

a cornflower for you

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a cornflower for you

by [fancywen](#)

Summary

Cleo suddenly leaned over and grabbed a fistful of cornflowers, and tucked one into Martyn's jacket pocket. "Remember me."

Martyn's fingers brushed over the blue petals. "Of course."

or, agents cleo and martyn are on opposite sides of the rivalry between their two agencies—but after all, they do say opposites attract.

or, or, heavily inspired by that scene in double life where cleo is distracting the ranchers while scott murders their goats and cleo meets martyn and gives him a flower. VERY self indulgent i'm sorry

Notes

HAIII i'm back with another fic. and i kid you not this one was written in less than two hours straight too. what am i made out of?!?
anyways this is basically a dramatized version of scott killing tango and jimmy's goats while cleo distracts them and runs into martyn. plus a bonus touch of pearl and bdubs if you know where to look ;)

P.S. you can read this as shippy or just platonic, i wrote with the intention of being platonic so i'd prefer if you keep it that way, but if you're into that stuff then go ahead i guess

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Cleo peered nervously out of the window as the countryside flew past, smoothing her gown.

“It won’t go wrong,” Scott Smajor, her partner and accomplice in this mission, said. “You just distract them, while I’ll do the actual stealing.”

“Anything could go wrong,” Cleo retorted. “What if Gaming or Tek see through my disguise? What if a guest accidentally stumbles onto you? What if—”

“Cleo, we’re gonna pop off,” Scott reassured her as he swerved past a loitering limousine, probably on their way to the party as well. They were headed to the annual Ranch Masquerade Ball, hosted by Solidarity Gaming and Tango Tek, where a rare, unique horn would be on display for the night.

Cleo and Scott were assigned to retrieve the horn and bring it back to headquarters by any means, but without the Ranchers noticing. In their debrief they were also warned that another agent from a different organization had their eyes on the valued horn as well, so they would have to move fast.

“Aand we’re here,” Scott announced, veering off the highway and onto a long driveway. As the Ranch came into view, Cleo sucked into a breath. It was far from a ranch, really— more like a mansion, with livestock grazing everywhere and party lights strung up.

“Remember to be in character,” Cleo hissed as she turned on her intercom. Scott followed, pressing a button that was cleverly concealed in his sleeve.

“You can’t see my hair, right?” Scott asked as he examined himself in the car mirror. He wore a blond wig over his bright cyan hair, since he was supposed to draw as little attention to himself as possible.

“No trace of cyan,” Cleo replied as she adjusted her jewelry. She wasn’t wearing a wig, so her flaming red hair cascaded down her back in elegant ringlets, adorned by emeralds, pearls and other various gems. She was playing the role of a wealthy widow, after all. “Do I look good?”

“As beautiful as always,” Scott said dryly. He passed her a fancy blue mask with feathers and pearls. A midnight blue widow’s veil covered the rest of her face, rendering her practically unrecognisable. “Here’s your mask.”

“Thanks.” Cleo said, putting it on. It fit perfectly, after all, it was made specifically for her and this mission. As she stared at her reflection in the mirror, butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she thought of the task ahead of her.

“Good luck,” Scott whispered, before he opened his car door and then opened Cleo’s, bowing to her.

“Thank you, Marcus,” Cleo took the hand that was offered to her. Her eyes momentarily connected with Scott’s and she saw a reassurance flash between them.

Walking up the stairs of the Ranch as if she had all the time in the world, she studied her surroundings. There were almost no guards, but she spotted a few security cameras pointing at her.

There were several large windows, glowing with golden light, and Cleo briefly wondered if they were easy to break. She then admonished herself that there was no need to escape from the windows if everything went smoothly.

Finally she made it to the grand entrance, where she was greeted by Tango Tek himself. Dressed impeccably in a red jacket and dark pants, Tek looked as charming as her superiors informed her.

“Welcome to the Ranch! Who might you be?” Tek grinned.

“I’m Astera Corpe,” Cleo said, dipping her head in respect. “Greetings, Mister Tek.”

“Oh, pleasure to meet you, Miss Corpe!” Tek said.

“Please, just call me Astera,” Cleo said. “It’s really such an honor being here...” She did a little spin as she pretended to take in her surroundings again. “Your mansion is absolutely fantastic, Mister Tek.”

“Why, thank you,” Tek chuckled. He then whipped around, as if he spotted someone. “Jimmy! Jimmy, dear, come meet Miss Astera Corpe!”

Cleo blinked as she saw Solidarity Gaming coming up to them, realizing that Jimmy must be Solidarity’s nickname. “Nice to meet you, Mister Gaming.”

“Same goes for you!” Solidarity beamed. He looked brighter and more cheerful in comparison to Tek, who was more stern. “Are you perhaps related to Trevor Corpe? We were partners in Chemistry back in high school.”

It was the perfect opportunity to strike up a conversation. “Yes, actually, he was my late husband.” Trevor Corpe died in a car accident a few years ago, and Cleo had never met him in her life.

