Once Upon a December

by ChasetheWindTouchtheSky

Summary

Three months after the rescue of Mt. Weather, banished from Arkadia and missing his family, Bellamy starts to hear rumors on the Ground. Rumors that say there is one additional member of Skaikru that everyone seems to have forgotten - a Clarke Griffin, daughter to the Chancellor. It makes Bellamy realize there are pockets of missing memories of his time on the Ground, hell, he was banished because the Council can't remember why they pardoned him in the first place.

It's the perfect opportunity to find someone who looks like the Chancellor, teach her how to act like a princess, and come back to Arkadia a hero so he can finally live with Octavia and the 100. The only issue? Of course the person he's chosen is a bossy, obnoxious, feisty, know-it-all who seems to like to contradict him just because she can.

The Anastasia!AU with a canon twist that no one asked for, but I wrote anyway.

Notes

Hi everyone!

Happy Bellarke January Joy! This idea actually came up when I was working on my Bellarke Secret Santa, and I was listening to a romantic movie playlist and the waltz from
Anastasia came on. And then I decided that I needed to do an Anastasia!AU with a canon twist.

Where this is at: This is in Season 2, but the ending of Mt. Weather is divergent, which will be explained in the Prologue scene of this fic. Also, I’m using this following logic: if Mt. Weather can spread deadly gas across the entire Ground, they can make people forget too. Except for one place, which I won’t spoil.

So here we are: The 100 Anastasia!AU that nobody asked for but I’m writing anyway.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The sirens are so loud, Bellamy can barely hear himself think. Then again, his own desperate nightmares are so loud, he can barely hear himself think.

“Clarke, this way!” He shouts, gesturing with his gun to follow him. “Everyone is in the sleeping quarters. Abby was able to get everyone out of surgery and back to defend the remaining group. Where are you going?”

Clarke’s speckled with blood and there’s a gun in her hand that she’s holding so confidently, that he can’t help but feel a rush of pride. He remembers how her hands once trembled before a weapon, or how she would miss every few times. Everything changed.

The Ground made sure of that.

“As long as Cage is watching everyone, there’s no way we’ll be able to get out here alive.” Clarke says, breathless. “I think if I can get to Dante Wallace, I can figure out a way for them to let us go.”

“Clarke, no!” Bellamy exclaims, unable to stop the panic from coursing within him. “Splitting up is never a good idea. We can go to get everyone and then we’ll figure out how to get out.”

“Bellamy!” Clarke shouts, stalking forward. “If we don’t have a way out, no one will survive!” She moves close and places her hand on his. Her eyes are darker than Bellamy remembers, filled with horrors she didn’t bring to the Ground with her. “I’m not going to confront them, I’m just going to try and get intel and I’ll meet you back there.”

“It’s a bad idea!”

“How do you expect us to get out?” Clarke cries. “Look, I don’t love it either, but us finding the others doesn’t mean that we’ll get out of here alive. I will be back before you know it.”
Bellamy tries not to show how much he hates this plan, but he can’t think of anything else that could take it’s place. Against every instinct, he says, “Okay.” Before she can turn to go toward the offices, he grabs her. “But you come immediately after.”

“I trust you, Bellamy.” Clarke says with a rare smile. “I wouldn’t trust everyone with anyone else.”

He knows she’s trying to make him feel better, but it makes him not want to stay even more. “You get back here, understand?” He demands. “I am not interested in coming back in here once we’re out.”

“You’re not in charge of me.” Clarke says, the corners of her mouth turning up.

“You’ve made that perfectly clear.” Bellamy retorts.

With a breath, Clarke takes a piece of string from around her neck. Bellamy startles when he sees her father’s watch on the other end, dangling before him. “Take this if you don’t believe me.” She challenges.

“Clarke, what is this?”

“You know how much this means to me. Take it now and give it back to me when we reunite.”

“Clarke.”

“Bellamy take it.” Clarke states. Moving forward, Clarke places the watch in his hands and folds his fingers around it. “Take it, Bell. For when we meet again.”

She places a hand on the side of face. The gesture is so soft, Bellamy freezes. He doesn’t know what to do.

Clarke and he always have revolved around each other, but she’s crossing a line he never thought she would. Leaning up, Clarke brushes her lips against his. The sirens are blaring in the background, his mind is screaming at him, but he doesn’t want this moment to end.
It’s terrifying in every way a moment can be.

“You were never a weakness,” she breathes, then she changes direction and presses her lips against his cheek. “I will see you soon.”

In this moment, Bellamy can’t bring himself to take himself away from her. Clutching his hand around the watch, he says with every ounce of will he has, “If you’re not in the dormitory in twenty minutes, I will find you.”

Clarke’s smile broadens. “I’ll be counting on that.”

The time between when they part and when everything is over are a blur. By the time Bellamy reaches the dormitory, the fight between the delinquents and Mt. Weather guards is over, thanks to the revolt by Jasper, Miller, and Octavia. Except before they could start to contemplate getting out of the mountain, gas started filtering through the vents of the dormitory room. It was tinted blue, a sweetness filling his nostrils.

Before Bellamy could even figure out what was coming, everyone started collapsing onto the ground.

***

“Did you hear that there’s another one?”

Bellamy’s crouched behind a tree, his jacket covered in twine and other camouflage material that he’s been slowly adding to it over the past few months. His gun is in pieces on the ground as he cleans it, running the rag up and down the metal. He tries not to pay too much attention to the gossip in the village, but it’s almost impossible to avoid.

The Grounders, as it turns out, are as gossipy as the people on the Ark. They go about their day talking to one another, and Bellamy has known more about their culture by being on the outs with his own people than he had ever before.

“Of course there’s another one.” Another Grounder groans. “They fall from the sky and they keep
coming. When will they just stay to their own side?”

Bellamy looks up. Fall from the sky? There can’t have been. He stops scrubbing down his gun and quietly puts it back together. Straining his neck, he tries to hear better.

“Apparently there was one more underground in Mt. Weather.” The first Grounder continues. “One that no one can remember.”

“Well, they can spread poisonous gas all throughout the land, I’m certain their reach extends to more than that kind of biological warfare.” The other responds. “So no one knows who she is?”

“Apparently even we are supposed to know who she is.” The first figure continues. “One of the leaders at Arkadia has been raising a fuss about it in the treaties. About she believes she has a daughter and that Mr. Weather has done something to her.”

“If she can’t remember and no one else can remember, how would she even know?”

“Files. You know Skaikru and their strange technology. There’s records of another person. Someone who was related to one of the Council members.”

“Well, if Mt. Weather has her, she’s dead and drained by now.”

Bellamy smacks the clip back into place. He sucks in a breath, placing in the in belt of his pants. Peering from the other side of the tree, he’s surprised to see everyone bustling around the Grounder village he’s been staying on the outskirts of. They’re all talking about the same person. Over and over again.

Clarke Griffin.

The missing Arkadia Princess, it seems.

Bellamy frowns, resisting the urge to run out into the village and ask a few questions. The issue is, is Bellamy is on the outs with the Grounders. In fact, he’s on the outs with Arkadia after Mt. Weather. The details of his time on earth are a little fuzzy itself. He remembers shooting the Chancellor,
dealing with the 100, starting a war with the Grounders… but…

There always was something missing.

It’s like everything is behind a piece of frosted glass. There are figures and events, but none of them are making any sense. Like dancers swirling around and around. It always bugged him, but he blamed it on the trauma of everything. But it was like there was supposed to be something there.

Bellamy eyes a figure walking down the Grounder village, shouldering a weapon and refusing eye contact. Flicking his fingers in the direction of the person, Bellamy cocks his head and hides behind the tree, waiting for them to join him.

“Bellamy,” Lincoln states, leaning against the tree with him. “I see you’re keeping out of trouble.”

“Oh, you know me,” Bellamy smirks. “I’m allergic to trouble.”

“I’m going to tell Octavia that you said that. She’ll find it hilarious.” Lincoln snorts, unshouldering his pack. Untying the straps, he pulls out a few bags. “Some dried rations for you.”

“I told you I can take care—”

“Yeah, well, you have 100 delinquents who are very upset that the Council won’t let you back in Arkadia.” Lincoln states. “They want to make sure you’re alright.”

“Will you let them know that I’m fine?”

“I do—”

“Then you’re clearly not very convincing.” Bellamy grumbles. He makes a face. “So, what’s this about some Arkadia Princess? Clarke Griffin?”

Lincoln sighs. “God, it’s already reached out here?”
“So the rumor is true. We’re missing someone?”

Lincoln sighs. “Abby Griffin – Chancellor—”

“Chancellor? What about Jaha?”

“You’ve missed a lot.” Lincoln presses. “Abby Griffin is the Chancellor, even with Jaha back in town. And when they were doing a preliminary sweep of all the people missing. And a Clarke Griffin came up on the Ark database, but no one can remember who that is. Abby’s under the impression that something happened in Mt. Weather. They’re technologically advanced enough to do something.”

“Is she really wasting resources to find one person when we still don’t know what happened to other pieces of the Ark? She should probably start there. Her precious daughter is probably among the rubble.”

“Actually, no.” Lincoln casts a curious look. “You should probably know her as well.”

“I’m sorry?”

“She was a part of the original 100. Sent down to earth.”

Bellamy blinks. “No, that can’t be right.”

“It is. She was on the original 100. Her record lists her as dead, but we know those aren’t accurate because you took the devices off of everyone. Abby believes that she could be still alive, since no one remembers. That it may be a trick.”

“She can’t have been on the Ground with us.” Bellamy says. “I would’ve remembered.”

“Would you?”
In this moment? Bellamy isn’t so sure. He thinks back of everything that happened – every day since he landed on the Ground. It was challenging, heartbreaking, and yes, traumatic, but not as much as it should’ve been, and he never could figure out why.

Like there was someone else there.

“But I thought you said all the original 100 were accounted for. With everyone who died when we first got here, everyone we rescued from Mt. Weather. It equals 100. Well, except for me. So I guess 101.”

“Raven Reyes wasn’t a part of the original crew.” Lincoln states quickly. “She came a few days later. They only have 99 accounted for. She’s missing.”

Bellamy wants to scream with frustration. How could he not know that? He spent his entire time worrying about everyone’s life. How can he not remember someone?

“Wait,” Bellamy says, reaching out and grabbing Lincoln’s arm. “This is perfect.”

“It is?”

“Arkadia won’t let me back in.”

“I know, that’s why I’m stuck being a mule for everyone to send you food.”

“They say I was pardoned for my crimes against Jaha, but they can’t remember why they did that. So they said as long as I’m a threat, I’m not allowed to live within Arkadia walls.”

“I know, but—”

“This is it, Lincoln.” Bellamy states. “If I find this person – this princess – they’ll have to let me live back at Arkadia. I’ll be able to be with my sister – Raven, Monty, Jasper, Murphy. I’ll be able to go back. I need to find this princess – this Clarke Griffin. Abby will be so grateful, she’ll drop whatever restrictions I have.”
Lincoln huffs a laugh. “Come on, Bellamy. You don’t even know who this person is. How are you ever going to be able to find her? What if your first instinct is right – what if she’s dead?”

Bellamy scowls. He makes a frustrated noise, swinging his head back against the tree in frustration. It’s been three month, two weeks, and four days since he’s been able to even look at camp. The rules of his banishment had been very clear. He’d only seen his sister through the branches of trees, let alone stepped foot in Arkadia.

He had to see Octavia again.

“Okay, so I may not remember who she is. But neither does anyone else. She could be anyone and Abby wouldn’t know either. All I need to do is find someone who looks like her, train her to act like a snob, and Abby won’t be able to tell! She’ll be so thrilled to have her daughter back, or at least someone who looks like her daughter, that she’ll have to let me back in.”

Lincoln doesn’t say anything right away. He’s always a bit hard to read, but now more so than ever. “That plan,” he starts, words slow. “…is flawed.”

“How?”

“It’s reckless.”

“What’s the worst that can happen? They banish me twice?”

Lincoln sighs. “Bellamy, please think this through.”

“I am.” Bellamy cries. “My people are in Arkadia. All of my people are there and I’m not allowed to live with them because no one can remember why I was pardoned in the first place. I’m not allowed to be by my sister – by my family. I’m forced to wander this land like a ghost. It’s not living, Lincoln. I have to get back there, and if lying to Abby Griffin is how I do that, then I’m going to lie to Abby Griffin. What would you do if you were me?”

