Sad, Beautiful, Tragic

by staticxdesire

Summary

Clarke Griffin is rescued at a party by Bellamy Blake. One thing leads to another, and things start falling into place and falling apart.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Clarke Griffin was laying on her bed flipping through pages of a textbook trying her best to study when the door to her dorm room flew open. She glanced up to see her best friend, Raven, standing there with a huge grin on her face. Clarke rolled her eyes. She knew exactly what was about to come out of Raven’s mouth, and Clarke wanted nothing to do with it.

Ignoring Raven, Clarke tried to look down at her textbook. Raven wasn’t having any of that.

“Come to the party, Clarke!” the dark-haired beauty said, dark brown eyes shining as she walked over to the bed. Raven grabbed the textbook out of Clarke’s hands and glared at her friend.

Clarke sat up quickly reaching for the book. Raven wasn’t going to give in, and threw the book across the room. Clarke climbed out of the bed, mumbling something about needing to study.

Raven rolled her eyes, “You study way too much. Come to this one party, and I swear I’ll leave you alone.”

“Alright!” Clarke said, giving in yet again to her friend’s wishes. This wasn’t the first, and she knew it wouldn’t be the last time that Raven won. “I’ll go, but I promise you now that I won’t have any fun.”

Raven didn’t say a word, she just smiled as she turned away and starting going through Clarke’s closet. Clarke wasn’t going to fight Raven, it was just another battle her friend would win. Besides, she really didn’t care what she wore to a party she didn’t even want to go to.

After what seemed like hours to Clarke, Raven finally turned around holding a dress in her hands. Clarke groaned at Raven’s choice. The dress was black in color and extremely low cut. Clarke also knew exactly how short the dress was.

“I can’t wear that!” She exclaimed in horror, eyes wide. Clarke grabbed the dress out of Raven’s hand and threw it on the bed behind her.

“And why not?” Raven challenged picking the dress up and holding it back up in front of Clarke, “You would look hot.”

Clarke rolled her eyes at Raven. Her friend was relentless at best. “I’m not looking to get dressed up. I’m only going for you.”

“Right,” smirked Raven. “This is going to be the only time I ever get you out of this damn dorm, and I swear you are going to have the best damn time of your life. So do me a favor, and put that dress on, do your makeup. Fix your hair, and put on some fucking heels.”

Clarke knew at that moment she wasn’t going to get out of wearing the dress. Another battle won by Raven. So she did as her friend asked, and grabbed the dress out of Raven’s hand. Except for this time instead and tossing it aside Clarke swiftly changed out of her sweats and into the dress. The comfort levels were extreme; night and day really. Before Raven could utter a word, Clarke applied enough makeup to hopefully satisfy her. Next came the hair, and thankfully that was something that came easily to Clarke. She had naturally blonde wavy hair, and that thankfully made doing it so much easier. A quick brush through, add some product, and voila, done! Clarke grabbed a pair of black heels and put them on before finally following Raven out of the dorm.

The two girls walked out to where Raven had parked her car and got in. The drive to the party was
mostly silent. Clarke was still annoyed that Raven won and managed to drag her out of the dorm. Raven was silent because she knew Clarke was going to freak out, probably the nicer term for what Clarke was going to do when she found out who else was going to be there.

Raven parked her car in the first spot she could find, and Clarke looked over at her with an unimpressed look on her face.

“There’s something you’re not telling me, Ray,” Clarke huffed.

Raven sighed. It was now or never; the truth will set you free. “You’re not gonna like this Clarke.”

“What else could there possibly be? I already don’t like anything about tonight.” What the hell was Raven hiding from her? What could be worse than being dragged out of your dorm room late at night, forced into the shortest black dress you own and brought to a party you didn’t want to be at? Clarke was more annoyed than she had been earlier, and she didn’t think that was even possible.

“Finn’s here,” Raven blurted out. Wasn’t that just the icing on Clarke’s metaphorical cake.

“What do you mean that he’s here?” A rhetorical question at best. How could Raven keep that from her? They were best friends! “Raven, why wouldn’t you have told me that before you dragged me here?”

Clarke was pissed. She was beyond pissed if she was honest with herself, and Raven knew it. She also knew she never would have gotten Clarke out of the dorm if she was completely honest about Finn. Before Raven could explain why she lied, Clarke was already out of the car slamming the door behind her. Raven got out and followed her friend, who was now running the opposite way of the party.

“Clarke!” Raven shouted. “Come on, Clarke!”

Clarke turned around. Her face was full of rage, and Raven knew that she totally messed up. She should have realized how pissed Clarke would be when she found out that Finn was going to be at the party. She should have known that Clarke wouldn’t want to see the boy who broke her heart not that long ago.

“I can’t face him, Raven.” The rage on Clarke’s face quickly turned into sadness. “It’s too soon.”

Raven stood there, unsure of what to say. Clarke thought about running again, it was the easy way out and she knew that. Sometimes the easiest way out really is the best way.

“Look, Clarke, we’re here now. Come inside and I promise you that we will avoid him. There’s a lot of people it won’t be hard.”

Clarke sighed and gave a slight nod, losing track of how many times Raven had won tonight. Realizing that maybe this is what she needed, Clarke silently prayed that she wouldn’t see the boy she use to want so badly, but now also hated him more than words could even describe. Without saying anything Clarke let Raven lead her up to the house that was flooded with people everywhere one looked.

The two girls walked through the front door and made their way through the crowd ‘til they were finally in the kitchen. It didn’t take long for Raven to get a drink and start talking with people. Raven had always been the social one of the two ever since Clarke could remember. It wasn’t that Clarke wasn’t social, she just thought things through a little more than Raven did. You could call Raven impulsive, Clarke not so much.
“I’m going to see if I can find Harper. She sent me a text and said she was going to be here.” Raven said finishing off the rest of her drink before getting another and walking off leaving Clarke standing alone in the crowded kitchen.

If this was how she spent her night, Clarke was fine with it. She leaned against the counter and grabbed one of the drinks a girl she vaguely recognized from one of her classes was handing out. It didn’t take very long for that one drink to turn into two, and two quickly turned into three. Before Clarke even knew it she had more drinks than she could even remember, and was feeling the full effect of them.

Clarke grabbed another drink and started stumbling around trying to find Raven. The thought of Finn was completely erased from her memory, that was until she ran into him. Literally. Clarke lost her balance and Finn reached out grabbing her by the shoulders to steady her.

“Whoa, Babe,” Finn said, a smile on his smug face. “You alright?”

“You don’t have the right to ask me anything.” Clarke slurred her words.

Finn looked at Clarke, trying to figure out his next move. Without thinking, Finn grabbed Clarke by the arm and started to drag her out of the house.

“Let go of me, you ass!,” Clarke screamed when she was outside, and away from most of the crowd.

“Clarke you shouldn’t be drinking! Why are you even here?” The accusation in Finn’s voice made Clarke’s blood boil. She tried to ignore him and started to walk away. Finn reached out and once again grabbed Clarke. She pulled away and lost her balance; causing her to fall to the ground hard.

“Hey!” a voice shouted from a short distance away. Clarke tried to focus on the voice but failed to find the source. Head spinning, she felt like she was going to be sick. The world was starting to spin more when Clarke felt someone kneel down next to her.

“You alright?” the voice asked, except this time Clarke was now almost face to face with a gorgeous boy. Correction, this was a man.

“She’s fine,” Finn answered before Clarke could even form works. “I was just trying to get her home.”

Clarke noticed the man, who was still gently holding on to her, raise his eyebrow at Finn’s words. He didn’t say a word to Finn. He just helped Clarke to her feet, not once removing his hand from its place on her back.

Finn reached out for Clarke’s hand, but she pulled away. “Don’t be like this, Clarke.” He said in a serious tone. “You know I’m right. You have to go home.”

Finn looked at the man still holding Clarke steady. “I’ll take her home.”

“She’s not going anywhere with you,” the man said firmly. Without saying anything else, he gently picked Clarke up and carried her away from Finn.

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Raven was sitting with Harper, Monty, and Murphy having some drinks and just talking. She hadn’t seen them in a few weeks and wanted to catch up. She completely lost track of the time, and when she finally looked at her phone she realized it had been over an hour since she had left Clarke alone. She was sure her friend would have ditched the party by now and gone home to study more.
“Raven!” Raven looked up at the mention of her name and saw Finn walking towards her.

Raven groaned and rolled her eyes. “Finn.”

“You brought Clarke here!” Finn accused. “You know full well that she shouldn’t be drinking.”

“Honestly Finn, it’s none of your business what Clarke does anymore you broke up with her. You lost any say in her life that you might have had.” Raven was pissed that Finn thought he had any say in what Clarke did or didn’t do.

“It may not be my business, but when Clarke gets so drunk that she can barely stand, and then is carried off by some random guy, I want to make it my business before she ends up in a ditch somewhere dead.” Finn tried keeping his composure. He still loved Clarke, and Raven knew it.

“She left with someone?” Raven asked, concerned about her friend. “That doesn’t even sound like Clarke. How could you let this happen, Finn?”

Raven stood up outraged. How could Finn let this happen? How could she let this happen? It was her fault that Clarke was even here in the first place.

“She’s gonna end up getting raped!” Raven screamed. “Clarke’s drunk, and she left with some guy. I swear if anything happens to her, I will kill you, Finn. Count on it.”

Raven knew she was being a little dramatic. She also knew that this was just as much her fault as it was Finn’s. If she didn’t bring Clarke to the party, none of this would have happened!
Clarke wakes up the next morning hungover in a stranger's bed. She knows she should just leave, but she doesn't right away.

“Shit,” she mumbled as she sat up quickly. Too quickly. Her head started pounding harder and she was going to be sick. Clarke rushed out of bed, ran to the attached bathroom, and nearly missed the toilet.

Clarke was emptying what contents she had left in her stomach when she felt someone behind her. Hands gently reached out and pulled her hair back.

“How did I get here? Did we have...” She hesitated for a moment. “...Sex?”

The man laughed to himself, and then sat on the floor across from Clarke. She looked at him with a confused expression on her face.

“No, we didn’t sleep together. I would never take advantage of a drunk girl like that.” The man smiled at Clarke and then got to his feet. He reached out a hand to Clarke, and she looked at him for a few seconds before finally putting her hand in his. He pulled her to her feet and smiled, “My name’s Bellamy. You’re Clarke.”

Clarke couldn’t help but notice how gorgeous Bellamy’s smile was.

“You got drunk last night,” Bellamy said, pulling Clarke back from her thoughts on how gorgeous he was. His black hair was disheveled, probably from a night of sleep. “I saw you struggling with some guy. Looked like you needed help.”

“Some guy?” Clarke asked confused for a moment, and then a groan escaped her lips. “Finn. Damnit, I wanted to avoid him.”

Clarke avoided eye contact with Bellamy and walked back to the bedroom. Where the hell were her clothes? She wasn’t naked in the slightest, but the clothes she had on weren’t hers or Bellamy’s. Clarke started to look around but didn’t see her dress anywhere.

“Your clothes are in the dryer. You threw up all over yourself when I got you here.”

Clarke sat on the edge of her bed, and said, “I’m clearly a mess when I drink.”
“Trust me,” Bellamy smiled. “I’ve seen worse. Now, do you want some Tylenol?”

“That’d be wonderful. Honestly, I feel miserable and want to sleep.” Clarke sighed. “I’ll take a loss on that dress and take a taxi home.”

Clarke stood up and grabbed her heels from the floor. She didn’t even make it out of the room before she turned and ran back to the bathroom. Bellamy chuckled and followed her in once again holding her hair back. When Clarke finally felt like she was going to be okay she followed Bellamy to the kitchen where he gave her some Tylenol and orange juice.

“You might as well stay here right now, Clarke. I’ll drive you wherever you want to go once you’re okay,” Bellamy said, sitting across the table from her.

“I couldn’t impose on you like that. You’ve already done enough. More than enough.” Clarke said before taking a couple of Tylenol and sipping on the orange juice. Part of her didn’t want to go back to her dorm; she was worried about what or who was waiting for her. The other part of her realized that she couldn’t keep imposing on Bellamy. He was nice enough to let her stay the night and took care of her in the process. It was probably for the best that she just go.

“Look, Clarke, you’re not imposing. However, if you want to go home, I’ll drive you now,” Bellamy said with a gentle smile.

“If you don’t mind,” Clarke said quietly.

Bellamy looked her right in the eyes his voice never wavering once. “You have trust issues don’t you?”

If anyone else had said that, Clarke might have been offended, but she didn’t feel that way with Bellamy. She just felt comfortable with him. “Just a bit.”

Bellamy assured Clarke that he didn’t mind driving her back to her dorm. Then he disappeared from the room, returning with her little black dress in his hands. Clarke thanked Bellamy and went to change when he stopped her.

“You can wear the clothes I gave you. Don’t bother changing. They’re my sister’s and I’m sure she won’t miss them too much.”

The two of them made their way out to Bellamy’s car. The music was on, and the only words uttered by either of them was when Clarke gave Bellamy the directions to her dorm. It wasn’t all that far from Bellamy’s apartment.

Bellamy pulled his car into the closest spot near the entrance; he noticed that Clarke didn’t make a move to get out. “Everything alright?”

“I changed my mind. Take me back to your place,” Clarke begged. Bellamy looked at her with a confused expression. Was this the same girl who so badly wanted to go home earlier? Now she wanted to go back to his apartment.

“What’s wrong?” Bellamy asked. “And don’t lie either, because I know something isn’t right.”

Clarke played with the locket around her neck before speaking. “Finn’s here. His car is parked a couple spaces down.”

“Why are you scared of this guy? Did he hurt you?” There was a hint of anger in Bellamy’s voice.
“Emotionally,” Clarke replied honestly.

Bellamy opened his car door and got out. He rounded the front of the car and was soon opening Clarke’s door. She hesitated for a second before getting out.

“I’ll walk you to your dorm room. I’ll stay ‘til he goes away.”

Clarke thanked Bellamy and lead them both inside the building, up the stairs, and down the hall. Clarke wasn’t even surprised to see Finn sitting outside her door. She was about to turn away and run when Finn saw her and stood up. He took a few steps toward Clarke and her body stiffened. Bellamy noticed and wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Thank God, Clarke! You’ve had me worried sick all night I thought- I thought you were going to get raped!” The tone of Finn’s voice left little doubt in Clarke’s mind that he was actually worried about her. That didn’t change her mind on how she felt right now that feeling being a mixture of anger and nerves. She wasn’t sure what to say to the boy standing in front of her. She might have already left by now if it wasn’t for Bellamy’s arm holding her in place.”

“I’m fine, Finn. You can go now.” Clarke tried to keep her voice calm, but there was a hint of anger that escaped.

“Fine? What the hell were you thinking going to the damn party! Why were you drinking, Clarke!” Finn was all but screaming at Clarke. He was beyond angry, and she knew it.

“You have no right to tell me what I can and cannot do. You broke things off, and at that moment you lost any right to worry.” This boy was insane, and it drove her crazy.

“You’re still pregnant with my child, and your drinking will hurt it. How stupid could you be?” The words she never wanted to hear came flying out of Finn’s mouth. This wasn’t the time or place for this discussion. However, it was happening.

“Clarke?” This time the voice came from Bellamy, and the tone was completely the opposite of Finn’s.

Clarke turned to look at Bellamy; her blue eyes meeting his dark brown. “It’s not what you think. I would have never harmed my baby. Never.”

“But you did!” Finn screamed, accusation in every word. “How could you?”

If all of this was going to happen out here in the open so be it. “You broke up with me when I told you I was pregnant. You ran for the hills nearly two months ago and you never looked back!”

Clarke was now crying. A mixture of anger and sadness on her face. “If you did look back, even once, you would have known that I lost the baby 2 weeks ago!” There it was; the truth. It was out, and Clarke didn’t know how she felt about it.

“I-I had no idea, Clarke. You should have told me!” Finn said letting go of some of his anger, but still hanging on to it at the same time.

“I can’t do this with you, Finn. You wanted nothing to do with the baby, and I didn’t think you deserved to know. Unlike you, I loved my baby. My Child.” Clarke was almost hysterical at this point. Bellamy, with his arm protectively around her waist still, pushed past Finn to Clarke's door. She fumbled with her keys almost dropping them before Bellamy took them from her and opened the door quickly getting her in and away from Finn.
Clarke let out a huge sigh of relief once the door was closed behind her and Bellamy. Her room had never felt more comforting. After a couple minutes Clarke turned around and faced Bellamy while wiping the tears from her eyes. “I’m sorry you had to hear any of that. I honestly never thought it would be brought up. He didn’t care two months ago.”

Bellamy stayed quiet for a few minutes; he was focused on Clarke’s face trying to read her. Finally, he pulled her into his arms and she just molded into him, fitting perfectly, like she belonged there. The two of them stayed that way for a couple of minutes before Clarke pulled away and looked into his eyes.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke whispered, wiping more tears from her face. “That never should have happened” Clarke was aware that she kept apologizing to Bellamy, but she was sorry. He didn’t ask for any of this when he saved her ass from that party last night.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Bellamy asked. “I don’t mind. I can just let you talk, and I’ll listen.”

Clarke shrugged. She never really talked about what happened. Nobody, except for Raven and Finn, knew she was pregnant. Raven was the only person who knew she lost the baby, she had spent hours with Clarke the night it happened.

“There’s not much to say.” Clarke started. “I got pregnant 2 months ago, and I told Finn the same day I found out. He broke things off, and I was devastated. Here I was pregnant and alone. Finn didn’t even bother to contact me after that day either; so when I lost the baby I didn’t feel obligated to tell him. Maybe I should have, but I was hurt. Hurt and angry that I had to go through that all alone.”

The tears were starting to form in Clarke’s eyes again. She brushed it off and sat on the edge of her bed.

“I’m sorry you had to go through all of that on your own. It takes a seriously messed up man to abandon his child.” Bellamy said.

“Finn is that messed up man.” Clarke sighed. “You should probably go. I’ve already wasted so much of your time, and I’m sorry about that.”

Bellamy mumbled something about how she didn’t waste his time, and it was no problem at all, before walking to the door and opening it. He gave Clarke a slight smile before walking out and closing the door behind him.

Once the door was closed Clarke locked it, and crawled into bed. Her head was still pounding and sleep seemed like the best solution. She soon dozed off.

She was woken up a few hours later by a loud knock on the door. She opened her eyes and glanced at the clock across the room. It was 4:22 p.m. Clarke groaned and got out of bed. She opened the door, and Raven stood there with a look that Clarke could only describe as anger mixed with relief.

“Thank goodness,” Raven said as she wrapped her arms around Clarke. “I thought I lost you. I thought you were dead!”

“I’m fine.” Clarke pulled away from her friend. “Nothing happened.”

“Nothing happened? Finn said you left with some guy!” Raven was pissed. Clarke wasn’t sure if that was because of Clarke leaving the party with someone, or because of Finn.

