Where Do We Go From Here?

by Idris02

Summary

Post Season 9 Finale - everything has been said, what happens now...? Meredith has just given birth, Jackson and April are left with an unanswered question, Callie knows the truth, and the storm rages on. How season 10 should have gone, where Twisted sisters don't fight, far less intern drama, and much more.
Chapter 1

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Cristina Yang's POV

Mere and Derek looked so adorable with Zola and their new baby, I couldn’t burden her with my problems. They are happy, she is happy; she needed to be happy. I am happy she’s happy but I need my person right now, but she needs to be left alone. I love Owen, I really do, but I can’t crush his dream, he chose me over his desire, his need to have a child, but he will regret it one day, he will resent me. I need someone to love me, for me to be enough for them. Not what they want me to be, I can’t do that again, I won’t change for them. I am Cristina Yang and I plan to stay that way.

Now I need to be alone. I can’t go to an on call room it’s the blackout, they will be filled with loved up, gooey eyed medical staff. Which presents the question, where do I go? I have been pacing up and down these halls for 10 minutes now.

I saw Alex and Jo making out, so he’s useless too; I can’t take away his happiness just because I don’t have mine. He needs to be happy after all the shit he’s been through; Rebecca going crazy, Izzie leaving him, that bitch who stole his job in Africa Lucy Fields, he needs this.

April and Jackson are having some sort of fight, I walked past them a few minutes ago, and saw her standing by the door waiting, not quite sure what for, but they looked like they wanted to be left alone. This hospital is full of people right now, most of them too happy for me to burden them.

Having a sudden epiphany I slowly made my way to the attending’s lounge, it is too late for anyone to be in it surely? The backup generator still hasn’t turned on so it is still perpetual darkness; the storm is raging outside but inside the hospital its peaceful, everyone is asleep, waiting out the storm. Opening the door I find Callie hunched over on the couch, I take a step back, ready to leave until I can make out the sound of her crying over the wind hissing outside. “Callie?” she looks up at me and even in the dark I can see her eyes are red and puffy, with tears streaming down her face, a tissue clutched in her hand. She looks how I feel. I rush over to her, I love Callie, I am Sofia’s godmother, who knows why, and I hate to see her like this.

Sitting beside her I let her head fall on my shoulder and I pass her a tissue, “Honey whats wrong?” I cringe slightly at the use of honey, I don’t speak like this, ever, but it seemed appropriate. Where on earth was Arizona why isn’t she dealing with this?

“I lost her.” Was she talking about a patient? I don’t know why would she care so much about the death of a patient, sure they affect us, but they don’t usually give us this much pain. Unless your Derek and you kill a pregnant woman, hid in the woods and call Meredith a lemon.

Instead of guessing I simply asked, “Who did you lose?”

“Arizona.” I don’t know what she means, did she leave in the middle of the storm or something?

“I’ll go find her.” I say preparing to stand.

“She slept with someone.” This sounded all too familiar.

“What!”
“She slept with someone to get back it me.” Wow that hit home. But Arizona was a Peds surgeon, she was a happy, over energised bunny most of the time. How could she do this to Callie? The plane crash had changed us all, ever since the amputation something inside her morphed, but it seemed as if she getting better. “All because of that damn leg.”

I put my arm around her, hugging her, “I broke up with Owen.”

She raised her head and looked at my through her tears, “Why?”

“He wants children, I don’t. I can’t give him what he wants, and I don’t want to take away his dream.”

Resting her head back on my shoulders she took a deep breathe, “Bitches.”

I smiled, “Yeah.”

“She said I hadn’t lost anything.” A wave of grief washed over me, I saw Lexie lying beneath the plane with Mark holding her limp hand, and I saw Mark lying in ICU and I envisioned her crying over him when they cut off the life support.

“Oh Callie.” I always felt awkward trying to comfort people, Callie and I were close once, we are still friends, never like Mere and I though. Mark was her person. If Callie was Meredith, Arizona would be her Derek and Mark her me.

All I felt like doing was punching Arizona in the face, or getting Karev to. I love Arizona, but with wet splotches on my scrubs and a snivelling Callie crying onto my shoulder I forcing me to pick and I chose Callie. I am aware that there are two sides to every story and all I know is Callie’s but she was my friend first.

“What can I do?” I look around the room, trying to find an idea scattered around me, spotting an empty Chinese container, “Food?”

“No.” she sniffed. Bingo.

“Drinking. I feel like drinking.”

Lifting her head up, she picked up her tissues that were scattered around her, “I’ll go get some.” Trudging towards the bin I noticed something about her demeanour had changed, she seemed, I couldn’t pick my finger on it. I watched her open a high cabinet, rise onto her tiptoes and pull out a bottle of tequila and two shot glasses.

Then it hit me. She looked shorter. It appeared as if this new personal disaster had cut about 2 inches off her. “It’s only half full, but it’ll do for now.”

I nodded, “I think there might be some Scotch in the bottom cabinet if need be.” She looked surprised, almost as if she figured there would only be one hidden bottle of alcohol in this room.

“What we really need is some of your Alzheimer’s drinks, what were they called?” she asked with a smirk spreading across her tear ridden face.

Laughing I recalled my one time gig of bartending, “Early onset Alzheimer’s.” Taking the bottle and glasses off her I filled them to the brim.

“Right, because you won’t remember anything after you drink it.” Callie added laughing.
“Oh shut up and drink your tequila.”

“With no salt? What sort of bartender are you?” she said pulling a puppy face.

“One that only lasted a night.” One shot down, I leaned over to fill my glass again, “Another?”

Callie put her glass on the table, “Another.”

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Miranda Bailey

Chapter Summary

This is happening at the same time as Cristina and Callie, they are not intertwining yet, they will soon but I just want to establish each individual section first.

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Miranda Bailey’s POV:

Ben came running towards me, stopping in front of me he pulled me towards him, “I couldn’t be more impressed.” He chimed.

I looked frantically from left to right, deep in thought, searching. I barely looked at him. Grabbing me by my shoulders he steadied me, looked into my eyes and spoke, “Hey. Hey are you alright?”

Still moving my eyes side to side, I inhaled deeply, I had no intention to stop; I needed to find him. I hurriedly replied, “I need to talk to Richard.” Moving my head, I scanned the room, searching. I had no idea where he was, after surgery he was the one person I wanted to see. I continued, “Look he came to me. He tried to help me and I called him a drunk.” I saw the expression on Ben’s face changed, not much, but it did. He didn’t look amused but almost shocked that I would say something like that to Richard. Rambling on I continued, “I blamed him. I turned on him of all people That man!”

Looking me dead in the eyes, without hesitation Ben responded, “Hey, hey, hey.” He shook me lightly, he was trying to ground me, steady me, to gain my full attention. “It’s okay. He knows you better than you think.” A smile spread across his face, the worry quickly vanishing behind it, “Maybe you owe him an apology.”

“NO I owe him everything.” I exclaimed. Where was he? “Now do you know where he is?” I inquired. A blank look covered his face, I watched him thinking, trying to pinpoint when he last saw him.

“No, I have no idea.” He answered. Shaking his hands off my shoulders, I turned to continue my search. Running after me, he pleaded, “Miranda just take a second, just relax and…”

“I need to find him.” I said cutting him off.

“I'll help then.” He replied, adamant not to let me go alone. I nodded my head, not really wanting his company right now but knowing it was easier this way. I needed to find Richard, to tell him, to apologise.

“Fine” I managed to mumble. I strode off towards the nurses’ station with Ben in tow. “Can you page Dr Webber please?” I instructed one of the nurses, Kim.

Looking up momentarily she smiled and replied, “Sure.” I stood still for a moment, feeling powerless, not having any clue where he was, what he was doing, how he was feeling. He needed to know that I was sorry, that I didn’t mean what I had said.
Ben placed his hand on my shoulder trying to relax me, failing, but still trying. The phone rang. Maybe it was a reply to the page. Kim picked up, spoke into it, stared at her computer and then lowered the phone from her ear. “Dr Warren they need you in OR 2, 24 year cyclist with extensive injuries.”

Sighing he looked at me, then back at the nurse, “Tell them I’m on my way.”

“Yes doctor.” Kim replied and went back to talking into the phone.

“Will you be okay?” Ben asked me, turning me towards him.

“Yes. Go.” I responded half-heartedly, Ben was not my main concern right now, finding Richard was. Turning my full attention to Kim I asked, “Any response?”

Hesitating she checked the screen, clicked a few buttons then looked up at me, “No Dr Bailey.”

“Then page him again!” I instructed.

“Yes Dr Bailey.” She replied.

Obviously this approach wasn’t working. I needed to look for him. Maybe he was in surgery. That could explain the lack of reply, perhaps. But the nurses usually checked them. Pushing that thought away I made my way to the OR board. I walked over the elevator, pushed the button and stood still, waiting, again. Waiting gave me time to think about what I would say once I found him, most likely it would be one of my speeches, where I rattle on about everything, in a lecturing tone. The elevator sounded and the doors opened revealing a torn looking Owen.

“Chief you okay?” I asked, sure I was busy but this had been a hell of a day for all of us. With the storm and all of the issues regarding the lights, I doubt it had been an easy day for Owen. While awaiting his reply I stepped inside the elevator and pushed the button.

Briefly looking at me he muttered, “Yeah. Fine thanks.” Before heading off in a fast pace towards, well I have no idea where he was heading towards. The elevator doors shut behind him as he went around the corner. The elevator whirred and all thoughts of Owen left my mind as the elevator doors opened once again to reveal the floor I wanted to be on.

Muttering to myself I quickly walked towards the OR board, hoping that he was in surgery as that would make him easy to find. Scanning the board, I discovered that he wasn’t on it, which meant he wasn’t in surgery, which meant I was still no closer to finding him. “Do you know where Dr Webber is?” I frantically asked one of the nurses at the nurses’ station, Mary.

“No but I can page him if you wish.” She replied pausing for a second to page him and then rushed off. I stood waiting, again. I gave up after only a few minutes and headed off in search of him. I thought to myself, ‘Maybe he was tired, and wanted to rest.’ Unlikely in a storm this size, he would probably want to help out, not wanting to go have a nap. Ignoring that thought I went to check the on call rooms on this floor. I knocked on the first door and out came a muffled cry that faintly resembled a ‘try another one’.

Obviously, they were preoccupied. The next door I tried gave no response from within when I knocked and when I tried the door handle was unlocked. Flicking the light on I discovered it was vacant. Five minutes later I had checked all of the on call rooms on this floor and none of them contained Richard. I rushed off towards the stair well when I heard a “Dr Bailey” came from a room to my left.

Putting a smile on my face I turned towards the noise and walked into the room. A smiling Meredith
and Derek greeted me, Derek holding a laughing Zola and Meredith holding her new baby. “Dr Bailey…” Meredith began but I quickly cut her off with a question,

“Have you seen Richard?”

A worried look clouded her joyful expression as she replied, “No. Why?”

Faking a smile of reassurance I quickly responded, “Just curious.”

She eased up and looked down at her beautiful new born, “I wanted to tell you…”

Once again cutting her off I remarked, “Sorry must be going, I will come visit you later.” I turned and left leaving a confused family behind me.

Rushing down the stairs I headed down to the ER. When I arrived I swivelled my head side to side doing a quick scan of the room, seeing interns smiling in delight as they stitched up the bus victims, the joy of their faces was just surreal on a day like today. Richard wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

Stepping forward I headed into the first trauma room, opening the door I found it was empty. The next trauma room had a patient lying on the bed and surgeons barking instructions at the nurses and crazy hyperactive interns getting in the way, but no Richard. Checking the other rooms I still found no sign of Richard.

I wandered past a room where Jackson and April sat and stood, respectively, still not moving, not speaking. I wonder what their problem was, it was none of my concern however so I pushed that out of my mind and headed away from the ER.

As I reached the next nurses’ station, I said to Anna, one of the nurses, “Page Dr Webber. Please.”

Nodding she picked up the phone, typed a few things on the computer, stood up and began flipping through a patient file.

Clearing my throat she looked up at me and said, “No reply Dr Bailey.”

“Do you have any idea where he is?” I inquired. I was running out of patience, I had been running around the hospital looking for him and I couldn’t find him anywhere. He couldn’t have gone home, the storm prevented him from leaving, so where could he be. Anna shook her head in reply, picked up a few more files and hightailed it away from me.

“Doctor?” A voice called out from behind me.

I had neither time nor patience, sighing deeply I turned and sharply responded with an edge to my voice, “Yes?”

“I might know where he is.” An old man sitting in a wheelchair in front of me said.

“And where would that be?” I added abruptly.