Again, Lincoln doesn’t respond, but Bellamy knows it’s because this time he doesn’t have an argument anymore. “I would do everything I could to get back to my family.” Lincoln sighs.
“Alright, fine. But please limit your stupidity to a minimum.”

“No promises.” Bellamy chuckles. “And this is what I need from you.”

“And there it is.” Lincoln groans. “I knew this was coming and I stayed too long.”

“Lincoln, you have access to everyone and I don’t.”

“Bellamy, you realize your people barely trust me?” Lincoln states. “If they even get a hint that I’m coming here to give you information—”

“I need Raven’s help. I need to know what Clarke looks like. Raven can get that for me. And I need Octavia to put her ear to the ground to see if there are any loners in the Grounders area. Also, I need Murphy to scour the grounds to see if we can get anything of hers. Make it more realistic.”

“Come on, Bellamy. Abby is a smart woman. She’s not going to see a stranger in her daughter’s clothes and just believe.”

“She is when she sees this.” Bellamy states, pulling a string out from under his shirt.

He pulls out a watch from underneath his shirt, tied to a piece of string.

“What’s that?”

“I dunno,” Bellamy states, peering at it. “I’ve had it on me since Mt. Weather. I’ve never been able to figure out why. But it can’t be a coincidence, right? I have a watch that I don’t understand and there’s a Princess that no one can remember?”

“You know, Bellamy,” Lincoln states. “If that is Clarke’s and she gave it to you, you two must’ve been close.”

“Or I stole it.” Bellamy states, eyeing the watch in his hands. “I’m very crafty. Haven’t you heard? I’m a danger to Arkadia.”
“Do you honestly think you did?”

No, Bellamy doesn’t believe that’s true. He wishes it was. He wishes he had this watch because of something he did.

It’s much easier than because he’s missing someone.

Yet he’s missing them all the same.

***

“You know, if you tie this at the tip, you’re able to keep it fresher.” Clara states, placing her fingers on the lines of the stem. She’s smiling at a small girl in front of her, who is giggling at Clara’s movements. “Remember, head, shoulders, knees, and toes!” She exclaims, tickling the girl’s stomach. The girl shrieks, turning her friends and giggling.

“Clara, back against so soon?”

Clara looks up and beams at the woman approaching her. She’s a round, warm sort of woman that Clara wishes would hold her whenever she’s feeling particularly alone. “You know I can’t stay away!” She exclaims. “I’m a shit baker.”

“Oh, Clara,” the woman states, placing her hands on the side of Clara’s face. “You are such a lost soul, it’s almost to hard to bare.” Smacking the side of her face, the woman sighs. “I know you’re traveling from village to village, but do you ever think of simply stopping for a while?”

“You know I can’t stop, komfon.” Clara smiles. “As long as there is earth to travel—”

“—you’ll get closer to wherever you came from.” The woman states, reciting the words Clara’s told herself over and over. “Yongon, you will never find what you’re looking for because you do not know what you’re looking for.”
“I’ll know when I see it.” Clara states.

Rummaging in her bag, Clara pulls out a few packages. “Dried meat, as requested.”

“Oh! Yongon! Wherever you are from, someone must be missing you.” The woman states. “I would miss you if you suddenly stopped giving me meats.”

“This is a trade, komfon, as much as I love these talks.”

“Of course, of course.” The woman turns around, grabbing a bag from within a tent. “Here you are. I hope to see you again soon.”

“May we meet again, komfon!” Clara smiles with a wave.

“Why do you always say that! That is the words of Skaikru, not people of the Ground.”

Clara turns around and walks backwards. “I think it has a nice ring to it, right? Something very poetic. And nice. About meeting again.”

“That is some sentimental sky people bullshit, Clara. On the ground we are much practical. Don’t leave your head in the sky, Clara. You will only be disappointed. There is only the Ground.”

Clara can’t help but laugh. “Komfon, you’ve lost your imagination!”

“I never had it!”

With a wave, Clara shouts, “Somehow I believe this!”

Shouldering her pack, now considerably heavier, Clara makes her way out of the village. “Until next time!”
There’s a crispness to the air that Clara loves, her feet crunching against leaves that have fallen to the ground. The sun filters through the branches in a mystical kind of way that Clara loves.

There’s only thing.

It’s lonely.

There are pieces missing. Pieces she can’t put together. All she remembers is metal and smoke and loss.

But she doesn’t know why.

So instead, so wanders across the Ground, ghosting over the plains, waiting for a sign.

“I need a sign!” Clara shouts to the trees. They don’t answer.

Instead, she’s answered by birds. Wind. The rustling of leaves.

“Anything!” She cries.

Still, no response.

Running her hands down her face, Clara moves forward. She’s been wandering around the earth for months now, genuinely believing that she would understand what she was looking for when she saw it. Except the woman’s voice plays in the back of her head.

“That is the words of Skaikru, not people of the Ground.”

It never occurred to her she could potentially not be from the ground.

Making her way through the forest, Clara pushes past the trees that she’s grown familiar with. It’s a
path she’s walked on many a time, but the Ground still has the ability to surprise her.

Though, there’s one place she always avoided.

Clara isn’t sure why. Logically, going to the Skaikru dropship would be very beneficial for her. She could find some tech that they left behind. Or learn more about the strangers from the sky. But there’s a part of her that’s a little afraid to go to it.

Changing course, Clara decides she can be a day late to the Trikru village. She moves quietly through the trees until the makeshift wall comes into view. There’s something in the back of her mind that she can’t quite push away. Every step closer makes her more and more anxious.

Pushing the gate open, Clara looks around.

It’s a strange feeling. It builds within her gut and she starts to tremble. Ashes blow around her when she steps on the ground. Skeletons scatter the area. There is such a horrible sense of loss here.

Perhaps this is why she avoided it. She heard what happened here. The death. The longing.

Moving toward the side of the Dropship, Clara notices something out of the corner of her eye. She places her hands against the metal, fingers running down the letters.

\[ CLARKE \]
\[ PLEASE COME \]
\[ HOME \]
\[ 22 KM SOUTH/SW \]
\[ - MOM \]

When she runs her fingers down it, a course of electricity runs through her. She’s heard rumblings about Clarke in the villages she traveled. The missing Arkadia princess. Clara wonders if the Chancellor has seen this.

Clara tries to shove the envy down. Whoever she is, she is so lucky to have someone looking for her.
So many people looking for her.

No one has ever looked for her.

“Hey!”

Without a second of hesitation, Clara unsheathes the sword behind her. She’s had it since she can remember, picking up tricks and tips on how to use it as she goes to various clans. She’s learned the swiftness of Trikru, the strength of Delphi, and the scrappiness of the Desert Clan. Although, the instant the person reveals themselves, she knows none of it matters.

A figure moves out of the shadow, gun in his hand. “Skaikru,” she whispers to herself.

She’s not an idiot, a gun will win against a sword any time. “I’m sorry if I’m trespassing. I just wanted to see it for myself.”

“Who are you?” The man says, not putting the gun down. His face is obscured from the weapon, but there’s a gravely texture to his voice that she finds weirdly comforting for someone who is threatening her life.

“I’m nobody.” Clara answers honestly. “I was just searching.”

“For what?”

“I’ll know it when I see it.”

The person lowers his weapon carefully, revealing his face.

Clara tries not to be startled. Under a head of curly black hair is the most penetrating gaze she’s ever seen. He’s a good foot taller than her, covered in freckles and anger. She puts her hands up, sword in hand still. When it becomes clear that he isn’t going to shoot her, she sheathes her sword once more.

“This is Skaikru territory, you shouldn’t be here.”
“No one’s lived here for months!” Clara exclaims, stepping forward. For some reason, she has no issue yelling at him. It feels easy, actually. Natural. “What sort of claim do you have to it?”

“It is where I live!” The man snaps. “Or did you not see the used bed inside? Or the food around back?”

She didn’t, actually. “I just got here.”

“And the first thing you go to is some stupid—” He pauses. Stalking close to where she is, the guy places his hand on the side of Dropship where she is.

It’s startling how close he is. He doesn’t seem to have any issue with getting into her personal space, pressing against the words underneath her palm.

When he touches her, Clara resists the urge to leap back. Even he hesitates, turning to face her. For a split second, she wonders if he felt it too.

It shatters just as quick.

“How have I never noticed this before?” He mutters to himself. “She was here…”

“Clarke?” Clara asks, unable to stop herself. “You knew her?”

“Apparently I did.” The man mutters. He tilts his head toward Clara. “You came just to explore? I don’t buy it.”

“It’s not for you to buy.” Clara snaps. “It’s the truth, so either accept it or move on.”

“Who do you think you are?” He cries, grabbing her arm and pulling her away from the Dropship. Anger flashes through her – she can’t help it.
“Me? You crash land on this planet and suddenly I’m supposed to do whatever you say? What sort of dream world do you live in?”

“Listen, if I wanted to—”

“I’m not afraid of you.” Clara snaps.

It almost startles her – how much she means it.

She’s not afraid of him, but isn’t quite sure why. There’s a part of her that feels like he wouldn’t actually hurt her, despite his waving a gun in her face. It’s the only reason she’s possessed to jab his chest with her finger and stand as tall as possible while saying, “You cannot claim this spot. Your people have been gone for months. I can search as I please—”

“Scavenge is more like it!”

“If you have an issue with me, do as you must.” Clara states. “But I’m going to do as I must and you’re in my way.”

His eyebrows lift and she brushes past him, taking in the drop site. She knows he’s standing behind her, figuring out how he wants to proceed, but Clara’s lost in a sea of broken metal and whispers of people. Her eyes fall to the bones again and something aches in her chest, but she isn’t sure what.

“Which clan are you from?” The man asks behind her.

It surprises her, the question. It isn’t what she expected him to ask, nor is it something she’s prepared answering. But he startles her enough to respond, “None.”

“None?” The hostility in his voice drifts away and is replaced with shock. “Don’t lie to me.”

“Not that I owe you anything but disdain seeing that you have the manners of a caveman,” Clara states, turning around. “But I’m not lying. I don’t have a clan. I don’t… belong anywhere.”
“Then what the hell are you doing here?” The man asks, but the heat is gone. He seems genuinely curious, his brown eyes glinting in the sun in a way that’s all too familiar. She shakes the feeling, but it’s all around her, staring as if from the empty sockets of the skulls on the ground.

“I—I—” Clara states. “I don’t know. Someone was mentioning the lost princess of Arkadia and I just thought…” Clara looks down, unsure of why she’s telling a perfect stranger this. “You know what, nevermind. I’ll just leave.”

“Wait, not yet.” The man says, putting his hands up to block her. “What are you saying?”

Clara huffs. “Like I said, I don’t owe you a—”

“Why don’t we just say I’ll return the favor if you explain?”

Clara considers this. She can’t put her finger on it, but a part of her trusts this man. It makes no sense. He’s waved a gun in her face, been a total asshole. And yet…

“I don’t have a clan because I don’t remember where I came from. I was found wandering around the forest a few months ago, with a few injuries, including a head wound. I have no memory of where I came from. And no indicators either. No tattoos that let me know which clan I grew up in. No… clothes that look like anyone. I’m a nobody.”

Clara drifts off.

It’s painful to say out loud the thing you try to ignore about yourself.

The man doesn’t respond the way she thinks he would. He’s looking at her interestedly, like she’s answered a question he never asked. It’s unsettling, yet she stays.

“You know,” the man says thoughtfully. “You and I could help each other.”

“Excuse me?”
“Actually,” the man states, but he trips over his words, eyes darting about as he searches for them. “I’ve, uh, been tasked with finding Clarke. Our Chancellor has sent out a search party. And I’ve been assigned to this region.”

Clara narrows her eyes at him. “Assigned to this region? You just said that you live here.”

“That’s why I was assigned this region, I know the territory.” The man scoffs. “Maybe we can help each other.”

When it clicks what he’s asking, Clara recoils. “I’m not helping you lie your leader.”

“How do we know it’s a lie?” He counters. “You don’t know what happened to you and no one knows what happened to her. For all we know, you could be Clarke. Don’t you want to find out?”

She can’t help it, Clara hesitates. She hesitates because what he’s saying doesn’t necessarily ring false. There’s something deep in her chest that screams for her to trust him – to go with him.

“Well,” Clara says slowly. “It would just be talking with your Chancellor, right? And she would be able to look at me, and decide if I’m not her daughter, right?”

“Right.” The man says, his eyes twinkling. “And if you’re not, no harm done. But if you are, you could actually figure out which clan you belong to. After all, you yourself said you didn’t have any tattoos. The only clan where that’s the case is Skaikru. And you don’t know what happened to you. What’s the worst that could happen?”

