on me as well?"

"I'm still here, miss D'riluth."

"How nice. It's so nice talking to you, you have a very sweet voice. But enough of that, how is my case going?"

"Interesting."

"Interesting?"

"I have been visiting the Fright Zone. I got caught by your ex, tied to a chair and beaten."

This time she was silent. A nice change. "Did you hang up on me, miss D'riluth?"

"What a... I'm sorry, miss Moon. As compensation I will send you another check."

"My fee covers..."

"Your fee doesn't cover that! And I want you to solve this for me, miss Moon. Please miss moon! I am counting on you."

"I...Will do my best."

"Thank you darrrling!" And then she hung up. I sat there with the receiver in my hand for some time. I wasn't sure whether I had planned to tell her I was dropping the case or not, but I felt annoyed that I had let her dominate the conversation. And now I had promised to keep on with the investigation. Stupid wenches. Always getting me into messes. I wasn't looking forward to it, but I had to admit, with the next check from the missy waiting in my office, it gave me a feeling that I had to do the work to earn it. Especially if it was the second one. And that is good fuel for any stupid ideas one would come up with. I dressed, got down to the office to find the check. It had arrived with express delivery and I hurried down to the bank. It was valid, and my bank account had rarely looked healthier. I skipped going back into office, instead I sat down at a nearby café and had a cup of their blackest. Stupid wench. But I still was going to proceed. Had Bow been here he'd probably make some comment about getting caught up in golden and blue eyes or something stupid about how thin her silk

stockings were and how extremely well they looked on her. He wasn't there, but he would still have been wrong. I decided that the best thing was probably to go out there again tonight. See if the dragon slept in his den or if he was out setting things on fire.

I needed some more intel though. I rang up Adora. She's not only more or less my only friend left on the precinct, she is also the only one actually answering her phone.

"Glimmer! Glad you called! I have something for you."

"A stolen statue perhaps?"

"What? No! A disappearing person. Sharon Weaver, 54. She has a connection with Hordak, some sort of commanding officer or something. She's been missing for a few weeks and no one knows where she is. But on the other hand, no one has asked for her either."

"Why would I care? I'm not investigating Hordak."

"Glimmer, you literally came up yesterday and asked about him."

"About a theft. Murder or kidnapping is beyond my paygrade."

But that did explain further why Hordak was so worked up... That meant I had to be careful with my next move. Scared and worked up people usually make stupid mistakes, often involving guns.

"A theft? Glimmer, he's no thief. He deals with stolen art and sells all kinds of stuff on the black market, but he never steals it himself. What is it that's missing?"

"A golden statue. The kissing cat."

"Never heard of it. "

"Solid gold. You said something about it last time."

"Huh. Did I?" She paused, then she began to rummage through her papers. "...Ah yeah! It was on the inventory list done by a security firm Hordak hired. We got a copy from one of our informants. Nothing fishy enough for an investigation I'm afraid."

"The statue!? Wasn't it reported stolen?"

"Then I should have heard of it. Sorry, Glim. I can't help you with that. Are you suuuure you're not investigating the murder..."

I hung up. Nothing there. Damn. It was worrying that Adora didn't know anything important about the statue, but I shook my shoulders. She can't know everything. Just almost everything. I tried to ring up my client, but the door manager said that unfortunately Miss D'riluth was out. Did I want to leave a message? I did. "What's up with your kitty."

I returned to the office and spent the rest of the day avoiding Bows questions until lunch.

After that we played a game of chess. He won, and I have to buy him dinner next Friday.

I knew why I was off in thought, though. The damn cat. I needed answers. and when Adora couldn't help, there was just one person I could trust.

\*

The same night saw me once again driving around the neighbourhood where Hordak lived and worked. His villa was an oasis of what actually gave a real homely impression in an area of factories and smoky chimneys. A few hours of recognition told me this: The wall around his house was three meters high. Too tall for me to climb, but there was a sycamore tree on the backside that would work as a ladder in spe. He had no guard, which surprised me, but from what Adora told me, he was a cheap bastard. So... There was no sound of a dog, and if