“I don’t remember much about last night,” Clarke admitted. “I woke up in Bellamy’s apartment, and
no we didn’t have sex. He basically took care of me, and brought me home earlier today.”

Raven nodded her head just listening to what Clarke was saying. She sat on Clarke’s bed a smile on her face. “So...was he cute?”

“Raven!” Clarke blushed. If she was honest with herself; of course he was cute.

“No, no. Tell me, was he?” Raven pushed.

“Fine. Yeah, he was. He was also really nice, but it doesn’t really matter. I won’t see him again.” Clarke said with a hint of sadness in her voice. She wanted to see him again. She didn’t think she would care so much about not seeing Bellamy, but the truth was she already missed him, and she didn’t know why.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you're enjoying this!! I already have 15 chapters pre-written, and I am working on more.
Chapter Summary

Finn corners Clarke on Monday morning. Bellamy shows up and they end up spending the entire day together with a few unexpected surprises.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On Monday morning Clarke was sitting on the stairs outside of the college waiting for Raven to arrive. She did this every morning since the two of them started Middle School together, and was glad that some things never changed.

Clarke was looking off in the distance at her friends Harper and Monty. They looked so happy together, and Clarke made a mental note to go out with them sometime soon.

So caught up in her thoughts, Clarke didn’t even realize someone was walking towards her. She looked up and saw Finn at the end of the walkway. Without a second thought, she got up and walked inside, running up the stairs, and down a semi-empty hall. However, Finn caught up to her and dragged her into an empty room. Clarke tried to leave but Finn held her arm tight.

“We need to talk,” he whispered with a hint of anger in his voice.

“I have nothing to say to you, Finn,” Clarke said, trying to move past Finn so she could leave the room. He continued to block her path not letting Clarke leave. She gave up and sat on one of the desks. Maybe now was the best time to get this all out of the open. Then she could get rid of Finn for good. “Fine. What do you want?”

“I want to know why you didn’t tell me you lost our baby, Clarke.”

Clarke stiffened at the use of ‘our baby’ and wasn’t going to let that slide. “My baby not yours. You lost any right when you walked out on us. I already told you this yesterday.”

“You are unbelievable, Clarke. I deserved to know that you were no longer having the baby.” Finn yelled.

“You make it sound like I chose to just not have it,” Clarke said. The tears forming in her eyes. “It wasn’t a choice. The choice I did make was to raise my baby alone, and I would have done a damn good job if I had gotten the chance!”

That was it. Clarke was done. She didn’t care what Finn had to say at this point. She said what she needed to say, and if he didn’t like it that was too bad.

Finn reached forward once again grabbing Clarke’s arm. He was about to say something when the door to the room opened. Clarke looked over Finn’s shoulder, and her eyes met Bellamy’s. Her jaw dropped, but she didn’t say a word. Finn didn’t release his grip on her arm either.

“You really need to stop stalking Clarke. It’s getting a bit out of hand.” Finn said looking at Bellamy. Clarke couldn’t believe what she was hearing.
“And maybe you should learn to keep your hands off women,” Bellamy said matching Finn’s tone; except Bellamy had more authority in his voice than Finn ever would.

“Clarke and I are doing fine. We were only having a conversation.” Finne tightened his grip on Clarke’s arm. Bellamy noticed quickly and stepped forward grabbed Finn’s wrist, and removing his grasp on Clarke.

“I’m sure Clarke would like to leave.”

Without saying anything else Bellamy wrapped a protective arm around Clarke’s waist, and lead her out of the room neither of them saying anything. He took her to a small lounge that was empty, except for a small group of girls huddled around notebooks, and sat her down.

“Are you okay?” Bellamy asked concerned.

“I’m fine. I said what I needed to. Now I hope he leaves me alone.” Clarke whispered as she stood up and started to pace the lounge. “How did you know I was there?”

“I didn’t,” he answered honestly. “I have class in there this morning.”

“Oh,” Clarke said. “I guess you should get going before you’re late.”

She glanced at the clock on the far wall, and realize that most classes started in 5 minutes. Bellamy took her hand in his. “I’ll walk you to your class first.”

“I’m not going. I don’t want to be here today. I’m going back to my dorm.” Clarke didn’t say anything else before walking out of the lounge. She didn’t bother to wait for a response from Bellay, nor did she even need one. She walked through the halls, down the stairs, and finally out the from the door. That was when she was able to actually breathe.

Clarke walked to her dorm trying not to think about what just happened. When she was finally back in her room she made sure the door was locked. She sat on the small window bench and wrapped her favorite gray blank around her.

Thoughts started to fill her head. She had so many regrets. Should she have told Finn that the baby died? He might have left her, left them, but did he deserve to know anyway? She really wasn’t sure anymore what was the right thing to do, and it didn’t matter at this moment in time.

There was a knock on the door pulling Clarke away from the million thoughts going through her head. She glanced at the door but didn’t make a move to open it. Finn probably followed her back so they could talk more.

Another knock.

Clarke stared at the door for a second. Maybe it was Raven? After all, Clarke didn’t meet up with her this morning like usual.

A third knock

Clarke got up and walked to the door. She carefully opened it up. She was shocked to see Bellamy standing there. He was the last person she had expected to see right now.

“Bellamy!” She exclaimed in utter shock. She moved out of the way motioning for him to come in, and then closed the door behind him.
“What are you doing here,” Clarke asked genuinely curious. She wasn’t upset in the slightest, only shocked, to see him here.

“You’re upset. I thought you could use a day of distractions.” He smiled.

“Honestly, that sounds wonderful. What did you have in mind?” The idea of a day full of distractions really did sound fantastic. She needed to get her mind off so much.

“Figured we could go back to my apartment that way if Finn does look for you, you aren’t here. We can order pizza, watch movies, and just chill.”

Everything Bellamy said sounded perfect. A complete worry-free day. Clarke nodded her head and let Bellamy lead her out of the room.

Once they were in Bellamy’s car Clarke looked over and smiled. “Thank you for this, Bellamy. I know we don’t really know each other, and you don’t have to do this for me.” Clarke shifted in her seat realizing that she wanted to get to know Bellamy better.

“I’d love to get to know you better, Clarke,” Bellamy said reaching out taking her hand in his. He must have read her mind. Or her face gave everything away.

“Same” She blushed.

The rest of the drive back to Bellamy’s apartment was silent. He pulled his car into a spot, and then quickly got out helping Clarke.

“Thank you,” Clarke said letting him help her out.

Once the two of them were in the quiet of his apartment, Clarke took off her shoes, sat on the couch, and took in her surroundings. The apartment was comfortable, and unlike her dorm, livable.

“Do you want anything?” Bellamy asked sitting next to Clarke. She shook her head. “I’ll just put on a movie now and then we can order pizza at lunch.”

Bellamy grabbed the remote off the coffee table and brought up Netflix on the TV.

“Anything specific you want to watch?” Bellamy asked fully expecting her to mention some sort of romance movie. Maybe a romantic comedy. He was shocked when she looked at him and asked if they could watch a horror movie. Bellamy smiled and chose the first decent one he saw and put it on.

15 minutes into the movie Clarke was already covering her eyes. Bellamy let out a low chuckle and put his arm around her. She instinctively snuggled closer burying her head in his chest. Once things in the movie settled down for a minute she looked up at Bellamy and smiled. There was a weird feeling in her stomach that she couldn’t explain. Was she slowly starting to fall for this man? Hell, would she let herself fall for him at all?

Clarke’s thoughts were interrupted when she heard a knock on the door. Bellamy glanced at Clarke before standing up and walking to the door. She could tell he was hesitant about opening, but finally, he did. Clarke was shocked to see a girl standing there with a baby in her arms.

“Bellamy! I saw your car outside. I’m so glad that you’re home.” the girl said almost in a panic.

“What’s wrong, O?” Clarke heard him asked. She didn’t want to be that person who eavesdropped on someone’s conversation, but she couldn’t help herself. Bellamy continued “Aren’t you supposed to be in class?”
“I got a call from Layla’s daycare. She’s sick, and I have a test this afternoon.” The girl was almost in tears.

“She can stay here it’s fine, O.” Bellamy took the diaper bag and smiled. “Ace that test.”

The girl smiled at Bellamy and then glanced at Clarke. “She’s pretty. We’ll talk later.” The dark-haired girl turned and left the apartment closing the door behind her.

Bellamy turned around and looked at Clarke. He had the baby girl in his arms, and Clarke couldn’t help but smile. She thought from the first moment she met Bellamy that he was handsome, but now standing there with a baby in his arms and a grin on his face Clarke’s heart melted.

“Sorry, this kinda ruins our plans.”

“Is she yours?” Clarke couldn’t help but ask the question that was in the back of her mind. Bellamy let out a low laugh as he sat down next to Clarke.

“That was my little sister Octavia. This is her little one, Layla.”

“Oh, sorry,” Clarke said.

“I’m sorry that this ruins our quiet day together.” Bellamy apologized again.

“This ruins nothing.” Clarke smiled taking Layla’s hand and holding it. She examined the little hand and found herself wondering what I would be like to have a baby of her own. That chance was gone, at least for now. “Do you want me to go?”

“No,” Bellamy said. “Not unless you want to.”

Clarke shook her head. “I want to stay.”

Clarke and Bellamy spent the rest of the afternoon together. They ordered a pizza for lunch and took turns caring and playing with Layla. The baby had started to get cranky, probably from being sick, and seemed to like Clarke. So she had sat on the couch cradling the baby until she finally fell asleep around 5:00pm.

“She loves you, Clarke. You’ve been great with her today.” Bellamy said just as the door to the apartment opened. He turned to see Octavia there. “Hey, O!”

“Hey, how was Layla?” Octavia asked glancing from Bellamy, who stood in front of her, to Clarke. “She must like you. Layla hates cuddling with me.”

“I’m sure she’d hate it if she was feeling well.” Clarke smiled. “I’m Clarke by the way.”

“I’m sure Octavia’s awesome sister.” Octavia laughed and sat down next to Clarke. She reached out and played with the wispy brown curls on her daughter’s head. “I hate to have to wake her up.”

“You can stay for a bit if you want to, O,” Bellamy said picking up a few of Layla’s things that were all over the room.

“I should probably get her home, Lincoln is supposed to come to visit,” Octavia said her mood changing a bit. “Sometimes I just wish he was around more.”

A tear slipped from the corner of Octavia’s eye. Bellamy walked over and pulled Octavia to her feet
and into his arms. She broke down crying so he just held his baby sister.

“Let him move in,” Bellamy said to Octavia. She was about to respond when Layla started fussing and then let out a loud cry. Octavia instinctively took the baby from Clarke and calmed her down without a word. Then she stood up and grabbed the diaper bag walking to the door.

“Octavia, you’re miserable without him.” Bellamy sighed following Octavia to the door.

“Yeah, but I’ll lose everything with him. The money, the house. I can’t afford it.” Octavia avoided eye contact as she opened the door, walked out of the room, and then disappeared down the hallway. Bellamy turned to look at Clarke and gave her a slight smile. She had watched everything that just went on, and sat on the couch with a confused look on her face.

“Sorry, you had to watch that,” Bellamy said as he picked up a blanket that had fallen on the floor and started to fold it. He didn’t even notice that Clarke had gotten off the couch until her arms were wrapped around his waist from behind. He dropped the blanket back to its original place on the floor and grabbed Clarke’s hand spinning her around to face him.

“Whatever is making your sister upset is hurting you.” She locked eyes with him not daring for a second to look away.

“My family is a mess, and they are making both our lives miserable.” Clarke reached up and placed a hand on the side of Bellamy’s face. “Octavia was forced to choose between Layla and Lincoln. If she chooses Lincoln my father wouldn’t give her money, he wouldn’t pay for college, her house, her car, or Layla’s daycare.”

Clarke looked at Bellamy more confused than she was a minute ago. He noticed the confusion that washed over her face and had no choice but to explain that one thing he didn’t want to. He trusted Clarke enough though.

“My family is wealthy. Very wealthy, and with money comes a lot of damn rules that my sister has to follow. Rules that I myself had to follow until I turned 21.”

Clarke was shocked. She had no idea; how could she have? “I-I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything, Clarke.”

“If your sister goes back to her baby’s father she will lose everything?” Clarke asked a frown on her beautiful face. Sad for Octavia. Sad for Layla.

“Once Octavia turns 21 she is free to do what she wants. She will have full access to all of her money, but she’s only 19.”

Clarke wasn’t sure what to say anymore. She felt bad for Octavia and Bellamy.

“I should probably go,” Clarke whispered.

“Don’t go, Clarke,” Bellamy replied. Clarke was shocked when he reached out and cupped her face in his hand. Any rational thought that Clarke might have once had was gone when Bellamy leaned forward and placed his lips over hers. “I want you.”

“God.” Clarke sighed into the kiss. “I want you too.’

Clarke knew it was too soon, but she let Bellamy lead her down the short hallway to his bedroom.
anyway.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the delayed upload. I'm going to try and get on a more timely upload schedule!!
Hope you're all liking this story so far!
Two months passed by quickly and Clarke spent most of her free time at Bellamy’s. They usually just stayed in and watched movies. Clarke honestly loved the low maintenance relationship that they had. It was nice to not be expected to go out every other day as she did with Finn.

At school, Clarke started to hang out with Octavia more every day, and thankfully she didn’t see Finn often. However, when she did he made it a point to tell her that Bellamy was bad for her every time.

Clarke was now sitting in the cafeteria alone when Raven walked up and sat down. She had a tray full of food and just the look of it made Clarke sick. She stared at her best friend not saying a word.

“What?” Raven raised an eyebrow and held her hands up in defense. “I’m hungry.”

“Clearly.” Clarke rolled her eyes. “I think I might go home early. I’m not feeling the best.”

“The flu is going around,” Raven said through a mouthful of food. “There were like 5 or 6 people from my morning class out today.”


Clarke walked out of the cafeteria thinking about going home, crawling in bed, and sleeping the rest of the day away. She was almost out the front door when she heard someone call her name. She wished the voice came from Bellamy, but she knew before even turning around that it was Finn.

Hesitating for a moment she finally turned and saw Finn standing a few feet away. “Do you ever give up Finn?”

“Not when I feel like you’re making a huge mistake. He’s going to destroy you, Clarke.” She could tell that he was concerned. She wasn’t sure if that was because he cared or because he simply didn’t want her with Bellamy.

“I’m fine.” Clarke turned and started to walk out of the building. She knew that Finn was right behind her. She turned around too fast and her head started to spin. Losing her balance, Clarke fell down the few steps hitting her head hard at the bottom.

“Clarke!” Finn yelled as he ran down kneeling next to her. “Are you okay?”

“Fine. I’m fine.” she pushed Finn aside and sat up. There was a small crowd of people starting to form around her. “I’m going home.”

Ignoring the pounding in her head, Clarke stood up. She head Finn say something to her but she
wasn’t sure what. The ringing in her ears was getting louder by the second.

Slowly she made her way back to her dorm. It felt ten times longer than it should have, and when she was finally in her room she crawled into bed without a second thought. It didn’t take long at all to drift off to sleep.

Hours later Clarke was woken up by a knock on the door, but she had no energy to even get out of bed. The pounding in her head was there, and stronger than ever. If she didn’t know better she would have thought she’d been run out by a truck.

“Clarke?” The voice on the other side of the door belonged to Bellamy. “Raven said you left at lunch. You okay?”

Clarke remained silent. She wanted to say something, but the words weren’t coming out.

“You’re worrying me, hun. I’ll go away if you want. I just need to know you’re okay.”

“I-I’m fine.” The words came out in an inaudible whisper. Clarke closed her eyes wishing the room would stop spinning. The world was starting to go black again when she heard the door open. In seconds Bellamy was at her side.

“What’s wrong? What happened?” He asked in a panic, and Clarke wasn’t sure why. She was sick not dying.

“I’m just sick.”

“You’re bleeding. What happened?” Bellamy reached his hand out and placed it behind her head. When he pulled his hand back there was blood on it, and not a normal amount either. “I’m taking you to the hospital.”

“No!” Clarke protested. “No hospitals.”

“You need to get checked.” Bellamy was being persistent.

“Bel, I’m okay. I-I promise. I just got dizzy and fell.” She tried sitting up to prove her point, but her head felt like it was a thousand pounds.

“You’re going to the hospital. Either you let me take you, or I’m calling an ambulance.”

Clarke finally gave in to Bellamy’s wishes. He wrapped his arms around her and lifted her from the bed. She tried to protest, but Bellamy wasn’t listening. He carried Clarke out to his car and got her in. The drive to the hospital was silent. Clarke didn’t feel like talking, and Bellamy was focused on driving.

When they got to the hospital, Bellamy parked his car and got out. He walked around the front of the car and opened Clarke’s door.

“I can do this myself, Bel,” Clarke said, trying to stand straight. Bellamy just wrapped an arm around her waist and lead her inside. He stayed by her said as she checked in, and then they were told to sit and wait.

“The wait is going to be hours.’ she groaned. “I just want to sleep.”

Bellamy mumbled something about her probably having a concussion, and that she needed to see a doctor before she went home.
As Clarke predicted, the wait was hours, and she felt worse than she did when she got there. The room started spinning even more, and she felt like she was going to be sick. She stood up to make her way to the bathroom, but lost her bathroom and fell to the ground. She hit her head hard on the corner of a chair. The last thing she heard before the world went black was Bellamy yelling her name.

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Clarke slowly opened her eyes and quickly realized she was laying in a hospital bed. How long had she been there? She looked around the room, but nobody was there. Bellamy was gone. A nurse walked in and smiled.

“Glad you’re awake.” she smiled checking Clarke’s vitals. “That was a pretty bad gash on the back of your head.”

Not saying a word, or really even acknowledging the nurse, Clarke looked around the room trying to find any sign that Bellamy stuck around and maybe just stepped out for a second. There was nothing.

“The guy who brought me in...where is he?” Clarke was hoping he was close. She needed him. She wanted him.

“He left about 45 minutes ago. Had an emergency at home.” the nurse reached out and took Clarke’s hand. “He didn’t want to go, but I assured him you would be perfectly fine,”

“I want to go home,” Clarke said sitting up. The pounding in her head was still there, but not nearly as bad as it was. The nurse tried to get her to lay down, but Clarke wasn’t having it.

“Miss Griffin,” Clarke looked up to see a dark-haired doctor walking into the room with papers in his hand. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I’ve been run over by a truck. Other than that I’m good.” Humor wasn’t her strong suit.

“Glad you still have a sense of humor. Along with that you also have a grade 3 concussion.” The doctor was now standing at Clarke’s bedside checking everything that nurse just did.

“I could have told you that.” Clarke rolled her eyes. “I really didn’t need to come here.”

The doctor looked at Clarke and then started to flip through the chart. Clarke shifted in the bed silently cursing the IV in her left arm.

“Alright,” the doctor began, “can you tell me how far along you are?”