Clara keeps herself from listing all the terrible possibilities that her mind is thinking up.

She shouldn’t do it. She shouldn’t follow a man that she doesn’t know to a clan that she doesn’t know.

Except she’s a ghost in this world. Drifting from clan to clan, unsure of where to go.

There’s nothing to lose.
“Alright,” she says cautiously. “There’s no harm in asking.”

“No harm in asking.” The man repeats. Reaching out his hand, he says, “Bellamy.”

Eyeing it suspiciously, Clara extends hers. “Clara.”

“We’ve got a lot of work to do Clara.” Bellamy says with a grin. “You look a little rough around the edges and we somehow have to turn you into a princess.”

“I’m the one rough around the edges?” Clara asks, stepping so close they’re only inches apart. “Have you seen yourself?”

“Clearly you have.” Bellamy states with a smirk. “Like what you see?”

Clara takes a breath. “Do you?”

“What am I looking at right now?”

Clara flinches at the new voice, taking a large step away from Bellamy as she turns to face the new figure. He’s a tall, broad man, covered in the garb of Trikru. “Lincoln, what the hell are you doing here?” Bellamy asks, stalking toward him. “You can’t be at the dropship. Like you said, if anyone finds you with me, they could keep you from Arkadia. And then where will we be!”

“Listen, you are not the Blake that I’m worried about.” The man named Lincoln snorts. “I have it under very strict orders from your sister that I have to stay with you in this.”

“Lincoln!”

“Bellamy, you aren’t the only one who wants you back in Arkadia. Octavia wants you there to, and if this is the way to do it, this is the way to do it.”
“You’re not allowed in Arkadia?” Clara asks, moving forward. “How in the world will we even do this?”

“Who is this?” Lincoln asks, gesturing at Clara.

“Oh, right.” Bellamy straightens. “This is Clara. She could be Clarke.”

Lincoln blinks. “I’m sorry, what?”

“You missed… a lot.” Bellamy states. “We’ve found our Clarke Griffin.”

Lincoln gives her a once over. Lincoln sighs. “Of course you’ve made this decision before I’ve found you. We are going to need a lot of help.”

***

The first few days of traveling are exasperating.

Clara is everything Bellamy can’t stand: hardheaded, stubborn, opinionated, and almost always right. The three of them travel quickly through the forest, Clara having more knowledge of earth than Bellamy ever could imagine. There was a small part of him that thought maybe she could be Clarke, but how easily she traverses the land makes him purge that thought.

“I thought we were going to Arkadia.” Clara says one morning as they pack their bags after a short evening of sleep. “Arkadia is south and we are going north.”

“We can’t simply walk into Arkadia with a Grounder they don’t know and expect them to let us in. We need to travel to a friend of mine to get more information.” Lincoln states, offering Clara a piece of fruit. She takes it with a soft smile, her entire face changing.

Bellamy isn’t blind. Clara is a beautiful person, although something seems slightly off. Her red hair doesn’t go well with her skin, but she has bright, shining blue eyes that are more brilliant than he thinks even the sky can be. That doesn’t mean she’s not a pain in the ass.
“Who is your friend?” Clara asks.

“Luna kom Floukru.” Lincoln states, pulling out a small book from the back of his pocket. He flips through the pages until he lands on a page with a rendering of the sea. Clara grabs the sketchbook, brushing her fingers against the pencils on the page.

“This is beautiful. What kind of pencils do you use?”

Lincoln smiles. “Do you like art, Clara?”

She doesn’t answer the question directly. Instead, she says, “You’re very talented.” Flipping through a few of the pages, she stops over one. “This woman. She looks an awful lot like Bellamy.”

Lincoln smile to himself. “That’s Octavia.”

“My baby sister.” Bellamy grumbles, zipping his bag with an angry flourish. “Are you two finished messing around? We have some boats to catch.”

“You need to lighten up.” Clara says, closing the book and handing it back to Lincoln. Lincoln gives her a wink, which annoys Bellamy to no end.

He hates that Lincoln finds her charming and impressive.

Shouldering his pack, Bellamy trudges toward the path. Unfortunately he really has no idea where he’s going – and Lincoln knows it – so he’s hoping that Lincoln will pretend to help save face.

“Bellamy, you’re going in the wrong direction.” Lincoln calls from behind him.

If this trip doesn’t kill them, he’s going to kill Lincoln himself.

When he catches up with the two, they’re talking jovially with one another. Lincoln throws a look
behind him that Bellamy doesn’t like. It’s more smug than he’s used to with Lincoln and he doesn’t care for it at all.

“What’s Arkadia like?” Clara asks as they march through the forest.

“Nothing like the forest,” Lincoln answers. “Everything is made of metal and the people talk much differently than the ones on the ground.”

“You can’t get mad that we are more technologically advanced than you.” Bellamy says, trudging on the other side of Lincoln.

“You are very touchy this morning,” Lincoln states. “Did you not sleep well?”

Bellamy doesn’t even acknowledge that.

“Arkadians are very intentional people.” Lincoln continues. “They’ve been surviving for so long, they’re not good at the living part.”

“What’s that’s supposed to mean?” Bellamy asks.

“Who we are and who we need to be to survive are very different people.” Clara says distantly.

Bellamy blinks. “What did you say?”

Clara shrugs. “It’s just… something someone said to me once.”

Bellamy isn’t sure of how to respond to that. It’s like there’s something in the back of his head that he can’t quite reach. So he merely scowls as they make their way through the forest.

“I simply mean that when you know nothing more than surviving, you are very intentional in how you approach the world. Because everything needs to help the common good, even if it is not what you care for.” Lincoln continues. “They are very intentional people.”
“I don’t think there’s anything wrong with intention.” Clara says thoughtfully. “There are worse things a people could be.”

“Spoken like an Arkadian princess.” Lincoln comments.

She beams at him, her gaze falling to the ground at that.

“We aren’t that arrogant.” Bellamy says.

Lincoln snorts. “I wouldn’t be so sure of that.”

Bellamy throws Lincoln a glare and he has the audacity to laugh at him. “Even though no one remembers Clarke, she’s a very real presence. You know, if Bellamy’s right about you, you could bring the peace that’s so needed to that group of people. There are too many hurting people.”

“Do you really think Clarke is that important?” Clara asks, frowning. “How can everyone forget someone who is that important?”

“No one did it on purpose.” Lincoln states. “I hope that you know that everyone didn’t forget you on purpose.”

“We don’t know if I’m really Clarke.” Clara states. “It’s a nice thought though. That if you’re all alone, there’s an entire group of people waiting for you to return.”

“That could be the case, Clara.” Lincoln smiles. “You never know.”

“Yeah, but I’d like to point out that I’m just calling you Princess, that’s not an actual thing.” Bellamy offers. “We use a council system.”

“Do you have a Commander?”
“A Chancellor. She’s the one that wants to find Clarke.”

“So, Bellamy. Do you really think that there’s a possibility that I may be her daughter? That I may be Clarke?”

“Obviously,” Bellamy snorts. “Do you think I’d be putting up with you right now if I didn’t?”

“Then you should be nicer to me.” Clara states. “I have the Chancellor’s ear.”

Lincoln lets out a full-on laugh, which Bellamy isn’t certain he’s ever heard. “Whose side are you on?” He whispers.

“Whoever wins.”

“O and I are going to be having a discussion about her taste in men when I finally get to see her again.” Bellamy mutters, only causing Lincoln to laugh more.

A snapping sound gets Bellamy out his annoyance and he looks around him. Lincoln and Clara are in conversation and don’t seem to notice. As subtly as possible, Bellamy pulls his weapon from where he has it tucked in his pants, bringing it to his front. He flicks the safety off and holds it in his front.

Clara continues to talk, but her eyes flit in his direction. It’s staggering how familiar the action is. She smiles brightly at Lincoln, who has seen to have gotten the hint as well. “You know, when I passed a Trikru camp a few days ago, I ran into a woman named Indra. She spoke of a Lincoln who chose to be with another clan. Is that you?”

“Indra… isn’t my biggest fan right now. Though she won’t admit it, she has a soft spot for love.” Lincoln says carefully.

“Wait, did you just say you love my sister?” Bellamy asks, mildly thrown off.

“Is that not a good thing?” Clara asks. “He seems very admirable.”
“Yeah, that’s why all the ladies like him. Admiration.”

Snap.

Whirling around, Bellamy points the gun behind him before even seeing what’s before him. Before he can register what’s going on, someone reaches out and slugs him in the face. He stumbles backwards, not even giving a moment before balancing and tackling the person who struck him. They crash to the ground, Bellamy losing grip on his weapon. It scatters a few yards away so Bellamy takes a swing at the person underneath him.

It’s a man he’s never seen before. The markings he doesn’t recognize.

“Bellamy!” He hears at his side and the figure swings up, clocking him so hard that he falls back. He blinks a few times, dazed, unable to stop the blur that launches themselves at the person.

Clara manages to knock the weapon of the man’s hands, sprawling on the ground. She rolls onto her stomach, hoists herself on her arms, but is knocked over when another person swings at her, striking her face. “Clara!”

Without a second more of hesitation, Lincoln unsheathes the sword that has been resting at his back and swipes it, but they dodge out of the way. Scrambling to his feet, Bellamy runs toward his gun, grabbing it just in time and pointing it at the figure. Before he can take the shot, they grab the back of Clara’s hair and drag her to her feet, placing a sword underneath her chin.

Bellamy doesn’t move.

His hands remain taut and gun pointed. The figure has white splashed over her face and her eyes are like ice. There’s a familiarity he can’t quite place to the woman, but he’s panicking. Clara has her hands up, fierce and unafraid as the blade digs enough at her throat to draw blood.

“Let her go!” Bellamy shouts, still not putting his gun down.

“No.” The woman seethes.
Then it hits him. As soon as she opened her mouth, Bellamy knows where he’s seen the woman before. “Echo?” He asks, faltering, only for a minute.

Echo doesn’t have a similar reaction. She remains with her blade under Clara’s throat, eyes steely. “Bellamy.”

“What are you doing here?”

“We were told you had Clarke Griffin.” She states. “Unless Clarke Griffin is code for Trikru traitor, I would guess this is she.”


He’d never put any stock to it. There was so much going on, his mind hadn’t traveled to those left in cages. The 100 was out and safe.

“If we deliver Clarke Griffin to Mt. Weather, they will never take our own again.” Echo states, digging her blade deeper. “And Skaikru won’t be joining the treaty.”

Bellamy heard of this. After Mt. Weather, there was a call for peace in Arkadia and the Grounders. From what he could tell from the rumors flying about, not everyone was thrilled with the idea of Skaikru joining the clans.

“What’s the saying?” Clara asks, voice tight and miraculously unimpressed under Echo’s blade. “The enemy of my enemy is my friend?”

“Clara, can you not antagonize the woman with sword?” Bellamy mutters, gesturing with his gun once more. “I’m only going to ask you one more time. Let her go, Echo!”

“Your fault is that you’re asking.” Echo states.
Before Bellamy can decide what he’s going to do, Clara takes her elbow and jams it into Echo’s side. The woman crumbles briefly, giving Bellamy the shot that he needs. Pulling the trigger, he manages to catch her in the leg, the woman falling to the ground.

With this diversion, Lincoln flips his sword so it’s handle-first, bringing it down on her accomplice’s head. The man collapses to the ground, eyes closed and weapon a few yards away.

Bellamy doesn’t let down his guard, though. Keeping his gun trained on Echo, he takes a few cautionary steps forward, maintaining his aim at her head. Echo breathes heavily, making a small frustrated noise when she tries to move away from him, blood seeping through her fingers as she covers her leg. “You going to shoot me, Bellamy?”

“I think I already did that.”

His eyes flit to Clara, who despite being given a few blows to the head, seems to be alright. She moves until she’s next to Bellamy, as if it’s the most natural thing in the world, crossing her arms. “Azgeda has joined forces with Mt. Weather?” She asks coolly, her own sword unsheathed and at her side. “Interesting choice, seeing as they’ve been coming straight for your people since I can remember.”

Echo doesn’t say anything, merely glaring at the two as they stand over her.

Bellamy marvels for a moment at how commanding her voice is as she looms over the woman, as if she’s done this countless times before. “So there actually is a Clarke Griffin.” Bellamy states, the final bit of doubt leaving him.

That makes Clara balk. “You didn’t think there was? Than what am I doing here?”