“Last time I saw Dr Webber was down in the basement about half an hour ago.” He answered me, taking no notice of my tone. He was wearing hospital uniform, it must have been an electrician or mechanic or janitor or something like that. Obviously not a doctor or nurse but definitely someone who worked here, although I didn’t really recognise him. But that didn’t count for much as it had been a hectic day and last few weeks, I wasn’t quite myself yet.

“The Basement…” I pondered aloud. What on earth would he be doing down there? It did explain why I hadn’t yet found him. I never would have thought to look down there.
He replied, “To get the power up and running again Doctor, I was going to do it but then well,” pausing for a moment he placed his oxygen mask back over his mouth, took a deep breath, removed it and continued, “He may not be down there anymore but perhaps…”

“Thanks.” Pivoting on the spot, I ran towards the elevator that was just closing, making it just in time. A few floors down the doors opened again, everybody else filed in and Arizona got in. I stood still and silent, thinking, while Arizona stood snivelling next to me. Turning my attention to her I looked her up and down, everyone was so distraught today. I opened my mouth to ask her a question just as the doors opened and without glancing in my direction she rushed out, much like Owen did only minutes ago.

The doors shut and I finished my descent to the basement. As I scanned my card the elevator doors opened and I stumbled forward, unaware of what direction I should be heading in. “Richard!” I yelled as I walked towards the flickering lights.

“Are you down here?” I shouted as I took a deep breath and discovered a weird smell of something singed. Walking with purpose now I turned corners, not knowing where I was going but with each moment new thoughts ran through my mind.

“I have all these crazy scenarios running through my head.” I yelled as I came around yet another corner. I stopped for a moment as a thought crossed my mind. Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I dialled his number and pressed call. All was silence for a just moment; all I could hear was my breathing and ringing sound on my end of the phone. But then in the distance I could hear his phone going off, with some obnoxious ringtone, the loud beeping variety, that incidentally was perfect to locate him. Following the sound of his ringing phone I went round corner after corner, discovering I had gone in the wrong direction once I left the elevator.

The ringing got louder and clearer as I went around yet another corner and there I found Richard. Lying there, on the ground not moving, the only sound coming from him was the sound of his phone. Hanging up I dropped to the ground and rolled him over onto his back. “Richard!” I exclaimed as I leant down to check his pulse, it was there but it was thready. I quickly dialled the ER nurses’ station, put my phone on speakerphone and placed it on the floor beside Richard’s limp body. As it rung I started compressions, “Come on Richard.” I pleaded.

“Evening Dr Bailey how may I help you?” A chirpy nurse chimed down the phone.

“I have Dr Webber down in the basement, he has collapsed, his pulse is thready he requires urgent medical attention.” I explained.

“Sending people down now.” The nurse replied.

“Make it quick, there isn’t much time.” I belted. Hanging up the phone I stopped compressions for a moment and stared down at Richard, “You can’t die.” I muttered as I once again checked his pulse. “You won’t die.” Then desperately I begged, “Please don’t die.”

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The room was silent. Around us people were talking, yelling, laughing and doing things. But I stood still by the door watching Jackson’s torn expression, hoping against all reason that he would give me the answer I desired. I thought he was dead, the bus exploded and he wasn’t there. My heart broke and I screamed his name and then, then he came. And now I was torn, I loved him but I loved Matthew as well. Matthew was my fiancé, and he was like me in so many ways but Jackson, Jackson was Jackson.

“April…” Jackson said, speaking for the first time in minutes. I had let him sit there thinking, not prompting him for an answer, letting him take his time. But he trailed off.

“Yes.” I whispered taking a step forward towards the bed, I needed to be close to him, but I needed him to want me to be. That was all I needed, I needed him to want me, was that so hard.

“I love you but..” Jackson started, no smile was on his face, no twinkle in his eye. He looked sad and hurt, not what I wanted, at all.

“No buts.” I cut him off and took another step forward, the door was unlocked behind us but hopefully no one would burst in and cut our conversation short. “I love you too.” I added giving him a small smile, hoping that would encourage him to smile back at me. I loved his smile, it made me so happy, but lately it was nowhere to be found, around me anyway.

“You’re getting married.” Jackson repeated, staring at me strangely, still deep in thought but hopefully swaying towards me.

Taking a step forward I placed my hands on the end of the bed, and glanced outside, Stephanie was rushing down the hallway with a patient, it looked as though she was heading to surgery, which meant she wouldn’t be able to come in. I was glad. This conversation important, I needed to know where Jackson stood.

“And I’m with Steph.” Jackson said, his gaze following mine into the hallway, which she had just vacated. Why did this have to about them, why couldn’t it be about us, it just didn’t make sense.

“But I love you.” I offered lamely, not knowing what else to say, there was no way to put this another way, I loved him and I wanted him, I realised it now but was it too late for us?

“I can’t…” Jackson started his eyes still trained on the window, not able to look at me, I didn’t take this to mean anything good. If this was good he could look at me, couldn’t he? Or maybe, oh I don’t know.

“Jackson.” I interrupted I didn’t like where this was going, I wanted him to want me, I wanted him to tell me to love him forever and to leave Matthew. Isn’t that what I wanted? It was hard to tell sometimes, tonight was so full of drama, everything was so horrible, but finally I could see some things clearly. Things that took a near death experience and a burning bus to finally realise.

“April shut up.” Jackson said turning his gaze to me, his beautiful eyes connected with mine and
made my insides melt. Not saying anything, I gripped the blankets at the end of the bed and nodded. My grip was the only thing that would keep me standing up, especially if he was planning on saying what I dreaded, I would need to find a way out of the room without showing him my tears.

“Do you really want me?” Jackson whispered, almost as if he didn’t believe it. How could he not believe it? I may have acted like a bit of a bitch but how could he think that I didn’t want him, after everything we had been through, after tonight?

“Of course Jackson I..” I started, forgetting that he told me to be quiet, I just couldn’t believe that he didn’t believe.

“April.” Jackson said quietly causing me to shut up immediately. He watched my expression for a moment, I kept silent but I tried to show my emotion on my face. “April you had me but..”

“I’m sorry I never should have…” I interrupted again, not able to keep my mouth shut.

“April.” Jackson pleaded, I knew that he needed to get everything out but so did I, I couldn’t just stand here silent, I couldn’t. “I can’t go through that again.” Jackson said quietly, his eyes fixed on the door, not able to look at me anymore.

“You won’t! I promise we…” I interrupted drawing his gaze back to me, a small smile flickered on his face before he returned to his dead pan expression causing me to stop talking.

“Ok.” Jackson said, his eyes fixed on mine, making my whole body tremble, I needed to stay standing, but my legs weren’t going to last much longer.

“Ok?” I repeated, not sure what he was saying. I was hoping but I didn’t want to kid myself. My delusions were best left as they were, because I couldn’t deal with false hope today.

“You have a reason. Me.” Jackson said, the small smile returning to his lips, and this time staying. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“You.” I repeated, smiling back at him. My whole body filled with joy, I knew that this was the decision I wanted, I knew without a shadow of a doubt that this I what I needed. Moving from the end of the bed, I walked towards him, wanting to kiss him, to feel his lips against mine.

“No April.” Jackson said as my face came closer to his, he knew what was about to happen, and I could see that he wanted it to but his words said differently.

“But..” I pulled back immediately looking confused and sad at the same time.

“You’re with Matthew, I’m with Steph…” Jackson started, his eyes full of longing that made it so much harder for me to keep my face this far away from his.

“But…” I started, not understanding why he was doing this.

“I don’t cheat.” Jackson said, his green eyes desperately searching mine.

“Oh.” I pulled my face back further, now I was standing straight up, staring down at him. All I wanted to do was kiss him so talking to him, was not ideal.

“We can’t do anything until we are both single, there are other people involved in this. April..” Jackson said, his look of worry returning, but his smile not fully disappearing.

“I understand.” I replied, nodding, he was right. He was always right. Silence threatened to engulf
the room again but my pager went off after a few seconds of silence, looking down I discovered it was 911. “I have to go, I’ll be back later.”

“Ok.” Jackson said, smiling at me as I took a step backwards.

“I really want to kiss you.” I said taking another step back, the further I got away from him the better, it was too difficult to be this close and not kiss him. I didn’t have the self-restraint.

“Same.” Jackson whispered, his smile growing and his eyes twinkling. It took every inch of my self-discipline to not kiss him right there, I continued to back away from him, thinking about the patient I had to attend to, not him.

“See you later.” I said as I opened the door and went outside, closing it behind me as I leant against it gathering my breath. I was so happy, I wanted to dance and scream, until I remembered Matthew, what would I have to do about that? I didn’t want to break his heart but I would have to do it soon, but right now I had a surgery to attend to.

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Chapter Summary

This chapter and the next one are set a few hours after the first three chapters. April has been in and out of surgery, Jackson is still in bed, Cristina and Callie are drunk, Richard is in surgery, and Arizona is still crying.

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Cristina’s POV:

“Callie I know you’re in there.” Arizona was outside knocking to come in. After trying the door handle, she knocked again, “Callie!” she yelled.

I glanced at Callie and saw her nod only slightly. In our current inebriated states it was probably best the Callie did not engage in a conversation with Arizona, especially with the severity of this conversation. But Callie didn’t mind letting her in so I rose from my seat. Dropping the empty bottle in the bin, I moved the chair that Callie had placed to keep out unwanted guests and opened the door to Arizona, who had tearstains burned into her face and an eternal sadness in her eyes.

“Hello.” I said giving Arizona a brief smile before I was pushed out of the way as Arizona charged into the room, her eyes on Callie who turned her face away as Arizona entered.

“I’m sorry!” Arizona exclaimed fidgeting where she stood not knowing whether to go up to Callie or to stay where she was.

“You’re sorry!” Callie said turning to face her, her face livid with anger and resentment, I took this as my cue to leave.

Shutting the door behind me, I could still hear their yelling and sobbing as I made her way down the hallway, several times I ducked into doorways to get out of the way of rushing people. Apparently Richard had been found downstairs and was still in surgery, I had to follow up on that lead at some point, I sorely hope that he is okay, but Mere is my priority.

Making my way down to Mere’s room, I see Stephanie crying in a corner been comforted by Leah as she sobbed into her shoulder, and I bump into a surprisingly happy April who greeted me merrily as she passed. I would have to find out what that was about later, April not the intern. Spotting Owen’s head as I stood in the lift, I pushed the button to make the doors close faster and then hid behind an elderly man in a wheelchair as I pretended to tie my shoelace.

Heading to Mere’s room I noticed the quiet of the ward, there were no nurses shouting, people screaming or machines beeping, it must be nice for Mere. Actually been able to sleep in the hospital bed, was a rarity. That was the beauty of on call rooms, they were on of the only places you could get a decent few hours sleep around here.

“I’m going to put Zola to bed, we’ll be back in the morning, let her know if she wakes up.” Derek
said as I walked into the room. Mere was fast asleep on the bed, and Mark lay asleep in his cot. There was some last minute decision making around the name, Bailey was thrown into the air, due to Miranda’s work but Derek remained adamant it should be Mark and Mere immediately agreed as well.

“He’s beautiful.” I said as I walked over to where he lay sleeping, Derek thought that he looked just like her. But to me he was a baby, who resembled other babies, but over time he would grow up to look like them both, and shockingly I was actually partially excited for that.

“Thanks.” Derek said, pulling me into a hug before scooping up a sleeping Zola into his arms, slinging a bag over his shoulder, kissing Mark on the forehead and heading to the doorway. He hovered for a second, and turned to look at Mere.

“She’ll be fine.” I said, smiling at Derek, the look in his eyes, on his face, was love. The sort of thing that I used to love seeing in Owen’s face but now, it was just painful to see, and made me feel like throwing up.

Derek smiled back at me before shutting the door behind him and heading home. Taking one last look at Mark, I headed over to the chair beside Mere’s bed, took of my shoes and sat there watching her sleep. It was only then that I realised how tired I was. Wave after wave of exhausted washed over me, this day had been too long, too painful, it was time that it ended.

The quiet of the ward lulled me to sleep, finally my brain shut down, my eyelids flicked, and suddenly I was asleep, and all was better.

I woke with a start, someone was calling my name, something was wrong. Some sound had ripped me from my dreams of souters and life-saving, and I was awake, and judging by the light shining through the window, that horrible day was over. It was finally morning. God my head hurt, I didn’t have that much to drink did I?

“Cristina!” Mere whispered again, she was shaking and looked distraught, was it her wounds, was she bleeding?

“Mere what’s wrong?” I asked sitting up hastily and stepping towards the bed.