Clarke snapped her head in the doctor’s direction. What the hell did he just say? This wasn’t the first time she heard those words. This, however, was the first time she was caught off guard.

“What? I’m not pregnant.” Clarke shook her head. There was no way she was pregnant.

“Your blood tests show that you are. If you’re unsure how far along you are, maybe I can arrange to have an ultrasound done.”

Clarke shook her head and told the doctor that there was no way she could possibly be pregnant. Although, in the back of her mind she knew it was possible. Maybe a little bit more than possible.

“Alright,” Clarke paused, “do the ultrasound.”

The doctor nodded his head before leaving the room with the nurse following him. Clarke was left
alone with only her thoughts. There was no way she could be pregnant. How could this be happening? Part of her was glad that Bellamy wasn’t here. The other part of her wanted him with her. Where was he? What had happened that made him have to go?

Clarke’s thoughts were interrupted when the doctor walked back in pushing a cart with the ultrasound machine attached. The last time she saw one was the day she found out her baby was gone.

The doctor explained the process to Clarke, and she simply nodded already knowing what was going to happen. She closed her eyes not wanting to watch.

Clarke felt her shirt being lifted, and a few seconds later felt the familiar feel of the cold gel on her bare stomach. She closed her eyes tighter.

“Oh.” The doctor said. Clarke didn’t dare open her eyes. Was he wrong and there was no baby? Was something wrong again? “Miss Griffin?”

Clarke’s eyes fluttered open purposely avoiding the ultrasound screen. She made eye contact with the doctor. Fearing the worst, but hoping for the best. Whatever the best might be in a situation like this.

“What’s wrong?”

“There are three babies, Miss Griffin.” He didn’t even bother trying to sugar coat things.

She thought she heard him wrong. There was no way in hell there was even one baby in there let alone three. “No! That’s not possible.”

The doctor has focused on the screen once again. A few minutes later that room was filled with the sound of a heartbeat. Three of them. Clarke finally looked at the ultrasound screen and she saw them. All three of her babies. Her babies that she made with Bellamy.

“Looks like you’re about 8-9 weeks along.” He gave Clarke a half smile. “I’m going to leave you alone to process this. Maybe you should give the father a call and let him know.”

The doctor turned off the machine and handed Clarke a couple pictures he had printed off. He told Clarke that she would be discharged in the morning and then left.

Clarke laid in bed looking at the photos of the babies; she let a tear slip down her cheek. 8 weeks ago she had sex with Bellamy for the first time. How could that possibly result in three babies? Three.

Without a second thought, Clarke pulled the IV out of her arm. She slowly got out of bed and found her clothes. Once she was dressed she quietly made her way out of the hospital unnoticed.

She used a pay phone outside the hospital to call a taxi and sat down to wait. 15 minutes later the taxi arrived Clarke climbed in the back and gave directions to Bellamy’s apartment. She knew that she had to tell him about being pregnant, but wasn’t sure how. Thankfully the drive gave her the time to think.

After was seemed like forever the taxi stopped in front of the apartment. Clarke paid the driver before getting out. She needed the extra time to think so she took the stairs instead of the elevator. Everything in her body still hurt, but she needed to push past it.

Standing outside of Bellamy’s door Clarke looked down at the photo in her shaking hand.
“Whatever happens in there you got me.”

Clarke knocked on the door and waited. The wait seemed to drag on forever until the door finally opened. Clarke was shocked to see a woman standing on the other side. Her dark curly hair pulled back into a single blue ribbon.

“Can I help you?” The woman asked sounding annoyed.

“I-I was just-” Clarke started, but stopped when she heard Bellamy’s voice.

“Gina, who’s there?” Bellamy said appearing behind the woman, Gina. Clarke knew that he was shocked, and she was starting to put everything together. There was a ring on Gina’s left hand, and Clarke’s eyes shot over to Bellamy who also had a ring.

“I think I might have gotten the wrong apartment.” Clarke lied. “I was looking for my friend she moved in last week. I’m sorry to bother you.”

Clarke didn’t bother to wait for a response before turning and walking away. She didn’t dare let a single tear fall until she was out of the building. When she was out in the open she let it all out. Bellamy was married, and she was pregnant with his babies.

She walked. Clarke walked and walked until she could barely walk anymore. She wasn’t sure where she was going, but she knew she couldn’t go back to her dorm. That was the first place Bellamy would come looking; if he even bothered to come after her.

Chapter End Notes

Clarke is pregnant and Bellamy is married! Who saw that coming. Will he be able to make things work out with Clarke? Will she be able to trust him again.
What Hurts The Most

Chapter Summary

Clarke runs into Bellamy in school. Do things go well? Will they be able to fix things between them?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was later and Clarke was still in extreme pain. She wasn’t sure how, but she ended up outside Finn’s apartment door unsure whether or not she wanted to knock or walk away. She finally gave in and knocked on the door and waited.

Clarke heard shuffling inside before the door opened. Finn stood there in nothing but black sweatpants.

“Clarke?” he asked with a hint of something in his voice and Clarke knew that she had woken him up. “It’s almost 2am what are you doing here?”

Not a single word came out of Clarke’s mouth before she started crying. Finn instinctively pulled her into his arms. She let him lead her into his apartment and closed the door behind them.

“What’s wrong, Clarke? Why are you out so late?” Finn gave Clarke a confused look.

Clarke bit her lip thinking about what she should say. “This morning you told me that Bellamy would destroy me. You were right.”

Finn looked at Clarke speechless. She shook her head not bothering to fight back the tears.

“I’m not happy I was right,” Finn whispered. It was a lie, and he got what he wanted. Bellamy was out of Clarke’s life. “What did he do?”

Clarke took a deep breath not wanting to say the words out loud. “He’s married.”

“Married? Wow, never saw that coming.”

“You and me both.” Clarke sighed.

The room fell silent neither of them knowing what to say next. Clarke was mentally and physically exhausted. The silence was starting to get awkward so Clarke blurted out one thing on her mind.

“I’m pregnant.”

Finn’s head turned quickly toward Clarke not sure he heard her correctly. There was a look of pure shock on his face; the same look Clarke has when the doctor told her. He didn’t say anything though.

“I’m two months pregnant with triplets.” The words were out of Clarke’s mouth faster than she ever thought possible.

“Damn.” The word was nothing but a whisper. Finn was pissed. Pissed and jealous that Clarke was
pregnant with another man’s child. Correction children.

“Can I stay here tonight?” Clarke asked wanting to sleep. Finn nodded his head and told Clarke that she could stay in his room and that he would sleep on the couch. She thanked him as she stood up and started to walked down the short hallway into the bedroom. It was weird being in this room again nothing much had changed. The last time Clarke was even in the apartment was when she told him she was pregnant with their child. Now here she is, months later, pregnant again. Except with another man’s baby this time.

Letting all thoughts flow out of her head Clarke crashed on the bed and was sleeping within minutes.

Clarke woke up the next morning and looked around the room before her gaze landed on the clock. It was nearly 1:30pm. She had slept the whole morning, which meant she had missed class. With a groan, she rolled out of the bed and walked to the kitchen. Finn wasn’t anywhere in sight, but there was a note from him on the small table.

You looked so peaceful I didn’t want to wake you. I’m in class all day. Make yourself at home and I’ll see you later. - Finn

Clarke knew that she had a text this afternoon and if she left now she would have time to make it. Barely.

Already dressed from the night before Clarke put on her shoes and left Finn’s apartment. She made it to campus in record time. She saw Raven in their usual spot near the classroom. Clarke gave her a slight smile and sat next to her.

“Where have you been, Clarke?” Raven asked worriedly.

Clarke shrugged and stayed silent for a moment. She knew that she wouldn’t be able to keep this a secret from her best friend. “I went to see Bellamy last night to tell him that I’m pregnant and-”

Raven cut off Clarke, “pregnant?”

“Yes,” Clarke said, “I’m two months pregnant with triplets, but that’s not even the issue.”

“What’s the issue? Did Bellamy leave you?” Raven sounded pissed. “I swear to God I will kill him.’

“He didn’t leave me. I didn’t even get the chance to tell him that I was pregnant,” Clarke started crying, “He’s married, Ray.”

“There is no way that he is married!” Clarke shouted. She lowered her voice before continuing, “You were at his apartment all the time. You spent the night there every day for almost 2 weeks straight..”

She knew how much time she spent with Bellamy. If there was any other explanation for what she had seen the night before she would gladly take it. Clarke stood up not saying a word and headed towards the class with Raven following. They both remained silent until they were in their seats in the classroom...

“He’s married, and I’m pregnant. End of story.” And it was the end of the story for now anyway.

Clarke and Raven didn’t say anything else. They sat in complete silence until the professor walked in. Every word out of his mouth sounded like something from Charlie Brown, and when the test was finally handed out Clarke blanked. She gave up after 10 minutes of nothing and walked out. She knew that Raven saw her and would have followed if she didn’t have her own grades to worry
She was almost out of the building when she heard her name being called. Turning around she saw Octavia walking towards her.

“Hey!” Octavia smiled.

Clarke wanted to be nice, but it was hard.

“Why didn’t you tell me your brother was married?” Clarke said, trying her best to stay calm. “He’s married and I’m the fool who fell in love with him.”

Octavia was speechless. Clarke could tell that she had no idea what was going on, but she did know that Bellamy was married.”

“Honestly, I hoped he would fall in love with you and divorce his wife. He doesn’t love her and he never did.” Octavia blurted out.

Clarke knew Octavia wasn’t lying about what she just said, but that didn’t make up for the lies she did tell.

“It doesn’t matter,” Clarke whispered, “and it doesn’t change anything.”

Without another word Clarke turned and left. She walked to her dorm and sat on the bed glancing at her cell phone that was on the bedside table; it was exactly where she had left it the night before. She reached out and grabbed it looking at the screen. There were a lot of missed calls from Bellamy, and even more text messages.

Not wanting to deal with that now or never Clarke sat the phone back on the table. She got up and paced the room not knowing what she wanted to do. She stopped when she heard a knock on the door. She knew that it wasn’t Finn, although at this moment she wished it was.

Clarke stayed quiet. She heard the doorknob rattle and knew she forgot to lock it. The door flew open and Bellamy stood there.

“Go away.”

“Clarke,” Bellamy began. “We need to talk.”

Clarke shook her head and backed away from Bellamy.

“I know that I should have told you I was married, but I didn’t want to lose you,” Bellamy said slowly. “I messed up big time. I fell in love with you.”

“I fell in love with you too,” whispered Clarke. “That still doesn’t change the fact that you’re married to another woman.”

Bellamy reached out and grabbed Clarke’s hand. She pulled it away immediately not wanting the contact.

“You need to leave, Bellamy.” A single tear slipped down Clarke’s cheek.

“Can we talk? I can come back at 6pm.” Bellamy said his eyes pleading for her to agree.

Clarke simply nodded her head and looked away. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Bellamy hesitate before finally walking away. He wasn’t even gone a second before Clarke turned
and stared at the now empty space he took only a few seconds ago; then she locked the door.

There was no way she would be here when Bellamy came back. Clarke filled a duffel bag with clothes and anything else she thought was important. Once everything was packed she sat on the bed and grabbed her phone. She dialed a number and within seconds Finn was on the other end.

“Can you pick me up? I’m in my dorm.”

It didn’t take long for Finn to show up at the door. Clarke let him in.

“What’s going on?” Finn asked the second he was in the room.

“Bellamy was here. He’s coming back later to talk, and I can’t be here for that Finn. I just can’t be here.”

Finn nodded in agreement.

It didn’t take the two of them long to get whatever they could of Clarke’s into Finn’s car. The only things left in the dorm were what it had come with the day Clarke had moved in.

“It’s so bare,” Clarke said, “can we go now?”

Finn wrapped an arm around Clarke and guided her out to the car. The drive to his apartment was silent. When they got to the apartment Clarke grabbed a bag, mumbling something about how she would get the rest tomorrow, and got out of the car.

Once they were inside the apartment Clarke sat on the couch resting a hand on her belly.

“We’ll need to figure out sleeping arrangements,” Finn said taking his coat off and hanging it over a kitchen chair. “You can have my bed. I’ll take the couch.”

“Not a chance. I’ll sleep on the couch.” Clarke said, “I’m not putting you out because I got myself into this mess.”

Finn looked at Clarke with a smile. “We’ll talk.’

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The next morning Bellamy walked into the school and found Raven in her usual spot waiting for Clarke. His heart dropped when he realized she wasn’t with Raven. He had gone back to Clarke’s dorm last night and she wasn’t there. The door was unlocked, and the room was empty except for a few larger items. Where the hell would Clarke go on such short notice, and where was she now?

He sat next to Raven on the steps, catching the girl off guard.

“Bellamy!” Raven screamed. “What are you doing here?”

“Where’s Clarke?” Bellamy didn’t bother to try and hide why he was here. He knew Raven probably wasn’t his biggest fan.

“I don’t know” Raven shrugged clearly annoyed by his presence. “She bailed on her test yesterday afternoon and I haven’t seen her since.”

“She’s gone,” Bellamy replied.

Raven looked at Bellamy with a puzzled look on her face. “Gone? What do you mean gone?”
“Her dorm is empty. I really screwed this up, Raven.”

“Yeah, you think?” Raven rolled her eyes so hard Bellamy was shocked they didn’t just fall out. Clarke will call me when she’s ready. I’m not worried about that, but I will never, and I repeat, never going to tell you.”

Raven stood up and angrily walked away. Bellamy was at a loss and wanted so badly to explain to Clarke, but he was never going to give him that chance. She was gone, and he wasn’t sure he was ever going to see her again.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the long delay. I was meaning to get more chapters up over Christmas, then I got sick...and well, here we are. Sorry if there are any major mistakes I didn't have this chapter beta read as I wanted to get it up.
A Broken Wing

Chapter Summary

A couple weeks pass and things with Finn start to go wrong.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Two weeks later Clarke stood in the bathroom mirror looking at herself. It was Monday morning and she was trying to convince herself to go back to school. She missed the last two weeks, mainly to avoid Bellamy, and her morning sickness had been horrible.

“Clarke?” She turned her head and saw Finn standing in the doorway. “What are you doing?”

“I’m going to class today.” Clarke shrugged. “Gotta go back sometime before I fail altogether.”

Finn took a step forward and grabbed Clarke’s hand. “You need to drop out, Clarke.”

“What?”

“Drop out,” Finn repeated. “You don’t need to stay in school. When the babies are here you’ll need to be with them.”

“I can’t just drop out, Finn,” Clarke replied.

“Do it, Clarke. You aren’t going back to school.” the tone in Finn’s voice caught Clarke off guard. They dated for over a year and never once had he spoke to her like that. Not once. Realizing that Finn might kick her out if she didn’t do what he said she nodded her head in agreement.

“Thank you,” Finn said. Clarke was shocked once again when Finn grabbed her phone off the counter and walked away. She heard the apartment door open and close again. Finn was gone, and he took her phone with him.

She wondered what she got herself into, but had nowhere else to go now.

Clarke decided to spend the morning cleaning and by lunch, she was exhausted. She laid down on the couch and must have fallen asleep because she was woken up by the door slamming. Sitting up quickly Clarke looked at Finn.

“Hey Finn.” she smiled. Finn glared at her and she knew he had a rough day.

“Where’s dinner?” Finn demanded.

“Sorry. I-I fell asleep.” Clarke whispered. “I can make you something quickly, but then I have to meet Raven.”

Finn grumbled something Clarke couldn’t make out before walking down the hall and slamming the bedroom door. Clarke stood up and hesitated for a moment. Did she make something for him or go meet Raven? Clarke chooses the latter.
20 minutes later she was sitting in the small diner her and Raven met at least once a week. Raven walked in not long after Clarke sat down.

“Sorry, I’m late. I tried calling.” Raven said sitting across from Clarke.

‘It’s alright. I lost my phone anyway.” Lies. It was all lies.

Raven laughed. Clarke losing her phone was nothing new so she knew Raven would believe the lie.

“So how was your day? The professor asked when you’re planning on coming back. I’d also like to know the answer to that. I miss you.”

Clarke sighed before answering her friend’s question. She was worried about Raven’s reaction.

“I...uhm,” Clarke started, “I’m not going back.”

“What?” Raven asked eyes wide.

“I’m dropping out,” Clarke repeated. “It’s for the best.”

“For the best? Clarke, you’re throwing your future away.” Raven said trying to remain calm.

Clarke shrugged and changed the subject. “I have a doctor’s appointment in two weeks can you come with me?”

“Of course I can.” Raven smiled, “I still think you should tell Bellamy, but I will be there.”

The waiter walked over to the table and took their order. When she was gone Clarke simply told Raven that there was no way she was telling Bellamy. Unless it was an emergency he was never to know.

Raven dropped the subject and the two friends talked while they waited for their food.

“So how’s like with Finn again?” Raven asked between mouthfuls.

“It’s okay. Weird, but okay.” Clarke smiled. It wasn’t a total lie. Living with Finn was weird, and most days it was okay. It was the few and far between days when Finn was in a bad mood that worried Clarke.

“I bet it’s weird,” Raven said. Clarke could tell there was something else on her friend’s mind but wasn’t sure what.

“Speaking of weird, what’s on your mind?” Clarke asked knowing her friend all too well.

“Bellamy asked me how you’re doing. He’s worried about you Clarke.” Raven said, “I can’t help to think you two were meant to be together.”

Clarke glared at her friend. “He’s married. I’m going to be the other woman.”

“Divorce is a thing you know,” Raven smirked.

“Raven! No, oh my God, no!” Clarke shook her head. There was no way she could purposely tear a marriage apart. Even if she was completely and totally in love with Bellamy.

“I’m just saying you have options.” Raven shrugged.
Clarke frowned, “My only option is to stay with Finn. At least until these babies are born. Then I’ll figure out where to go from there.”

“Unless you fall in love with Finn again.” Raven sighed hating her own words the moment they were out of her mouth.

Clarke rolled her eyes and brushed off that idea. There was no way in hell that she was going to fall in love with Finn. Never again. What Clarke did know was that she needed to figure out how to stand on her own two feet so that she could be the best mom to her babies that she possibly could be.

“I should go,” Clarke said standing up and laying money on the table. “Thanks for this, Ray.”

“Bye Clarke,” Raven smiled, “call me when you find your phone.”

Clarke nodded her head and slowly walked away. When she was out of the diner she took a deep breath. Not wanting to go back to Finn’s right away Clarke walked to a nearby park.

The bright green trees were shadowed in the setting sun, and it was starting to get cold out. Thankfully it was bearable because Clarke only had a light sweater on.

Sitting on a bench near the playground she smiled at the few children running around, playing, climbing, jumping. She imagined what it would be like a few years from now when her own children would be here. There was a small part, okay a large part, of her that wished Bellamy would be sitting next to her watching their children play. Watching them grow. A tear slipped down her cheek and honestly if she had her phone she might have called Bellamy right then and there and told him the truth. However, she didn’t have her phone. Finn took it, and probably for this exact reason.