Bellamy makes a face. “Can we discuss this another time?”

“No. You didn’t think Clarke Griffin was real?”

“I said I didn’t know. Everyone forgot her – you never know with these things. I mean, let’s focus.”
Clara sighs and returns her attention to Echo. “What does Mt. Weather want with Clarke?”

“You’re not asking the right questions,” Echo states. “You should be asking, why did they erase her from everyone’s memory in the first place?”

It’s a question that had been bothering Bellamy too, even though he never would say it out loud. How important could one person be? How could one person change the entire course of existence? He sneaks a glance in Clara’s direction, wondering not for the first time if she could be Clarke Griffin.

She had the arrogance of someone who was once in charge. The opinions. The drive that would make men follow her off cliffs, wondering if they could’ve done more.

Shaking his head, Bellamy tells himself he’s being ridiculous. Clara is nothing more than a self-important, obnoxious girl.

Clara flips her blade like Lincoln had and brings it down on Echo’s head. The woman slumps forward, hands falling from where her hand is applying pressure on her leg. Sighing, as if Echo has done something obnoxious, Clara rips a piece of her shirt off. “What the hell are you doing?” Bellamy exclaims.

“We can’t just leave her here with a gun shot wound. She could bleed out.” Clara states, wrapping it under her leg and tying it in the front.

“Are you aware she just had a sword under your throat?” Bellamy asks, incredulous.

“No, I’m not aware. But tell me again because it’s such a beautiful story.”

“You are impossible, are you aware of that? Actually impossible.” Bellamy exclaims, running his hands down his face. “What should we do with them?” He turns to Lincoln, who’s watching the entire scene with an amused expression on his face.

“I don’t know. I think we should ask the princess over there.”
“You are so not helping.”

“Okay, listen.” Clara snaps, standing up once she’s done tying off Echo’s wound. “You have some nerve, being exasperated with me when you’ve just revealed you didn’t even think there was a Clarke Griffin to be found.”

Bellamy rolls his eyes. “Oh, come on, are we really going to go there—”

“Yes, we are absolutely going there because you brought it up.” Clara states. “I’m not a tool. I’m not a toy in whatever game you want to play. You said that you thought I could be Clarke and there’s a chance that I have family in Arkadia. You either believe that or you don’t.” Her eyes narrow. “Be careful with what you say next. Because it will determine whether I remain with you or not.”

Bellamy blinks. Turning to Lincoln, Bellamy tries to get the man to help with something – anything – but he merely stands there, amused. “Clara, I have no doubt that now that Clarke Griffin is a confirmed person, you are her.” Bellamy states. “Because you are just the kind of privileged, obnoxious, know-it-all that I would expect from the daughter of a Chancellor.”

Clara narrows her eyes, moving closer to him. She stands so close he can see the thin line of sweat sprinkled on her forehead. “And you’re exactly the kind of pain in the ass I’d imagine she had to deal with.”

He clenches his jaw, trying not to give anything away, but she’s just so close.

Neither of them say anything. He knows that he should, but all the words he could say leave him. He stands there, his jaw clenched and hands still wrapped around his weapon.

“Why don’t we get going?” Lincoln asks from behind him. Bellamy startles, but doesn’t move. He’s not going to be the first to blink. He’s not going to be the first to recoil.

It’s Clara who does in the end. She whirls around, her hair hitting him in the face as she does so, marching away from the two Azgeda members and him. Somehow, it feels like she’s still won.

Lincoln steps next to him and claps him on the back. “Trying to decide whether earning your spot back in Arkadia is worth it at this point?”
“Yeah.”

“We gotta keep going. If anything, this is amazing to watch.”

Lincoln strides past him with a chortle, leaving Bellamy by himself in the same spot. He watches the two wander away. “Maybe we all forgot Clarke for a reason,” he mutters to himself.

Though, he knows it’s not true.

***

“So I was thinking that we should go over a few things about Arkadia with you, that way you know some of the customs before you meet with Abby.” Bellamy states on their way to the coast.

Clara hasn’t said a single word to him since the attack from Azgeda, but he can’t tell if it’s because of annoyance or if she simply has nothing to say. She glances at him, no anger in her eyes when she says, “That seems like a good idea.”

He makes a face. “You don’t have to sound so shocked.”

“I don’t sound shocked.”

“You totally sound shocked.”

“You did sound a little shocked.” Lincoln offers. “But to be fair, you haven’t given her any side of you that would’ve made this not shocking.”

“Who’s not helping?” Bellamy hisses. “I swear to god, you’re supposed to be on my side.”

“There are no sides here, only third wheels.” Lincoln mutters.
“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“If you don’t know by now, I can’t help you.”

“So, are you going to be teaching me things, or what?” Clara asks, a few paces away so she can’t hear the argument that he’s having with Lincoln, which he’s thankful for. “Like how you guys got to the Ground or the kind of person Clarke is?”

“I couldn’t tell you the kind of person Clarke is.” Bellamy snaps. “But if you’re any indication, she’s a pain in the ass.”

“Only yours.” Clara smirks.

“I cannot wait until we drop you off at the Chancellor and I’m rid of you.”

“I, on the other hand, look forward to spending more time with you.” Lincoln says. “Anyone who can get under Bellamy’s skin this much is a friend of mine.”

She beams at him in return.

It bothers him more than it should. He tells himself because it feels like he’s flirting with her – although he’s seen Lincoln with Octavia and it’s nauseatingly different – but he doesn’t care for it either way.

“Now, Raven sent this along,” Lincoln states, pulling out something from his pack. “It was everything she was able to salvage about Clarke Griffin. Apparently Mt. Weather somehow hacked the files to erase any information on her, but she managed to retrieve some of it. No photo or anything, but some basic information. It seems to line up with what we know of her, as a general idea.”

Lincoln hands the thin group of papers over to Clara, who takes them, frowning. “Daughter of Jake and Abby Griffin. Jake Griffin was executed when he was about to reveal a fatal design flaw in the Ark. Apparently Clarke found out about it, vowed to share the information for her father, and was put in isolation to prevent her from talking.”
“She’s got stones, I’ll give her that much.” Bellamy mutters.

Clara glances up only to shoot Bellamy an infuriating smile before returning back to the pages.

“She was on the initial drop of the 100 they sent to earth in order to see whether the Ground was viable for living.”

Bellamy runs his hands through his hair. “I just,” he winces. “I just have a hard time believing that.”

He doesn’t mean to say it out loud – or as loud as he does – so when Lincoln and Clara eye him, he winces. “It’s just... how could I – or any of us – forget someone on the original 100? We went to war together, we survived together, you don’t just forget someone who is a part of that!”

Clara sets the papers down. She approaches him carefully and he wants to move away from her. Instead of the scathing remark that he fully anticipates, she places a hand on his arm. “I’m so sorry you lost someone.”

Out of all the things he expected her to say, that wasn’t it. “Excuse me?”

“I mean, I’ve been thinking about how difficult it was not knowing where I came from, I didn’t stop to think that you lost someone important to you.”

“Clarke isn’t important to me.” Bellamy scoffs, but even as he’s saying the words, they feel wrong. Like he’s lying without meaning to – speaking ill of a ghost. “I would’ve remembered her if she was important.”

“We forget what’s important all the time.” Clara says gently. “It doesn’t take away the importance of who they are to you.”

Bellamy clears his throat, taking his arm away. “Yeah, well, if you’re Clarke, I bet you annoyed me as much then too.”

Clara snorts. “It does seem far too easy for someone who’s never done it before.”
“Should I continue or…” Lincoln calls from ahead.

Bellamy coughs. “No one’s stopping you, Lincoln.” He says, trudging forward.

He does glance behind his shoulder though. Clara stands, not moving, her head slightly hung as if she doesn’t know he’s watching her. She holds the papers in her hands close, and it occurs to him, for someone who doesn’t know who she is, the world must be a terrifying place. Lincoln casts him a dark look that is all too knowing and all too judgmental.

Before he can act on it, Clara lifts her head up, brushing her hair behind her shoulders. “What about information on the Ark itself?” She asks, far too bright and cheerful to be anything but masking something.

“I’ll have to defer to Bellamy on this one.” Lincoln says. “I only know what I’ve heard from Octavia. He’ll be able to get the specifics.” He turns to Bellamy and mouths ‘be nice.’

Bellamy tries not to groan. It’s a sad state of affairs when he’s being checked by his sister’s boyfriend. “The Ark was all about survival.” He states.

Bellamy doesn’t care to think for his time on the Ark. It could’ve been more than survival, but it never was. Everything was about hiding Octavia, hiding their treason. Protection. It wrapped around his throat until it was all that he was – he was nothing if he wasn’t protecting his sister.

“But, it had good parts.” He continues thoughtfully. “Everyone knew who they were and how they fit. Because everyone was struggling to survive. We had this tree that was in the middle of the Ark that was supposed to symbolize the life on the Ground. People were really fanatical about it.”

“And someone harmed it.” Clara interjects absently, walking alongside him.

Bellamy stops. “I didn’t tell you about that.”

“Sorry?”
He points at her. “You said that someone harmed it. How would you know that?”

Clara blinks. “I-I… just assumed.” She says. “You put a bunch of people in a metal box with one tree and expect them not to do anything?”

Bellamy casts a glance at Lincoln who’s eyeing Clara warily. “It was the Chancellor’s son. He almost killed it, but apparently they managed to save it.”

“Why would he do that?”

Shrugging, Bellamy answers, “I’m not sure. They say he had a good reason, but he’s no longer with us.”

“What was his name?”

“Wells.”

It doesn’t escape Bellamy when Clara mouths the word ‘Wells’ back to herself, nor does it when her smile falters for a moment.

“What about Abby?” Clara asks quickly. “What can you tell me about her?”

“You actually remind me a bit of her,” Lincoln starts, smiling warmly. “Fierce woman—”

Bellamy is content to remain a few paces behind them as Lincoln continues on. He watches their backs, holds his gun close, and desperately pleads to remember.

***

When they approach the water, Clara gasps.
She feels the wind in her hair, smells the saltiness of the sea, and the freedom of the earth. Her fingers are chilled but in a way that makes her feel endlessly alive. Peering at the men at her left, Clarke marvels that in the past few days, she hasn’t felt as alone as she once did. Sure, she travelled from village to village, meeting people and being a part of their clan for a day. But it wasn’t the same as being a part of her own clan. Her own people.

She wonders what that means, in the grand scheme of things.

If she did belong to Skaikru, what would it mean for her to return home?

“I’ll be right back.” Lincoln says when he finally sees what he’s been searching for. Clara turns to see him run up to a fire pit, leaving Bellamy and herself alone by the seaside.

Bellamy shifts a bit uncomfortably next to her, surprising that he has nothing sarcastic to say. “What do you know of this Luna?” Clara asks after a moment.

“I don’t know anything. I’ve never met her.” He responds. “But Lincoln speaks highly of her, so that’s enough for me.”

“You trust him.”

“He’s done a lot for me and my sister.”

“You pretend you don’t, but you trust him.”

He doesn’t comment after that. Clara is so bewitched by the sea. It almost makes her forget what she’s doing. “Why are we going to Floukru?”

“Lincoln says they may know more about Clarke. Apparently the Mt. Weather gasses can’t make it across the water. They have a few – a poisonous and fatal one that I’ve experienced, and then whatever they did to make everyone forget. He thinks it’s be good to regroup there, get some information on how the Skaikru treaty is going, and then we can make our way to Arkadia.”

“It’s a good plan.” Clara says. “Why do you look so nervous?”
Bellamy shifts his weight, his hands hovering around where he keeps his gun. “I haven’t had the best experiences when Grounders I’ve never met.”

“Lincoln is nice and he’s a Grounder.”

“You weren’t here when we landed. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Maybe I was.” Clara offers. “Maybe I do.”

Bellamy huffs a laugh, surprised and bright. It’s a beautiful sound that Clara’s never heard before. She knows there isn’t a lot of opportunity for joy in the world, but she wants to hear it more. “Maybe you do, Princess.” He agrees, the sharpness she’s grown accustomed to the past few days, absent.

“Why are you doing this?” Clara asks, the one question that has been eating away at her the past few days finally bubbling out. “What benefit do you get from it?”

Bellamy sighs, eyes not leaving the water. “Who could resist bringing back the lost Princess?” He jokes.

“Bellamy.”

He drops his gaze from the water, his hand going up and fidgeting with something around his neck. “I—”

“They’re coming!” Lincoln exclaims.