“I had the worst dream, the worst nightmare.” Mere said shakily, she was watching me with a certain intensity, her eyes were wide.

“Oh, what happened?” My eyes flicked to Mark who was still fast asleep, he hadn’t been moved since I went to sleep, which could only have been a few hours ago, it was just after dawn.

Mere didn’t reply she just shuffled sideways and patted the bed. Lifting up the covers, I lay down next to Mere, she let me wrap my arm around and hold her close. Waiting in silence, I let her gather her thoughts before she started speaking.

“You and Owen broke up.” Mere said, her eyes glazed over as she looked out the window. My heart skipped a beat, I was hoping this wouldn’t come up for a little while, talking about it just made me feel sick. I loved him, I always will, but it just… I can’t… I didn’t want to talk about.

“Yeah. Wait in the dream or in real life?” I whispered, tears falling down my face, Mere squeezed my hand and a few seconds they stopped, wiping my eyes and cheeks I looked up at her.

“Both seemingly. What happened?” Mere said giving me a small sad smile, but mainly looking
concerned. She had missed a lot while she was off having a baby.

“Later, your dream first.” I said, not wanting to get into this right now, Mere was my person, but I just wanted to forget for a little while, just move on. Especially since my head was spinning slightly after all I had to drink with Callie.

“It was terrible, it was awful. Is Richard ok?” Mere spoke quickly, as if she wanted to get it all out quickly, if she got it out then it would be off her chest and therefore it would no longer be real to her on any level.

“I don’t know, we can check on that soon, he was in surgery last time I heard.” I replied, my head still resting on her shoulder, I closed my eyes ready to listen.

“What, oh ok later. He was horrible but then he got better, and well there was a lot more with that. Jackson and April were all weird, with her getting married. Jo and Alex had some big fight, but they’re together and cute which is good for him. Arizona slept with someone, then she started dating Leah! Owen was dating some woman who cooks and I invited her to thanksgiving.” Mere paused for a breath, she spoke so fast it was hard to divulge all the information at once, but as she took a breath, I had to speak.

“Why would you do that?” I interrupted, staring up at her in shock. In what situation would that be okay for her to do, she would never do that to me, that would be too supremely awful for words. That made me sick in my stomach just thinking about it. Owen moving on was one thing but Mere befriending his new girlfriend, that was horrible.

“I have no idea! It was insane. We were fighting, I can’t really remember why, but it was so stupid. I was such a bitch, and so were you in parts, and then you kissed Shane!” Mere said looking down at me, as shocked by her own words as I was. This dream certainly did some terrible.

“I what?” I interrupted again not able to believe what I was hearing, none of this would happen, apart from maybe Jo and Alex and I guess Jackson and April as well but otherwise, it would never happen. I wouldn’t kiss an intern, let alone Shane, unless I was really lonely, how lonely and isolated would I be to make that happen? Mere looked at me with wide eyes, showing that she was as shocked by the kiss as I was.

“I know, I was outside looking in the window and you kissed him. My whole nightmare was terrible. It was so horrible. But it felt real, it felt so real.” Mere said, tears streaming down her face now, obviously this nightmare was a awful as she had originally said, no wonder she was so afraid.

“It was just a dream.” I whispered, trying to soothe Mere. It sounded truly horrible, but that wouldn’t happen here. Sure strange and dreadful things happened at Seattle Grace Mercy Death but it was Grey Sloan Memorial Hospital now, this wasn’t supposed to be continuing. Disaster after disaster we always had each other throughout the entire thing, except when I quit but that was after the disaster, so that didn’t really count.

Sitting there in silence for 20 or so minutes I watched the sun slowly moving, and Mere’s crying lessened and then stopped altogether as she watched Mark sleep. Jerking up suddenly, her head darted to the window where we could see people walking by outside the corridor.

“She was dead!” Mere exclaimed. I turned my head to follow her gaze.

“Who, mousey?” I asked, looked at Brooks as she made her way to the door, smiled at us staring at her through the window and then opened the door and standing in the doorway.
“Dr Grey, Dr Yang, how are you?” Brooks asked, trying to sound falsely happy, but the red around her eyes gave it away, there was something she wasn’t telling us, something she didn’t want to let on.

“Good, how’s Dr Webber?” Mere answered before I could speak, Brooks face fell, and confirmed my worst fear. Mere stiffened beneath me but I could feel her hoping, I knew that she was thinking that he was in surgery and the situation was dowier. But from the look of Brooks face I knew without confirmation that I was right.

“Uhm… someone should be in here…” Brooks started, her gaze fixed on a point behind Mere’s head, if it wasn’t obvious before it was obvious now.

“He’s dead isn’t he.” I asked, watching her expression, I knew that I was right. Mere inhaled sharply, new tears began forming and quickly fell down her face, it was now my responsibility to look after her again, wrapping my arm around her I said to Brooks, “Page Shepherd.”

“He’s on his way in now.” Brooks said as she shut the door quietly behind her and ran down the corridor, her false cheer now extinguished as she frowned before she disappeared out of view.

Leaving Mere sobbing into my arms, Richard was like a father to her, this wasn’t going to be an easy loss.

XX
Cristina sneaked out the door as Arizona started to speak, I couldn’t look at her, I couldn’t be around her right now. I had had a lot to drink, what was I going to say? Hopefully something I said would hurt her. Just like she hurt me, I can’t believe that she would do this to us. Why do they always cheat, first George now Arizona, how do I find this people?

“You slept with her Arizona, you just slept with her. Did you even think about me? How it would make me feel? After everything we have been through, after everything we always had each other. Didn’t I tell you that this would happen!” I yelled, as tears streamed down her face, I had cut across her apologies and now she was finally yelling, when she yelled at least the truth would come out. I wanted, I didn’t know what I wanted, I just didn’t want to feel like this.

“What would happen?” Arizona yelled back, for the first time she looked confused.

“I knew you were selfish and told you that you would hurt me again, I knew you would but I let you in again. After everything you did! I let you in, I forgave you.” I screamed at her. Tears were forbidden from falling from my eyes. I couldn’t cry, once I started I couldn’t stop, I had already done enough crying in our first fight, I didn’t want to waste any more tears on her.

“Callie.” Arizona whispered, she may of wanted to continue but I wasn’t ready to hear her talk, to hear her explain herself to form some type of apology that would do nothing to resolve the pain I felt inside. Nothing she could say could stop my heart from crumbling, from my head shrieking in pain, nothing she could say could comfort me.

“You just left me, you went Africa, and you just left!” I yelled at her, cutting her off, I just couldn’t listen to her talk without starting to throw things, preferably at her, but that would be counterproductive, so it would be best to just kept yelling.

“But Callie…” Arizona started again quietly, trying to stop me, trying to cut me off, but I couldn’t let her. She slept with someone else, I had the right to yell. As her wife, I had the right to be upset.

“Do you remember the shooting we survived that together! The car crash where I almost died, Sofia almost died, but we had each other!” I shouted, tears were started to stream down my face, there was no stopping them now. I could taste their saltiness as they touched my mouth before falling onto my scrubs, covering them with a fresh layer of tears.

“Callie…” Arizona whispered, she had finally lost her fight, she knew there was nothing that she could say, she knew that she couldn’t make me stop now. Finally she was getting something right.

“Then you and Mark and everybody, you were all lost, we thought you were dead. And everything was horrible, I wasn’t there I know I wasn’t but it wasn’t easy on this side either.” I lowered my voice, it hurt to say this, it hurt to be reminded of Mark, I never forgot about him. But I liked to think that he and Lexie had moved away to start a family, I knew it wasn’t true, but when I had had a particularly bad day I didn’t want to dwell on their deaths so I thought of what their life could have been.

“You aren’t seriously..” Arizona started, her voice full of anger, but I wasn’t going to let her
“IT WAS WORSE FOR YOU YES. I STILL HAVE MY LEG AND YOU DON’T, I KNOW THAT. BUT I LOST MARK. I LOST LEXIE. WE ALL DID. Just because I wasn’t in the plane crash doesn’t mean I can’t feel GREIF and PAIN. I am still entitled to be sad about this. I LOST YOU as well.” I screamed, the tears were falling fast now. I felt like I was going to throw up, how did this day get so bad? How did my life continue to decline? Wasn’t it time that we deserved some happiness, that I deserved some happiness.

“Callie..” Arizona muttered, tears running down her face now, but I didn’t care, she wasn’t anywhere as hurt as I was right now.

“I can’t look at you right now.” I whispered, turning away from her and dropping onto the couch, lying down I dropped my hand on my forehead and closed my eyes.

“Cal.” Arizona whispered, I could hear her walking towards me, but I didn’t want her to come any closer. I didn’t want to talk to her, to listen to her, to see her. I just, I couldn’t.

“Stop. Arizona just stop.” I said, not opening my eyes, not looking at her. I couldn’t. I wouldn’t.

“But.” Arizona started, her voice still of pain which I ignored.

“I need time to think.” I cut her off, still not looking at her, not moving, just lying still.

“Do you want me to go?” Arizona asked, her tone for once sincere and quiet, almost remorseful, but I doubted it. She made a mistake, but was it a mistake? Or was this her way to, oh I don’t know. I couldn’t deal with this right now, I thought we were getting better. We were almost there but apparently not.

“Callie?” Arizona whispered. I hadn’t said anything in a few minutes, I could hear her standing there, she was breathing in and out, slowly and calmly.

I still didn’t move, I didn’t reply, I didn’t speak. I just needed time. I couldn’t break up my marriage, but I didn’t break up my marriage she did, it wasn’t me, it was her. She slept with someone, this wasn’t my fault this was hers. Why was I always in this position, what did I deserve to be cheated on twice, how does this keep happening to me? Why do I always feel like this? Where was Mark when I needed him, he would know exactly what to say.

That thought prompted a new batch of tears to stream down my shut eyes. I could hear Arizona inhale sharply as she saw my face twitch, and tears run down, her eyes were not doubt fixed on me, wondering what I would decide.

I still couldn’t look at her, I felt sick seeing her. I still couldn’t believe that she could do that to me, and then blame the leg. Everything is because of that damn leg. I didn’t lose anything huh? I lost everything, I lost my best friend, and I lost my wife. I lost everything. How could she not see that? How could she not see this to me, to us? After the year we had, how could she do this?

“Callie talk to me!” Arizona cried again, she had been attempting to pull me out of my silence for the last hour. She sat in silence for the first hour not moving, as the night turned into the day. In the second hour she fidgeted before getting a cup of coffee, she offered me one but I didn’t reply, so she drank in silence. But now, she was over the silence, she thought now was her best shot to push.
I had been sitting here staring at the wall, not able to look at her. At some point after I stopped talking, I was so busy thinking that my brain just went into overdrive and then shut down. It couldn’t deal with all of this and neither could I. I couldn’t fight anymore. I sat up slowly, not turning to face her, but staring at the fridge.

“You can’t just sit there!” Arizona yelled, trying to make me say something, anything. I had already said everything I had wanted to say, and more earlier, and now my head hurt like hell. I had too much to drink with Cristina but that was hours ago now.

“Callie!” Arizona took a step towards me and placed her hands on my shoulders, trying to force me to look at her. To see her swollen face, her red eyes and her tear stained face.

“Don’t.” I whispered, shrugging my shoulders to get her hands off me.

“Callie.” Arizona muttered as her hands dropped to her sides.

“I can’t do this anymore.” I said looking up into her tear filed eyes. I didn’t have it in me to keep fighting, I just wanted to go and sleep, to see my daughter and sleep for a thousand years, hopefully when I woke up, I would discover this was a dream.

“Do what?” Arizona yelled, judging by her expression she hadn’t intended to be so loud, but she wasn’t ready to believe it. She wanted to believe what she thought wasn’t true.

“This, us. I just can’t.” I said slowly, not wanting to be saying it myself, but knowing that was all I could say right now.

“Callie!” Arizona whispered, new tears forming in her gorgeous blue eyes that I usually got lost in but now made me feel sick to my core.

“Arizona I…” I started but the door opened, and in walked Owen, his face full of sorrow, but no surprises there, his expression matched Cristina’s as they were both hurt by their decision, but I was on Cristina’s side if there had to be sides. She was one of my best friends, she was Sofia’s godmother, I would always protect her.

“Oh sorry.” Owen said looking from my tear stained face to Arizona’s, Arizona was glaring at Owen for interrupting our conversation but also because she couldn’t be mad at me, so she transferring it onto him for interrupting us.

“You already know then?” Owen said, walking to the coffee machine turning it on and grabbing himself a cup.