Clarke sat on the bench for a couple more hours watching different families come and go from the park until it was finally pitch black outside. When she stood up she realized how cold she had gotten. Clarke walked back to Finn’s shivering the whole way.

When she walked into the apartment she saw Finn sleeping on the couch. She tried to tip-toe passed him, but he flew to his feet in an instant. There was a rage in his eyes and Clarke was terrified.

“Where the hell have you been Clarke!” Finn said outraged. “I’m starving.”

“I’ll make you something,” Clarke said walking to the kitchen. Finn grabbed her wrist stopping her in her tracks.

“You were out with him weren’t you?” Clarke knew who Finn was referring to. “Don’t bother trying to lie.”

“I went out to eat with Raven. I promise that’s all I did Finn.” Clarke said quickly.

Finn slapped Clarke across the face and told her not to lie. It was the first time he had ever laid a hand on her, and she wasn’t sure what to say.

“You are never going to lie to me again, understood?” Clarke didn’t want to piss Finn off further so she simply nodded her head. Then Finn stumbled down the hall and into the bedroom

Holding the stinging spot on her face Clarke walked to the couch and sat down. She vowed to get her and the babies out of here the second she could.

Chapter End Notes
just a heads up that that next couple chapters are Clarke while she's with Finn. This is a Bellarke story so of course, you know it won't last long that she's with him. Although there is a lot going on the next few chapters, but I promise it will be worth it.
Things with Finn get worse so Clarke calls Bellamy. Does she chicken out before he answers or do they finally have the chance to talk?

Clarke was sitting on the couch waiting for Raven to pick her up for her doctor's appointment. It had been 5 months since the first incident with Finn and she’d be lying if she said it was the last. It had only gotten worse and Clarke hid the truth from Raven.

“Clarke!” She looked up to see Finn standing there. He was supposed to be in class and she wasn’t sure why he was here.

“I thought you were supposed to be at school?” Clarke asked hoping her question didn’t piss him off.

“I’m taking you to your appointment. Let's go.” Finn said grabbing Clarke’s purse off the floor.

Clarke hesitated unsure what was happening. He had never once offered to take her to any of her appointments. She did everything with Raven.

“I’m waiting for Raven. She’ll be here in 15 minutes” Clarke said.

“Can you not argue with me for once in your life! I said I was taking you to the damn appointment.” Finn was pissed. “Get off your lazy ass.”

Clarke slowly got off the couch while supporting her already huge belly with one hand. She wasn’t going fast enough for Finn because he grabbed her arm and pulled her to the door.

“Stop it, Finn!” The grip he had on Clarke’s arm was painful. Another bruise to add to her always growing collection.

When he removed his hand she saw the bruise already starting to form. She gave in and just let Finn do what he wasn't. She followed him out to the car trying her best not to fall behind. She knew that she needed to get out of the situation she was in. She told herself every day that she had to leave. Somehow she was still here, still accepting what was happening as her new reality. She had no place to go now let alone when she had three babies to take care of. The only family she had was a mother who abandoned her years ago for another man and their child together, and the only friend she had lived in a dorm.

Clarke was so lost in her thoughts that she didn’t even realize they were at the doctor’s office. Finn was already out of the car slamming the door.

“You’re so fucking slow. Do you want to be late?” Finn screamed as he walked around the front of the car to Clarke’s door. He opened it and pulled her out.

“I’m sorry, Finn,” Clarke said almost losing her balance. She knew her apology wasn’t sincere but
wanted to please him.

She kept up with Finn while walking in the building and on the way up to the office. She was out of breathing by the time they were inside.

Clarke checked in with the receptionist and sat next to Finn in the waiting area. They were completely silent until the nurse came out.

“Miss Griffin, you can come with me.” The nurse smiled. Clarke stood up and followed her to the exam room. Finn stood up to follow, but the nurse told him he would have to wait until after the initial exam and lead Clarke away and into the room.

“Do you want your boyfriend in for the ultrasounds?” She asked catching Clarke off guard. Clarke shook her head not wanting Finn in here at all. This was her business, and he had no right to know anything.

“Alright, the doctor will be in soon.” She said with a smile before leaving the room.

Clarke sat on the bed staring at the clock on the wall until she heard the door open again. She turned her head and saw her doctor standing there. He had her chart in his hands and a smile on his face.

“Good morning, Miss Griffin. How are you feeling?” He asked

“Tired all the time.” Clarke sighed

The doctor smiled, “That’s to be expected. You’re growing three little babies inside you.”

“I know. The countdown is on ‘til they’re here.” She frowned.

“Keep counting. I’d like to see you keep these babies in there for at least another four weeks.”

The doctor wrote something down on his clipboard and then started his exam. When he was done the physical exam he put gel on Clarke’s belly and soon she could hear and see her babies.

“Did you end up looking at the paper I gave you from your last appointment with the sex of the babies on it? I remember you were having a hard time deciding.” The doctor asked.

“I’m going to wait.” Clarke smiled not once taking her eyes off the ultrasound screen. She loved her children so much already.

When the ultrasound was finished Clarke sat up with the doctor's help.

“If you take things easy for the next few weeks I see no problem making it to 34 weeks. That’s our goal.” The doctor had a smile on his face that soon faded. Clarke knew something was wrong.

“I am concerned though,” he said.

“What?” Clarke asked worriedly.

“The bruises, Clarke. You come in with them every appointment. Do you need help?”

“I’m fine.” Clarke lied. She didn’t even know why she covered it up anymore, but she did.

“If your boyfriend did this to you, you need to call the police.” There was no way she was calling the police. That would only make things worse.
“That won’t work. He won’t stop.” The words were out of Clarke’s mouth before she could stop them. She got off the exam table and walked to the door. She turned and looked at her doctor wanting to be honest. “I have nowhere to go. Nowhere to raise these babies If I leave. It’s not ideal, but it’s what I have to do.”

Then Clarke left without another word. She walked back to the waiting area, and Finn stood up the second he saw her. Neither one of them said anything until they were home in the apartment.


“I’m just worried. The doctor said he hopes the babies stay in for another four weeks, but that’s still early. I just want everything to be okay.” Clarke replied. It wasn’t a total lie, she did want her babies to be okay. Everything in her needed to make the next 4 weeks count.

“I’m sure everything will be fine.” Finn smiled at Clarke; he was being nice. Sometimes this lasted a couple days, and sometimes it lasted a couple weeks. Clarke knew Finn was a ticking time bomb. “Why don’t you call Raven and have a girls night?”

“What?” Clarke asked confused. Finn rarely let her hand out with Raven, and now he was letting her come over?

“Call Raven. I’m going out for the night.” Finn said tossing her phone to her. “Do whatever you want. I’ll be back sometime after midnight.”

Finn didn’t say another word he just left Clarke alone and confused. Why was he being so nice? Was it a trick? She wasn't sure but started at the phone in her hand. Part of her wanted to call Bellay. Would he save her? Save them?

Without another thought, she dialed the number and listening to ringing.

“Clarke?” Bellamy answered on the second ring.

Clarke didn’t have the words to reply. Hearing Bellamy’s voice for the first time in months had her heart dropping in her chest even further.

“Clarke? Talk to me.”

“I-I-” She stuttered not forming any real words. She changed her mind and quickly hung up the phone, and immediately called Raven. Her friend answered quickly and promised she’d be over in 20 minutes with pizza.

20 minutes later Raven showed up with pizza and a movie. Clarke smiled; a girls night was exactly what she needed.

“So how was the appointment? I thought it was weird that Finn wanted to take you.” Raven said grabbing a couple plates out of the cupboard.

“I thought it was weird too,” Clarke agreed. “The doctor said everything looks fine right now. I’m hoping to keep these little ones in for another 4 weeks.”

“Fingers crossed: Raven smiled, “Lots of bed rest for you.”

“Yeah, I was told to take it easy.”

The two of them spent the rest of the night watching movies and just talking. Raven left around
11pm. Clarke took a hot shower and laid in bed thinking about her future. She soon fell asleep and was out for the night. At least, that's what she thought.

Chapter End Notes

Warning: The next chapter is a rough one, but a Clarke and Bellamy reunion is coming!
How to Save a Life

Chapter Summary

Things escalate quickly, and shots are fired landing Clarke in the hospital.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke was woken up from her sleep when the bedroom lights came on and the door slammed shut knocking a photo off the wall.

“Get up!” Finn yelled.

Clarke sat up into a sitting position staring at Finn. He was drunk and Clarke knew things were about to get worse.

“Finn, please. Just calm down.” Clarke pleaded. The look in Finn’s eyes terrified her, and she knew he wasn’t going to stop. Clarke had an uneasy feeling that things were going to go too far tonight.

That’s when Clarke saw it. Along with the drunken rage in Finn’s eyes, Clarke saw a gun in his right hand.

“Finn?” Clarke whispered. “What are you doing?”

Finn raised the gun aiming it at Clarke? “I’m doing what I should have done months ago.”

Clarke didn’t have time to react before Finn pulled the trigger.

Once.

Twice.

There was blood everywhere and Clarke panicked. She was going to die. Her babies were going to die.

She saw Finn hesitate before opening the bedroom door and walking away leaving Clarke alone bleeding out in the bed.

She was getting weaker by the second. The world went black.

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Raven was woken up by the sound of her phone ringing. She groaned as she reached out and grabbed it looking at the clock. 5:36 am

The phone number wasn’t one that Raven recognized and almost didn’t answer, but something in her made her do it.

“Hello?”
“Raven Reyes?” The female voice on the other end asked.

“Speaking.” Raven was starting to worry. She got out of bed and started to get dressed before the person on the other line even started to explain why they were even calling.

“I’m Nurse Jones and I’m calling from Lakeview Medical Centre. Clarke Griffin was brought in a couple hours ago and is in critical condition.” There was a short pause. “You number was the last one called in her cell phone.”

“I’ll be there in 15 minutes or less.” Raven said hanging up the phone and grabbing her keys off the desk by the door. Then he left and got to her car in record time.

The drive to the hospital seemed to take hours. Raven wondered what happened to Clarke. It hadn’t really been all that long since she left her friend. If Clarke was in critical condition what about the babies? Where was Finn during all of this. Did he even come home last night? So many questions were going to her mind.

Raven thought the worse. Her best friend was going to die, and there was nothing she could do about it.

When Raven got to the hospital he parked her can and ran as fast as she could inside. She got to the nurse's desk in the emergency room completely out of breath.

“I’m looking for Clarke Griffin. Nurse Jones called and said she was here.”

The nurse at the desk nodded her head and Raven heard her page someone. It wasn’t long before a nurse walked up to her. She had a smile on her face, but Raven knew it was forced.

“You must be Raven Reyes.” Nurse Jones said, “Follow me.”

Nurse Jones lead Raven into a quiet waiting room and told her that the doctor would be in shortly yo speak with her. Then she turned and walked away leaving Raven with her thoughts.

Raven panicked even more. Something was seriously wrong.

It wasn’t long before the doctor walked into the room with a sad smile on his face. “Hello, Raven. I’m Dr.West I was the doctor on call when your friend was brought in.”

“Stop sugar coating things and tell me what happened to Clarke,” Raven said starting to get angry that she still had no idea what was going on with her friend.

“She was brought in by ambulance with two gunshot wounds to the chest.” Dr.West was said. “It’s touch and go.”

Raven wanted to ask if the triplets were okay, but she was scared to know the answer. “Can I see her?”

Dr.West nodded his head. “Of course. She hasn’t woken up from surgery yet. There is also a police officer stationed outside as a precautionary measure.

Raven was lead through a couple different hallways until they were in the ICU. Raven knew right away where Clarke was. She saw the police officer standing outside the room.

“Dr.West?” Raven said slowly. “Her babies…?”

Raven let the words come out not sure she was ready for more bad news.
“Thankfully all three babies made it, but they are tiny. They have a fight ahead of them though.”

Raven nodded her head thankful that the triplets were alive. Now it was just a matter of time. She just hoped they had the time.

Raven walked to Clarke’s room and looked at the officer. “Has anyone else been here?”

“No Ma’am.”

“I know who did this to her, and it wouldn’t surprise me if he tried to come to see her.” Raven said knowing without a doubt Finn did this to Clarke. She noticed the constant bruises on her friend but never said anything. She should have said something to someone sooner.

“His name is Finn Collins and Clarke has been living with him for the last few months.” Raven shook her head. “It had to have been him. I’m sure of it.”

Raven walked past the officer and into the room. Her heart sank when she saw Clarke laying in the bed lifeless. She couldn’t do this. She couldn’t bear to see her friend hooked up to so many machines. Ravne left the room fast than she went in.

“Are you alright ma’am?” The officer asked.

“I-I need to make a phone call.” Raven walked away. She found a quiet place and pulled out her phone. Then she made the one phone call she knew Clarke would hate her for, but she didn’t care about that right now.

The phone kept ringing and Raven almost hung up when she heard the voice she wanted to on the other end.

“Hello?”

“Bellamy! Thank God.” Raven almost screamed.

“Raven it’s like 6:00 am, what the hell are you doing calling?” Bellamy was annoyed and Raven didn’t blame him

“I’m not explaining this over the phone, but I need you to come to the hospital.” Raven paused for a second. “It’s Clarke.”

Bellamy didn’t say anything at first but then quickly told Ravn he would be there as soon as he could. Raven hung up the phone and started pacing the small space.

An eternity later Bellamy walked in. Raven ran into his arms and started crying.


Bellamy looked at Raven taking in her facial expressions. “What happened, Ray?”

“She was shot in the chest twice and is in critical condition.” Raven held back even more tears.

“Where is she?” Bellamy asked worriedly.

Raven took Bellamy by the hand and quickly filled him in on the last few weeks. How Clarke had moved in with Finn and things changed for the worse. How she was sure that Finn was the reason Clarke was laying in a hospital bed. The only thing Raven didn’t mention was the babies.
“Son of a bitch. I’m going to kill him.” Bellamy was pissed. They both were.

“There’s more Bellamy,” Raven said not totally sure how to say what she needed to.

“More? What else could there possibly be?” Bellamy asked.

Raven started pacing. How could she tell Bellamy he was a father. How would he react? How would Clarke react?

“I can’t tell you,” Raven said in a whisper. “I’m sorry.”

“I just want to see Clarke,” Bellamy said clearly restless. Raven nodded and lead the way back to Clarke’s room. The officer was still outside.

“You can’t go in there.” He said stopping Bellamy.

“I need to see her.”

Raven spoke up telling the officer that Bellamy was Clarke’s friend, and he let them both back into the room.

Bellamy walked in and his heart sank. Clarke was lying lifeless in the hospital bed hooked up to so many monitors and machines.

“Damnit, Clarke.” He whispered as he sat down next to the bed taking her hand in this. “This was never supposed to happen.”

“I tried to convince her to call you so many time, but she’s stubborn. Her stubbornness is what got her here. She needed him, and what little financial support he gave.”

“She called me yesterday afternoon,” Bellamy said. “She didn’t say anything. Damnit, I would have given her anything she needed so she didn’t have to be with that bastard.”

“It wasn’t that simple. I wish it was.” Raven sighed and left Bellamy alone in the room with Clarke.

Bellamy stayed by Clarke’s side for hours. Doctors and nurses came in almost every 30 minutes to check everything. Nothing was changing.

Bellamy wanted Clarke to wake up so he could see her beautiful ocean blue eyes again. Those eyes were something he missed, and he wasn’t sure what he would do if he never got to see them again.

Chapter End Notes

Not a good reason, but Clarke and Bellamy are together again. Will she be okay? Will the babies be okay? Will Bellamy find out about them?
Bellamy finds out about the babies and gets to meet them for the first time.

Bellamy must have fallen asleep at some point because he was woke up to a slight shift in the bed. He sat up and looked at Clarke. Her eyes were still closed, but something was different.

“Clarke?”

Bellamy almost cried when Clarke’s eyes fluttered open.

“Hey princess.” He smiled.

Clarke returned the smile, but it was soon faded away. “Why are you here?”

“Raven called me. You almost died, Clarke.” Bellamy reached up and brushed the hair from her face.

“Oh my God!” Clarke said in a panic. Bellamy wasn’t sure what was going on, but he didn’t think her reaction had anything to do with her almost dying. She pulled her hand out of Bellamy’s and placed it on her stomach.

“Where are they?” Clarke said starting to scare Bellamy. “Where are they!”

“Clarke, calm down. What’s wrong?” Bellamy tried his best to calm Clarke down, but it wasn’t working. He called out for help and a doctor came running into the room within minutes.

“Miss Griffin you need to calm down.” The doctor said. “I’ll have to sedate you if not.”

“Where are my babies?” Clarke screamed.

Bellamy’s eyes grew wide. Babies?

What was Clarke talking about?

“They are in the NICU Miss Griffin.” The doctor replied calmly.

Clarke started to calm down little bit.

“Are they okay?”

“I’ll have Dr. Hansen come talk to you. She’ll be able to discuss it further.” The doctor asked if Clarke had anymore questions, and when she said no he left the room.

“You were pregnant?” Bellamy asked the moment the doctor was gone.
“Yes,” Clarke sighed. “And I know you’re gonna ask if they’re yours. The answer is yes.”

Bellamy wasn’t sure what to say. Clarke had his baby? Babies?

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything. I know I should have told you. I know that none of this would have happened if I had.”

“But you were pissed, and I get that. I should have been honest with you from the start.”

Clarke was about to say something when a female doctor walked into the room.

“Clarke Griffin, I’m Dr. Hansen. I’m here to discuss your triplets’ condition with you.” Dr. Hansen glanced at Bellamy and back to Clarke. “Is it alright to talk about this now?”

“He’s their father.” Clarke said looking at Bellamy for a second. “Are they girl or boys. A mix of both? I really wanted to wait till they were born to find out.”

“Three little girls. Identical triplets.” Dr. Hansen smiled. “Baby A is the biggest. She is 3lbs 5oz. Baby B is only a little smaller and weighed 3lbs 2oz. Finally the littlest is only 2lbs 1oz.”

“They are so small.” Clarke said letting a tear slip down her cheek. “Are they okay? Will they survive?”

“Baby A and Baby B are doing wonderful. They are hooked up to oxygen machines to help them breathe but I estimate them being here only 8-10 weeks.” Dr. Hansen said. “Baby C has an intraventricular hemorrhage. Which is bleeding on the brain. She is on medication to hopefully resolve the issue. If not, she will have to have a tube put in her head to drain the fluid. She is also hooked up to breathing tubes.”

“Can I see them?” Clarke asked.

“That’s up to your doctor. As soon as he give you the go ahead you can come down to the NICU to visit.”

Clarke shifted in the bed wincing at the pain in her chest. She would do whatever it took to get better sooner so she could see her babies. For now Bellamy was all they had.

“Can you stay with our daughters, Bellamy? I know I have no right to ask you after keeping them a secret.” Clarke sighed. “But they need you.”