When they both turn, they’re greeted to green flames on the beach, rising taller and taller as they wait. Clara notices a fleet of boat drifting their way and she can’t help it, she reaches out for Bellamy.

When she touches him, it’s like something inside her wakes up.
She couldn’t say what it is or describe how it feels, but when she wrapped her hand around his, it feels like something slotted into place. Like the pieces that she wandered the Ground looking for were slowly coming back to her.

He freezes at her side, but doesn’t pull away. “It’s alright, Princess.” He whispers, but she wonders if it’s more to himself than anything. “If Lincoln trusts them, it’ll be okay.”

“Right.” She says to herself. “And I trust you, so I guess we’re doing this.”

“You do?” He asks, almost incredulous. “That’s a very stupid decision.”

“See? You’re rubbing off on me.” She jokes.

The boats hit the shore and slide against the tiny rocks, causing Clara to leap back. Bellamy moves with her, still not moving his arm away. A handful of Grounders leap out of the boat, clad in various garb that Clara’s seen all across the ground. It’s tied together with pieces of twine and other netting, but she recognizes them from different clans from around the world.

A woman leaps off of one of the boats, her hair filled with curls and the wind of the sea. She approaches, eyes as lethal than anything Clara’s seen, but the moment she catches glimpse of Lincoln, she breaks into a smile that changes everything about her. “Lincoln, my friend.” She says warmly, reaching out to him and wrapping him in a hug.

Lincoln returns is, saying, “It’s been far too long.”

When they break apart, Luna smiles. “I heard news that you were trying to reach me for a while, and yet this was not the company I expected you to bring.”

“Nor was it what I expected either, dear friend.” He gestures at Clara and Bellamy to approach, the nervousness mounting in her chest. “This is Clara and Bellamy. We were hoping you could answer some questions.”

Luna turns her sights on Clara, who tells herself that she needs to remain calm. She does everything she can to not flinch as she approaches. Luna reminds her a lot like the creatures she would face in the forest – eyes trained to kill, curious and lethal. Clara learned to humbly avoid them in order to keep her life, but there’s nothing she can do now except let whatever’s about to happen, happen.
Luna steps up to her and Clara lets go of Bellamy’s hand to allow him to give them space, which he
doesn’t. He flexes his hand when she lets go and remains close to her side, barely giving Luna
enough room to reach her.

Lifting her hands up, Luna cups Clarke’s face and eyes her. “You’re looking for Clarke Griffin,
aren’t you?” Luna asks.

Clara isn’t sure if she’s supposed to respond, so is relieved when Lincoln gives a, “Yes.”

Luna takes a strand of Clara’s hair and rubs it in between her fingers, minerals falling into her hand
like specks of red dust. “You’re Clara?” She asks, eyes focused on her.

“Yes.”

Taking her hands off Clara’s face and reaching out, Luna smiles. “Would you mind joining me,
Clara?”

Clara sneaks a glance to Bellamy, whose hand goes to his weapon. Lincoln places his own over it,
shaking his head almost imperceptibly. Because of this, Clara allows herself to be lead to the sea,
following Luna as she takes one large stride into the water.

It’s cold, the water. It fills her boots and ices her bones, but she allows Luna to lead her anyway.
When they’re up to their waists in the water, Luna turns. “May I do something, Clara?”

Clara wants to say no, but is certain that isn’t an option. However, when she doesn’t respond right
away, Luna continues, her words a little sharper, “I cannot have those lying on my rig. Floukru is to
escape the war and violence and turmoil of the world. We can’t have anyone who isn’t truly
themselves.”

Clara frowns. “What do you mean?”

Luna extends her hands. “Allow me this moment of trust.”
There’s really no other option. Taking it, Clara allows herself to be lead down into the water. She vaguely hears someone shouting from the water line, but isn’t able to register anything before Luna carefully dunks her in the water. “Kom woda ’so gyon op, gon woda ’so kom daun.”

It’s the last thing Clara hears before being totally submerged.

It ices her over.

It’s only for a moment until Luna brings her back out, streams of muddied water rolling down her front. Clara lifts a hand and holds locks of her hair out in front of her, the earthy dyes she’s been applying dripping away. “That’s more like it.” Luna states, making her way back to the sea line.

Clara can’t bring herself to follow the woman. She feels stripped – bare. A part of her is even afraid to make her way back. Back to where Bellamy stands.

It doesn’t make any sense.

She had no reason to tell him she was masking her appearance. She didn’t tell him because she couldn’t figure anything out.

Nonetheless, she musters the courage and wades back to where the others are, trying her best not to look completely sheepish drenched in water, with red muck running down her clothes.

The reaction is almost instantaneous. “You’re blonde?” Bellamy cries once he sees her.

There’s an odd expression on his face that Clara can’t quite read. Like he’s trying to understand a book in a language he doesn’t know. Clara nods hesitantly. “Why did you lie to us?” He continues.

“I didn’t lie,” Clara says. “I—I—”

Clara isn’t sure of how to continue.

“Why don’t we go to the oil rig now that everyone’s ready?” Luna states. “We have a lot to talk
“We do.” Bellamy says, crossing his arms gruffly.

Clara can’t bring herself to look at him. She swings her leg over the edge of the boat, avoiding all eye contact as they row to the middle of the sea.

***

“You’re being stupid.”

“Please stop talking to me.”

“She had no reason to trust any of us. And for any human to get near you or myself when they meet us in the woods is crazy enough.”

“I said stop talking to me!” Bellamy snaps.

“What is going on with you?” Lincoln asks, pulling him roughly aside. “It shouldn’t matter that she dyed her hair. If anything, Clara looks more like Abby now – and you know it? What’s the problem?”

“The problem is—” Bellamy starts, but is having a hard time finding the right words to explain what he’s feeling.

When she came back from the water with Luna, it was like clouds parted. There was a part of him that was so in awe with the person walking towards him, it was like he’d been missing someone he no longer knew.

Then reality hit.

There’s no reason he should be feeling the frustration he is, but it’s here and it’s present and he’s angry without a reason. “The problem is, is that she’s hiding something. And I’m not just talking
about her real hair color."

"Of course she is," Lincoln says calmly. "She’s a runaway by herself with no clan. She is allowed a few secrets."

"Not when she’s traveling with me, she’s not."

"You haven’t told her that you’re just looking for someone to pretend to be Clarke Griffin so that you can go home."

"Why is that important?"

"The point is, Bellamy," Lincoln huffs. "Is that everyone has reasons to why they do things. They aren’t particularly good or bad, they’re simply reasons. And if Clara was hiding something from you, I believe that she was doing it for a good reason."

Bellamy clenches his jaw, trying to come up with a better reason as to why he’s so angry. The fact is, there is none. There’s no reason he should be angry. But she did something with him wanting her to. She did something that put space between them.

*She did something.*

"Why don’t you gentlemen join us in the dining hall?" Luna asks, smiling at them. Bellamy isn’t sure if he entirely trusts Luna, but she seems nice enough. There’s something roaring underneath the depths of her eyes that makes it so he knows he could never trust her entirely. "I put Clara in some dry clothes, so she’s waiting for you."

The petulant side of him wants to stalk off in a different direction, but after a nudge from Lincoln that clearly states ‘you are being a moron,’ Bellamy follows the woman through. The oil rig is nothing like what he expects. It’s pieced together with various trinkets from the clans, everyone smiling and passing food around. It’s unlike anything Bellamy’s seen on the Ground.

In the corner of the room sits Clara, uncomfortably in front of a tin plate before her. Her hair is a brilliant gold, loose waves falling down her shoulders, pieces tied behind her ears. She’s wearing a loose t-shirt and pants that look all too familiar, a jacket fitting her frame. Luna must sense his confusion, because she says, "It’s the only Skaikru garb we have. That is your plan, yes? To pass
this woman off as Clarke Griffin.”

Bellamy startles. “You don’t know, she could be Clarke.”

Luna nods, knowingly. “Yes, she could be. But you don’t know either, do you?”

Bellamy doesn’t respond.

The three of them reach Clara, who straightens at their arrival. She tucks a curl behind her ears, tentatively glancing at Bellamy. He sits across from her, unable to keep the feeling that this is all wrong from curling in his stomach. Luna passes him a few rations, then some to Lincoln and Clara, not allowing the tension to fester too long. “So Clara, I think everyone would feel more comfortable if you took a few moments to explain.”

Clara is clearly surprised. So much so, she actually does as requested. “I-I don’t know much about my life.” Clara starts. “I woke up in the forest, alone. I wasn’t sure how I got there or what… what happened before. So I started traveling from clan to clan, hoping something would jog my memory. Every once and a while, I would see faces that seemed so familiar, but they were all distant. Like… like everything was behind a piece of glass. Then—”

“Then?” Bellamy can’t control it.

“Then the Ice Nation started tracking me.” Clara sighs, biting her lip.

“Wait, you knew they were tracking you?” Bellamy exclaims.

“I didn’t know why!” Clara shouts back. “All I knew is that for some reason I was an enemy of Azgeda, but I wasn’t sure why! And since I can’t remember anything before a few months ago, I figured whatever clan I was a part of was angering them! Which is why I spent so much time with Trikru, because I know they’ve had issues with the new Trikru Commander. So I started dyeing my hair in hopes that it would shield me from them.”

“And you didn’t think to mention it?” Bellamy exclaims. “You didn’t think to tell me that Azgeda was after you?”
“I didn’t think it would matter!” Clara exclaims. “I didn’t expect that we would be travelling so long and I figured Azgeda would be brazen enough to attack us in Arkadia!”

“That’s not the point!”

“Than what’s the point, Bellamy?”

“The point is that you make it so difficult to protect you, Clarke!”

The words leave his mouth before he can stop it. The moment the word ‘Clarke’ leaves, everything quiets. Even those who aren’t part of their conversation turn to look at the group.

That’s when Bellamy realizes that he’s halfway out of his seat, Clara joining him. They’re leaning across the table at each other, both with faces twisted in exasperation. “Clara,” he corrects sheepishly, sitting back down. “Clara.”

Clara returns to her own seat, grabbing a piece of bread that’s in front of her and tearing off a piece. She doesn’t put it in her mouth, though, but finds it endlessly fascinating.

Bellamy doesn’t even want to know the look that Lincoln’s giving him. For the first time, he’s endlessly grateful for Luna, who merely continues, “Listen, I don’t know what you want from me in regards to Clarke Griffin. I don’t know much about her outside what I’ve heard on my travels. I never met her myself.”

“But you can confirm?” Lincoln asks. “You can confirm she’s a real person.”

“Oh yes, very real. I’ve been hearing stories about Clarke and Skaikru for many months.” Luna says, picking off a piece of fish. “Clarke was one of the leaders of the first wave of Sky People. In fact, they believed her to be the main leader of the group of children.”

Bellamy frowns at that. Everyone turned to him after Mt. Weather, but there was a moment. There was a moment when people were looking around for someone else after the chaos.

They all were.
“I even heard during Skaikru’s war against Mt. Weather, she lead a rogue group of her own people inside when her own leadership wouldn’t rescue those locked in there. She was a foreboding force.”

“Is.”

Bellamy surprises himself when he says it, but he does nonetheless. Everyone turns to him. “Is a foreboding force.”

Luna smiles in that knowing way that she does that he finds infuriating. “You’re right. Is a foreboding force. Unfortunately I cannot give you any more than that having never seen her myself. All I can say is that she sounds like someone who deserves being found. Anyone that devoted to the wellbeing for their people deserves to be around them.”

She’s staring at Bellamy. He doesn’t care for it. So he turns to his meal in order to have something to do with his hands.

“Skaikru leadership is actually going to Polis for the induction ceremony.” Luna says when no one speaks. “In order to become a part of their clan. So I would imagine you should go there instead of Arkadia to speak with your Chancellor. You should also know that this is a ceremony that involves a lot of custom.”

She finally got him on this one. “Custom?”

“There are traditions we follow.”

“The ones I’ve heard about aren’t as gentle as I would’ve hoped.” Bellamy drawls.

Luna smiles at that. “Yes, well, these are some of the most revered. There will be a feast, recognizing Skaikru as the thirteenth clan. Then there will be a chosen ambassador that will live in Polis, representing your people on a whole. And finally the celebration concludes with a dance that lasts in the night.”

Of course he had to be when he’s taking a drink. He nearly chokes on his water. “A dance?”
Luna turns to him. “Why do you sound so surprised? Do you think we don’t enjoy frivolity?”