“About you and Cristina.” I replied immediately, Arizona looked at me searchingly, but I didn’t say anything to her, she could find out on her own, I wasn’t going to discuss idle gossip with her.

“You.. doesn’t matter. No about Richard.” Owen turned around, obviously surprised that I already knew, but then changed the subject, he wanted to talk about it as much as Cristina did while we were drinking.

“Richard?” Arizona asked, taking a step towards me, sensing that Owen was bearing bad news, his expression wasn’t exactly one of great delight, but perhaps it was just about Cristina. But he had seen our faces, our tears and assumed we knew, this wasn’t good news then.

“Oh shit.” Owen said, his face falling, he didn’t seem to want to tell us.

“What!” I yelled, not able to keep my voice quiet, what happened? What wasn’t he telling us?
“He’s dead.” Owen said, his voice sounded hollow and defeated. New tears ran down my face, I couldn’t see anything, I shut my eyes and let the grief wash over me. I couldn’t deal with this all, I thought that the horrible news had ended, for now anyway. Without thinking I grabbed Arizona’s hand, it wasn’t about us anymore, it was about Richard, Richard was dead.

I closed my eyes as arms wrapped around me, I could feel her body pressed up against mine, she was trying to calm my down. My breaths were rapid, I could feel the room spinning. I could smell Arizona and with each breath my heart rate slowed, my breathing slowed and I could feel her tears wetting the back of my top but I didn’t care. I didn’t care about anything. Not anymore.

I was so done with the last 24 hours, it couldn’t possibly get worse. Could it?

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Miranda Bailey

Miranda’s POV:

They wouldn’t let me inside. They wouldn’t let me see him. They wouldn’t let me operate. I found him, I was the one who could have saved his life but they wouldn’t let me actually save him. I would say to be fair I was screaming at the nurses and the doctors around me on the way to the OR, with tears running down my face, and my eyes wide with fear. But I was the one of the only general surgeons who could still operate, I should be in there.

Meredith had just had her baby she was in no position to operate and if Richard could operate we wouldn’t be in this situation, it was because he couldn’t operate that we were, because he was potentially dying on that table and there was nothing I could do to stop him.

Ben was by my side but that was irrelevant, he was holding my hand as my whole body shook, he was murmuring comforting words, but my brain blocked them out, my brain blocked everything out. All my brain could do was replay that scene in the basement. I kept replaying finding him, I kept replaying waiting desperately for people to come down.

Then my brain decided to be cruel, it stopped playing the basement scene, it started replaying me calling him a drunk. It replayed me yelling at him, and the sad look on his face. Again and again and again. I was still waiting for another update, but there was no way I could stand up, let alone walk over there, I couldn’t even speak.

Usually I start yelling when I’m stressed, but this wasn’t usually, this was not something I was used to. I could save other people calmly, I could help strangers, but when it came to people I knew, my interns, my husband, my baby, my Richard. I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t stay calm or cool or collected. I fell apart, and I was back holding myself together with tape and glue.

As I sat still, waiting, my brain had the mercy to stop replaying me yelling at Richard and changed to good memories, memories that made my heart move out of my chest and up into my throat, then crush it, over and over again. I don’t know how long I sat here, waiting, waiting for news, waiting for the surgery to be over, waiting to know if he survived or not.

Finally, thousands of hours later the door opened, a man came out with a dark purple scrub cap on, wearing navy scrubs. I knew who he was, but I couldn’t name him, that wasn’t what was important right now. I took one look at my expression and I knew, I knew.

“No.” I whispered, as I came back to reality, I wasn’t in my thoughts anymore, I was sitting on a chair in a hallway with Ben beside me, his breathing fast.

“Miranda..” The surgeon started, he stayed where he stood, he didn’t try to approach me, he didn’t bother, he knew it would do no good, there was no comfort, no comfort at all.

“Don’t say it.” I muttered, looking up at him with pleading eyes, he looked over at Ben who nodded beside me, he knew I had to hear it, I needed to hear it to believe it.

“Richard Webber..” He started speaking slowly and calmly, although his voice caught, and paused for a moment.

“No.” I muttered, it couldn’t be true, this isn’t real.
“Richard Webber is dead.” He said his eyes fixed on the wall behind us. Silent tears streamed down my face, it couldn’t be real, it’s not real, I kept telling myself, but I knew, I knew it was real. Ben nodded to the surgeon who turned away from us and headed down the hallway, the rest of the hospital would know in a few minutes.

As the rest of the surgical team filed out I continued to shake, my tears were no longer silent and I was gulping for breath, this couldn’t be real this wasn’t real. But it was so real, the pain was real.

“Mir…” Ben started, his hands resting on my shoulders, trying to calm me down, like he had been attempting to do for the last few minutes while I sobbed.

“NO!” I yelled, ripping his arms off me and standing up. “NO!” I yelled again, tears still streaming down my face, I could barely see out of my eyes, but I upended my chair and screamed. My voice echoed down the empty corridor as I threw things at the walls, as I turned chairs and beds over, I threw pillows against the walls, but the lack of satisfying crack when they failed to break didn’t help me. I needed hard objects, I needed things to break, break like I was broken.

Hands took hold of me, holding me back. I struggled but I couldn’t free myself, so I continued to scream as I shook and struggled and kicked. I could hear people talking around me, but their yelling voices were muffled by both my inward and outward screaming, my face was still wet with tears but the tears had stopped coming, I had nothing left in my to cry. But I still had a lot of screaming left.

“What are you looking at!” I screamed at the nurses and doctors staring at me from down the hallway, I could see that they were concerned but why should I care, Richard was dead, nothing else mattered, not anymore.

Still screaming and struggling I saw a nurse out of the corner of my eye with a needle, moving fast I pushed her away from me, she fell to the ground and instead of apologising I kept screaming, wanting to break things, wanting to do something, anything.

I felt the grip on my loosen, I moved to pull away but I felt a sharp pain in my arm. Turning my head, I saw Ben’s hand withdrawing a needle from my arm, I stopped yelling ‘no’ I felt my body stiffen, and my head went black, everything was dark.

Just like that I was put to sleep, I could scream no more, I could no longer kick and struggle, I would have to go wherever I was taken, but at least my mind was quiet, there was no more yelling inside of me, there was no more outward yelling either, I was finally silent.
Cristina Yang

Chapter Summary

Again this is set a few hours later, I hope that you enjoy :)

Cristina’s POV:

The sun was up, it was now 6am and the hospital was busy as usual at this time, but in many ways it didn’t feel like a new day, it just felt like yesterday had lasted a week, or perhaps a month and was still going. Derek was back, Mere had calmed down, Mark had been fed and after sitting in the chair for the last 10 minutes, I jumped up and began pacing, just for something to do.

“Bailey’s in the psych ward.” Callie announced as she strode into the room, and hugged me, before whispering, “Screamed down the hospital.” Into my ear, she didn’t want Mere to hear. As she pulled away and sat down in the chair I had just vacated, I saw Arizona glaring at us with puffy eyes, the conversation had obviously not gone her way and she probably thought that Callie had whispered meant it was about her, god people could be so high school, not everything was about them.

“What?” Mere half-yelled, as she quickly sat upright in her bed before stiffening and relaxing back down onto her pillows. Derek kissed her on the forehead as he rocked baby Mark in his arms, Zola was up in day care with Sofia and the other kids.

“We’ll discuss that later, is everyone here?” Derek said, his eyes still on Mark who was sleeping, but doing it in the typical cute baby fashion that kept all the adults fascinated.

“No, Jackson is on his way.” I said, I was responsible for paging everyone here while Mere washing up and Derek was dropping Zola off. I had considered paging Owen, he was the chief but I couldn’t see him right now, this was just for the board, I convinced myself.

“Oh, he broke up with Stephanie but don’t mention that.” I cut across Arizona, which caused Callie to grin at me before looking at me in confusion much like everyone else in the room, even Derek looked up from Mark’s face to look at me.

“What?” Mere said, giving me a ‘why didn’t you mention this earlier’ sort a look. It hadn’t been important then, Richard was dead, she was crying, I had priorities, gossip could wait.

“Well I assume so, she was crying... they broke up, I know what it looks like.” I said, gaining another look of confusion from the others, none of them knew, except for Mere and Callie, but then again Arizona might know now, Derek didn’t know yet.

“And Cristina broke up with Owen.” Mere explained to the room, Callie gave me a small smile, Arizona kept her eyes to the ground but she obviously knew already and Derek didn’t look surprised, we all knew this was coming.
“Don’t mention that either!” I said, glaring at Mere, I didn’t want to talk about it or be reminded about it, but that tactic wouldn’t work for long it never did. Arizona’s eyes rose from the floor and she looked over at Callie who was determinedly staring away from Arizona, refusing to catch her gaze. It was clear that she was trying to figure out whether Callie would tell us about Arizona’s affair last night. I wondered if she knew that I already knew. Judging by the way she refused to look at me, told me that she did, she was probably trying to gauge whether Mere knew, because then everyone would know as she would tell Derek.

“What kept you?” Mere asked as Jackson waltzed into the room, his arm in sling, and his wounds healing. He looked happy but he wore a grave face, so it was hard to determine how he was feeling, both professionally and personally.

“Just put Dr Boswell in a cab.” Jackson replied walking over to Derek and looking at Mark, “Cute baby, perfect choice of name” he said before sitting down by Mere’s bed, obviously exhausted, nobody in this room got much sleep, Mere and Derek were the best rested. I looked over at Callie and gave her a small smile, it was going to be hard for her to hear the name, but she could be glad that at least this woman was leaving, she didn’t have to work with her.

“Boswell?” Mere asked looking at each of our faces, she was off having a baby, she missed a lot of things while she was busy trying not to die or anything. I kept my eyes on Callie, who looked over at Arizona, finally acknowledging her presence in the room, obviously saying you say it or I will.

“The woman I slept with last night.” Arizona said in a small voice, her eyes on the ground again, as everyone in the room gasped quietly and looked at her in shock, I kept my eyes of Callie and gave her another small sad smile.

“What?” Mere said looking from Arizona to Callie then to me, by the look on my face it was obvious that I already knew, “Why didn’t you tell me!” Mere whispered to me.

“We were a bit busy.” I whispered back, causing her to smile before she remembered what kept me from telling her these somewhat trivial bits of information.

“Is it true Bailey got sedated?” Jackson asked, looking at Callie and I, Mere obviously knew nothing, Derek was absorbed in Mark and Arizona was still staring stony face at the ground.

“What?” Mere said, looking at me again, then seeing I didn’t actually know this small bit of information looked over at Callie

“I already told you she was in psych.” Callie replied, looking back down at her phone, she was busy emailing or checking something, or maybe she just wanted something to look at other than the happy McDreamy’s or Arizona.

“I didn’t know she was sedated to get there though did I!” Mere cried, so much had happened in just a few hours, what else could go wrong today?

“Let’s get down to business we.. crap, you too?” Callie said looking over at me as our pagers went off in unison, it was 911 we had to go.

“Continue the meeting without us. For all faults and purposes I agree with Mere.” I said as I grabbed my jacket off the back of the chair and headed out the door with Callie, giving Mere one last smile before I left the room.

“Derek can vote for me.” Callie said from behind me, catching up she glanced at me, “Coffee?”

“God yeah.” I said managing to stifle a yawn, “Feel free to come crash with Alex and I if you want,
if you want space or…” I said as we took a quick detour to get coffee.

“Thanks. I may take you up on that.” Callie cut me off, smiled at me and opened the door to the lounge. The cleaners had obviously been in, the pillows were fixed, the rubbish was all gone and a fresh pot coffee was sitting on the bench, perfect. This day couldn’t get much worse, hopefully the next few would be far better than the last few, although I doubt they could be worse.
Arizona Robbins

Chapter Summary

Trying to get a few different perspectives in here :)

Arizona’s POV:

I honestly didn’t know I felt. On the surface I felt angry, I felt sad, I felt hurt. But inside, inside was a different story. Looking back I don’t know why I did it. Callie and I were getting better, sure we were nothing like we once were but maybe one day we could have been. But now, now I don’t know.

The others talked, the others planned, but my eyes were still trained to the door that Callie and Cristina walked out of without looking back. Callie gave her vote to Derek and smiled to the room without her eyes even brushing over me, she didn’t want to look at me, she don’t want to be with. Honestly I couldn’t blame her. I wanted to be mad at her but now, now I was only mad at myself.

Everything was worse, everything was far worse. It was getting better but I slept with her. It felt so good, until it didn’t. Until wave after wave of regret washed over me, and when I saw Callie’s face when she found out, when she knew, I felt sick. But I wasn’t in the position to have emotions or feelings about this, because I was the one who cheated, I was the one who threw in the towel. Although that’s not true, I felt terrible, I felt the world was spinning and nothing could make it stop.