“Clarke, I’m here for you. Here for our daughters. I will stay with them until you’re able to be there.”

Dr. Hansen tole Bellamy she would take him up to the NICU, and then they both left the room leaving Clarke alone.

Clarke closed her eyes thinking about everything that had gone wrong in her life. She wasn’t convinced that meeting Bellamy was ever a mistake. She loved him and she would never stop loving him, but he was married and nothing Clarke did or said would change that. She also wasn’t sure what the future had in store for her or her babies.

Clarke must have drifted off to sleep because she was woken up when a nurse came in to check her vitals.

“How are you feeling?” The nurse asked.
“I feel like I was just shit in the chest. Twice.” Clare sighed. “When can i see my babies?”

“The doctor will be in soon.” The nurse smiled.

Clarke wasn’t sure if she could wait any longer. The pain in her chest was unbearable, but not being able to see her daughters for the first time was even worse.

“I promise the doctor will be in soon.” The nurse repeated before leaving.

Clarke wanted to unhook herself from all the the machines, and she might have if Raven hadn’t walked into the room.

“Hey gorgeous.” Raven smiled. “How are you feeling?”

“Everyone keeps asking me that. I feel horrible. Like I was run over by a truck.” Clarke huffed. “But I’m alive.”

“Thankfully.” Raven sat down in the chair next to Clarke’s bed. “Sorry that I called Bellamy. I just thought you were going to die, and if that happened he needed to be there for his daughters.”

“It’s okay, Ray.” Clarke smiled. “He deserved to know, and you’re right someone needs to be with them while I’m stuck here.”

“Is that where he is?” Raven asked.

Clarke nodded, “He’s been with them for a couple hours. He took the news incredibly well, which made me feel even more guilty for not telling him about our daughters sooner.”

“Daughters?” Raven asked wise eyed. “All girls?”

Clarke nodded again this time with a huge smile of her face. She couldn’t believe it herself.

“I have three daughters.” Clarke smiled.

There was a knock on the door and Clarke looked up to see two detectives standing there.

“Miss Griffin?” The female detective said, “I’m detective Ward, and this is my partner detective Manning. We’re here to get your statement on last night's events.”

Clarke told the detectives everything. Detective Ward assured Clarke that they would find Finn and he would be arrested. Clarke hoped they would; the man didn’t deserve to be running free after trying to kill her.

The detectives left the room and Clarke started playing with the IV and wires that were attached to her. She wanted them off now. She didn’t care how much pain she was in there were three little girls who needed her right now.

Without another thought Clarke turned off the machines so they wouldn’t alert the nurses and pulled out her IV and took off all the wires. Raven looked at her with eyes wide.

“What the hell, Clarke!” Raven yelled as she grabbed a cloth and put it on the blood that was now coming out of the place that the IV once was. “Are you insane?”

“I’m going to see my daughters.” Clarke said, swinging her legs over the bed. She winced at the pain in her body not even caring. She realized then that she forgot to unhook one of the monitors and the alarm went off. Clarke tried to stop it, but it was too late.
Two nurses ran in, and realized right away that everything was fine.

“Miss Griffin, you need to get back in bed.” The first nurse said.

Clarke ignored her and continued to try and stand up. “I need to see my daughters.”

“You’re not well enough to be out of bed. You were shot less than 24 hours ago, and had a cesarean section.” The other nurse said with a frown.

Clarke would have objected further, but the doctor walked in with a frown on his face.

“You’re going to further injure yourself, Miss Griffin.” The doctor said shaking his head.

“I want to see my daughters.” Clarke let a tear slip. She stood next to her bed surrounded by the two nurses, a doctor, and Raven.

“Alright, I will take you up to see them, but you’ll need to be in a wheelchair.” the doctor said.

The two nurses left the room, and one of them returned with a wheelchair. Without hesitation Clarke sat down. If this was how she could see her babies then she would do it. Clarke whispered to Raven that she would be back. Raven nodded her head as the doctor wheeled her out of the room.

Clarke stayed silent on the way to the NICU unsure what to say. She just wanted to see her babies. The doctor helped her into a gown, and then wheeled her into the room. She could see Bellamy in a far corner sitting in a rocking chair, and she fell in love with him even more.

The doctor wheeled Clarke over next to Bellamy, and whispered that Dr. Hansen would be over soon then left.

Bellamy smiled at Clarke. He had a baby laying on his bare chest covered in a blanket. The baby girl was hooked up to a few monitors.

“Hey.” Bellamy said reaching out and taking Clarke’s hand in his. “They’re beautiful, Clarke. You did a great job.”

“I failed the,..” clarke started to cry. “I should have put them first.”

“This is not your fault. You did the best you could given the situation.” Bellamy sighed. :I never should have kept the truth from you. To be honest I never planned on falling in love with you, and when I actually did I didn’t want to lose you.”

“I love you, Bel, but that doesn’t change the fact that you’re married. I don’t even care that you lied anymore. I forgive you.” Clarke turned her attention to the two babies in the incubators. It was obvious which of the two was the smallest. The little girl was so tiny compared to her sister.

“It was basically an arranged marriage, Clarke.” Bellamy said, “I don’t love her and I never did. She knows that.”

“I don’t know where that leaves us, Bel.” Clarke sighed.

“I guess we’ll figure it out as we go.” Bellamy smiled, “first we focus on getting you and our daughters healthy.”

Dr. Hansen walked over and smiled at Clarke. “I bet you want to hold the babies.”

“Can I?”
“Of course. Bellamy has been holding Baby A since he got here. I’ll situate you with Baby C. Baby C is still too fragile to be held.” Dr. Hansen said as she helped Clarke into a rocking chair and got her comfortable before taking the baby out of the incubator. Clarke fell instantly in love the moment she held her daughter.

Dr. Hansen said she would be back in an hour to check on them. Clarke thanked her.

“Do they have names?” Bellamy asked once the doctor was gone.

“No,” Clarke sighed, “I guess we should think about that now. I thought I still had a few more weeks.”

Clarke closed her eyes and kissed the top of the baby’s head. She had a few names she liked, but part of her wanted Bellamy to help name their little girls. He missed so much. Clarke owed it to him.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the delay in uploading! hope you all are still enjoying this story! ♥
Bellamy and Clarke’s reunion is short-lived before things go wrong...again.

Bellamy and Clarke spent the rest of the day in the NICU. Once it was time to leave Bellamy helped Clarke into her wheelchair, and brought her back to her room so she could get some sleep. He promised that he would stay the night and be there if she or the girls needed him.

The next morning Clarke woke up and Bellamy was gone. She started to panic. Was something wrong with the babies?

Clarke was about to get out of bed when the door opened and Bellamy walked in.

“Morning gorgeous.” Bellamy smiled. “How are you feeling today?”

“Sore.” Clarke sighed. “Where were you?”

Bellamy walked over and sat on the chair next to the bed he grabbed her hand and gave it a kiss.

“I called Octavia to let her know what was happening. She’s on her way, but I didn’t tell her about the triplets yet. I didn’t think that was something I should tell her over the phone.” Bellamy smiled.

Part of Clarke was excited to see Octavia again. She missed her, hated that she didn’t tell her the truth, but still missed her nevertheless.

“Well, I can’t wait to see her,” Clarke said sitting up.

Bellamy was about to say something when the door slowly opened. Clarke smiled when she saw Octavia standing there with flowers in her hand.

“Hey,” Octavia said. “Long time no see.”

Clarke smiled. “Glad you’re here.”

Octavia placed the flowers on the bedside table and leaned over to give Clarke a hug.

“I’ve missed you, Clarke.” Octavia smiled. “Hate that we see each other under these circumstances though.”

“You don’t even know the half of it,” Clarke mumbled.

She could tell that Octavia was confused. “What does that mean?”

Clarke shifted in the bed. She wasn’t sure how to tell Octavia that she was an aunt. She glanced over at Bellamy and he just smiled. Slowly Clarke brought her gaze back to Octavia.
“You’re an aunt.” Clarke ended up blurting out. So much for taking it slowly. “I had triplets.”

“Whoa, was not expecting that.” Octavia was shocked. “Where are they?”

“The NICU. They are 10 weeks early. A bit small, but I’m hoping they will be alright.” Clarke let a tear slip.

“They will be fine, Clarke,” Bellamy said.

Clarke wiped the tear away and smiled up at Bellamy. “I know.”

“Well, I can’t wait to meet the little ones.” Octavia smiled. “Do they have names?”

Clarke looked at Bellamy and then back to Octavia.

“I’ve thought of a few names while I was pregnant. Bellamy and I haven’t had a chance to discuss it.” Clarke said.

“You never mentioned having named,” Bellamy said standing up and moving to sit on the side of Clarke’s bed and putting a hand on her leg.

Clarke shrugged, “It’s my fault you already missed so much. I didn’t want to name them without you.”

Octavia motioned towards the door. “I’m gonna go call Lincoln and check up on Layla. I’ll be back.” Octavia walked out of the room leaving Bellamy and Clarke alone.

The two of them were silent neither of them sure what to say Clarke already felt horrible about everything she’s done.

“What names do you like, Clarke?” Bellamy asked breaking the silence.

“I’ve always liked the name Isla,” Clarke whispered.

“Isla,” Bellamy repeated. “I like it. What about Hayes as a middle name? I’m not sure where I got the idea, but I think it fits.”

Clarke looked at Bellamy and smiled. “Isla Hayes. I think it perfect for Baby A.”

“Any other names? Don’t hold back. Tell me all the names you had in mind.” Bellamy smiled.

“Mila Raye for Baby B?” Clarke asked.

Bellamy nodded his head in agreement. “Now, what about our tiniest munchkin?”

“Nova Belle,” Clarke said quickly. The name was so different she wasn’t sure Bellamy would like it.

“Nova Belle,” Bellamy repeated in a whisper. “It’s different, but I I like it.”

Bellamy placed a kissed on Clarke’s forehead. She didn’t want him to move away so she grabbed his hand. Their eyes met, and Bellamy knew right away that Clarke didn’t want to lose contact. He quietly crawled into the bed with her and pulled her close to him.

“Don’t ever leave,” Clarke whispered.
“I won’t,” Bellamy replied. “Don’t you dare leave either.”

Clarke shook her head. She never wanted Bellamy to leave, but in the back of her mind, she knew that he was still, in fact, a married man.

She must have drifted off to sleep because when she woke up she was still wrapped in Bellamy’s arms.

Ignoring the pain all over her body Clarke slipped out of Bellamy’s arms and shivered when her bare feet hit the cold floor. She shuffled across the room to the door, grabbed the doorknob, and slowly turned it.

“Hey.” Clarke turned around at the sound of Bellamy’s voice. She weakly smiled. “What are you doing, Clarke?”

Clarke opened her mouth to speak, but then quickly closed it. She could have lied and told Bellamy she was going to see the girls, but she honestly didn’t know where she was about to go.

“Clarke?” Bellamy’s eyes questioned Clarke as he got out of the bed and quickly closed the distance between them. “Where were you going?”

“I, Uhm…” Clarke stumbled over her words. She glanced from Bellamy to where her hands were still on the door.

Bellamy reached out and grabbed Clarke’s other hand. There was a long silent pause before he spoke again.

“If you want to go see the girls you should have just asked,” Bellamy said.

Clarke simply nodded her head. She did want to see her babies, but that wasn’t all she wanted. Bellamy wouldn’t understand, and she wasn’t going to put up a fight right now. Not yet.

Bellamy grabbed the wheelchair and moved it closer so Clarke could sit.

“I can walk,” Clarke whispered. “Please let me walk.”

It took Bellamy a minute, but he finally agreed to let Clarke walk up to the NICU. He didn’t want to fight with her, and Clarke was thankful for that. She was also thankful that Bellamy actually listened to her and thought about what she wanted, and what she felt. It had been so long since someone put her first.

Bellamy and Clarke walked to the NICU in silence. They greeted the nurse and sat down in the chair next to the girl’s incubators. The nurse helped her settled in a rocking chair and placed Isla in her arms. Bellamy was about to hold Mila when his phone started to ring.

“Hello?” Bellamy answered.

Clarke tried not to listen in but it was hard. Who was on the other end? Raven? Octavia?

“I’m busy right now okay?” There was a short pause. “Look I know I never came home. Something came up.”

There was another pause. This time a little longer. Clarke glanced at Bellamy a frown on her face; she knew he was talking to his wife.

Bellamy met Clarke’s gaze and without a word stood up and walked away.
Clarke watched him leave and turned to the nurse who was settling Mila back in the incubator.

“Are you okay?” The nurse asked concerned. Clarke hadn’t realized she was even crying until now. Why the hell was she crying?

“I’m fine.” Clarke lied forcing a smile. “It’s complicated.”

The nurse nodded and left Clarke alone.

It was almost 30 minutes later when Bellamy walked back into the room. He placed a hand on Isla’s little back and gave Clarke a light kiss on the forehead.

“I have to go home for a bit.” Bellamy frowned.

Clarke ignored him. She knew that she was being childish, but honestly didn’t even care.

“Clarke…” Bellamy trailed off. “I’m sorry.”

“Just go!” Clarke shouted fighting back tears.

“Clarke,” Bellamy reached for her hand but she pulled it away. “I’ll be back tonight.”

“Don’t bother.” Clarke sighed. “Go back to your wife and stay there! Me and the girls will be just fine without you. I’m not going to make you choose between me and your wife o I’ll make the choice for you.”

Bellamy wanted to fight for Clarke, but the look on her face said she was done talking. He hesitated before walking away.

Clarke broke down crying. She didn’t want to lose Bellamy, but she also didn’t want to stay in the limbo of unknown.

Clarke hit the call button and a nurse walked in a few minutes later.

“What’s wrong?” The nurse asked.

“Can you put Isla back in her bed, please? I’m a little tired.” Clarke said.

The nurse took Isla from Clarke and placed the baby in the incubator. Clarke slowly stood up and left the NICU. She walked to the elevator and got in.

When the doors opened Clarke was shocked to see a familiar face.

“Finn!” Clarke’s eyes went wide with shock as Finn walked into the elevator. He pressed the button and the door closed. Finn hit the ground floor button.

“We’re going on a little trip.” Finn smiled at Clarke. She shifted her feet unsure what to say or do.

“When these elevator doors open you’re not gonna say a word to anyone. We’re going to walk to my car and we’re going to leave.” Finn said. “If you don’t do as I say I might just have to take care of your three little problems upstairs.”

“Finn…”Clarke trailed off.

“Or worse I might tell Bellamy’s wife about them. I’m sure she would love to find out about you and those brats.” Finn smirked. “I hear Bellamy’s family is powerful. Maybe they will just whisk those
babies away so he can raise them with his wife.”

Clarke stiffened. The thought had never crossed her mind.

“I’ll go with you and do whatever you want. Please don’t hurt my daughters.”

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know... just when you think Clarke and Bellamy are going to start being able to work through things. Although I do promise you it will happen, just hold on for a couple more chapters and there will be no more leaving.

Also, thoughts on the triplets names?
How Do I Live Without You

Chapter Summary

Bellamy goes home to his wife while Clarke stays at the hospital.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bellamy walked into his house and was greeted by his wife Gina. She looked pissed off and Bellamy didn’t really blame her. He has been gone more than a day without an ounce of an explanation.

“Hey Gina,” Bellamy smiled, “have you eaten lunch yet? I grabbed Chinese on the way home.”

Gina glared at Bellamy, “I’m not hungry.”

“Alright then.” Bellamy carried the food into the kitchen and sat it down on the counter.

Ginna followed him and sat on one of the bar stools that sat lined along the kitchen island. Bellamy made quick work of putting the food away before finally turning and making eye contact with Gina.

Neither of them spoke a word right away.

“Where have you been?” Gina finally asked Bellamy.

Bellamy simply shrugged, “Octavia needed my help with Layla.” He said grabbed a glass from the cupboard filling it with water.

“You’re lying,” Gina said flatly.

“No, I’m not Gina.”

Gina put her hands on her hip, something she did often when she was mad at him, and glared. “You were at the hospital.”

“Gina…” Bellamy trailed off not knowing what to say.

“I have a friend who works in the NICU and she called me. Thought I should know that my husband has three little girls.” The look on Gina’s face changed from being angry to something else than Bellamy couldn’t quite read.

Bellamy didn’t want Gina to know about the girls. He wanted to keep them, and Clarke, to himself. He would have figured out how to make it work; he just would have!

“I’m sorry, Gina,” Bellamy said, and he truly was sorry.

He was about to try and explain himself but was completely caught off guard by the words that come out of Gina’s mouth.

“I want them.” Her tone was calm. Scary calm.
Bellamy’s jaw dropped and his eyes went wide. Did he hear Gina correctly?

“Gina?” He said her name as a question hoping that he had heard her wrong.

“I want those babies,” Gina replied. “We’ve been trying for 6 months to have a baby of our own and nothing has happened. You go out and have an affair resulting in triplets. I want them, Bellamy.”

“No Gina,” Bellamy said firmly. “That’s not how it works.”

He was pissed. He figured Gina would hate him and never forgive him for cheating. He never in a million years thought that she would want the babies.

“That’s exactly how it’s gonna work,” Gina smirked. “You know your parents will fight for custody of those girls if we don’t raise them together. There is no way they will allow their grandchildren to be raised by your mistress.”

Bellamy shook his head and simply walked away from Gina before he said or did anything he would regret. There was no way he was taking those girls away from Clarke. Hell, he would leave Gina before that would happen. Take Clarke and the girls and run; he had the money to do it.

“Bellamy!” Gina’s voice trailed behind him as he walked.

He stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind him. He planned on showering, taking a quick nap, and then going back to the hospital to be with Clarke.

When Bellamy walked out of the bathroom and into his bedroom he saw Gina sitting at the computer desk. He glanced at the screen and saw her on some baby website. Bellamy rolled his eyes and quickly got dressed.

“I’m going to the apartment,” Bellamy said walking towards the bedroom door to leave.

“Bellamy, you know the best thing for your daughters is a stable home. We can provide that for them.” Gina turned around in the hair and looked him in the eyes.

“We’re not discussing this right now, Gina.” Bellamy left the room without another word. He grabbed his keys off the table near the front door and left. He sat in his car for a few minutes before finally pulling out of the driveway and heading to the apartment. The apartment he had bought to get away from his wife every once in a while. That, and it was closer to the college.

When Bellamy got to the apartment he crashed on the bed without even taking his shoes off. He woke up almost 3 hours later to the sound of his phone ringing on the bedside table. He reached for the phone, but it had stopped ringing the moment he got it in his hand. That’s when he saw the missed calls on his screen. There were a few from Gina, which didn’t surprise him. There were several from an unknown number. The most recent, and also half of the missed calls, were from Raven.

Bellamy decided that Raven was worth his time now, and not Gina. He quickly called Raven back and she answered on the first ring.