you listen long enough, if there is one, you hear it. five hours, and not a bark. The coast was clear. My climbing wasn't majestic, and my landing was rough, but I was inside. The time was some minutes after 11 p.m. The villa was dark. it was surprisingly small, the wall mostly covered a huge lawn, with a large swimming pool and some trees being the sole inhabitants of it. I noticed a few beer barrels in a heap a few meters away. I arranged them so I had my escape ready and then I went to the villa. I tried the backdoor. Locked and bolted. Smashing it would make too much noise. But one window was ajar. Maybe that would do it? It did. I managed to unhook it and slip inside. Bingo. I was right in the living room. I let my flashlight search the walls. Art, some nice tapestries, even some nice antique furniture but... where would the statue be? And then I noticed a large table in the other end of the room. I had imagined it being a pool table but it was an enormous desk. Huh. Some people compensate weirdly. And there it was. The kissing cat, right in the centre of the table. It wasn't even guarded. Had I been a good burglar, I would have been suspicious. But I was a pretty decent detective so I wasn't suspicious. I knew this whole mess was fishy as hell. The high fence that surrounded the house was one thing. I was also pretty sure there was a night guard with a dog somewhere. And even if the windows lacked an alarm, the paintings (I recognized a Monet, a Renoir and even a small Van Gogh) were expensive, therefore wired. But the statue was not. I took it carefully in my hand. It was heavy, that was for sure. But it was a lot smaller than the picture gave the impression of. And why wasn't it in some kind of vault? I gave it a quick examination. There were stamps there, but not for gold. It was a symbol of a lion, a crown and a sword, I think. I ran it through my memory, but I couldn't recognize it. Suddenly the room lit up and I heard a voice behind me.

"Put it down."

I remembered more than well the voice of Hordak. I obeyed and turned around. Sure enough, he held a gun in his hand and it was pointing at me.

"Admiring my goods, I see? Are you a fan of brass works then, detective?"

Brass works? He must have seen my confusion. "The piece you were examining. The work of brass caster Helmut Löfwenstein on Sycamore avenue, Plumeria district. A very talented man. Has a knack for animals. You seem surprised? If you aren't a fan, why are you here then? Wasn't the warning you received last time enough for you? Stay. Out. Of. My. Business."

"I don't care about your business. I was hired to get that cat back to it's rightful owner."

No point in trying to wise-crack my way out. Guns rarely like puns.

Hordak snickered.

"That should be me, then. And I am quite sure I haven't lost it. You're telling me a true cock-and-bull story, detective. You're here to find out the truth about that missing lady. Miss Weaver."

"I said that I don't even know who that is."

"And I say you're lying. But it doesn't matter. I'm not taking any more chances with you. unfortunately you have forced my hand. My broods are out to take care of the remains of that lying witch. A whole week ahead of schedule, just because of you. Even more unfortunately, I am alone here. Lonnie usually patrols the ground. She prefers to beat the truth out of her victims. I don't. I simply believe in the silence of the faithful departed."

I knew what was coming and I knew that I had one shot. The damn cat was still within my reach, and there was just one single lamp lit in the room. As he raised the gun, I quickly

grabbed the cat, aimed with more hope than precision and threw it. There was a crash, and the room became dark. I threw myself to one side, and the shot ran out, and barely avoided my elbows.

In the next moment, a flashlight lit up the area around me.

“Smart move, but not smart enough, detective. Say goodbye.”

The next thing I knew, the room was floating with more lights than it could muster on its own and a stern voice from a loudspeaker.

“DROP YOUR WEAPONS. ESPECIALLY YOU, YOUNG LADY.”

I bet mom has been wanting to do that for a long time.

\*

In the chaos that followed, bringing 40 cops to catch one bad guy and one slightly compromised private detective is something akin to releasing 35 german shepherds to catch one sheep and one goat. Not a very good metaphor but what can you do when it happens so rarely?

Being caught with a gun in his hand and holding a person at gunpoint with it, especially if that person is a detective with a license (however much you're pushing your privileges) is enough to take anyone in. And it's enough for the right kind of prosecutor to permit a house warrant. And that's only what happened before I told them about where they could find the body of that miss Weaver. From there on it gets boring, and way to close what I did at my old job. I knew that 'Hurricane' Hordak was going away for a while, along with Kyle, Lonnie and that shitstrong lizard guy. I also knew another thing.

That cat sculpture had always belonged to Hordak. No one else. Especially no catlady who wore silk stockings and spoke in stupid purrs. It wasn't even made of gold.