“It would be more convincing if you didn’t make a clan literally out of the people who hate all the violence and fight.”

“You are an interesting specimen, Bellamy.”

“I can’t dance.”

The two turn to see Clara’s gone pale, eyes wide. “That is literally the least of our problems.” Bellamy states, waving the comment aside.

“Do Skaikru people dance?” She presses.

Bellamy wants to wave the comment aside, but Luna’s already grabbing a few people down the benches. “I think it’s time we teach our people from the sky how to dance on the Ground!”

“Oh my god, no.” Bellamy states. “We need to be spending our time doing other things.”

Clara stands quickly, rushing over to his side of the table. “Actually, I would feel better if we practiced.”

“Yes, Bellamy.” Lincoln says from his seat, crossing his arms. “Why don’t you practice?”

“I am making sure Skaikru banishes you the moment I can.” Bellamy snaps.

He smirks in return.

Luna nods to figures at the end of the table, who have scrambled and found a few assortment of instruments. They begin to play, hands plucking against the strings. It’s a soft and gentle number, beautiful in its simplicity. Clara steps up to him, her hands out. “Do you know how to dance?”
Bellamy considers what he could do to get out of this. Sure, he could lie. He could storm off. He could even go fully dramatic and break an instrument. Instead, he finds himself grabbing one of Clara’s hands and resting his free one on her waist. “My mother taught me.”

Placing a hand on his shoulder, Clara glances at her feet as he starts to move to the music. One, two, three, one two three.

“Don’t look at your feet.” He says softly. “Look at me. I’m leading you and I’ll keep you on beat.”

“You’ll keep me safe?” She asks, the corners of her mouth turning up.

He nods. “I’ll keep you safe.”

The music continues, but after a while, it drifts away. It becomes nothing more than he and Clara, stepping backwards and forwards, the gentle waves of the oil rig seemingly swaying with them as they do so. He pulls her closer to him so that their bodies are pressed against each other.

She doesn’t blink.

Neither does he.

One, two, three. One, two, three.

“I’m sorry I snapped at you.” Bellamy says softly, afraid of speaking over the music. “I’m not used to people being on my side.”

“I get it.” Clara answers. “I should’ve been upfront with you about it. I honestly wasn’t sure if you were being serious about me potentially being Clarke.”

Bellamy smiles on her. “We’re quite the pair, you and I.”
“We really are.”

Then, Bellamy realizes the music’s stopped. They’re standing in the middle of the Floukru dining hall, hands together, with everyone staring at them. “The music stopped.” Clara says breathlessly.

“We should probably stop dancing, then.” He comments.

“We have.”

Pulling apart, Bellamy scratches the back of his neck. “I think you’ll be fine.” He says to Clara. “You have a decent rhythm.”

“It’s all about your partner.” Luna says off to the side. “Sets the tone for the entire dance.”

“Then you’re not allowed to leave my side.” Clara chuckles. “I can’t be making a fool of myself in front of everyone.”

“Whatever you say, Princess.”

“Clara,” Luna says from where she sits with Lincoln. “I hope I’m not being obtrusive, but might I ask why you want to go to Polis?”

Clara frowns. “What do you mean?

“You see, we’re a collection of people cast out by their own. You could have a life here. You don’t need to put yourself through the pain of figuring our where you come from. We are all people who have been rejected by the world, people who have demanded more than war and bloodshed. I know that you want to find where you belong, but where you belong may not be a place.” Luna says gently. “You could be happy here.”

Bellamy hates that a part of him hurts when she says it. He can’t bring himself to look at Clara. In all reality, even if this goes off without a hitch, he doesn’t know if he and Clara will interact. Everything he’s doing is to get back to Octavia, but he never stopped to think what would happen if he starts to fall for the person they’re choosing to deceive.
“I appreciate that, I really do.” Clara says carefully, sitting back down on the bench. She waits for Bellamy to join them, distinctly not looking at him. “But I do think that there has to be a place where I came from, you know?”

“Everyone comes from somewhere, Clara.” Luna says. “But that does not mean that’s where we belong. Unless…”

“Unless what?”

“There’s more that you’re not telling us.”

“It’s not that,” Clara says, closing her eyes. “It’s just… sometimes I feel like I’m seeing something. Something… that happened long ago.”

“Like what?” Bellamy can’t stop himself from asking, sitting close to her. He needs to shake the feeling that he’s losing someone who doesn’t belong to him.

Clara winces, placing her hands on the sides of her temple. “Sometimes I dream.” She starts. “I-I dream and everything is so loud. There are sirens and I’m scared.”

Bellamy freezes.

He’s had dreams like this that he’s told no one about. Dreams of loud sirens and panic and fear and… longing?

“I’m afraid because I have to do something I don’t want to do. I have to leave someone I don’t want to leave. So I—”

She doesn’t continue, but her eyes are still closed. She places her hand out in the air like there’s someone in front of her, worlds away.

“So you what?” Bellamy asks, even though the answer scares him.
“So I – I gave him something. Something I couldn’t part with, but I wanted him to know…” Clara’s eyes snap open and she laughs sheepishly. “Sorry, it’s silly, me talking about dreams and sirens. I didn’t mean to change the subject.” Placing her hands in her lap, she says, “Thank you so much for your offer, Luna. But I think I need to see this through.”

Luna turns her attention to Bellamy when she responds, “I suppose you do. Just know that if you ever need a place to stay, you have friends in the sea.”

They continue to speak, but Bellamy’s far out of reach.

He’s under a mountain, sirens too loud.

Clarke Griffin escaping from his fingers.

***

“You’ve been awfully quiet.”

Bellamy straps his bag to his back, checking to make sure his gun is loaded. It’s the third time he’s done it today, but he feels like he needs to keep on checking, because he’s not ready.

He’s not ready.

“Just getting ready.”

Lincoln steps inside Bellamy’s quarters where he’s made the bed even more times than he’s checked his gun, frowning. “You haven’t said anything since last night.” Lincoln continues. “I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable with Clara. I——”

“It’s not that.” Bellamy sighs. Holding his gun in his hands, he tries to keep himself from completely going off the rails. Tucking in the back of his pants, he faces Lincoln. “It’s Clarke.”
Lincoln frowns. “I’m sorry?”

Bellamy gestures at the door. “It’s Clarke.”

“Yes, we are going to give Abby Clara today, who is an amazingly convincing Clarke. She even has weird quirks that remind me of Abby. You’re almost home, Bellamy.”

“No, you’re not understanding!” Bellamy shouts, unable to control his temper. “That is Clarke, Clara is Clarke, Lincoln!”

Lincoln grows quiet. Looking over his shoulder, he shuts the door behind him. “How do you know?”

“That story,” Bellamy says. “I’ve had that dream. I thought it was just residual nightmares from Mt. Weather. From what happened there. And there is always someone with me in the dream, and I always thought it was O because I could never see her face. And she gives me something and I always wake up like I’ve lost something. Then, after last night, I looked at this.” Bellamy pulls the string that holds the watch from around his neck. He unclasps the band and turns the watch upside down. “I’ve never really looked at it, you know? But after last night, I really looked at it. See this?”

He points to an engraving on the underside of the watch. J.G. is etched there in blocky letters.


Bellamy nods. “Jake Griffin. This is Clarke’s father’s watch. And after she was talking last night, it’s her. I know it’s her.”

“I’m failing to see the problem here, Bellamy.” Lincoln frowns. “If that’s Clarke, you don’t even need to lie. You can simply get Abby to meet her and then she’ll have to let you back in.”

“Lincoln, you don’t get it!” Bellamy bellows. “Clarke was there. She was there in Mt. Weather and we all forgot her. She was there, risking her life to get everyone out and we forgot. I forgot!”

Bellamy realizes he’s been clenching his fists and releases his fingers, this palms paling at the
pressure. “I forgot her. I’ve still forgotten her. She’s there, she’s a person, and I have been walking alongside her for the past four days and I still couldn’t tell you anything about her! What does that say about me, huh? Lincoln? Why would she give this to me?” He shouts, waving the watch in the man’s face.

“I would think that it was obvious.” Lincoln says. “You must’ve meant a great deal to her.”

“Well, what an awesome partner I turned out to be. Carrying around this stupid watch while the person it belongs to is literally walking alongside me! After wandering the Ground by herself for months!”

“Bellamy, you can’t take the world forever.” Lincoln states, reaching out and grabbing the back of his neck. He pulls the man in close and Bellamy can’t even stand to look at him. “This is not on you. Whatever happened that day – whatever crimes we carry with us – this is not one of them. We did not forget her on purpose and we can spend our time making sure it doesn’t happen again.”

“Then what do I do now, Lincoln?” Bellamy asks. “What do I do?”

“We go to Polis. We introduce Abby to Clarke and we figure out how we can get our memories back. If Mt. Weather is working with Azgeda to bring back Clarke, they must know that their amnesia isn’t permanent. They’re trying to get her back before everyone remembers. We have to make sure this doesn’t happen again.”

“What do I say to her? Sorry Clarke, that I forgot you. Here’s your dead father’s watch that I’m sure was super important to you, seeing as you were thrown in isolation for trying to complete his legacy. Should we talk about the implications of you giving this to me or pretend they don’t exist?”

Lincoln lets go of him with a laugh. “Maybe not exactly like that.”

There’s a soft knock at the door. When neither of them say anything, Clara peaks her head in with a smile. “Are you guys ready? Luna’s wanting to take us to shore.”

Just the sight of her makes Bellamy freeze. He can’t bring himself to answer her, knowing what he knows now. She waits, the smile faltering after a moment. “Everything okay?”

Lincoln peers at him. When Bellamy doesn’t say anything, Lincoln says, “We’re ready. Let’s go to
“You alright, Bellamy?” Clarke presses. “You feeling okay?”

“Yeah,” he responds, but his voice cracks. Licking his lips, he does his best to smile. “Feeling great.”

***

Bellamy’s never been to Polis, but he’s heard a great deal about it. On the trek, he realizes that it’s probably for the best that they’re conducting the ceremony in the capital, because he’s not banished here. In fact, he feels lighter than he has in months since the escape from Mt. Weather. It occurs to him he may actually get to see his sister in a fully legal setting – without worrying about guns in his face. The two times he tried to sneak back into Arkadia to see his family, he was escorted out with the distinct promise that if he ever attempted this again, he would be met with force.

They can’t do that here.

So when the tall buildings of Polis loom before him, they don’t intimidate him like he thinks they would’ve any other. He walks through the city’s streets, trying to ignore the glares he’s receiving. They approach the main building, guards lining the front. “How the hell are we going to get in there?” Bellamy groans.

“Can’t you just tell them you’re a member of Skaikru?” Clara asks. “They should let you go because it is a ceremony for Skaikru, right?”

Bellamy winces. “Listen, about that, it’s a little more complicated—”

“Big brother!”

Before Bellamy can even think about telling Clara everything he’s been keeping from her, a person throws themselves against him so that he stumbles back, barely able to keep his balance. When brown hair slaps him in the face and the uttering of ‘you idiot’ hits his ears, he wraps his hands around the person. “O,” he breathes.
“I can’t believe you’re here.” She says, squeezing him tightly.

It takes a while, but she finally lets him go. Turning to Lincoln, Octavia grabs the back of his neck and—“I could really do without what’s going on right now.” Bellamy sighs, wanting the sight of his baby sister and good friend burned out of his memory. “I’m standing right here.”

“Whatever, I haven’t seen him in a long time either because he’s too busy making sure you don’t die.” Octavia snaps.

“I’m fine, by the way.”

“You’re standing, I’m sure you’re great.” Octavia finally notices Clara standing off to the side and frowns. There’s a brief moment where it looks like even Octavia finds her remotely familiar, but it’s but a mere flash. “And who’s this?”

“I’m Clara,” Clara states, reaching her hand out.

Bellamy jerks his head in her direction. “Actually, this is Clarke Griffin.”

He hopes his tone doesn’t belie how true a statement that is.

Octavia lifts an eyebrow. “Is it now?” She asks, and all Bellamy can do is hope she doesn’t roll her eyes directly in front of Clara. “And you’re hoping you can get an audience with Abby? Today?”

“It is her daughter, after all. Why is that such an impossible task?”

“Right, you haven’t seen the extra security they’ve included. We found another part of the Ark several miles away that had a bunch of people on it – Monty’s parents, Pike, the teacher. Do you remember him?”

Bellamy frowns. “Vaguely.”

“Yeah, well, they’re all alive and they like Grounders even less than you did when we first landed.”
Bellamy makes a face. “I’m over that part of my life.”