“Oh my God, Bellamy!” Raven’s voice was panicked. “Where have you been? I’ve been calling for over an hour. The hospital has been calling you too.”

Bellamy instantly thought the worst at the mention of the hospital. The last time he had a conversation like this with Raven, Clarke was in critical condition.

“Clarke’s gone. Just come to the hospital and I’ll fill you in.” Bellamy could tell Raven was holding back tears and he promised to get there as soon as possible.

Bellamy shoved the phone in his pocket and made it out the door in record time.

It was barely 10 minutes later when he pulled his car into the first available parking spot and ran inside the hospital. Raven was waiting just inside the doors for him. Her face was red from crying.

“Raven.” Her name was the only thing Bellamy got out before she started crying again. He pulled her into his arms and just let her cry it out.

Raven pulled back and looked at Bellamy. “Can we go talk in the waiting room?”

“Of course,” Bellamy replied.

The two of them walked silently to the second-floor waiting room.

“I guess she left the NICU right after you.” Raven frowned. “The nurse didn’t think much of it during the first round. She just thought Clarke was with the girls. When she went to check on her during the next rounds she got worried and talked to the NICU nurses.” Raven let the words flow out.

“Nobody has seen Clarke since I left at 10:30 am?” Bellamy was pissed. Pissed and worried. “It’s nearly 4:00 pm. Where the hell is Clarke?”

Raven shrugged; fresh tears were forming in her eyes. “The police are here. They are in her room.”

Bellamy nodded and took off to Clarke’s room. There were a couple police officers standing around talking.

He walked up to a tall dark-haired officer, who gave him a slight nod.

“Can I help you?” The officer asked.

“Bellamy Blake. Clarke is my…” He hesitated, “my girlfriend. I’m the father of the triplets.”

The officer turned and said something to a female detective. She smiled at Bellamy and walked closer. She reached her hand out and shook Bellamy’s hand.

“Hello, Mr. Blake I’m Detective Woods.” The detective smiled. “Can I ask you some questions?”

“Anything,” Bellamy said. He’d do anything, answer any questions if it meant getting Clarke back.

“When was the last time you saw Clarke?” Detective Woods asked.

“Around 10:30 am,” he replied. “I got a call from my wife and had to go. I promised Clarke I would come back soon as I could.”

The detective raised her eyebrow. “Your wife? Did she know about Clarke and your babies?

Bellamy nodded. “I didn’t think so, but she did. Look, I know this isn’t ideal and I’m already trying to figure out this mess so that I can be with Clarke.”

“Do you know anyone who would want to hurt Clarke?”
Bellamy couldn’t help but laugh. “Are you serious? She was brought in with gunshot wounds less than 2 days ago. My thoughts go straight to Finn Collins.”

The detective nodded as she wrote something down.

“Thank you Mr.Blake.” Detective Woods smiled.

Another officer walked over. He motioned for Detective Woods to follow him.

“Please,” Bellamy begged. “If this is about Clarke I need to know.”

Detective Woods hesitated for a second before finally giving in. “you can come, but the second I ask you to leave you will.”

“Yeah, of course.” He agreed.

The officer leads Bellamy and Detective Woods through the hospital until they were in the security room.

“What’s going on?” Bellamy asked.

“We have the security footage.” The officer replied. He clicked a couple buttons on the keyboard and a video popped up on the screen. It showed Clarke getting on the elevator alone. It skipped a frame and Clarke was shown about to get off the when Finn showed up and got on.

“That’s Finna Collins!” Bellamy said. “I knew it.”

When the elevator doors opened Clarke left with Finna at her side. She didn’t even put up a fight.

“That’s all we have of her.” The officer said. “One of the camera’s in the parking garage wasn’t working.”

“Find her!” Bellamy said. “I can’t lose her. Not again.”

Bellamy walked away from the officer and Detective Woods. He needed time to process what was going on. There were so many unanswered questions going through his mind. Why would Clarke leave with Finn without a fight? Is she okay? Was she still alive? He was thinking the worst, but she’d already been shot by Finn so it wasn’t much of a stretch.

Chapter End Notes

look, I am well aware that there is a lot going on in this story. A LOT. That's why I haven't been posting new chapters, but honestly, at the end of the day it's my story and I've spent too much time writing this to not post it for the few (if there's even) of you who like/enjoy/tolerate this story. Yes, Clarke is once again gone with Finn. Yes, she will be back. It's only a matter of 2 (maybe 3) chapters. Clarke and Bellamy will be together, and they will need to learn to get back to where they once were pre triplets (and pre-finding out he's married)
My Little Girls

Chapter Summary

A few months have passed, and Bellamy deals with being a single father of three little girls. Meanwhile, Gina hasn't dropped the custody case and the search for Clarke continues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three months passed by and Clarke still hadn’t been found. Bellamy feared the worst with every passing day. He never gave up, but tried to move on for his daughters.

Even after three months Gina never dropped the subject of custody. Bellamy would never give in, and that’s why when Mila and Isla were released from the hospital 2 weeks ago he brought them home to his apartment rather than his house with Gina.

Raven and Octavia helped with the nursery and setting up everything that would be needed when all three babies were home. They also took turns spending the night to help out even more.

Bellamy was now sitting on the rocking chair holding a fussy Mila when there was a light knock on the door. He looked up and saw Octavia standing there.

“Hey big brother,” Octavia smiled, “How long has she been fussing?”

Bellamy shrugged. “Awhile. She just won’t sleep. I’ve feed her, changed her, and have walked around this god damn apartment.”

Octavia frowned as she walked over and took Mila from Bellamy. She rocked the baby and started to pace the room. The baby girl slowly stopped fussing.

“How did you do that, O?” Bellamy asked completely surprised.

“It’s not my first rodeo, Bel,” Octavia shrugged. “Layla went through this when she was a newborn If it wasn’t for Lincoln I don’t know what I would have done.”

“If it wasn’t for you and Raven I don’t know what I would do. I can’t raise these girls on my own. I think I should move back into the house with Gina.” Bellamy sighed as he stood up and walked over to Isla’s crib. He smiled down at the sleeping baby. “It might be what’s best for them.”

“Bellamy Blake, you know that’s not what Clarke would have wanted. She’s out there Bel, and she will come home.” Octavia reached out and placed a hand on his shoulder.

After what felt like an eternity Bellamy turned and faced his sister. “Is me waiting and hoping for Clarke to come home really what’s best for the girls?”

“The girls don’t need Gina. They need you.” Octavia smiled. “If it makes things easier I’ll move in for a while.”
Bellamy shook his head. “You can’t do that, O.”

“We can talk about this later you need to go to the hospital now. Isn’t Nova coming home today?”

“Yeah, hopefully it all works out and I can be done with the hospital stays.” Bellamy smiled hopeful. “I’m gonna shower and head out Raven’s supposed to meet me there.”

Bellamy walked out of the nursery and stood outside the door for a few minutes and watched his little sister cradling Mila. He couldn’t help think about how Clarke should be here sharing these small moments in their children’s lives. Instead she was out there and Bellamy hoped she was still alive.

20 minutes later Bellamy was grabbing his keys off the kitchen table and heading towards the door. He yelled to Octavia to let her know he was leaving and would call later, and then he left. The drive to the hospital felt like hours. When he parked the car he saw that Gina’s was parked a few spaces down.

“What the hell?” He mumbled as he got out and started walking towards the entrance.

He smiled when he saw Raven standing inside the doors with coffee in her hand.

“Sorry I’m late.” Bellamy said, “I didn’t have a chance to get ready ‘til Octavia showed up. Mila was cranky.”

Raven smiled and handed Bellamy one of the cups in her hand. “It’s okay, I know how she can get.”

The two of them started walking towards the elevator. They made some small chat, but the thought of Gina’s car outside was still in the back of his mind. Why was she here? Where was she?

“Ray?” Bellamy asked the second they got on the elevator. Raven looked at him but didn’t say a word. “Have you seen Gina?”

“What?” The question clearly caught her off guard.

“I saw her car parked outside, and I have no idea why she’s here.” Bellamy let out a sigh as the doors opened. Raven stepped out and Bellamy followed her down the hall to the nursery.

Bellamy’s heart stopped when he looked in the room and saw Gina sitting in the rocking chair holding his daughter.

“Oh hell.” He muttered. Hell might not have even been the most appropriate word.

“Why is she here?” Bellamy heard Raven ask.

Bellamy wasn’t sure of the answer. He opened the door and walked over to Gina. “Give me my daughter.”

Gina looked up at Bellamy.

“Bellamy,” Gina whispered. “What are you doing here?”

“What am I doing here?” Bellamy was outraged. “You’re really asking me what I’m doing here? That is my daughter you’re holding.”

Bellamy reached down and gently took Nova out of Gina’s arms.

“Why are you here?” He repeated.
Gina glanced over at the nurses desk. Then over to where Raven stood near the door.

“You haven’t returned my calls, Bellamy.” Gina frowned. “You haven’t even been back to the house in nearly 2 week. I wanted to see you.”

“Okay,” Bellamy nearly rolled his eyes. “That doesn’t give you the right to be holding my child. Doesn’t this damn hospital have security.?”

Bellamy started walking towards the nurses desk, Gina stood up and grabbed his arm.

“Bellamy, I couldn’t have take her out of this room even if I wanted to.”

“Look Gina, i really don’t want to deal with this right now.” Bellamy sighed. “I just want to take Nova home.”

“Bellamy,” Gina took a deep breath. “I saw a lawyer yesterday.”

Bellamy’s eyes grew dark. He wasn’t sure he wanted to hear what Gina was about to say. Raven must have sensed it because she walked over and took Nova from his and walked to the nurses desk.

“A lawyer?” Bellamy asked.

“It’s not what you think, Bellamy.” Gina frowned. “I dropped it, I realize you’ll never love me, and I’ll never love you. I’m not going to fight for kids that aren’t mine. I had a lawyer get divorce papers ready.”

The room went silent. Bellamy wasn’t sure what to say. He thought about getting a divorce, but didn’t think Gina would go for it. She had been adamant about wanting to adopt the triplets and now she wanted a divorce.

“All you have to do it sign.” Gina picked her purse up off the floor and took out an envelope.

Bellamy quietly took the envelope from Gina and opened it taking the papers out.

“Do you have a pen?” Bellamy asked.

Gina nodded and took a pen out of her purse and handed it to Bellamy. Without hesitation he took the pen from her and signed the papers then slowly put the back inside the envelope and handed everything back to Gina.

“I’ll take these to the lawyers office.” Gina gave him a half smile. “And I’ll move out of the house, you and the babies can have it.”

Gina put the envelope back in her purse and walked to the door.

“Gina?” Bellamy called out.

Gina turned around and looked at him. “Yeah?”

“You can keep the house. The girls and I are fine at the apartment.”

Gina shook her head. “They’re going to grow and the apartment will be too small. Besides as my last few days a Mrs. Blake, I used my credit cards to buy them everything they will need.” Gina smiled. “Their room is ready for them. Everything you need is at the house.”

Without another word Gina left the nursery. Bellamy was still in shock
“Bellamy?” He turned around and came face to face with Raven. “What was the about?

“We’re getting a divorce.” He said reaching out and taking Nova’s small hand. “Did the nurse say anything?”

“Just that Dr.Hansen will be in to talk with you soon. Hopefully this little bug can go home with her sisters.” Raven smiled down at Nova.

Bellamy and Raven hung out in the nursery for an hour before Dr.Hansen walked in.

“Sorry I’m late.” She smiled as she walked over to where Bellamy sat holding Nova in his arms. He was nervous that his baby girl would have to stay longer. “I have good news.”

“Can I take Nova home?” Bellamy asked hopeful.

Dr.Hansen nodded and Bellamy let out a breath he didn’t even realize he was holding in until that moment. Finally after all these months he would have all three of his daughters home.

The next hour went by in a blur. Bellamy signed the discharge papers while Raven went out to the car and grabbed the infant seat. On her way back to the room she stopped and made a quick phone call.

“Hello?” the voice on the other end said answering.

“Hey, Octavia. Are you busy?” she asked.

There was a brief pause before Octavia spoke. “Not at the moment. Lincoln just brought Layla over. Why what’s up?”

“Long story short, but Nova is coming home today as planned.” Raven said and then started to explain the rest of the story. How Gina got Bellamy to sign the divorce papers and left him the house.

“Well damn.” Octavia muttered.

“Gina set up a nursery at the house for the girls before she left though. Can you and Lincoln get the girls ready and bring them there? Bring them home?”

Octavia was silent for a moment and raven could hear Layla babbling in the background.

“Octavia?” Raven repeated.

“Yeah. We can do that.” Octavia replied.

Raven thanked her quickly and hung up the phone. She pressed the elevator button and waited for the doors to open.

Stepping off the elevator Raven walked back to Nova’s room. She smiled at the father-daughter duo sitting in the rocking chair. She sat the infant seat on the floor and Bellamy looked up with a smile on his face.

Raven reached out and placed a hand on Nova’s small head. “Is everything ready to go?”

“Yeah, I just need to get this little one in her seat and we’ll be good to go.” Bellamy said his smiling growing larger.
Raven took Nova from Bellamy and got the baby settled in the seat. She grabbed the pink blanket with the cutest grey elephant off the rocking chair and tucked it around the baby girl who was starting to fall asleep. Then Bellamy picked the seat up, said a few last words to the nurse, and then left the room for the last time. Raven followed him out of the building to the parking lot.

“I’ll drive with you, Bel.” Raven said. “In case Nova needs something on the drive.”

“Are you sure?” Bellamy asked,

Raven nodded. Bellamy lead her to his car and put Nova in the back. Raven climbed in next to the infant.

Bellamy got in the driver’s seat and started the car.

“Bellamy?” Raven said the second they were out of the parking lot.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Go to your house. Not the apartment.” Raven took a deep breath. “I called Octavia and she’s taking Mila and Isla there.”

Bellamy looked at Raven through the rearview mirror. “Oh?”

“You needed the push. It’s time to leave the apartment, Clarke would have wanted that for her girls.”

“I know.” Bellamy said quietly.

The rest of the drive to Bellamy’s house was silent. He was ready to start this new chapter with his daughters, but the idea of moving away from the apartment terrified him. The apartment reminded him of Clarke and all the time they spent there together, but the triplets were going to quickly outgrow it as they grew. Change was good. Hopefully.

Chapter End Notes

Gina had a change of heart, and Bellamy got the much-needed divorce! How will he cope with all three girls home, and will they find Clarke?
Butterfly Kisses

Chapter Summary

the triplets turn ONE, and Bellamy learns something new in Clarke's missing person case.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months, and before Bellamy knew it his baby girls were turning one.

Bellamy was sitting on the floor wrapping presents for the triplets birthday party later that day when he heard footsteps.

“Need help?” Raven said sitting down and grabbing a roll of pink and white wrapping paper.

Raven had moved in with Bellamy a few days after Noa was brought home, and even after 9 months of living together, they’ve easily kept their relationship strictly friend-based.

“Thanks,” Bellamy replied with a smile. “I can’t believe the girls are one. Where has the last 12 months gone?”

Raven simply smiled. She knew that reminiscing about the past would only bring sadness on what was supposed to be a happy, fun filled day. Once the presents were all wrapped Raven placed them on the table Octavia had set up earlier that day.

“I wonder if the girls are awake yet?” Bellamy asked.

Raven was about to answer when they heard the front door open. A few seconds later Layla ran into the room giving Bellamy a hug. He picked up his niece and placed a quick kiss on the top of her head. Octavia and Lincoln walked in hands full of presents and cake.

“Enough presents Octavia?” Bellamy laughed putting Layla down and taking the cake from his sister. He walked to the kitchen and sat the large pink and purple cake on the counter.

“Octavia, I don’t think all these decorations are necessary.” Bellamy groaned.

“Octavia started digging through a bag that she must have brought with her and pulled out some more decorations.

“Octavia, I don’t think all these decorations are necessary.” Bellamy groaned.

“It’s the girls first birthday. We have to go all out.” Octavia handed a balloon to Lincoln.

Bellamy wasn’t going to fight with Octavia on this. The fact that he even has his daughters with him today was a miracle.

The sound of muffled crying filled the room. Octavia took Bellamy’s arm and lead him out of the kitchen and up the stairs. They walked into the nursery and all three babies stood in their cribs, faces red from crying.
Octavia picked up Isla calming the little girl quickly. Before Bellamy even had the chance to pick up Mila and Nova, Octavia was changing Isla’s diaper.

“Damn, O,” Bellamy laughed now holding Nova on one side and Mila on the other. “It’s like you’ve done this before.”

“Oh, you know,” Octavia smiled. ‘Everyday for the last 2 years.”

20 minutes later, Bellamy and Octavia, had all three girls dressed and ready for the party.

“These dresses are going to get so dirty.” Bellamy rolled his eyes walking down the stairs with Nova and Mila.

Octavia muttered something that Bellamy didn’t quite catch, but he’s sure it had something to do with how it was totally fine if the girls got dirty.

Bellamy got to the bottom of the stairs and saw the pink, white and gold decorations everywhere.

“Oh boy,” he mumbled.

“Nothing but the best for the princesses.” Lincoln smiled as he took Mila from Bellamy. He gave the little girl a hug and she cuddled into his chest. Bellamy was thankful for how much love his girls got from everyone.

Octavia smiled, “Awe, someone has Uncle Lincoln wrapped around her little finger.”

Bellamy laughed as he sat Nova on the carpet with a few toys. Isla started to wiggle in Octavia’s arms so she put her down next to her sister.

Layla looked up from the blocks she was playing. She stood up and walked over to her cousins and sat down.

“So,” Bellamy said looking at Octavia and Lincoln. “Any plans on baby number two yet?”

“Nope,” Lincoln replied quickly. Octavia glared at him for a couple of seconds before telling Bellamy that they plan to try for a second baby when Layla was 3.

Everyone spent the next 2 ½ hours celebrating the triplets birthday. They opened presents, ate some cake, and just hung around together as a family. Bellamy and Octavia’s parents even stopped in for a few minutes, much to Bellamy’s surprise.

By the time his parents left it was 5:00 pm. Bellamy looked at his daughters, who were sitting in their highchairs covered from head to toe in cake, and smiled. Raven saw where Bellamy was looking and went to pick up one the girls, but Bellamy stopped her.

“What?” said Raven.

Bellamy smiled. “I’ll do it. Take the night off. Actually, take as much time as you want off. I’ve taken up a year of your life Raven. You need to take that back.”

“I can stay, Bellamy.”

“Raven, it’s time for you to move on. I appreciate everything, and I mean everything, that you have done for me and the girls. Clarke was your best friend and you stepped up to raise her daughters for
the first year of their life.”

Bellamy reached out and pulled Raven into his arms for a hug. When he pulled back he saw the tears in Raven’s eyes.

“What’s wrong, Raven?” Bellamy asked concerned.

Raven wiped the tears from her eyes and took a deep breath. “I’m going to miss hanging out with the girls every day. It makes me feel close to Clarke. They are all I have left of my best friend.

