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The Viera turned off the water, it falling from her skin as she stepped out of the shower. Towel in hand, and she carefully begins to dry herself off. Another slow day, another day of a lie. Sure, she loved Leizi, the little lizard had been so happy since the Rava moved in. Even under these circumstances. Every night, they held each other, every morning they kissed and cuddled until Leizi had to go to Coerthas for work. Coming home to a homecooked meal, to a wanting 'wife', to everything she could ever want. Yet, Ashlyn had sacrificed so much for this.

She had to sacrifice everything. Not that Leizi wasn't worth it, but it wasn't exactly her choice to sacrifice it all either. The Viera wiped down the mirror to look at herself. Her neck scar on full display, the choker on the sink shelf. The last time she went to deal with justice on her own. Seeking forgiveness, yet others still saw her as the monster she used to be.

"You know you will always deal with that. Even if we operate sanctioned and people knew it. They'll only ever see the monster we used to be."

Ashlyn sighed, in the mirror, she saw her old form, her old armor.

"It doesn't matter Justice. We... still.. should..."

Even she couldn't truly believe those words anymore. What justice was there? That obviously corrupt judge was going to throw her away despite saying she was integrated back into society. She sighed heavily.

"We should what? Continue the path that caused us to be locked away? That caused us to need to throw everything we've worked towards away? To live in fear? Face it Ashlyn. If we are just monsters to them. We should just become the monsters they see. There's no place for us in peaceful society anymore."

"No, doing so would only prove the court and all of them right. We need to stay this path. We really shouldn't have escaped. It didn't matter a path came to us."

Regret decided to poke her nose in. Her leather jacket with so few patches, just as pristine as the sun Father got it for them.

"Regret is right Justice, there's no reason for us to go back on this path."

"You both are fucking kidding me, right? Look at where it got us. We are trapped. Do you really call this freedom? We can't even use our voice outside. We have to use some fake accent. We have to act like we're some fucking stupid housewife instead of the arbiters of justice we have been. We need to not give in so easily. We've done it before, we can do it again. Fuck it, if we're throwing everything away, might as well do it right."

Ashlyn paused for a moment. She looked down at her midriff scar, the one that caused her to go down this path.

"You know Father would want us to-"

"SILENCE! YOU WILL NOT INVOKE FATHER TO THIS!"

There was a fury to the younger of the trio.

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