Of course the world was in fact spinning, but not in the way that I would feel it. The way that they all looked at me when they found, first it was shock, then it was a mixture of pity, sympathy and resentment. It didn’t take a genius to work out which emotion was directed at which person.

“Well that’s everything, unless anyone would like anything to add?” Derek said, he was standing beside me now, I wonder when that happened. Looking up at him I shook my head, I could feel their eyes on me, I hadn’t said anything this entire time, I was usually rather vocal in these situations. But today was different, this morning was different, everything was different.

“I’m going to visit Bailey.” Meredith announced, looking around the room expectantly.

“No you’re not, you’re recovering from surgery!” Derek exclaimed, as quietly as he could, wary of the sleeping Mark lying in his arms.

“But…” Meredith started, she was always so stubborn, but not this time. We all knew that she would argue that without Bailey she wouldn’t be alive right now, but not today, we had lost too much over the last few hours to be lenient.

“No absolutely not.” Derek said, remaining adamant that she would not be going anywhere. Meredith glared at him for a moment and leaned back on the pillows, looking a little bit relieved as the sudden movement of sitting up had obviously been painful for her.

“I’ll check in on her later.” I said, speaking for the first time since I had announced my infidelity. Meredith smiled at me and relaxed as she held out her arms, taking Mark and staring at his beautiful face, he was still fast asleep.
A pager beeped by the doorframe reminding me of Jackson’s presence in the room, checking it he glanced at us before turning to head out the door. “Keep me posted on developments.” He called as he rushed down the hallway. I turned to face Meredith and Derek, watching their happiness and feeling separated from that emotion, and I felt as though I was intruding on their peace. Turning to head out, Derek’s pager beeped behind me.

“Check in on you later.” Derek said as he bent down to kiss Meredith, then Mark and gave me a fleeting smile before he rushed past me and down the hallway, disappearing from view just like the others.

“And then there were two.” Meredith said smiling at Mark, her eyes flicked up to me and then back to Mark.

“How are you feeling?” I asked taking a shaky step towards the bed. Meredith and Callie were friends, they knew each other before I was even here, so obviously she would pick Callie over me, but there were no sides, not yet. Perhaps in time that would come, but god I hope they didn’t.

“What about?” Meredith asked watching me carefully, I couldn’t read her expression, I couldn’t tell whether she hated me. On some levels she had every right to, but I hoped she didn’t, I didn’t want anyone to, especially Callie who deserved to hate me the most.

“Everything I guess.” I replied, not looking at Meredith directly, but at a spot just above her head, to make it seem like I was looking at her, but I couldn’t look into her deep penetrating eyes without cracking. I had shed enough tears over the past few hours.

“Better. Still in shock. What about you?” Meredith asked, looking away from me now. After everything we had been through, everyone had been through such terrible things, another death was still shocking, even though it wasn’t out first. Richard was gone, and he would gone forever, he was never coming back, I don’t think any of us could accept that for a while.

“Confused, angry, upset… a whole range of different emotions, the majority of negative ones directed at myself though, not others.” I answered, my eyes returning to the door that Callie had left through, not looking at me, not wanting to see my face, not wanting to talk to me. Would she ever forgive me? Was it bad that I was already beginning to forgive myself? Did that make me a horrible person, or did that just make me human? Or perhaps, it made me both.

“What happened?” Meredith said after a few minutes of silence where she watched me closely and I watched the door, deep in thought.

“It’s complicated.” I said turning back to face Meredith and Mark, not knowing how to phrase it, not knowing how to begin to explain.

“Is it?” Mere said, analysing me, she seemed to know more than she had let in, or maybe she was just been sympathetic, maybe I was still… oh I don’t know.

“I… it’s painful.” I said, after staring out of the window momentarily, figuring out how to say, what to say.

“It always is.” Mere said, looking back down at Mark, smiling sadly as she looked up at my tearstained face that makeup didn’t manage to cover. I opened my mouth, not sure what I was going to say exactly, but luckily my pager went off, 911, which meant I had to go.

“See you.” I said as I turned from her bed, partially glad to have an excuse to leave and walking quickly down the hallway, my leg no longer impairing me as much as it once did, I didn’t lose
everything in that crash, but perhaps I had now, perhaps I did it for myself.

They say that grief does not change a person, it just reveals the persons true self, was that true in my case? Does this even constitute as grief, this was more trauma, granted it was similar due to Lexie and Mark and my beloved leg, but it was not the same. I thought that I was returning to me, the former me, but I never left me, I just covered up my imperfections again, the imperfections I hadn’t denied, but hadn’t even realised I had.
April Kepner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

April’s POV:

The machines ticked and whirled and whirred and did their thing. The ward was quiet, for now anyway. In the last hour, there had been six screaming episodes, two broken objects and three escape attempts, the psych ward was a busy place. Finding Bailey wasn’t the easiest thing, having spent no time up here myself, this was new territory for me. Plus people assumed I knew where I was going since I was in scrubs so it was next to impossible to ask for directions, everyone seemed so busy.

My face was still red, but the tears had stopped, Richard Webber is dead, and I have accepted it. Horrible things seem to keep happening here, again and again and again. Not a year goes by when something horrible doesn’t happen. It seems as though every few weeks there is some form of disaster, but that really doesn’t surprise me, we are a pretty dysfunctional bunch, scalpel hungry, sexed up surgeons. I was never the latter, until Jackson and then that was all I could ever think about, apart from surgery that is.

I felt selfish sitting up here thinking about myself and my problems, I shouldn’t be thinking about Jackson and Matthew, I should be in here thinking about Bailey. Worrying about Bailey, wondering how she is doing, if she will ever be Bailey again, part of me doubts she will.

I didn’t know her too well before the shooting, but afterwards she was certainly different, not hugely but enough for me to notice, and then she became the same Bailey she was. But now, now she would be changed in a way that she would not be able to come back from. Richard was one of her best friends, she looked up to him, she cared greatly for him and now he is dead. He is dead just like so many others that were once doctors here.

Although this is a hospital, a place where death is common place, too many of our doctors die here. We seem to have one disaster after another. We are still recovering from the plane crash and now, now this happens. It almost seems unavoidable, like we are just bracing for the next catastrophe. We don’t have peace we just have the calm before the storm hits, again and again. It seems ridiculous that I am up here worrying about what to tell Matthew, worrying how to break it to him when all this death and destruction seems to be following us all. But then again that’s why I have to tell him.

Bailey looks so vulnerable lying here still and unconscious pumped full of drugs to make her sleep. I don’t know where Ben is maybe he couldn’t stand to see her like this or maybe he is with Tuck or working. Point is I’m alone in her room, alone with my thoughts. Consumed with worry and feeling selfish because it is for myself. I worry about the pain I will inflict on Matthew, and I worry if choosing Jackson was the right thing to do. I know that I should care about hurting Stephanie but I don’t.

I wish I had someone to talk to about this. Cristina doesn’t really have sympathy for this sort of dilemma except for Mere, Mere will not be much of a help right now, Alex won’t care at all and that brings me full circle. I could talk to Arizona or Callie but they have a few issues between the two of them right now and also everyone is consumed with grief over losing Richard, so I doubt my love troubles is high up on anyone’s agenda except for mine.

“How is she doing?” A voice comes from the hallway. I am too tired to turn around to look but Arizona steps into view her expression worried and her eyes puffy from crying.
“It’s hard to tell at this stage. Emotionally I mean.” I stretch in my chair and smile for a moment at Arizona as she passes me a cup of coffee before she slumps into a chair beside me.

I can’t think of anything else to say right now, I don’t want to ask her about Callie and I am not in the mood for small talk, not now. So we sink into hopefully mutually appreciated silence.

I can’t tell him, I don’t want to break his heart. But I have to tell him. It is just like ripping off a band aid I have to do it quickly. Dragging my hand over my face I remember, I am wearing a ring, I am engaged. Well not for much longer. How many people has he told? Has he told his parents, his friends? He will have to call them back and tell that we are over, how could I do that to him?

“What is the best way to break up with someone?” I blurt out no longer able to keep everything in my head. My gaze is set on Arizona who looks both surprised, shocked and slightly scared by my question.

“What?” Arizona glares at me. I can’t quite put my finger on it but she seems mad. The way she sat up before she spoke, almost as if I was accusing her of something or attempting to bring something up.

“If they aren’t expecting it.” I ask still not getting why she looked so mad at me, and also so hurt.

“Callie and I aren’t brea…” Arizona starts tears beginning to cloud in her eyes, and I finally get it. She doesn’t know what I am talking about, she thinks I’m talking about her.

“I didn’t mean…” I cut her off, wishing I hadn’t opened my mouth in the first place.

“Is that what people are saying? That Callie and I are over? Is that what Callie has been telling people? I haven’t seen her hours maybe she…” Arizona speaks quickly her eyes frantic, trying to get an answer out of me, trying not to cry.

“Stop!” I cut her off midstream, she stops speaking but her mouth remains open for a moment before I add, “I was talking about Matthew.”

“Well as engagements go that was pretty short.” Arizona smiles weakly at me. I can tell that she is sort of concerned about what I’m going to say but she also looks mainly relieved. Callie and her must still be treading eggshells, and after what she did no one is blaming Callie.

I don’t know what to say to that, there is so much I want to say. I want to scream at the top of my lungs just like Bailey did, I want to have Jackson wrap his arms around me and I don’t want to have to remember that Richard is dead or that I have to break off my engagement with Matthew.

My pager goes off on the bedside table where I placed it. Jumping up I snatch it up and shut it off, hoping that I didn’t wake Bailey. Before remembering that she was drugged to high heaven she wouldn’t be waking up anytime soon. Smiling at Arizona who shuffles in her seat and closes her eyes, I walk out of the door and shut it quietly behind me, before getting the hell out of the psych ward, grateful for the distraction work will bring.

Chapter End Notes

All caught up to what I have published on fanfiction.net, hopefully I am inspired to
write another chapter soon :)
A cup of coffee in one hand and a cup of juice in the other, I headed down the corridors, fully aware that Mere’s 911 call was just a way to get some company, to not be left out of the loop. After a three hour surgery, four pre-op checks, two dead patients and the doctors falling to pieces around me over Richard’s death, the last few hours had somehow managed to be more stressful than the night before. I felt as if I was walking in a daze, Richard was dead, Owen and I were over, Mere was alive, Mark was adorable, Jackson and April were getting together and Callie and Arizona were falling apart. So much had happened, and I for one was exhausted.

“Shit.” I muttered as I turned the corridor and walked into Owen, far too busy in my head to notice him before our heads hit, and my coffee almost spilled down his shirt. He opened his mouth to say something, something that I didn’t want to hear no doubt, something that I couldn’t hear. Turning my back to him, I hurried off back down the corridor, finding a different route to Mere’s room, preferably a people free one. Pushing open the door to the staircase, I let the door swing shut behind me as I rested my head against the wood and took a deep breath.

I liked the stairs in this hospital, not to walk down or run up, but as a reminder. It was less painful than the tunnels, and I could sit here, practically undisturbed for a few minutes between surgeries. No one had died in this staircase, Alex had almost died in the lift, Charles died beside the lift, George had died in the OR, Richard died in the basement, Izzie had almost died all over the place in here, Mere had almost died, this hospital was tainted with their blood, but not this staircase.

People had a tendency to slam open these doors as they ran up these stairs, and by people I of course mean interns. Pushing myself off the door, I slowed headed up the steps, trying not to see the death, the death that was always present in this place, but remembering when George had yelled about sleeping with Mere before falling down the staircase. Or where I had argued with Burke over numerous issues, or when Jackson and I sat side by side on the steps after the shooting, trying to mend ourselves in the silence.

“Did you get lost or something?” Mere asked as I shut the door behind me, alerting her of my presence in the room. The blinds were already shut, she must have been sleeping, or at least attempting to.

“I walked into Owen, literally.” I sighed as I handed Mere her orange juice, then took a sip of my coffee before placing it on the bedside table and walking over to see Mark. I may not want children, ever, but that didn’t mean I didn’t love Zola, Sofia and now Mark. Leaning over him, I kissed his tiny forehead, trying to drink in his innocence before straightening up and climbing onto the bed next to Mere.

“Oh.” Mere answered as she wrapped her arm around me, letting me rest my head against the pillow as I felt my eyelids droop. I was exhausted, we all were, we were emotionally and physically drained. Richard was dead, he was dead, and we had to keep working, we all had to keep working. “So are you...” Mere asked, I could feel her eyes on me even though my eyes were shut, letting my mind adjust to the darkness that was these last few days.