Solidarity’s eyes widened. “Oh, my. I’m terribly sorry, Missus Corpe. My condolences... Trevor was an excellent man.”

Cleo dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. “It’s all in the past now.”

The couple exchanged a glance. “Of course, Missus Corpe. May Trevor rest in peace.”

Cleo nodded. “Thank you for your well wishes, I’ll get going, I wouldn’t want to waste any more of your time.”

“You aren’t wasting any of our time, Missus Corpe!” Tek insisted. “I hope you enjoy the ball.”

Cleo thanked them and continued into the mansion. By now, Scott should have gotten into the building via a secondary entrance.

The ballroom was quite packed with people. Cleo hung at the edge of the crowd for a while, eyes darting around as she fiddled with her pearl bracelet. She wore a blue chiffon off-the-shoulder dress adorned with gold stars and dark blue heels which made running *terribly* inconvenient (she even practiced to run in them, to no avail).

After a while, Cleo got bored of standing there like a dummy and made her way through the crowd to the balcony facing the grian fields, stopping short when she saw a figure already perched on the railing.

“Oh! I didn’t mean to intrude, sorry,” Cleo said. “I’ll just— go and find another place to sit.”

“No worries!” The person slid down from the railing and dusted off their pants. “You can stay, I’ll go.”

“Really, I was just looking for a place away from the ruckus,” Cleo quickly said. “It doesn’t have to be here.”

“What about a compromise?” Their lips quirked into a smile. “We can both stay here and keep each other company, if you want.”

“I mean... if you’re okay with that,” Cleo said.

“Oh, I’m totally okay with that!” The person said. “By the way, I’m Martyn Littlewood. Call me Martyn.”

“Astera Corpe,” Cleo said, the name rolling off her tongue. “Lovely to meet you.”

“So you’re here alone, too?” Martyn asked.

“Yep.” Cleo sighed.

Martyn sighed in agreement.

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The two ended up talking for a long time, well into the night. They fit together like two puzzle pieces adjacent to each other, even better than Cleo and Scott, and the moon was high in the sky when suddenly Martyn checked his phone and muffled a swore.

“What happened?” Cleo asked. She tried to peek over his shoulder but he turned away from her.

“Just— personal business,” Martyn stammered. “It’s nothing.”

Just at that time, Cleo’s intercom vibrated slightly. She prayed that Martyn didn’t hear it as her heart leapt into her throat. Scott had the horn.

“Is everything okay?” Cleo asked, as her intercom buzzed again.

“Yes, yes, just something we didn’t expect.” Martyn said. Another text arrived, and his eyes widened. This time, he didn’t even bother to stop himself from swearing.

“I need to go,” Cleo choked out, glancing down at the driveway. Sure enough, she could see the silhouette of Scott standing at their car.

Martyn raised his eyes to gaze desperately at Cleo. “Goodbye, Astera. I hope we meet again.”

Cleo suddenly leaned over and grabbed a fistful of cornflowers, and tucked one into Martyn’s jacket pocket. “Remember me.”

Martyn’s fingers brushed over the blue petals. “Of course.”

Without further ado, Cleo turned tail and ran into the light of the ballroom again. She pushed past people, almost knocking over a couple dancing. “Hey!”

She finally made her way to the limousine, and dove right into the car. Scott, wig-less and disheveled, had already turned on the engine, and as soon as the door slammed shut he revved the engine.

There were a few shouts behind them as they sped down the driveway, and Cleo glanced behind her to see the Ranch illuminated by party lights. Except they weren't party lights anymore, they were glowing and flickering and licking at the building and *fire* —

She ripped off her mask.

“Cleo?” Scott asked.

“The Ranch is on fire,” Cleo whispered. Scott swore.

“Let's get the hell out of here.”

“Where's the horn?” Cleo fumbled with her seatbelt.

“It's on the floor next to you,” Scott answered as he made a sharp turn onto the highway. Cleo bent over, feeling around in the darkness for the horn, until her fingers touched soft fabric and she held up a large horn-shaped bundle. She unwrapped it, and felt the smooth surface of the horn underneath.

“You madlad, Scott.”

“That was a compliment, right?” Scott teased. “The other agent was there too, but I basically snatched it from right under their nose.”

“Good job,” Cleo complimented him. “I'm grateful to have you on my side.”

Scott didn't say anything, but he irradiated pride.

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The next evening, Cleo was back at her apartment, and the first thing she did was to get a vase and put all the cornflowers in there. She was missing two from the dozen she grabbed— one she gave to Martyn and the other to Scott as a token of thanks.

Now, as she gazed at the beautiful blue flowers, she yearned for the feeling of that fateful night.

End Notes

well.. i hope you enjoyed that! don't forget to leave a like— ahem, a kudos if you enjoyed and subscriiibe if you want to see more!! i have a few lovely works in progress so subscribing is optimal, really!! and comments are free, take up almost zero time and make me immensely happy! even a little <3 emote will make my day so so much better. thank you for reading and i'll see you guys soon!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!