“I know,” Bellamy replied. “And I would never keep you away from them, Raven. You are welcome here whenever you want. You simply won’t be responsible for the girls.”

“I know” Raven smiled.

“You’re free to stay here, or at the apartment for as long as you want.”

Raven hesitated not sure what she should do. Finally, she took another deep breath. “I’ll stay at the apartment,”

“I’m going to miss having you around, Ray. Nova, Mila, and Isla are going to miss you too.” He gave Raven a half smile. “Don’t be afraid to stop in whenever. The girls and I will be here.”

Raven placed a kiss on each tiny, dark curly haired baby, before walking to the stairs mumbling something about packing. When she was gone Bellamy turned and looked at Octavia and Lincoln.

He almost forgot they were still in the room.

“I was not expecting that,” Octavia said standing up and walking over to where he stood beside the highchairs. She picked up Mila and held the messy baby on her hip. “That was a stupid move, big brother. Now what?”

Bellamy shrugged. He didn’t think this whole thing through, and he knew looking after the girls alone was going to be hard. He shook the thoughts from his head and picked Nova up and handed her to Lincoln before taking Isla out of her seat.

“Who knew cake and babies was so messy.” Bellamy laughed.

“Everyone. Except for you maybe.” Octavia smiled. “I’m going to bath these monsters for you, Bel. Then we need to talk.”

Octavia’s tone changed when she said they needed to talk. It was a tone Bellamy didn’t hear often, and that worried him. “Octavia?”

Octavia didn’t say anything. She took Isla from him and headed up the stairs with Lincoln following.

Bellamy knew something was up with Octavia, but he wasn’t sure what. He really had no idea, but he had bigger things to worry about. Like the disaster of a house, he had right now. Somehow the four little girls he had in the house for the day were capable of making a hurricane-grade mess. He wanted to blame it all on Layla but knew what his daughters could do in a short amount of time. Raven just seemed to be able to stay on top of the mess before it got too bad.

“Hey.” Bellamy turned around at the sound of Raven’s voice. She stood at the bottom of the stairs, duffle bag in over her shoulder. “I’m leaving now. I’ll stop in to see the girls soon. Call if you need help, and I mean that. Any reason, just call.”
Bellamy barely had the chance to say goodbye before Raven was out the door. He continued to clean and could hear the sounds of water splashing, and little giggles coming from up the stairs. He smiled to himself. The house had always seemed so lonely when it was only him and Gina. Now that the girls were here, it was filled with so much love and happiness.

So caught up in his thought Bellamy didn’t even hear Layla walk into the room until she was pulling on his pant legs.

“Hey, ladybug.” He smiled as he picked her up.

“Bel’my cleaning?” Layla smiled placing her small hands on Bellamy’s face.

“I am, do you want to help?” Bellamy asked.

Layla shook her head and wiggled her way to the floor. Bellamy couldn’t help but laugh at his niece who looked and acted, just like her mother.

He finished cleaning the kitchen and most of the living room with a toddler underfoot the whole time. A reality he knew all too well.

It was almost 6:30 pm when Lincoln walked into the kitchen. Layla ran over to her father and he picked her up.

“How was bathtime?” Bellamy asked hoping the bathroom wasn’t flooded.

“Wet.” Lincoln laughed. “Octavia is putting pajamas on the girls. I’m taking Layla home so I can get her ready for bed too.”

Bellamy frowned. “Octavia should go home too.”

“She wants to talk to you.” Lincoln reminded him. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Say bye to Uncle Bellamy.”

Layla waved to Bellamy and blew him a kiss. “Bye-bye.”

“Bye ladybug. See you tomorrow.” Bellamy said blowing a kiss back at Layla.

Lincoln grabbed the diaper bag off the floor and left the kitchen without another word.

Bellamy decided to go up and check on Octavia and the girls. He found them in the nursery. Octavia looked over and smiled when he walked in the room.

“They are almost ready for bed, but if you want I can try to hold them off for a little while. I know they typically don’t go down for another hour.” Octavia said zipping Mila’s sleeper up.

He shrugged and told Octavia that they might as well put the girls to bed now. They had a busy day and were clearly cranky.

In a matter of 10 minutes, the girls were settled in their cribs with their favorite blankets and pacifiers. Bellamy followed Octavia out of the room quietly, turning the light off, and shutting the door behind them.

“You said you needed to talk,” he said the second they were alone in the hallway.

Octavia hesitated and started to fix a family photo of Bellamy and the girls that was on the wall outside the nursery. He stared at the photo blankly.
“It’s sad that the girls don’t have a photo of them with Clarke.”

“Octavia,” Bellamy was getting a little annoyed. “What’s going on?”

Octavia turned and faced her older brother. The look on her face told Bellamy that what was about to come out of her mouth wasn’t going to be good.

“Spit it out, O,” Bellamy said frustrated.

“Miller called earlier when you were busy feeding the girls breakfast.”

“Octavia?” Bellamy said unsure what would come out of his sister’s mouth next. Miller was a friend, who also happened to be a police officer.

“Finn was spotted last night an hour away.” Octavia avoided eye contact with Bellamy. She should have told him about this when she found out, but that might have ruined the triplets party and she didn’t want that.

Chapter End Notes

If Finn was spotted where was Clarke? Will Bellamy find her, and will she be okay?
Bellamy finally gets a glimpse of the woman he loves, but there's only one thing keeping them apart, but only for now.

Bellamy ran his fingers through his hair and let out a loud sigh. His eyes grew dark as he looked at his sister, unsure what to say. Had he really heard her correctly?

“Bel?” Octavia finally broke the silence.

“Was Clarke with him?” Bellamy asked not sure he wanted to know that answer. If Clarke was with Finn that means she was alive, but if she wasn’t then maybe she was really gone.

Octavia shook her head and Bellamy’s heart broke again. A thousand thoughts floated around in his mind. If Finn made an appearance after all these months, maybe Clarke really was dead.

“I know what you’re thinking, Bel. Don’t do this to yourself. It doesn’t mean she’s gone.” Octavia reached out and placed a hand on Bellamy’s arm.

Bellamy shook it off, needing some space. He told Octavia that he was going for a run and would be back in an hour or so. Then he ran down that stairs, stopping long enough to put on a pair of running shoes., then was out the door running.

Running was something Bellamy started doing a couple times a week after he’d get the girls to sleep. He always ran the same route without much trouble, but tonight he couldn’t focus on anything but Clarke and was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he hadn’t realized there were firetrucks up ahead. One of the apartments he passed every time he ran was on fire.

There was a crowd of people outside, and without much thought, Bellamy walked over. He wasn’t sure why he stopped, why he walked over, but something compelled him to stay. He wasn’t the type of person to simply stand and watch a building burn to the ground.

Bellamy inched his way away from the crowd of people, and closer to the firefighters.

“You can’t be here.” The Chief said once Bellamy was only a few feet away.

Bellamy was about to walk away when he heard the chief’s radio.

“There’s an infant crying on the 4th floor. I need backup.”

“On my way.”

“Davis 4th floor.”

“There’s a lot of smoke.”
“No response. I need to break the door.”

The radio went silent. The chief was trying to get a response from his men, but there was nothing.

Bellamy was about to leave when he saw a firefighter walk out of the building with a woman in his arms.

A woman who looked all too familiar.

Shaking his head Bellamy looked again. There was no way. The firefighter laid the woman on the stretcher, and Bellamy’s heart skipped a heart. It was Clarke, he would know that face anywhere. It was a face he’d been dying to see again for the last year, and one he was starting to think he’d never see again.

“Clarke?” Bellamy walked over to the stretcher slowly and knew that without a doubt the woman laying there was in fact, Clarke.

“Sir, you need to move away.” The paramedic said as she moved Bellamy out of the way.

“That’s my girlfriend.” Bellamy let the words fall out of his mouth and watched in a blur as Clarke was lifted into the back of the ambulance. One of the paramedics told Bellamy he could meet them at the hospital then closed the door, and drove off.

Did that really just happen? Bellay shook his head and started to walk over to the Fire Chief.

“My girlfriend was in that apartment. Was she alone?” He took a breath. “Or was there a man with her?”

The chief looked at Bellamy with a confused expression on his face. “I’m not sure, sir.”

Bellamy heard a few shouts from firefighters near the building and glanced over. One of the men walked over to some paramedics and unzipped his jacket. Inside was a screaming baby, who was completely naked.

“She was found next to the woman who was brought out a few minutes ago. Looks pretty new to me.” The firefighter said.

Bellamy was she he misheard what they said. Clarke was the woman they just took out, but there was no way she had a baby.

“Hey!” Bellamy shouted running over to the paramedics. “Let me go with the baby to the hospital.”

“Who are you?” The female paramedic with fiery red hair asked.

Bellamy hesitated not sure what to say. The truth? That this was possibly the child of the woman he was madly in love with? A lie? Would lying give him a better chance of getting in the back of that ambulance?

“That’s my baby.” A lie. Bellamy took a deep breath hoping it was good enough.

The paramedic nodded her head as she loaded the baby into the back of the ambulance. She motioned for Bellamy to climb in and then got in herself closing the doors. The sirens came on and the ambulance started moving.

“Is she okay?” Bellamy asked looking at the baby girl who was wrapped in a crisp white blanket that contrasted the ashy look on her little face.
“Did you know she was born in the apartment?” The paramedic asked ignoring Bellamy’s question.

“It’s a long story. “ He sighed. “Is she okay?”

He wasn’t going to explain his whole life story to some paramedic. What mattered was that this little girl was healthy. That Clarke was okay.

“Some smoke inhalation, the umbilical cord was roughly cut, and she’s pretty tiny. I’m assuming she’s early?” Bellamy felt the judgment from the paramedic, but he still wasn’t going to explain anything.

The drive to the hospital went fast and once they arrived everything went in a blur of commotion. The baby was taken away, and Bellamy was left standing there with no idea what was going on. Where was Clarke and was she okay?

He asked a nurse but was told to wait.

An hour later a doctor walked over to the crowded waiting room.

“Is everything okay?” Bellamy asked. “Where is Clarke?”

The doctor leads Bellamy into a quiet hallway so they could talk.

“You’re very, very lucky that your girlfriend and daughter are even alive.” The doctor said. “The scar from her first previous pregnancy ruptured during delivery and caused her to hemorrhage. The baby was sent for some tests to monitor brain activity. There is a chance that the lack of oxygen could have caused some brain damage.”

Bellamy took a deep breath. “Can I see Clarke?”

The doctor shook his head. “She’s in surgery to repair the rupture. If you want to see your daughter she is up the NICU. Do you have any questions? Do you need me to have a nurse walk you to up?”

“No.” Bellamy shook his head. “I'll go to the NICU. I know where it is.”

Bellamy quickly made his way to the elevators and up to the 2nd floor. He tried not to let his mind want too much, but it was hard. He was just coming to terms with never seeing Clarke again and now she was alive. Clarke was alive and she had a daughter. That bastard got her pregnant.

Bellamy tried to control his rage as he closes the distance between him and the NICU. One thing was for sure, he wouldn't take his anger out on the baby. None of this was her fault, and Bellamy knew that.

Once Bellamy got to the NICU he washed his hands thoroughly and gowned up. He knew the drill all too well and never expected to be in this position again. He walked into the sterile room and over to the nurse's desk.

“I’m here to see my…” Bellamy hesitated. “My daughter is in here.”

The nurse, who Bellamy recognized from a year ago, looked up with a smile. She told him that the baby was in the first curtained area on the left. He thanked the nurse before walking over to the area that the baby was in. His breath stopped the second he laid eyes on the baby girl asleep in the incubator. She was hooked up to different machines, and at that moment Bellamy vowed to protect her no matter what.
Bellamy sat in the rocking chair that was beside the incubator and just looked at the baby trying to find Clarke's features in the little girl. Unlike the triplets, who were born with dark hair, this little girl had very light hair and only a small amount of it.

A few hours later Clarke woke up not knowing where she was. Everything was hazy and everything hurt. She went to sit up quickly when a pair of hands gently held her down.

“You need to lay down Miss Griffin.” A female voice said. Clarke didn’t recognize it.

Clarke remembered the fire. She remembered her baby being born. That was it.

She was at the hospital. Where was the baby?

“I have to find my baby,” Clarke screamed. “Where is my baby!”

The nurse tried to calm Clarke down, but it wasn’t working. She needed to see her baby. Was the baby here? Did Finn take it away?

“Your baby is in the NICU with daddy.” The nurse replied trying everything she could to calm Clarke down.

Clarke started to fight harder to get up. The nurse had to call for backup.

“He can’t be with my baby!” Clarke shouted. “He’s going to steal my baby from me.I’ll never see her again!”

The room was spinning, and Clarke’s head was pounding. The thought of Finn being with her daughter terrified her.

A doctor walked into the room and she heard him say something about sedation, and Clarke knew if they had to sedate her she would never be able to get to her baby in time.

“Please don’t.” Clarke cried, calming herself down a bit. “Please...I’ll stop.”

Clarke took a deep breath. On the outside she started to appear calmer, however, on the inside,, all alarms were going off.

The doctor agreed that if Clarke remained calm he wouldn’t sedate her. He also promised to have someone check on the baby. The doctor and one of the nurses left the room leaving Clarke alone with the remaining nurse, who was checking her vitals.

“Don’t do anything stupid, Clarke.” The nurse said with a smile. Clarke looked at the nurse confused.

“I can tell you’re up to something. Be careful.” the dark-haired nurse turned and walked out of the room.

Clarke was finally alone. Nothing was going to stop her from getting to her daughter.

Nothing.

Chapter End Notes
CLARKE.IS.BACK.
and she has a baby girl? Will Clarke be okay? Will the baby be okay? What's going to happen when Clarke and Bellamy finally end up in the same room together?

*ALSO, BABY GIRLS NAMES WOULD BE A HUGE HELP ;)*
Chapter Summary

Bellamy and Clarke finally come face to face after a year apart.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Clarke was sure that the nurse was gone she unhooked herself from all the monitors and machines. She slowly swung her feet over the bed, taking a deep breath as a wave of pain washed over her. If it wasn’t for her desperation to see her daughter Clarke would have given up.

After finally getting herself out of the bed Clarke made her way out of the room and down the hall. The walk to the elevator was a slow and painful one, and the time it took to get from her room to where she stood now outside of the NICU took what seemed like hours. In reality, it had been less than 15 minutes, but it didn’t feel like that.

Clarke put a gown on and scrubbed her hands carefully before walking into the all too familiar area.

“Good evening.” The nurse smiled. “I don’t recognize you. Who are you here to visit.”

“I-I my daughter is here.” Clarke hesitated as she looked around for Finn. Was he here? Was the baby still here? There was no way he’d be able to take the baby out of the hospital, would he?

“Ahh, the newest little one to the bunch. She’s in the first room to your left. Her daddy hasn’t left her side since she got here.” The nurse gave a little smiled, but Clarke was already headed towards her little girl.

Quickly closing the distance in Clarke now stood right outside her daughter's room. She took a deep breath, unsure of what would happen when she faced the man on the other side of the door. Without another thought, Clarke gripped the handle of the door and flung it open. Her heart dropped, but not in the way she had expected it too.

Bellamy was fast asleep in a rocking chair next to the incubator. His dark hair had fallen in his eyes, and even though he was asleep, he still looked stressed.

Why was he here?

How did he know?

Relieved that Bellamy was the man with her child and not Finn, Clarke walked closer careful not to wake him. She smiled at her baby girl who seemed so much bigger than the triplets had been. Clarke stopped her thought process there in its trackers. She couldn’t think about the triplets because it hurt too much. It hurt way too much. She missed the first year of their lives. A year that she would never get back no matter how much she wanted to.

Without even thinking Clarke reached out and brushed the hair away from Bellamy’s eyes. The pain radiated through her body; a reminder of everything she had gone through in the last 24 hours. Wincing at the pain she noticed Bellamy began to stir in his sleep, and then slowly opened his eyes.
“Clarke?” he smiled and straightened himself in the rocking chair.

There was a long pause, neither Bellamy or Clarke saying a word. Clarke just took in all of Bellamy’s features, he had changed a little. His hair was longer than she remembered, he looked completely exhausted, but those eyes, those eyes were the same. They were still full of life, and Clarke was happy to see that.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke said not exactly sure what she sorry about. The tears started to fall down her cheeks, and Bellamy stood up gently pulling her into his arms. She missed this, she didn’t realize how much she had missed it until now.

“You have nothing to be sorry about,” Bellamy whispered in Clarke’s ear.

Clarke pulled away even though she would have, could have, stayed in Bellamy’s arms forever. She glanced over at the baby and smiled.

Bellamy followed Clarke’s gaze. “She’s perfect.”

“Is she?” Clarke asked stepping closer.

“You’re her mom, so of course she is.” Bellamy smiled.

“But there is something wrong. That's why she’s in here. In the NICU.” Clarke whispered. She knew that Bellay wasn’t telling her something. She saw the hesitation all over his face. Was it really that bad? Glancing at the baby for a second before bringing her eyes back to Bellamy’s.

“The doctors will explain tomorrow.” Bellamy started. “Short story is that she may have been deprived of oxygen, and all brain activity is being monitored.”

The tears started flowing down Clarke’s cheek once again. “She could have brain damage?”

Bellamy could see the tears started to well up once again and pulled her into his arms. This time he was the first to pull back and looked in Clarke’s eyes. He could see the fear in them. The fear of losing someone, the same fear he experienced when he thought he lost her. Now she was here in his arms.

Knowing that the two of them still had so much to talk about Bellamy got Clarke seated in the chair that he once occupied. The baby wasn’t the only one in trouble.

“You almost died, Clarke,” he said gently

“I’m fine, Bel.” Clarke shifted slightly. “Can I hold her?”

“Please don’t change the subject. You are not fine, you’ve been through god only knows what and then on top of that gave birth in an apartment. Alone? I know you’re worried about your baby, but I’m worried about you.”

Clarke was about to say something when the door opened and a doctor walked in. The dark-haired doctor looked from Bellamy to Clarke, and back to Bellamy.

“Hello, I’m Dr. Hansen.” she put her hand out shaking Bellamy and then Clarke’s hands. “I’m the neonatologist.”

“You treated our triplets,” Bellamy said with a slight smile. “ Couldn’t thank you enough for getting them through everything.”
“And I will help this little one too,” Dr. Hansen said looking at the charts in her hands. “Her tests are looking promising, but I would like to have a CAT scan done.”

Bellamy looked at Clarke trying to gauge how she was feeling. Her face simply remained neutral, which worried him. The room was silent, only the sound of machines filled the room.

“When are you taking her for the scan?” Bellamy finally asked, breaking the silence.

“I’d wait till morning, but I’m going to take her down now just to get it done. You can take Clarke back to her room. I have a feeling she probably doesn’t have the okay from her doctor to be up here quite yet.”