“We’re done, we’re over, whatever we were, we aren’t anymore.” I replied, opening my eyes and
looking at Mere. She nodded along, she had heard this all before, more than once, a lot more than once. It was inevitable really, but it was time for that to end, it had to end.

“You always say that, and you always get back together.” Mere answered patiently. Her eyes now resting on the top of Mark’s head, he was gorgeous, he really was, to me he still just looked like a baby, he didn’t look like Mere or Derek, but he was cute.

“I know, but this time is different.” I insisted. This time had to be different, I couldn’t feel like this again, I had felt like this far too often over the last few weeks, months and even years. Except now, now Richard was dead, and everything was different, I didn’t feel angry, I didn’t feel sad, I just felt empty. Empty and tired.

“You always say that too.” Mere said, taking another sip of orange juice as she smiled over at Mark who was still sleeping quietly. Mere was strong, I knew that, we all knew that, but she was shaken by Richard’s death far more than most, he was practically her father, they were close and now he was dead.

“I know, but it has to be different this time Mere, I can’t do it again, I can’t keep feeling like this. I love him, so I have to leave him, for good. Can we talk about something else.” I answered, not sure whether I was convincing her or me. In that on call room I knew, I knew what I was saying had to be, I knew that we couldn’t fool ourselves anymore. Nothing had changed. He wanted children, I couldn’t take that away from him, I wouldn’t. I wanted surgery, I wanted to learn more, to hold hearts in my hands, to repair them in a way that most deemed impossible, I still had so much to do, and that was my passion, that was enough for me.

“So what am I missing out there?” Mere asked after a few seconds of silent, my eyes shut as she hugged me. At least I was living with Alex, I had a room there, and not everything was tainted with memories of Owen, making it harder than it was. I had Mere, I had surgery and I had Callie, whose relationship still had a chance, Callie who needed me almost as much as I needed her, her and Mere and Alex. Alex who was finally happy, I couldn’t destroy that, I couldn’t drag him down with me, not now, not after everything he had been through, not after Izzie and Ava and Lucy Fields.

“Bailey’s still under, Callie needs to get drunk again tonight, I’m avoiding Owen, and everyone is crying.” I answered, trying not to think about Richard, trying not to think about any of it, but failing, miserably, and repeatedly.

“I should visit her.” Mere muttered, her eyes resting on Mark again, and it looked as though he was helping her stay calm, I hope he was, she needed something to keep her calm today. I would no doubt get paged soon and Derek would be in surgery most of the day, people would pop in every so often but otherwise it was just Mere and Mark today.

“We should. But you can’t take Mark up to the psych ward and I could get paged any minute.” I replied. Bailey was our teacher, she was, no she is the Nazi, she had to be okay. But she wasn’t okay. Right now she was upstairs, sedated to high heaven and she wasn’t herself, Richard was dead, we couldn’t lose Bailey too. She should be in the hospital, bossing us around as usual, not in bed on a drip, dead to the world.

“I will visit her.” I added. I hate psych, the people there scream, or they don’t speak at all, some of them don’t belong there, some of them do. It must be worse for Alex, it might remind him of his mother, of his brother, he probably won’t visit Bailey because of it and Mere can’t. George is dead and Izzie is gone, out of the five of us, I will be her only intern to visit, which means I have to.

Closing my eyes as my head drops to the pillow again, I empty my mind, I empty it of memory, of emotion, of thought. With Mere by my side, I listen to her breathing, I listen to Mark’s and I listen to
Beep beep!

My pager breaks the peaceful silence that has fallen over the room, snatching it up off the bedside table without opening my eyes I turn it off, not wanting to wake Mark.

“I have to go.” I sighed as I opened my eyes and reluctantly stood up off the bed. Why couldn’t I have an hour to rest, just an hour to clear my mind to sleep, although surgery would be better. “I feel empty.” I added as Mere smiled at me, I wrapped around the cool metal of the door handle and pulled the door open before stepping into the hallway, leaving Mere’s door open, leaving the peaceful of that room, leaving my thoughts behind. The ER was obviously still open, which meant something else had happened, which meant surgeries, which meant distractions.

Which was exactly what I needed.

Chapter End Notes

Totally unbeta-ed so all mistakes are mine and mine alone
Callie Torres

Chapter Summary

Not entirely sure where this is going, but it is sort of following the plot of season 9, we shall see as it continues I guess.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Callie’s POV:

Brilliant, just brilliant. This day was horrible enough, the ER was flooded with patients, and patients were the only thing we had an abundance of, and to make matters even better I have a consult on one of Arizona’s patients. I have to act civil and work with her, while my insides are tearing apart each time I look at her, I just can’t. But I have to. I listen to Leah and I listen to Arizona, but I can’t look at either of them.

The ER was full, I had already checked over a dozen patients, sent five of them to xray which was backed up, I gave two of them the okay, performed an emergent surgery on one of them before letting one of the residents take over when I was paged back to the ER. That surgery was over two hours ago, I had spent all of that time in the ER, surrounded by the crying staff and the stressed patients, and had managed to avoid Arizona for most of it. I had almost hit her with a chart, by accident of course, although I doubt she would have seen it that way. Bailey was in psych and I hadn’t seen her yet, we were the same year, we went through all of this together, and I was down here in the ER when she was probably up there alone, I had to see her but there simply wasn’t time.

“You can’t make it worse, it’s already as bad as it can be.” I said, looking Arizona in the eye for the first time since I was paged out of Mere’s room, as my fingers wrapped around the sheet. The hospital couldn’t just let me have a few hours Arizona free, I couldn’t just have a few cases without her.

It was bad enough that there was the storm, that we barely had enough supplies, that our staff were exhausted, and there weren’t enough of us, and now all of us had to work with the knowledge that Richard was dead, our old Chief, our friend was dead, and we all had to continue to work. Disaster after disaster we had to work through, but at least I had had Arizona for the shooting even though we were fighting, at least I had had her. But now, now I couldn’t even look at her without feeling sick. With Arizona pulling the sheet on one side and me pulling the sheet on the side, we managed to do just what Leah couldn’t.

“Alright we need to get this guy upstairs, Murphy book an OR and ask Rhodes if she can scrub in.” I said as I flipped through his chart quickly, letting my eyes skim it before I handed it back to Leah and took a step away from our patient and Arizona.

“Why Rhodes? He’s only a fifth year resident.” Arizona asked, a confused expression on her face, which suited her better than guilt I have to say. How could she not understand I couldn’t work with her today, she hugged me when we found out about Richard but that didn’t change what she had done, it didn’t change anything.
“It’s his liver, I need a general surgeon.” I answered, my eyes finding hers for a brief moment as I waited for another few seconds, I had four other patients that needed me, he was going to be fine, I could go, but Arizona wasn’t finished yet.

“Well I am general surgeon. We don’t have enough staff and I..” Arizona started, still seemingly oblivious, I couldn’t operate on this man and be focused on him with Arizona beside me. Every time I looked at her I imagined her lips on Boswell’s, I saw them together in an on call room. Everything was falling apart, and I didn’t have time to think about the two of them, I didn’t have the time to waste on them when I should be focusing on my patients, I shouldn’t have to argue about this.

“Get me Rhodes!” I yelled as I stepped away from her and walked out of the ER, my pager went off, brilliant, I now had 5 patients waiting for me. Taking a deep breath, I leant against the wall as I placed my hand to my forehead. I needed sleep, I needed alcohol, I needed... peace.

It didn’t matter to the weather that we were all grieving, that somebody we loved was dead. Ambulances still came, patients still bled out on our tables, we couldn’t stop, we had to stay professional. My marriage may be over, and I still had to work with her. Richard was dead and I still had to operate in an OR which he operated in for years, in an OR that he would never operate in again.

“Here.” Cristina’s voice pierced through the darkness that encircled me as she used her fingers to open my hand, before pushing a coffee mug into my palm. Opening my eyes I found her standing in front of me, looking like I felt, defeated. “Take these.” She added, handing my two aspirin. Her pager went off, but she didn’t check it, she stood in front of me as I swallowed the aspirin and drank half of my coffee.

“Can I stay with you tonight?” I asked, not having to think about the words until they came out of my mouth. I couldn’t go home, the memories, the images in my head of the two of them would suffocate me if I went back there, I couldn’t go there.

“Absolutely.” Cristina answered immediately, giving me a small smile. She probably knew exactly how I felt, more or less. Plus she would want the company tonight as well, Mere had Derek, Zola and Mark, she would be no help to Cristina tonight. “Although there is nowhere for Sofia to sleep, but we can figure that out later.” Cristina added. Sofia. Of course. If this wasn’t bad enough already.

“She’s with my parents at the moment.” Thank god. This would be even worse if she was stuck in daycare, they picked her up before the storm got so terrible, knowing that Arizona and I would be far too busy working with the impending storm. One less thing to worry about, for now at least.

“That’s lucky.” Cristina replied as I took another sip of coffee, letting the warmth spread down my throat, the caffeine waking up my brain as the aspirin started to work.

“Well something had to go right.” I answered, giving Cristina a small smile in return. Taking a deep breath I drained my cup before pushing myself off the wall, I had patients that needed me, I had surgeries to perform, I had lives to save, I had to forget about my own mess of one and focus.

“Go see Mere when you have the chance. Hold Mark, take in the cuteness or whatever, you love babies.” Cristina said, giving me a quick smile as she took the cup from my hand and dropped it into the bin. “When we finish here, whenever the hell that is, I’ll see what I can do about those early onset alzheimers.” Cristina added, grinning at me, I couldn’t help but smile back at her.

People called her a robot, but that was years ago now, she isn’t a robot and she never was. She was there for me after George slept with Izzie, she let me move in, she was my friend, and ever since then we had been friends. I may not be her soul mate like Mere, or like Mark was for me, but she still
knew how to cheer me up, even if it was only momentarily.

“Did you forget how disgusting they were?” I answered, my face feeling weird as it wore a smile, a proper smile that went up to my eyes.

“That may be so, but they did what they were supposed to do.” Cristina reasoned. With her by my side we walked back into the ER, my eyes didn’t scan the room for Arizona instead they were fixed on Cristina as I laughed, a laugh that felt out of place in this hospital right now. I saw Cristina stiffen and turned to follow her gaze, Owen had just walked in. Giving me a small final smile before her face turned to stone, Cristina turned away and headed towards her first patient of many. Ignoring Arizona who was standing a few metres to the left of Owen, I balled my fists as I took a deep breath in, before breathing out and straightening out my fingers.

I have patients to attend to, I have lives to save, I can’t think about Arizona anymore, I can’t worry about Bailey, I can’t grieve for Richard.

I have to be a surgeon, not a person, that is the only way to get through this day.

Chapter End Notes

My mistakes are mine and mine alone, unbeta-ed work.
Love to know what you think, also check me out of fanfic.net under the same name
Arizona’s POV:

“Look I get that you’re freaked out I do, but we need to focus. We all have patients that we have to attend to.”

With a single look, a look so dismissive I can practically feel my lungs stop working but somehow I manage to breathe anyway. In front of me, Callie looks away from me and into the OR as she brings her surgical mask up to her face. She can’t bear to look at me, not even for a few seconds. I get it she’s mad, I understand, and that we’re professionals, we need to focus, we need to put this behind us, but she seemed so dismissive, like she doesn’t even care anymore.

“I know that you wanted Rhodes but he’s in another surgery right now.” I said as the door shut behind me. I wanted to step forward but she offered no reply, she didn’t look friendly, she didn’t look happy, she didn’t look she cared, at all. “Callie we shou..” I started.

“Should what? Not sleep with other people, respect our wedding vows?” Callie demanded as she looked at me, her eyes cold, something I didn’t recognise, something that was new.

“We should put our problems aside right now because this guy deserves that.” I shouted, my voice cutting her off as I took a step towards her, letting my anger get the better of me. Callie doesn’t say anything in reply instead she turns her back to me and leaves the scrub room, entering the OR.

I watch her as she walks in, her back straight and her shoulders back, she doesn’t look broken, she doesn’t look upset, she looks ready. This man has a broken pelvis, this man needs her help and she isn’t doing her best to be professional she is being professional. None of us are particularly good at separating our private lives from our professional lives, and the water between them is further muddied by the fact they were date here, we grow here, our relationships, private and professional are formed under the same roof. We save lives and lose lives of both friends and patients underneath this roof.

Richard is dead. He is gone forever. I cheated. My relationship may be over. I talked to Mere, I talked to April, but the one person I want to talk to is the one person I can’t. The only other person who knows what she is thinking is Cristina and she has clearly already sided. I can’t blame her, Owen cheated on her a few weeks before the plane crash, and she has been friends with Callie for years.