When I was released (With a stern warning. If one is on the look-out for counterfeit gin, you don't break into a villa three miles away.) I went home, but first I stopped by the office. If there was another check there I would burn it. Bow had left me a note. “Out on second date. He likes guys with a mysterious life. Go me! I hope things are okay. Your client called and said that I should prepare two whiskeys and sodas before I left. Knowing you, it was enough with one and the other straight, no chaser. Have a good night, see you in the office tomorrow.” There were indeed two drinks on the table. I decided this was a special night, worthy of a block of ice. I had already downed one and was starting on my second when I heard steps in the corridor. High heels against an old oak floor. At this time, I knew it could only be one person. She didn't knock when she entered the room.

“Nice little plan of yours.”

She gave me a smile I could feel in both my pockets.

“Thank you. I couldn't have done it without you. Everything went purrrfect.”

“Do you really need to talk like that?”

“What? Don't you like it, darrrrling?”

“No.”

“In that case, yes, I do. Do you have any purrrressing questions?”

"Does it feel good to be a lying, two-timing bitch?"

Her smile was unchanged. "Puh-lease, darrrling.... Ask me an intelligent question. I bet even you could do that." I clenched my fists and bit my lip. Fine. I was curious.

"Your plan. Lie to me about a sculpture. Hire some poor guy from the street to break into your own apartment. Get me to snoop and stir up enough drama so Hordak would do something stupid and then call the police on him."

"So close... One more try, you almost got it."

"What, you wanted him to actually shoot me? So you could get him for murder? Is that it?"

She looked annoyed. Disappointed even. "I gave you too much credit, I see. And you give yourself too little."

Her words hit me. I knew I had the pieces but it wasn't clear yet. I glared at her. And then it all fell into place.

"You expected me to be shadowed by the cops."

She clapped her hands. "And she makes a Strrrriking comeback on the field, ladies and gentlemen!"

"Was that the sole reason you chose me then?"

"Almost. You're also a very good private snake. You don't mind getting your paws dirrrty. You would probably dig up something that would get the blue caps attention."

"There's others like me. Even better snoops. You could have spun your net around a copper too. There are a lot of young airheads. And if you had told them about that missing lady..."

"You don't get it again, I see. I had no purrrroof of anything. One day Weaver was there, shouting her ugly mouth wide, the next day she was gone. VIsiting her sister, they said. She was a rotten fish herself, who cared where she went? And if they *did* find something, they would go to their superiors too soon. Nope, I needed someone who would get dirty first."

"Why not hiring me for the murder?"

"And get you killed the second you begin to investigate Hordak? No no. The longer it took, the better the chance for the circumstances to become... purrrrfect."

"And you counted on mom to make a move. "

"Nah, she was merrrely a bonus. Your friend, Grayskull was what I counted on."

She paused and stood up.

"I admit, I am an impatient kitty... I hate waiting. Hordak insulted me, humiliated me... I wanted to see him go down in flames... but I had nothing I could go to the police with. Not without placing myself in questionable situations anyway. I needed a... decoy. A 'fall guy' if you like. I searched and searched and I found you."

She paused and walked over, standing before me, resting her tush on my desk. "Smart. Eager. Risktaking. Well-connected. Not stupid. And most of all... cute."

I have to admit I blushed.

"I like you, Glimmer. You have spunk. I find that hot.... veeeerrrry hot..." She leaned over, so close to my face. I could smell her perfume. Five bottles of whiskey. Even six maybe.

What a complete wench. A tall drink of water for sure, but the water was filthy and filled with soil. I saw red. I stood up, I began to walk away but I stopped at the door. I was going to just leave. Go out, have lunch, take a stroll down town. Forget all about her legs and dress and that damn purring. She could go to hell.

But... I couldn't very well deny that she was fascinating. She really gave not a single damn. Just like me. I turned around and closed the door.

On the next saturday, the taxi dropped us off at a small, but nice house in one of the more boring suburbs.

"Now remember, these are my FRIENDS. So please behave."

"When have I ever given you reason to doubt me, sparky?"

"Every day since we first met."

"I have, havent I?" She rang the doorbell, and Adora opened. She probably was waiting right beside the door.

"Glimmer! Hi! Come...in..." She stared at Catra, dumbfounded. Catra smiled. I probably had to get used to that in the years to come.

"Hi Adorrrra... I have hearrrd soooo much about you. I am C'yra D'riluth but YOU can call me... Catrrrra... I am Glimmer's.... Girrrrlfrriend...Oh, it smells DELICIOUS!" And with that she sailed passed Adora who stared at her with mouth and eyes wide open.

I wonder if my bed is large enough for three. Maybe four.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

Aaaaand we have reached the end.  
Glitra week prompt #7. Keeping a promise.