Lincoln lifts an eyebrow. “Are you?”

“Shut up.”

Bellamy rubs the back of his head. “Come on, O. What can we do?”

“Well,” she says, peering up at the tower. “I could talk to Raven. See if she can convince Sinclair to have her meet you.”

“What about Kane?” Bellamy asks. “We were sort of on good terms.”

“Kane’s been spending a lot of time with Jaha lately.” Octavia says. “Probably best if you didn’t interact with the man you shot.”

“You shot someone?” Clara asks, taken aback.

Octavia frowns. “How much didn’t you tell her?”

“He’s been shy.” Lincoln smirks.

“You shut up.” Bellamy snaps, jabbing his finger in his direction. “Octavia, come on.”

“On it.”

She whirs around and runs toward one of the entrances, hesitating for only a moment. Turning, she beams at him. “Good to have you back, big brother. Everyone’s going to freak.”
Rolling his eyes, Bellamy watches her go. “So she’s about the same.”

“Yeah, your sister is very much her own person.” Lincoln laughs. “I haven’t seen her smile that big in a really long time though. It’s good you’re back.”

“Let’s hope it’ll stick this time.”

“Back?” Clara asks, suspiciously. “You haven’t been with your people?”

Bellamy and Lincoln share a glance. “Listen, Clara. I think we need to talk.”

“Bellamy!”

Bellamy wants to personal curse the world for continuing to do this. He tries not to glower at the person calling his name as he whirls to face him, startling when he sees Kane marching toward him.

Honestly, Bellamy isn’t sure what to do. He didn’t leave things terrible with Kane, definitely better than what he and Jaha will ever be, but he’s still a member of the council. Although, there are new lines on his face and he move a little less taut than he once did.

When Kane reaches them, only giving Clara a short, quizzical moment. Turning his attention to Bellamy he asks, “Can we have a moment?”

Lincoln and Clara shift uncomfortably. “We’ll, just be over here.” Lincoln says, jabbing his thumb around the corner.

Kane nods, waiting until the two are out of sight. As soon as they are, he rounds on him. “That girl a part of your plan, Bellamy?”

Whatever Bellamy expected Kane to open with, that definitely wasn’t it. “I’m sorry?”

“We know you had Raven hack into the Ark files in order to get information on Clarke Griffin. Raven may be the best we’ve got, but we have security protocols. We discovered Clarke’s file was
Bellamy sucks in a breath, telling himself to calm down. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about. I know that you think that you can trick your way back into Arkadia, but messing with Abby – messing with the Chancellor – is not the way to do it. I swear to god, Bellamy, if you go through with this plan, I will make sure you never step foot on our soil again.”

“What am I supposed to do, Kane?” Bellamy snaps. “You banished me from my own people for a reason you can’t even remember. Because you can’t remember why you pardoned me? Well you forgot an entire person – that isn’t a real reason! You’re keeping me from my sister, from the rest of the 100.”

“You are a danger to the people of Arkadia.”

“That’s bullshit and you know it!” Bellamy yells. “Who was the one doing everything he could to save as many people as he could? Me! You sent all those kids down here to die and you can’t stand the fact that we were surviving fine on our own before you got here. And you banish me to do what? Prove a point? Prove who is in charge?”

“Your damn right that’s what we did.” Kane snaps. Bellamy recoils, eyes wide. “The fact of the matter is, you shot the Chancellor. You shot him. And we cannot remember why you were pardoned, which makes you a danger to our people. Until we figure it out, you will remained banished. The fact that you would try to trick you Chancellor—”

“How do you know I’m tricking?” Bellamy cuts in. “Why do you assume that this is all some plot—”

“Because we know the 100 are still loyal to you. There’s only one person Raven would break the law for. Only one person Octavia would weaken security for. Only one person Lincoln would risk execution for. And that’s you.” Kane says calmly. “And you wouldn’t need all those things if you actually had Clarke Griffin.”

Bellamy resists the urge to taking a swing at him. “So that’s it.” He states. “You’ve decided I’m guilty so I am.”
“Until I’m positive that you aren’t? Yes. You’re guilty.”

“Good to know things haven’t changed since you landed on the Ground.” Bellamy calls after him. “Guilty until proven innocent is alive and well. Except the only problem – once you figure they’re innocent, you’ve already killed them.”

Kane hesitates only for a second before stalking off.

Shutting his eyes, Bellamy runs his hands down his face.

Everything fell apart before it even started. Sure, if this really were some random person he found to trick Abby Griffin with, it’d be one thing. Except now he realizes he’s found the actual Clarke Griffin and there’s nothing he can do but stand in the middle of Polis. Somehow he has to turn around and tell her that he has no way of getting it. He has to turn around and—

“Bellamy.”

When his name hits him, it’s cold.

Opening his eyes, he’s confronted with Clara only a few yards away, her eyes red. Her arms are crossed in front of her and he sees a tear escape from her eye. “Clara,” he starts, putting his hands up.

“I wanted to make sure you were okay.” Clara starts, her voice wavering. He moves toward her, but she puts a hand up, taking a step backwards. “This entire time… I—I—” She makes a noise, guttural and pained. “I’m such an idiot! I can’t believe that I listened to you and your stupid—” Huffing with a mixture of pain and frustration, Clara whirls around and stalks away.

Bellamy’s eyes widen. Running toward her, he grabs her arm to keep her from moving any quicker away, which she wrenches out of his grip. “Get off me!” She shouts.

“Clara, listen!” Bellamy exclaims. “I was going to tell you—”

“Tell me what?” Clara shouts. “That you aren’t even a part of Skaikru? That you’re *banished*? That I’m just pawn to what? Get back in the city? Get back at them for banishing you in the first place?”
She moves quick, so Bellamy has to shove his way through the crowd of Grounders making their way closer to the capitol. “It’s not like that!” He tries to yell, but he is ducking through the swarm of people. “Clara, please stop!”

“No! I’m done with listening to you lie to me! All you’ve done is sit there and lie! And I believed you! I can’t believe I was such an idiot—”

“Clara, please! Yes, it may have started out like that. It may have started out with getting back into Skaikru, but—ugh! Excuse me!”

It’s getting harder to wade through the sea of people as they go to reach the ceremonies. He’s pushing against them, desperately trying to reach her.

To reach Clarke.

He can’t let her get away from him again.

“But you talking about Mt. Weather and the sirens and—”

“No!” Clara shouts, tears welling in her eyes. “Don’t talk to me about that! Don’t you dare!”

“You don’t understand—”

“No, you don’t understand!” She yells at him, finally stopping and turning around to face him. She’s falling apart and all he can think is that he has to fix it – he has to fix it. “You don’t know what it’s like. To wander a planet that feels foreign. To feel like you had a home once, but you can’t find it. I’ve wandered this planet in order to find it and I can’t. And after this? I have to believe that I don’t have anything.”

“That’s not true—”

“But I feel sorry for you.” Clara states, tilting her chin up. “Because I may be homeless. I may not
have family or anyone to find. But I would never try to trick someone into believing they have family for my own personal gain.”

Turning, she ducks into a group of people, disappearing into the crowd.

“Clara!” Bellamy cries, fighting against the throng of people. It’s futile. “Clara!”

A hand settles on his shoulder, causing him to flinch. “We have a problem.” Lincoln says softly.

Bellamy gestures wildly before him. “You think?”

“Not that.” Lincoln cocks his head to the side to where a group of people are filtering in.

White robes and paint pass in a flurry as Bellamy tries to remain neutral. “Azgeda,” he breathes, the clan moving as if they don’t even touch the ground, one by one.

Then, a figure catches his eye. Bellamy sucks in a breath and Lincoln nods slightly in confirmation. There’s one person that doesn’t move the same way the others do. Like sliding on a sheet of ice or frosty mist against the snow. One person who slumps forward, their hood almost covering their face. Almost.

Bellamy reaches to where the gun is tucked in the back of his pants.

“Cage.”
PART TWO

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for reading and Happy Bellarke January Joy! I hope you are having a wonderful new year! So much love! <3 <3 <3

Hello my loves! I’m so grateful for everyone who took the time to read this! It was so much more fun to write than I was expecting, and also made me want to write more S1 / S2 things!

This Part Two is where we return to where it all began… or, as one might put, At the Beginning?

Let’s get started with Part Two!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

ONCE UPON A DECEMBER: Part Two

By ChasetheWindTouchtheSky

“So you may be right in this one instance.”

Lincoln fixes him a look.

“Okay, we need to tell someone.” Bellamy states.

“I don’t know how we’re going to do that, see as you were banned from everyone and have singlehandedly taken me, your sister, and Raven down with you.” Lincoln says quickly as the two start to follow Azgeda at a distance. “We can’t just walk in there now that we know the Council knows I’ve been helping you. I’m with you until the end, whether you like it or not.”

Bellamy can’t help but look to his feet. “I’m sorry, Lincoln. It’s my fault that you’re in this with me.”

“When are you going to get it through your thick skull? I’m with you. We are family and I’m with you. We’ll figure this out.”
Bellamy isn’t sure what to say. He had spent the past few months by himself, he never thought that perhaps he wasn’t alone in the world. “Okay,” Bellamy says, mainly because he doesn’t know what to say. “Well, now that we’ve had that special moment, we should probably figure out what to do.”

Lincoln sighs. “I cannot wait until this is over.” The two watch as everyone filter into the city, all clans, all people. “What do we do? Clara’s run off and Cage is running in.”

“We need to get Abby Griffin to listen to us,” Bellamy says through gritted teeth.

“I heard what Kane said to you, if you continue to push, they could banish you forever. If you push too hard—”

“It does matter, we can’t lose Clarke!” Bellamy shouts. He startles himself with his volume, but the rush of protectiveness is too much for him to handle. Taking in a shaky breath, Bellamy continues, “We can’t lose her.” Lincoln places a hand on his shoulder. “Not to mention, if Cage is working with Azgeda now, we don’t know what they’re planning against us. Everyone could be in danger. All of Arkadia.”

“Octavia,” Lincoln says distantly.

“Yeah, O.” Bellamy nods. “Monty, Jasper, Raven, Murphy. All of the 100. I’m not going to let anything happen to them just because our government is threatening me to be banished forever. If anything happened, I-I don’t know what I would do if I didn’t do anything. I couldn’t handle that. So we have to try.”

“I agree.”

“You realize if you help me in this, you could be endangering yourself.” Bellamy says. “You’re no longer welcome in Trikru and are on probation in Arkadia. You sure you want to?”


“Alright then,” Bellamy says. “We need to get Abby Griffin alone. No matter the cost.”
“Octavia went to try and plea to her. Maybe she’ll listen.”

“Tact has never been O’s strong suit.” Bellamy groans. “So I wouldn’t count on it.”

“Then maybe she’ll threaten until Abby agrees.”

“That definitely sounds more like O’s style. Let’s go.”

The two walk quickly through the city, Bellamy resisting the urge to run. He tries not to look too much as Azgeda as they pass them, everyone filtering them in to the main building. Bellamy gazes around, trying to find any friendly faces he can, but like the past few months, there’s nothing.

Moving closer to the main building in Polis, Bellamy leans against one of the side walls. “We’re going to need to break in.” Bellamy whispers to Lincoln.

“It would seem that way.”

Bellamy pulls his gun from the back pocket of his pants, making sure everything is squared away. “We want to do this as subtly as possible.”

“Is that why you pulled out your gun?”

Bellamy huffs. “I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but we are surrounded by people who don’t like us.”

“Speak for yourself, I always make friends in my travels.”

“You know, I think I liked you better when you didn’t say anything.” Bellamy snaps. “We get in with the crowd. All we need is to find someone we know – O, Raven, Monty, whoever. They can help us find where Abby is.”

“And avoid everyone who doesn’t like us. Which is almost everyone else.”
“So, sounds like the low-key, drama-free trip you were hoping for, right?” Bellamy asks with a smirk.

The two make their way in the crowd. Bellamy knows there’s no way he can blend in. He never got rid of his Arkadia garb— it may be sentimental, but it always felt like he could remain connected with everyone if he kept his clothes. Now, he’s cursing his idiocy.

Although, there’s enough Skaikru there, people only give him a passing glance of disdain. They’re filtering through the city, waiting for the Ambassadors to collect toward the center. “Where would the new clan leader be?” Bellamy whispers to Lincoln.

Lincoln peers in the opposite direction. “She would most likely be with the Commander, speaking about the qualifications of the treaty.”