As I continue to wash my hands, I try to clear my head, try to wash away the pain, the sorrow, the regret. We are shaped by the decisions we make, we are shaped by grief, but like I thought as I left Mere’s room, grief doesn’t alter our personality it just distorts it, introducing nothing new, just enhancing certain parts of us they we weren’t aware of, at least I wasn’t anyway. Not until it was too late. Not until I had cheated, not until I had taken what I had left away from myself, not even aware I was doing it.

Walking into the OR I left everything in the scrub room, or as much of it as I could at least. It didn’t matter that my life was falling apart, it didn’t matter that Richard was dead, none of it mattered anymore, what mattered was the man on the table. That was what mattered.
With Callie behind me, it was easier to not think about her, to focus on Leah who is in front of me. Leah talked and I replied, and behind me, Callie took a sharp intake of breath. She was going to say something I knew it, but I didn’t know whether I would want to hear it.

“I was wrong before Murphy when I implied Doctor Robbins wasn’t a real general surgeon. She is, she is an excellent general surgeon.” Callie said, her voice shaking slightly as she spoke. I knew I wouldn’t want to hear her, this was worse than her yelling, I wish she was yelling.

“It’s okay. We’ve all said things that we shouldn’t have.” I answered, my voice low. I can hear Callie sigh behind me, and I try to focus on the patient on the table. I didn’t think about Callie, I didn’t think about Sofia, I didn’t think. I slept with Lauren for what? No reason, no reason at all. The only reason was it made me feel free, it wasn’t about my leg, it was separate from that, she liked me, the present me, and that mattered to me. But now, now that had ruined me.

The rest of the surgery continued in endless silence, not peaceful silence, just silence. I fixed the man on my table and wrote a speech in my head. I came up with a metaphor but threw that away when I realised Callie wouldn’t smile at me and think me cute, she would turn around and leave. I only had one chance at this.

“Take him to his room.” I instructed Leah, before I stepped into the scrub room, empty except for Callie who was scrubbing her hands, she still had to wash for at least another minute, so she couldn’t leave just yet, which meant I couldn’t wait. This wasn’t about my festering guilt, this was about Callie or so I tried to convince myself anyway.

“Callie.” I said, my voice level and clear as I took a step towards her, and then another. Covering my hands in soap, turned on the water and stood beside her, her eyes fixed on the basin as I looked at her.

“I don’t want to talk to you.” Callie muttered. I know she is holding back, I know she wants to yell, she has to want to yell, if she doesn’t yell she no longer cares and she can no longer care, she has to care, she still has to care.

“I’m sorry.” I kept my eyes fixed on her as I wash my hands, she still has another minute to go, hopefully more, she can’t leave without properly washing her hands first, I need to hurry up. I wish I had time to ask Alex for advice first, but if I didn’t do this know I don’t know when I could get her to listen.

“Ariz…” Callie started, her eyes still fixed on the basin. She sounds defeated, she sounds exhausted, and I can’t do anything to help her. I can’t kiss her softly, or wrap my arms around her, I had caused some of this, and Richard had caused some of this, and because of what Lauren and I did, I couldn’t comfort her about Richard and she couldn’t comfort me.

“I’m sorry, I made a mistake. I made one mistake, or a series of tiny errors that lead to a mistake. I’m sorry that I hurt you, I’m sorry that I blamed you. I’m sorry that I said that you didn’t lose anything. I’m sorry that I thought these things and on some levels I still do. I’m sorry from everything. I don’t expect you to forgive me, but I want to try to earn your forgiveness.” I watched her expression change as I spoke, she wasn’t expecting me to say this, I knew she wasn’t, but I had a silent half an hour by Bailey’s bedside, where my thoughts dwelled first on Richard and then on Callie. And in surgery I had time, time to think.

“Ariz…” Callie started again as I paused for breath. She had stopped washing her hands, and was drying them as she watched me, she hadn’t left yet, that was a good sign.

“No, please don’t say no, not just yet. Please think about it, think about it, please. I love you, I really
do and I hate to see you hurting like this, and it physically hurts me to be responsible for you to feel like this. I’m sorry. There isn’t anything else I can tell you. I’ll give you space, for a few days the best I can, but just remember that I’m sorry and I love you.” I finished, giving Callie a small smile before I kissed her on the cheek and she nodded, and turned her back to me, pulled open the door and let the door fall shut behind her as she disappeared from my view.

I may have ruined my life, but I was already beginning to repair it. Boswell was gone but the damage was still present, not only to our relationship, but also to Callie, and to me.

Nothing about this was going to be easy.

Chapter End Notes

Completely unbeta-ed, mistakes are mine and mine alone.
Cristina Yang

Chapter Summary

Definitely need more Alex, Cristina and Meredith in the show, the three of them together, just like old times.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cristina’s POV:

Izzie was cheerful, in the face of disaster she would smile, she would see a silver lining, she would be optimistic and hopeful. And then she got cancer, she fought the odds, she died, she survived and then she left and took her cheerfulness with her, never to be seen again.

‘Cheerfulness, it would appear, is a matter which depends fully as much on the state of things within, as on the state of things without and around us.’ Is what Charlotte Bronte tells us, although I doubt Izzie would agree with her as much as I do. The hospital has been sapped of its cheerfulness time and time again, and afterwards, the survivors pick up the pieces left of themselves and try to put themselves back together like humpty dumpty in the nursery rhyme.

We have survived ectopic pregnancies, bombs, drownings, shootings and plane crashes, we have survived cheating, abortions, break ups, failed marriages, failed weddings and the odd wife that we knew nothing about. Every time it happens we fall off the wall and pick up the scraps of ourselves, never questioning why we even bother, fully knowing we wall fall again, or perhaps jump.

Riding the lift down to the OR I can’t feel an ounce of cheerfulness in my body, and looking around me I can’t read it on the faces of anyone near me either. The nurses are readying themselves, probably listing in their heads like I do, what needs to happen in this surgery, beside me the second year resident has her eyes fixed to the patient slowly bleeding out in the gurney beside me. I know Callie isn’t cheerful, and she reminds me of Izzie so much sometimes it physically hurts. It hurts because when I remember Izzie I remember George, and that does wonders to sap my body of any cheerfulness residing in me.

I had to go to surgery, and I did want to, I love the distraction of it almost as much as I love the rush. Webber had given me the rush, he told me to listen only hours ago when the power cut out and I performed a surgery that filed my body with pure happiness, even cheerfulness, although probably not what Izzie would consider cheerfulness. My mind strayed back to Mere alone in her room, well not alone she had Mark, who was cute and attention seeking, he would keep her slightly distracted, and people would no doubt be popping in and out of her room, but that didn’t make it easier for me.

As the doors opened in front of me, I didn’t want to be in surgery like I almost always do, instead I wanted to be lying beside Mere again, my body curled up against hers as I tried not to cry. Although rethinking that, I would much rather be in surgery with my mind distracted, holding a heart in my hand. Richard was dead, and for the next few hours with a scalpel in my hand I would forget about him, and Lexie, and Mark, adult version of course, and George, and everyone else that we had lost along the way.
“You think he put you in his will?” I asked Mere as I looked outside the window, watching the rain run down the glass, the storm had mainly passed but it was continuing to rain, which was nothing out of the ordinary, we were used to rain here. I personally love the rain, except of course when you actually have to go out into it, but inside the hospital or in bed, it’s hard not to love, especially when people drive stupidly in the rain, and you get the most amazing surgeries out of it.

“No.” Mere answered. I turned from the window and saw Alex smiling behind her. Mark was in his arms, and he pulled faces down at Mark’s tiny face, and even though he barely a few days old, he was sort of smiling up at Alex, from where I was standing, it looked like that at least.

“Next of kin. Maybe you get the house.” I smiled. I had never seen Richard’s house, but no doubt it was the house that he lived in with Adele, and they had sort of planned to have kids, so it would probably be a two storey, with a nice kitchen that would have a big fridge for me to store tequila in and a garage for my car.

“I have a house.” Mere said, glaring at me as Alex continued to poke his tongue out as he smiled down at Mark, he would make a good father, maybe that’s what Jo would give him, although not for a few years at least. Hopefully he wouldn’t ask me to be godmother, I had enough god kids, who cute as they might be, would be sent to boarding schools if their real parents died.

“Well I could get the house. I mean I could use a house.” I answered. I did need to get my own place. Living with Alex in Mere’s old house wasn’t too bad, but with Jo now his girlfriend, they would be even louder and more annoying than they were as friends, plus there is a tree through the living room window.

“He wasn’t my father, I told him for years, he just felt guilty since he broke up my parents marriage but that doesn’t make me his responsibility.” Mere sighed. One of the only reasons we could stand Webber favouring Grey when we were residents was because she was firstly our friend and secondly because she is a rather talented surgeon. If it was anyone else who was getting private lessons with the Chief as a resident, things wouldn’t go to smoothly for them with their fellow residents I would assume.

“Maybe he is your father. Banged your mum enough.” Alex grinned. The best thing about Alex was after all these years, and after so much growing up, he was essentially the same person. With a baby in his arms, a smile on his face and navy blue scrubs, it was hard to remember a time when we hated him.

“Alex.” Mere warned, not noticing the smile growing on my face as I took a step forward and dropped into the chair beside her bed. Ignoring her, he continued to pull faces at Mark.

“Did they know each other before you were born?” I asked, a grin forming on my face as Mere turned and looked at me, ‘You too?’ her expression seemed to say. She didn’t glare, she smiled, after everything that we had been through together, we three, after the storm and its aftermath, we were still the same, even with Richard dead we were still teasing her.

“They met when I was three.” Mere answered with a triumphant smile.

“Mm-hm, that’s what they told you.” Alex grinned, and I smiled at Mere, who sighed. Turning to Alex, she raised her eyebrow as residents ran down the hallway and our pagers both went off. “We should get back to the ER.” Alex added as he stood up. Walking over to Mere, he kissed Mark on the forehead before placing him in Mere’s arms.
“Try to get some sleep.” I instructed as I stood up and handed Mere a glass of water, which she took and sipped straight away, knowing that I wasn’t suggesting, I was telling her to drink. Taking it back, I placed it on her bedside table before following Alex out of the room.

Drawing the door shut behind me, I wondered as I walked down the hall. Would we ever be able to attain cheerfulness, or it is just a passing state, sure Mere and I are dark and twisty. But she had a gorgeous daughter and a beautiful son, she would no doubt be cheerful, if you ignore the fact that her mother, her father figure, her half-sister, her old best friend and her dirty mistress partner were all dead. Perhaps we couldn’t be cheerful, perhaps that just wasn’t on the card for us surgeons, who care too much and too little simultaneously.

“What did you say?” Alex asked, looking oddly at me as I stepped into the lift, after this long without proper sleep, it was no surprise that I had been talking aloud, instead of thinking.

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“Well. I answered, before pulling him into a hug, something that believe me, surprised the both of us. For a second his body remained stiff, before he settled into it, his arm wrapping around me as he hugged me back. I guess some things to do change, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Serious wishing that season 9 was different, among so many things that Bailey was actually called Mark, or perhaps even George.

Unbeta-ed so mistakes are mine and mine alone.

Unbeta-ed so mistakes are mine and mine alone.
April Kepner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

April's POV:

An act of God is what this is called, an act of God. This weather, that storm, that slide, all considered an act of God. The bus caught on fire, in the rain, showing to me for the first time ever how I really feel, maybe it was an act of God, maybe all of this was. But that didn’t make my decision any less easy, I still had to break Matthew’s heart, I still had to deal with Stephanie’s sad eyes and I still had to get whispered about by the staff, by the interns, the nurses, and the residents.

“How is he doing?” Owen asked me as he walked into the room. Luckily he wasn’t asking how I was doing, because inside I was falling to pieces. Richard was dead, Bailey was oddly peaceful where I left her up in psych, and I still had to tell Matthew about Jackson and I. With one glove on, I put my other hand into the glove that Nancy was holding out for me. With both gloves on, none of the rest of it mattered. I was a trauma surgeon, this was trauma, and I had to focus.

“He has decreased breath sounds on the right. Persistent stats in the 80s.” I answered, as I took a step towards my patient, my head clear of worry. I couldn’t control much, but I could save this mans life, that was something I had some control over today.

“Who is still missing?” The fireman on my table asked. Here he was in pain, with his fire fighters surrounding him, worrying about him, and he was still trying to find out which of his friends, which of his crew were still missing. Not only were civilians in danger, but in this slide, the firefighters were too. Matthew was an ambo, which meant he could be out there too, but I could think about that.