I have severely enjoyed this and I hope this event will return. So to Glitraweek Crew:  
THANK YOU!!!

And to all my readers and commenters: THANK YOU. You're the air that I breath and  
the land that I walk.

Well, with no further ado: the last chapter. Enjoy.

**And they were...**

### **Chapter 7: ...forgetting something (Future Etheria AU)**

The knock on the door didn't wake Glimmer up. She had, as she had been for all of her mornings, been wide awake since dawn. An old habit, no longer necessary to withhold. But the body couldn't unlearn what it once had learned, so here she was.

Glimmer yawned. Just because she always woke up early didn't mean she liked it for a second. Especially when the other side of the bed was cold and untouched. Again. She sighed and made an effort to turn over but as always, it was fruitless. Another knock. Not asking for permission, they never did. *Well, it's not like I really can stop them anyway.* It was just courtesy. Ready or not, here we come, you can't hide. The knock was followed by the sound of the door opening and the complementary sound of rubber shoes against a linoleum floor.

And then two friendly faces showed in the doorway.

"Morning your highness!"

"Good morning your majesty!"

She gave them their best fake smile. "Good morning girls! How's the weather?"

She didn't care schmuck for the weather report but she had learned the hard way that small talk kept them happy and at a distance. If she was silent they would be even more cheerful and positive and she couldn't stand that. She let herself be lifted from the bed and over to the wheelchair. The inhouse one, without the motor.

"Do you want us to wash your hair today, your highness?"

Glimmer had a "no" on her lips but she swallowed it and nodded. It was an important day after all and she wanted to be her best.

*Even if it doesn't matter anymore.*

*Hush you! Maybe today will be the day!?*

*When did I become a clone of Bow?*

*...that was low.*

One of the nurses, Patience, was it? The one who looked like Perfuma's and Scorpia's grandkid, and who probably was. Who could keep count of them all... She gently bent her head forward over the sink and let the warm water sizzle through her grey-ish locks. She would never use color. It looked tacky. And Aunt Casta. And she didn't want to be like Aunt Casta.

After they had dressed her and helped her over to the electric wheelchair (one of Entraptas inventions. Surprisingly useful.) they left.

"The courier will be here at 10, your majesty!!"

"Thank you dear!"

And she was alone. She sighed. Finally.

But in spite of the relief of being alone, the silence was not a comfortable one. It was just barely more comfortable than the endless chatting from the nurses. She wanted company, just not THAT company. Anything, her kids, her grandkids... dammit, even Adora or Perfuma would be sufficient company these days. Glimmer realized she was getting upset and began to steady her breath. There was nothing wrong with Adora's company. or Perfuma. They were both nice and still sound enough to keep a good conversation. But she wanted someone else's company more than anything else. Catra wasn't there and she was moving further and further away from Glimmer with every day. That promise she had made all those years ago... Even if Catra couldn't help it, it still hurt. She let her eyes wander over the small apartment in the newly built northern tower of Brightmoon Castle. It was very modern, adjusted to her wheel-chair life, clean, neat, and smelled nice. Tiana's work. She sent her kid a loving thought. They did what they could to comfort. But... It was, very clearly, an apartment for one. Even if the bed was big enough for two, it was the singular item she had transferred from her previous chambers. A reminder. And also the only thing actually designed for two persons. Save for the kitchen table. With Tiana, their spouse, and Kala, her wife and their kids, it had to hold eight people at the same time. That one was big. The rest... was not. She didn't even have a couch in front of the panorama window that faced the sea. *And why should I? I have my Bow 2.0* she thought, as she glanced at her wheelchair. Glimmer knew she should probably have some breakfast. But she wasn't hungry. Just some tea would be enough. Okay, maybe not enough. But all she could handle right now.

She rolled over to the sink,, filled the small cauldron almost to the top and let her magic do the work. She had already taken down two mugs and chosen rhubarb- and Appletea when she

realized she had done it again. Cooked for two. She sighed, but she still poured the boiling water in the two mugs. You never knew.

As she waited for the tea to brew there was another knock, just as energetic as the previous ones, but also much more submissive. An asking knock. Let me in if you want to. She rolled over to the door, unchained it, and opened. Outside stood a proper young lizard-hybrid woman dressed in the Brightmoon Guard's parade uniform.

"Your Majesty? Private Lorriane reporting for the duty of transporting you to the east wing."

"Yes, that's me. But...you're early."