Without a word, Bellamy took Clarke by the arm and reluctantly lead her out of the baby’s room. Neither one of them said a word as they made their way down to Clarke’s room.

“There you are!” a nurse shouted as they walked down the hall. “You’re lucky the doctor hasn’t been back to check on you.”

“I had to see my baby,” Clarke whispered as Bellamy helped her into her bed. “I had to see her.”

The nurse nodded and left the room mumbling something about coming back in 10 minutes once she was settled. Bellamy pulled the chair up next to Clarke’s bed and took her hand in his placing a lingering kiss on the back.

“I’ve missed you, Clarke.” Bellamy looked up. “I’ve missed you so damn much that it hurt.”

“Needed to happen?”

The statement caught Bellamy off guard. He never truly thought about how Clarke would have felt in the moment she left the hospital. The security footage showed her leaving without a fight, or what Bellamy assumed wasn’t a fight. So many unanswered questions.

“What happened that day Clarke?” he said after a long pause.

“You got a call from your wife,” Clarke choked on the last word. “I sat there holding Isla, but I just couldn’t so I asked the nurse to put her back so I could go lay down. I walked to the elevator and got on. When the doors opened Finn was there. He told me we were going on a little trip and that if I didn’t do as he said he would take care of my three little problems. He was going to kill the girls if I didn’t go with him.”

Bellamy just looked at Clarke letting her finish.

“If he didn’t kill them he would have made sure your wife knew about them. That you came from a powerful family and they’d just take the babies from me anyway so you and your wife could raise them. Neither of those options was ones I wanted to call his bluff on, so I left. I left and I didn’t fight him.”

Bellamy knew that he never would have let either of those things happen, but he also understood Clarke’s frame of mind. Her children’s safety was number one, he knew that all too well. How many times had he put Mila, Nova, and Isla first in the last 12 months?

“I never should have left you that day. I never should have chosen to go to Gina instead of staying with you.”
Clarke squeezed Bellamy’s hand. “Not your fault, Bel.”

There was one question still on Bellamy’s mind and he wasn’t sure he wanted to ask, but he needed to know.

“Did he hurt you?”

Clarke took her hand from Bellamy’s and looked away. He had his answer without a single word be uttered.

“You don’t have to tell me,” Bellamy whispered.

When Clarke looked at Bellamy she had fresh tears in her eyes and slowly nodded her head.

“Everyday. Almost every day.” Clarke started to pick at her nails avoiding eye contact with Bellamy as she continued. “We moved often, usually out of town. I didn’t even know I was pregnant until I started to show.”

“Enough. I don’t want to picture you being hurt by that, by that asshole.” standing up Bellamy pulled Clarke into his arms gently, while planting a kiss on her forehead. ‘I’m so sorry that all of this has happened to you.’

Bellamy pulled back and looked at Clarke. After everything she’d gone through today, she was visibly exhausted. He was about to tell her to get some rest when she reached out and grabbed his hand.

“She needs a name,” Clarke said. “I can’t keep calling her the baby, or my daughter.”

“Have you thought of anything?” Bellamy asked.

Clarke shook her head. “I didn’t even want to think about that.”

“There’s always tomorrow, Clarke. It’s almost 1 am, she doesn’t need a name right now.”

There was a long pause and Bellamy could see the gears in Clarke’s head working over time.

“What about Willa?” Clarke finally asked.


“Jaymes?” Clarke asked surprised.

Bellamy shrugged. “I dunno. The naming thing is up to you though.”


Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed! Comments are always welcome, i love reading them!!
Bellamy stayed next to Clarke’s bed for the rest of the night. He didn’t dare leave her side in fear that she would disappear if he did. It was 6am when a nurse walked in to check Clarke’s vitals and give her medication.

Standing up to give the nurse some space Bellamy walked to the window and looked out. There wasn’t a lot of people around at this time of day.

He should call Octavia.

His sister would be so worried about him, but he knew that the girls would still be well taken care of. Nova would be up soon; she was always the first of the triplets to wake up.

“Bellamy?”

Bellamy turned around to see that the nurse had left the room. Clarke was sitting up in bed still looking sleepy. “Hey,” he smiled as he walked closer placing a kiss on her forehead.

“It wasn’t a dream?” Clarke asked. “I was so sure that I was dreaming.”

Reaching out Bellamy took Clarke’s hand in his. The warmth was all he needed right now. “I’m here. It wasn’t a dream.”

Clarke was silent and Bellamy wondered what was going on in that brain of hers.

“What are you thinking about?” he finally asked.

“I’ve made so many mistakes, Bel.” Clarke started. “That’s why we’re here today. If I was honest with you from the start this never would have happened. We could be a happy family with the triplets.”

There was a shift in Clarke’s expression and Bellamy knew she was about to break down. He reached out and cupped her face in his hands forcing eye contact.

“None of this is your fault. Everything happens for a reason, do you understand?” Bellamy waited for Clarke to answer. Waited for her to even acknowledge his question. There was nothing. “Clarke, I need you to understand that nothing you did cause this.”

“Everything I did cause this Bel.” The tears streamed down her face. “If I would have told you the moment I found out I was pregnant none of this would have happened.”

“I’m as much at fault as you are Clarke.” Bellamy frowned. “I was married, and I never told you.
You had every right to walk away and not tell me.”

“Look where that got us, Bel.”

“I know.” Bellamy sighed as he stood up. “I gotta go call O. She’s been with the girls all night, and I haven’t had the decency to call and tell her what was going on.”

Bellamy kissed Clarke on the forehead again before straightening up and walking out of the room. He walked slower than he should have down the hall until he reached a waiting room with a phone in it. He dialed his sister's number and hoped she would answer an unfamiliar call.

“Hello?” Octavia said on the other end after the first ring and Bellamy knew at that moment she was waiting for a call.

“Hey Octavia,” Bellamy said slowly. “I’m s-”

The words didn’t even make it out before his sister's panicked voice cut him off. She was pissed and she was worried. Bellamy knew she had every right to be.

“Where the hell are you Bellamy Jude Blake! Do you have any idea how worried I have been about you.” Bellamy knew better than to interrupt his sister so he just let her yell at him. He did, after all, deserve it. “I have been up all night waiting for you to walk in the front door. You are lucky the girls have stayed asleep because they would have noticed you weren’t here.”

“I’m sorry Octavia,” Bellamy said simply. How would he tell her Clarke was back? Clarke was back and she had a baby girl.

“There is nothing ‘I’m sorry Octavia’ is going to fix. I am pissed at you right now! Have you been out drinking? I know the news I gave you last night wasn’t ideal, but you have children that you need to worry about. I don’t need you turning into a drunk.”

“You know me better than that Octavia! I love my girls too damn much to hurt them like that. I’ve been at the hospital all night.”

Bellamy heard a gasp on the other end of the phone. That shut his sister up.

“What happened? Are you alright?” Bellamy wasn’t sure what to say. “Damnit Bellamy, answer me!”

“I’m okay. I’m with—” Bellamy paused.

“You’re with who? Who the hell are you with.”

“Clarke.” Bellamy finally just blurted out. There was no sense sugar coating everything right now. That was the truth, and that’s what needed to come out.

“You’re with Clarke? Clarke is alive? She’s back? Is she alright?” So many questions.

Bellamy filled Octavia in on everything that had happened last night. The fire, the baby, and everything in between. His sister was in disbelief, and it honestly didn’t surprise Bellamy at all, he’s know about all this since last night and still hasn’t fully come to terms with everything.

“So what are you going to do?” Octavia asked.

“What do you mean?” Bellamy was confused.
“You and Clarke weren’t in the best of placed before she left with Finn. Now she’s back with a new baby. Are you bringing her home?” Bellamy knew Octavia meant well, but it still pissed him off that she would ask such a question. Of course, he was bringing Clarke home. That was the woman he loved.

“Bel?”

“Clarke will be coming home with me, and so will Willa.” Bellamy declared. There was no real question about it. “Look, Octavia, I got to go. Are you okay with the girls?”

“Yeah, the girls are fine with me,” Octavia said. “I gotta go too. Nova is awake.”

There was a click on the other end. Bellamy placed his face back in the receiver and sighed. Sometimes his sister was so hard to read, and this was one of those moments.

Bellamy stood up and walked back to Clarke’s room. The entire time he feared that when he walked through the door she wouldn’t be there. When he reached the door Bellamy placed his hand on it slowly and pushed to open. Clarke was laying in the bed where he had left her. When he walked into the room she smiled.

“You’re back,” Clarke whispered. “Still not a dream?”

Bellamy smiled as he walked closer. “Still not a dream.” He repeated.

“How are Octavia and the girls?” Clarke asked when Bellamy sat down in the chair next to her bed.

“Octavia was worried about me, but she’s happy you’re back. She can’t wait to see you and Willa soon.” Bellamy smiled. “The girls were still sleeping. They are doing great Clarke. We talk about mommy all the time, and Raven shares pictures of you with them all the time.”

“I’m glad they are happy,” Clarke said. “Raven’s still part of their life then?”

Bellamy nodded. “She’s been a huge part of their lives. She actually moved in with me as their full-time nanny. I could never bear to put them into daycare. If it weren’t for Octavia and Raven I would never have been cut out for being a single father.”

“You would have figured it out. You always make everything work out.”

If he really made everything work out then it wouldn’t have take a full year for Clarke to come back to him. If he made everything work out then he never would have married Gina, and Clarke never would have left him in the first place. So yeah, Clarke might blame herself for everything, but Bellamy knew he was at fault too.

At the end of the day though, none of that mattered. What matters is that Clarke is home, and they will be a family now.

Chapter End Notes

sorry, this chapter is a little shorter than usual! Figured it was a good place to end it for tonight! I will try to make the next one longer!
Clarke, Willa, and the triplets are put under police protection. Octavia visits, and Clarke finally gets to see photos of Nova, Mila, and Isla.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke had just drifted off to sleep again when Bellamy heard a soft knock on the door. Before he could get up to see who was there the door opened and a detective that Bellamy recognized was standing there with a warm smile on her face.

“Detective Woods.” Bellamy smiled back. “For once I'm happy to see your face.”

The past year had been a crazy one, and Bellamy slowly started becoming friends with the detective. He did, after all, see her more than he really wanted too, and never for good reasons.

“I heard Clarke was back. I was happy when I got the call.” Detective Woods smiled as she looked over at Clarke was fast asleep. “Can we talk in the hall?”

Bellamy nodded and followed the detective into the hallway. There was another officer standing right outside Clarke’s door. “I'm gonna guess Finn is still free out there somewhere in the world.”

“We've been looking for him, but there's been no sign. If he can disappear once, I'm afraid it won't take much to do it again. We won't stop though. I promise.”

Bellamy sighed and ran his fingers through his already messy hair. “So I still have to worry about Clarke and the baby then? It's not over?”

Detective Woods shook her head. “It's not, but Bellamy you have everything back. You have Clarke so cherish every minute of her.”

“I will,” Bellamy smiled. “Thank you, Detective.”

“I told you, call me Lexa.”

“Thank you, Lexa.” Bellamy reached out his hand and gave Lexa a quick handshake.

She smiled at him before pulling her hand back. “I was going to question Clarke, but I'm going to let her rest. When she wakes up let Officer Wallace know and he will give me a call.”

“Okay,” Bellamy said.

“There are two officers outside the NICU as well so the little one will be safe. And yes, before you ask I already have a squad car parked outside your house in case Finn decides to show up there.”

Bellamy thanked Lexa again before walking back into Clarke's room and sitting back down next to her bed. He took her hand in his and just held it.
“I don't know what I would have done if I really lost you, Clarke. I love you too damn much.” Bellamy sighed. He really should wait till Clarke was awake to confess his undying love to her.

Without a second thought, Bellamy stood up and placed a kiss on Claire's forehead. He reluctantly let go of her hand as he walked to the door. Dr.Hansen hadn't been around yet today for an update about Willa; maybe if he went up to the NICU he'd get some answers.

When he got to the NICU he saw the two officers standing outside the door. They immediately checked his ID before letting him proceed. Once Bellamy was scrubbed and gowned up he walked over to Willa’s room and saw the little girls sleeping peacefully.

“She's had a really good night.” Bellamy turned around and saw a nurse standing there. She was different from the one that had been there the night before. “Dr.Hansen will be here in about an hour if you have any questions about her results from last night.”

“Thank you,” Bellamy mumbled. “Is it just me or are their fewer machines today?”

“We removed her from the oxygen early this morning and she is doing well.” The nurse smiled. “Would you like to hold her?”

Bellamy nodded.

The nurse walked over to the incubator and reached in lifting Willa into her arms. She settled the sleeping baby with Bellamy before leaving the room.

“Hey Princess,” Bellamy smiled. “I know you've had a rough start to your little life, but I promise to do whatever I can to change that.”

Bellamy positioned himself in the rocking chair, and at some point must have drifted off to sleep because he was woken up when Dr.Hansen walked into the room with a smile on her face.

“Always a wonderful sight to see first thing in the morning.”

“Hey,” Bellamy said sleepily. “Didn't mean to fall asleep.”

“It's understandable. You're trying to be in so many places at once” Dr.Hansen check the chart and smiled even more if that was possible. “So I have good news.”

“Would love some of that.” Bellamy chuckled.

“All Willa's test results came back negative. Her breathing is really good, her brain activity is beyond what I would have thought or expected.”

Bellamy knew all of that was good news.

“So, she won't have to stay here long?” He was hopeful.

“I'm going to have her feeding tubes and everything else removed today. Depending on how she does will determine the next course of action. I'm hoping that she will be able to be released in the next 2-3 days if everything stays where I would like it.”

“Wasn't expecting that so soon.”

“Babies are resilient,” Dr.Hansen looked at Willa. “That little one is a fighter.”

Bellamy looked down at the baby girl in his arms and smiled. She was a fighter because she had to
be. Because Of Finn.

“I'm going to tell Clarke the good news. Then we'll come back up to see Willa together.” Bellamy stood up and handed the baby to Dr. Hansen being careful of the wires attached to the baby. Wires that wouldn't be there later today and that made Bellamy so happy.

Once Willa was settled with the doctor Bellamy gave her a small kiss on the top of her head before leaving the room. He passed the officers outside the NICU and was thankful they were still there.

Bellamy was almost back to Clarke's room when he saw a familiar face walking towards him.

“Octavia?” Bellamy was shocked to see his sister here.

“I couldn't just sit at home. I called Harper and she's with them.”


Octavia rolled her eyes at Bellamy's protectiveness. “Bel, seriously?”

“Sorry, just shocked you're here all.”

“Like I said I couldn't just sit at home. I worry as much as you do. As for the girls, I tried Raven but there was no answer. Harper was more than willing to hang out with them.

“Were they okay with Harper? Mila doesn't really like people.” Bellamy knew he was being way too overprotective, but those were his girls and their well-being is all he cared about.

“She brought Jordan with her. You know how much they love hanging out with the older kids.” Octavia reached out and laid a hand on Bellamy’s arm. “The girls are okay. Can I see Clarke?”

Bellamy nodded his head and motioned for Octavia to follow him. Clarkes room was at the end of the hall so it didn't take long for them to get there.

“Police protection,” Octavia mumbled. “There was a car parked across the street when I left. Hopefully, they find Finn before it gets too bad.”

Ignoring his sister Bellamy opened the door to Clarke's room and walked in. She was sitting on her bed with a tray of food in front of her.

Clarkes face lit up when she saw Octavia standing behind Bellamy. She pushed the tray of food away and motioned for Octavia to come closer.

“Hey,” Octavia said walking to the side of the bed and taking Clarke's hand. “I've missed you.”

“Missed you too, Octavia.” Clarke smiled. “Bellamy told me that you've been a huge help with the girls while I was gone. Thank you for that. I'm happy that they have so many people in their lives.”

“The girls are amazing, and I'm glad that I've been able to be around as much as I have been.”

Octavia and Clarke talked for a half hour catching up and simply getting reacquainted. Clarke talked about how scared she was mostly for the girls, and how they were the only reason she was able to keep moving forward. Octavia talked about the girls, about their milestones, how smart they were. She also mentioned how big Layla was getting, and how much she was talking now. A year was a long time when you never saw or heard from one another.
Their talk was cut short when a nurse walked in to check on Clarke, followed by a doctor. Everything was going well, and Clarke was expected to make a full recovery.

“I want to see the girls,” Clarke said once the doctor was gone. “It’s been too long.”

“I have pictures. I know that’s not nearly as good as the real thing, but for now, will that help?” Octavia asked pulling her phone out of her back pocket.

Clarke nodded looking down at the phone. Bellamy saw the tears fill Clarke’s eyes so he walked over to the other side of the bed as Octavia swiped through the photos on her phone. There were pictures of the girl together, of them alone, some of them with Layla. The last photo was of Bellamy and the girls. They were all smiling at the camera, and each girl had a tiny birthday cake in front of them.

“That was taken yesterday. The girls had an awesome time at their party.” Octavia smiled.

“They are beautiful,” Clarke said wiping the tears away and then looking at Bellamy. “They look just like you, Bel.”

Bellamy laughed, “I get that a lot. No denying those are my girls.”

“How do you tell them apart?”

“That took forever” Octavia rolled her eyes. “Bellamy’s lucky he didn’t mix them up that first month they were all home.”

“It wasn’t that bad.” Bellamy sighed. “Nova is the smallest. She always has been, although she is catching up to her sisters. Mila has a birthmark behind her left ear. Isla is hilarious. She’s got such an adorable personality that sadly reminds me of Octavia.’

“Hey now!” Octavia protested. “Isla is lucky she’s just like me.”

“Sure she is.” Bellamy laughed. “Over time those differences don’t matter. It becomes second nature to just know who is who. I know my girls, and you will too Clarke. I promise.”

Everyone was silent for a little while. Clarke sat there staring at the photo in her hands. Those were her babies. Her babies with Bellamy. She missed their first year, hell if she missed the rest of their lives.

“Bel?” Clarke said breaking the silence. Her eyes met Bellamy’s an instant later. “Do we have a future?”

Octavia cleared her throat and muttered something about waiting in the hall before she got up and left Bellamy and Clarke alone.

“Why would you ask?” Bellamy said.

“You’re married.”

Damnit. Bellamy almost forgot about the small piece of information. Clarke still believes he was married to Gina, and to be honest there was no reason she shouldn’t still think that.

“I’m not married. Gina and I got divorced when the girls were 3 months.” Bellamy shifted on his feet. “We were never meant to be and it was for the best.”

“I’m sorry,” Clarke whispered.
“You have nothing to be sorry for. The divorce had nothing to do with you or the girls. I never should have gotten married to her in the first place, because it was a mistake.”

“I love you, Bellamy.” Clarke blurted out.

“I love you too, Clarke.” Bellamy smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy!

comments are always welcome!!

End Notes

First story on here, and my second fan fiction ever. I hope you decide to stay on this roller coaster of a journey with me. Because I promise you that it will be full of ups and a lot more downs.

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