“Lenny, something in your chest cavity is preventing you from breathing well, so we’re going to insert a chest tube which will help you breath better. Is there anyone that we can call for you?” I asked him as I wiped his body down and the nurse helped me lift his arm above his head in preparation. He wasn’t breathing well, and he was in a lot of pain, and he was just one of the many patients that needed me.

“Call Marla, but don’t, don’t let her come up here. The roads not safe.” Lenny wheezed. Nancy draped his side, I was going to have to put the chest tube in now, he needed to breathe, he had to breathe. Matthew was on these unsafe roads, he was in an ambulance, he was there alongside the firemen, and he was engaged, little did he know that he wouldn’t be for long. People were dying, Richard was dead and Bailey was losing herself, and I was worrying about how to dump Matthew, while also focussing on the man in front of me.

“Guys you’re going to have to go.” I said looking up at the fireman, Lenny was ready, and they probably wouldn’t want to see him like this and he probably wouldn’t want them to. Turning my back to Lenny, Mary handed me a chest tube as they filed out, murmuring ‘hang in there’s and ‘you’ll be fine’s.

“Do you still need a chest tube?” Shane asked as he walked towards us. Behind him I could see Stephanie, her tear stained cheeks briefly noticeable as the lights hit her face before she moved again. Was she crying because of Webber or was she crying because of Jackson and I? It seemed selfish of me to even think that, and I felt horrible at the thought of making Stephanie cry, but it was better now, than later. They hadn’t been dating for too long, and at least it wasn’t at my wedding or something insane.
“Mary already got one.” I answered. Shane nodded in reply, as he placed the chest tube and whatever else he was carrying and placed it on the counter before taking a step towards me. He knows what he has to do, and so do I. In only a few quick movements, the chest tube was in place. I may not be able to repair my life, but I could do a chest tube without thinking. I can’t read my own heart, I can’t help but break anothers, but I have to follow my own heart, no matter how late it is to give its opinion. I love Jackson, although I do love Matthew. A smell filled my nose and I turned to face Ross who was putting the tubes together, and staring mortified as his shirt.

“Is that poop?” Ross asked, the smell confirming it. This wasn’t good news for Ross or Lenny. This wasn’t good for Lenny at all, he needed surgery and fast.

“I’m sorry.” Lenny mumbled, looking relieved that his friends and colleagues had left already, he most definitely did not want them to see that. Ross gave him a fleeting smile before trying to wipe some of it off.

“I’m sure he has had worse sprayed on him.” I said, smiling at Lenny as Ross continued to wipe his shirt for a few more seconds, before giving up. “Chest tubes in good, Lenny, your colon has been pushed up into your chest now the risk of infection is extremely high, now if I’m right we’re going to have to open you up alright?” I added, beating Owen to the punch. He usually like to do the talking but he was more subdued than usual, he was close to Richard, and him and Cristina were over, it was a hard endless shift for us all apparently.

“Get an xray and prep him for surgery. I can’t scrub in with you. I’ll have to man the ER.” Owen said. It was clear that he didn’t want to have to stay behind, he wanted to be in surgery with me, leaving his emotions in the scrub room as he focused in the OR, but without Bailey to man the ER, Owen didn’t really have a choice.

“You may like to change your shirt while he’s in xray.” I suggested to Ross as he pulled Lenny’s gurney away from me, off to xray. Ross nodded, possibly pissed at me, as he was most likely fully intending to change his shirt. Behind him, Stephanie was checking a patient and I could see her body stiffen before she looked over at me for a brief second and waved me over.

This never ending shift just go even longer.

Chapter End Notes

Unbeta-ed so all mistakes and errors are mine and mine alone.
Callie Torres

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Callie’s POV:

This is exactly why I don’t go there.

This is why I didn’t want to let Arizona back into my heart.

This is exactly why I hate this damn hospital, even Seattle sometimes.

The rain is romantic, the gorgeous rain, the way the city looks when it rains, it creates an allure of romance, of kissing in the rain, snuggling together in bed to forget about the rain, listening to the rain pelting against the window as you lie on the couch reading a book, someone sitting beside you.

I hate this.

I hate her.

I hate everything.

I miss Mark. Mark would know what to say. I miss him always. I miss the way he would smile, the stupid things he would say, the way that he would know exactly how to cheer me up right now. But he can’t, he’s not here. I need him, I need him to be here, and he isn’t. He isn’t here to be Sofía’s dad, he isn’t here to be Lexie’s husband, and he isn’t here to be my best friend. I need him, and he’s gone.

I don’t have to go home tonight. I don’t have to see Arizona tonight, I can sleep at Cristina’s and not be suffocated by memories, suffocated of our life together, the life that we fought for, the life that we built, the life that she managed to tear down completely in one damn storm. She slept with Boswell. Try as I might, I can’t get that image out of my head, the image of them together, the image of them in an on call room.

I know she wasn’t happy, but we were working through things, we were working through it all, and then she went and did this, and now I can’t breathe. My heart is pounding against my chest, and my lungs are ceasing to work as my throat closes up, I can’t breathe... Choked sobs rise up my throat, not breath, I can’t breathe in and out, no, I can only cry. The tears streaming down my cheeks are forgotten, I have been crying for too long to really notice them now, it’s the way my voice is catching, the way I can barely breathe, suffocated by everything, anything. God.

“Callie – Callie it’s okay.” Alex is beside me, I don’t know when that happened. His hand is on my shoulder, and then he is pulling me into a hug, a hug that I need, a hug that I want, but I hug that part of me wants to escape from, part of me just wants to be alone, another part of me wants to throttle Arizona. I can’t stop going over what she said, over and over again it replays.

“Cristina’s held up, she won’t be done for a while.” Alex said softly. It has been hours now, hours since I have seen Cristina. And for the last half an hour I have been almost glued to the floor in this room, hiding out, not wanting to risk running into Arizona. I ran into her just before I ended up in here, I saw her at the end of the corridor, and she was laughing and smiling, like nothing had
happened, almost like her world wasn’t falling apart, like her world wasn’t shattered around her like mine was.

“She said she was sorry. That she wants to give me space, that she hates to see my hurt like this. She caused this Alex, she was the one... and she has the audacity to... I just...” I manage to get out. I can barely breathe, and Alex is rubbing his hand against my back, trying to calm me down, but he can’t calm down, I can’t calm down. My marriage is over. Isn’t it? How could it not be over, it’s been hard before, but nothing like this, nothing like this has ever happened. Owen cheated on Cristina, and they sort of managed to work it out, but then again look at them now, they didn’t fix anything, what was the point?

“Have you seen Mere?” Alex’s voice is soft and he is holding me close. I shake my head into his chest as I try to forget about Arizona, which is not working, but now at the mention of Mere, all I can think about is Sofia. Our baby, the baby that Arizona never wanted, but she is still her mother, how can I tell Sofia any of this, how can I make her understand why her other mother isn’t going to live with us for a while. That we both love her. We just don’t love each other, not enough to remember our marriage vows.

“I didn’t want to see her like this.” I answered as I wiped my face with my hand. I hated this entire night. My marriage was over, Bailey is in psych, Richard is dead. We’ve had storms before, but none as bad as this, nothing anywhere near as bad as this.

“You need to go and absorb the cuteness or whatever.” Alex said after a few moments. I can tell that he has in fact absorbed the cuteness, and it probably did him some good.

“That’s what Cristina said.” I answered, my eyes clamped shut now as I will myself to imagine myself elsewhere, not on the floor in this medical supply cupboard, not with tear stained cheeks and a hole in my gut. I can’t look at Arizona, I can’t be around her. What she said surprised me, but it doesn’t mean I can forgive her, no, I don’t want to think about her right now, I just can’t think about it all right now.

“I hate to say it, but she’s almost always right.” Alex grinned as he let me go, he is standing up in front of me, extending his hand out to me, I take it, and he pulls me up. I don’t want to leave this room, I’m not ready to go into the corridor, to see Arizona, to see anyone. “Just don’t tell her I said that.” Alex added as he wipes the corner of his sleeve underneath my eyes, no doubt getting rid of the makeup that has run dreadfully.

He gives me another hug, a quick one and then yanks the door open in front of us, and nudges me out of it. I look both ways and my heart catches in my throat, it’s Arizona, only a few metres down from us at a nurses station grinning as she fills out a chart. Alex pushes me back into the cupboard quickly, but leaves the door open, throwing me a look as he walks towards Arizona, he gives me a quick smile, saying ‘I’ll take care of her.’ I stand there waiting for about thirty seconds, trying not to throw up, trying not to start crying again. How can Arizona be happy, be smiling after everything, how? Stepping out into the corridor, Arizona’s back is to me as she chats to Alex, his eyes flit towards me for just a second and I smile at him before heading towards Mere’s room. Is this what my life will become? Hiding in cupboards and avoiding Arizona? Feeling sick every time I see her, feeling like I’m on the edge of tears each time I see her smile? This hospital cannot become a living nightmare, I cannot be trapped here, trapped by silence, trapped by grief. Horrible things have happened here, time and time again, I have to move on from this, just as moved on from them.

My phone beeps just as I pause outside Mere’s room, pulling it out of my pocket my heart stops for a second, but as I read the name I smile, and I can breathe again. It’s a message from Alex.

Leaving in about 20 mins. Give you a lift?
Perfect. I don’t have to wait for Cristina to finish, I cannot stand to be in the hospital any longer, I need a break, and I need to drink, another drink. I know that it is all hands on deck, but I need to come home, I need to be able to just not for a few hours. We have effectively been working non-stop since the news of Richard’s death broke, the hospital has calmed down considerably since then, so they will be fine without me. I type back a quick reply, *Yes. You have alcohol there right?*, I hit send before pushing open Mere’s door.

“About damn time!” Mere announced as the door falls shut behind me. Mark is sitting in a cot beside Mere, and Mere is grinning at me as her phone sits in her hand. No doubt with all this chaos she has been incredibly bored and itching to get up, but with Derek and Cristina on her case, she wouldn’t even make it into the corridor. “Oh Callie.” Mere added, her voice soft as her eyes run over me. I’m not crying, not yet, but I might. She nods her head towards Mark, and before I can help myself, Mark is cradled in my arms and I am sitting in the chair beside Mere’s bed smiling down at him.

“How are you?” I asked, as Mark gives a small smile, or at least I swear it is. My eyes don’t leave his face, and I don’t feel like crying anymore, I feel like smiling and I do, I smile down at him. Mere looks exhausted, but I don’t push the issue, how can she sleep with everything that is going on?

“Fine. How are you? You’ve had a rough day.” Mere replied. I can feel her eyes on me, not trying to read me, simply trying to ascertain how I am, as she tries to figure out what has happened since the last time she had seen me. We aren’t as close as Cristina and I, which is surprising in its self, but after everything, that didn’t really matter, we are still close.

“Haven’t we all.” I sighed, glancing up at Mere I give her a small smile, all that I can really muster without my eyes fixed on Mark. Richard was like Mere’s father in a sense, and he was all the family she had left, her mother was dead and so was Lexie, and now Richard too. Mere gives me a smile back before my eyes travel down to Mark, and we lapse into silence. Within a few minutes, I can hear Mere’s soft snores.

My phone beeps what feels like a few seconds later, but I know it can’t be. Pulling it out, I open the message from Alex, *Got booze. Attendings lounge 2mins?*. Typing a ‘k’ in reply, I hit send, and give Mark one last smile before I lower him into his cot. Mere is still asleep, and I lean over and give her a quick kiss on the forehead before I head towards the door. I am ready to leave, I need to leave, I just... fuck.

On the other side of the door is Arizona, her cheeks tear stained, just like mine were, or perhaps still are. She looks up at her, her blue eyes soft and wide, as she bites down on her bottom lip. I can’t deal with her right now, I simply can’t. Stepping to the side I walk past her, leaving her standing still, I can hear my name said softly, but I don’t turn around, not now, I can’t deal with her now. I try not to cry, try not to think about it as I race towards the attending’s lounge, ready to get drunk, completely ready to get drunk with Alex. I need to drink, I haven’t drunk anything since I discovered Arizona’s infidelity, when I got drunk with Cristina, and now I need to drink again. Whether or not my marriage is over is still undecided, but whatever happens now, it won’t be easy, but that isn’t my concern now. No. My concern is what will I drink first. And also, gossip, to distract me from my troubles, I need to know about Alex and Jo.
Caught up to my postings on fanfic.net, so the next chapter will be a few weeks away. Feel free to visit me on tumblr under my sideblog 'happyendingsareapowerfulthing'

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