"The order said you wanted to be picked up by 10 a.m, Your majesty?"

"Yes, that's what they said."

"It's 10.04 now, Ma'am. If anything, I am a bit late."

"OH! Oh... I am so sorry... I guess I... forgot about the time... I... can I have a cup of tea first?"

"...Of course, your majesty."

"I will be quick, I promise dear."

She drank her tea without any milk or honey. She had lost that appetite too, and now she only drank it just to not have it wasted. She had already forgotten time today. She didn't want to forget anything else.

The ride was short in distance, but lengthy in time. So many stairs that had to be avoided... And nowadays Glimmer didn't trust her teleportation skills enough to help. So, Lorriana had to push and pull and drag her. All the way. Like a damn container.

Glimmer bit her lip. She was NOT going to be bitter again.

The nurse greeted her as she entered the west wing. "Good morning, your majesty. She is waiting for you in the library."

"Is she now..."

"Yes she is. She looks much better today."

Glimmer shot the nurse a glance, but she didn't bother to reply. She let herself be driven to the room in question, and then she was left alone. Well, not completely. In another wheelchair, next to the window, was another being.

Being, was just the right words. Anyone who had known Catra in her hey days would... heck, anyone who'd known her barely three years ago would not have recognized her. Her

hair was grey and cut short. Her eyes were sunken in and barely open. Her mouth was half-opened in a grimace that made it look like she was half-way between asleep and thirsty.

And she was so small...and thin. *If THIS is 'she looks much better today' I don't want to know how she looked yesterday.*

Glimmer rolled over, put her hand on Catras knee, smiled and spoke.

"Hi, Catra. It's me."

No reaction.

"Do you know what day it is? 50 years of marriage, Catra."

No reaction.

"I didn't bring any cake. I need to think about my figure." And the doctor says I can't eat it anyway... stupid diabetes.

No reaction.

"Tiana says hello. They would come but you know... running a kingdom takes its fair share of one's day... Yes, and Cala said she will come visit someday too. When she's not too busy with her youngest. Can you believe it? They got a third! How will they survive? I know I could barely work with two!"

No reaction. She sighed.

She gently placed her hand on Catras again. But this time she didn't speak. Instead she leaned closely and put her head on Catras shoulder, which was hard with the wheel chairs in the way, but she didn't care. And then she sat there. Listened to her soft breathing. Took in her smell. Mostly old lady, but somewhere deep down it smelled Catra. Sweat, fur, energy and a willpower that could move... if not mountains, at least large rocks. If Catra did smell her hair, she could probably feel the same. With a slight hint of camomille conditioner. Glimmer smiled to herself. And then she looked up and planted a brief kiss on Catra's forehead. And then...on her lips.

And then it happened. Catra lifted her head. Just barely, but enough so it was clear it was an intentional move and not a reflex. For a moment there even was a light in her eyes and she opened her mouth. Not just half-way like earlier, but with effort. With the objective to speak.

"...IMmah...?"

"Yes babe. It's me. It's your Glimmer."

Another sound came from the open mouth, it was as wretched as the other but with much more gusto.

"...immeh... Gimme..."

"Happy anniversary, Catra." Once again Glimmer let their lips meet. She felt, however weak and brief, how Catra's lips made the effort to meet her own. And in that moment her eyes were open full (or at least as much as she mustered). The blue and gold was clearly visible. Glimmer withdrew and gently stroke Catra's chin. Catra made another attempt to speak, but Glimmer shushed her. "Save your energy, babe. I don't want to tire you out."

There was even more light in Catra's eyes now. And then her face shook, like it had a cramp and her chest began to heave while she let out a sound that reminded Glimmer of an angry crow. Was she having a seizure? No...there was a notable change with her face. Glimmer was sure of it. Catra had not suffered a seizure. She had attempted to smile. No, scratch that. Catra did smile. And that sound... Catra had laughed. *laughed*. It looked absolutely grotesque in the old disfigured feature but today it was the most beautiful thing Glimmer had ever seen. She opened her mouth again, but no more sound came out. But Glimmer could read the answer in her eyes. *Tire me out? In your dreams, sparkles.*

She sat there, long after Catra's head had sunk back and the light in her eyes was gone again. But it didn't matter.

That night she slept better than she had in ages. Even if the bed was too small for one, she didn't feel like she was alone.

*She remembered. She remembered me.*

And then she closed her eyes and drifted off.

*Like she promised.*

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