“What are the chances of us getting to where she is?”

Bellamy eyes the lines of guards with all their weapons unsheathed, just as Lincoln says, “Not likely.”

However, their savior comes in the form of three very thin figures and a lot of energy that Bellamy has not encountered in a very long time. “Bellamy!”

Before he can figure out who shouted his name, someone launches against him, causing him to stumble backwards. “So much for subtle.” Lincoln mutters next to him.

Jasper bounds in front of him, Monty and Murphy not far behind. “Octavia said that you were here, but we had to see for ourselves!” He exclaims. “How the hell are you?”

“I’m fine, but we have a problem.”

“Of course we do.” Murphy drawls, sauntering up. Bellamy resists the urge to say anything, clenching his teeth. “Do you ever think that you would benefit from a vacation?”

“I see it’s done you some good.” Bellamy says. “You’ve softened.”
“And you’re still a dick.”

Bellamy snorts. “In a weird way, I missed you too, Murphy.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

Bellamy returns his attention to the group. “We need to speak with Abby Griffin.”

Monty makes a face. “Today? Are you serious?”

“When have I ever joked about this sort of thing.”

Jasper nudges Monty. “He has a point.”

“He does.” Monty agrees. “Why?”

“I don’t have time explain it all. I need you to trust me and some how get me an audience with Abby Griffin. And also arm yourselves because we have some unfriendly Grounders in the crowd today.”

They all exchange looks. “There’s going to be a coup?” Monty asks quietly, leaning in.

“I don’t know what there’s going to be. But we need to be prepared.” Bellamy nods to the group. “Murphy, tell Raven, she’ll know how to spread the message. Jasper, if you can somehow tell O it’s imperative that I talk to Abby. Monty, see if you can get any sort of plans of this area. We need all the intel we can get.”

“Man, I miss this.” Jasper says brightly. “We’re about to die, making plans… did you find someone to trick Abby? Is that what this is about?”

“He found Clarke.” Lincoln snaps, cutting through the chatter. They all exchange looks.
When Bellamy doesn’t brush it off, they all scatter, running in various directions. Bellamy can’t help but smirk at that, thinking not for the first time that he misses everyone. Instead of saying this, he holds his gun to his chest and surveys the area.

Every clan is here. Not just delegates, but citizens too. All different clothes, all different tattoos.

“Easy,” Lincoln says quietly next to him. “The more anxious you look, the more suspicious you look.”

“We don’t know what Azgeda is up to. That’s enough to give anyone anxiety.”

“Yes, Azgeda always does what they think is right only for their own clan. We must tread lightly. They will kill first and ask questions later.”

“Sounds exactly like the kind of people I want in an alliance.” Bellamy seethes.

“Sometimes we must do things we don’t wish to for peace.” Lincoln mutters.

A glimmer of light shines and he winces. When it continues to flash in his eyes, he scours the area. A flash consistently beams where he’s looking, causing him raise his gaze to the sky. Someone stands on a balcony a few stories up, lifting their hand in the air. Bellamy nudges Lincoln’s side and tilts his head. Lincoln nods in return and the two weave throughout the throng of people.

Bellamy charges forward, whispering, “How do we get up there without being noticed?”

“We don’t.” Lincoln states, cocking his head.

Standing a few yards away is Murphy, eyes wide as he flicks his fingers at them. “Move your asses, have you not been running while traipsing around in the forest?” He hisses as they move past him.

“You need to work on your charm.” Lincoln snaps.
“If you’re going to sass me, move while you do it.” Murphy states. He ushers them inside, slamming the door behind him. “Octavia’s warned everyone there might be a breach on the south side. So all the security is focused there.”

“Good job, O.” Bellamy says to himself.

They wind their way through the building. “Now, the Chancellor thinks she’s going to be meeting a few delegates from other clans, so you better not piss her off. And if she finds out I had anything to do with this, I’m throwing you under the bus.”

“Checks out.” Bellamy laughs. “Okay Lincoln, go back downstairs. I’ll speak with the Chancellor.”

“Bellamy—”

“No. I’m not going to put you in danger by bringing you in there. I don’t know what restrictions they put on Grounders and I’m not going to risk you by going in. I’m going to do it. This is my job, I’ll do it.”

“Bellamy—”

“No.” Bellamy states. “This is on me. I need someone to look after O if I can’t. That has to be you.” He smiles. “Trust me on this. I can do this.”

Lincoln hesitates. He eyes the door where Abby is, then where Murphy stands a few feet away. Sighing,

He paces a hand on Bellamy’s shoulder. “May we meet again, brother.”

Bellamy smiles. “May we meet again.”

“Okay, your moment’s over, let’s go.” Murphy insists.

Bellamy doesn’t even wait for them to leave. All he does is take a breath, place his hand on the door, and swing it open.
“This better be quick because the ceremony—”

The woman starts to speak, but stops when Bellamy closes the door behind him. “Chancellor.”

“You.” Abby states, anger rolling off of her in waves. “Kane warned me you might be coming. He said he spoke to you and gave you your options.”

“I’ve never been great about following the rules.” Bellamy answers.

Abby moves around the room, always in motion, circling like she can’t figure out what else to do with herself. “So what was the plan? You convince me to see a girl and you get to live back in the walls of Arkadia?”

“Initially, yes. Initially I planned on doing whatever it takes to get back to my family.”

“What changed?”

“I found Clarke.”

Abby doesn’t even give him a second of questioning. “Either you are more arrogant than we anticipated, or more idiotic.” She snaps. “To think that you could pull something like this.”

“People who know me well would say I’m a little bit of both.” Bellamy answers. “Now, I have no reason to be on your side in this. You floated my mother, you sent my sister to the Ground to die for your research, and you banished me from the city. Not because you forgot why you pardoned me – which I’m not even sure is legal. But because you were afraid the 100 would be loyal to me, and not you.”

Abby opens her mouth, but Bellamy cuts her off. “Don’t bother arguing, Kane already confirmed. And of course they’d be loyal to me. You sent them here to die and then left us to fend for ourselves. And I’ve accepted all of this because I knew O would be safe. But now I need you to actually think. Because I have a no-win situation here. No matter what, I lose. So I need you to listen to me.”
Abby crosses her arms. “Alright, Bellamy. I’m listening.”

“I found Clarke. And not as a plan or a trick, I found the Clarke.” Bellamy urges her, knowing that his seconds are falling away. “And you may not like me. You may not trust me. But you were the one who wanted to find her – you were the one who realized someone was missing. And I found her. You need to realize that whatever you have against me is just slowing you down because I can help you. You wanted to consolidate power? Let me help you. You want the 100 to stop see you as the woman who sent them here to die? Let me help you. You want to see your daughter again? Let me help you.”

Abby doesn’t respond right away. She stops pacing, though. Wringing her hands in front of her, Abby’s gaze goes from his face to his gun to the door. “Why would I trust you?”

“You shouldn’t.” Bellamy states. “In everything, you don’t know why you should trust me. And I didn’t for the longest time. But I realize now, it’s because Clarke trusted me.”

With that, he pulls the string off of around his neck, holding out the watch in his hand. The moment her eyes catch sight of it, they widen. “Where did you get that?” She breathes, rushing over to where he is, grabbing it out of his hands.

“Clarke.”

Abby tears her gaze away from the watch. “If you’re messing with me—”

“I’ve had it since Mt. Weather. I know that you would never give it to me. And I’ve been thinking there’s been someone missing in my memories too. It is Clarke.”

“Or so you think.” Abby says, but she doesn’t sound as sure.

“And you. You wouldn’t have started this manhunt if you thought that she wasn’t real. Why would she give this to you?”

“Why would she give this to you?”
“I was with her!” Bellamy shouts, striding forward. She recoils, the watch quaking in her hand. “I was with her! We landed together! And if she’s anything like you, I’d imagine we butted heads a few times. But we survived war and death and destruction together. The question isn’t why would she give this to me, it’s why wouldn’t she!”

Pursing her lips, Abby flips the watch to the back, eyeing her husband’s initials. “I don’t trust you.”

“And I don’t trust you. But it doesn’t mean I’m wrong.”

Abby stares at him intently. Bellamy feels stripped and raw, waiting for the next barb thrown.

All she does is walk away.

***

Memories don’t come back all once.

It was more like a dam, leaking through, pieces and puddles forming at the base of her mind. They were coming piece by piece, leak by leak, to the point where she wasn’t sure if they were real. Clara pushes her way through the throng of people in Polis, wishing she was alone in the forest like she always had been when she is struck with something.

The sirens are loud as she runs away from Bellamy. As if she’s done this before. She ran away from Bellamy, made sure she didn’t look back. She couldn’t look back.

By the time she reaches the outskirts of Polis, there are tears in her eyes. Wrapping her hands around her middle, Clara tries not to think about how she let herself believe. She let herself believe that for a second, she might have a home. Family.

Love.

Clara sucks in a breath. “Enough.” She states, blinking away her last tears. “Clara, this is enough.”
She walks away from Polis.

Before she can get too far, there’s sounding of footsteps behind her. She freezes, almost relieved that he’s followed her. There’s a voice deep in her mind that tells her that Bellamy isn’t the cause of her loneliness. That it was there inside her the entire time.

“Go away, Bellamy!” Clara shouts, trying to calm herself down. “I don’t want to talk to you.”

The person continues to follow her.

“Bellamy, go away!” Clara whirls around, ready to confront him face-to-face.

What she doesn’t expect is to almost run into a thin woman, eyes hard. She’s beautiful in the way a storm is beautiful. Terrifying and dangerous, with moments of calm. “Oh—” Clara says, taking a step back. “I—I’m so sorry, I thought you were—”

“I know who you thought I was.” The woman states, taking a step closer to her.

The woman seems familiar. Familiar in the way when you are trying to remember a dream you once had. The pieces are there in front of you, but you can’t quite grasp them. She moves around Clara, frowning as she surveys her. “You’re the one that’s caused quite the stir. I had to watch as Octavia disarmed her own people in order to get me to talk to some stranger her brother found in the forest.”

“I—I’m so sorry.” Clara says, unable to take her eyes off the woman. “I didn’t want to cause any trouble. I just wanted to see if I had a place. A family.”

“And you thought that you may be a part of mine.” The woman states. “You know, I have fought to be on this planet. I have lost people and have sacrificed. I do not have time or the patience to be tricked. I’m certain the Grounders wouldn’t be as kind to someone deceiving them.”

“Is it deception if you don’t know if it’s true or not?” Clara asks.

Another leak cracks through the dam. The feeling that she belongs somewhere is back and it hurts her chest as she peers at the woman.
The woman lets out a huff. “I can see why Bellamy thought you’d be a good target. You do have a certain… intriguing nature. He was always good about subterfuge.”

She can’t help it, despite being crushed by everything, there’s a part of her that feels confusingly protective of him. “You didn’t give him any choice.” She states. “You took away his family and he was just trying to do what he could to get back to them.”

“So you were in on it.”

“No,” Clara says, her words catching. “I did think that he was being truthful to me.” Her lower lip trembles. “I thought there was a chance I could have a family. B-But Bellamy’s actions against me aside, you’re the one forcing his hand. You banned him for no reason.”

“He’s a danger to the city!”

“How do you know?” Clara asks. “The fact is you don’t! And you haven’t changed! You think that people are going to be criminals – that they will strike against you, but then you force them into criminal things, so you’re always right! Couldn’t you argue that you make criminals and then punish them for being so?”

The woman recoils. “My husband used to say that.” She says carefully, eyeing Clara. “He used to criticize the Council, saying extreme rationing would cause crime. And then we would execute the criminals who stole in order to survive.” The woman chuckles. “You’re good. You’re exactly the kind of person that would be the perfect for this. But I’m not going to be tricked by you or Blake. I hope you find what you’re looking for.”

She reaches out, extending her hand. Clara peers at it, heart cracking a bit as she does so. She feels like she’s losing something she never had. Taking it, Clara shakes the hand of the woman she believed for a few, carefree days, was her mother. “May we meet again.” Clara says.

The woman blinks. “May we meet again.”

As the two women shake, a familiar scent hits Clara. Clara frowns. She’s read somewhere that scent is the most powerful trigger of memory, and this woman has one that reminds her of something. “Antiseptic.” Clara says, when it hits her.
The woman startles. “I’m sorry?”

“Sorry, you just smell like antiseptic.” Clara says. “I-I just remember someone always smelling as antiseptic.”

The woman doesn’t move.

“When I was growing up, our living quarters always smelled of antiseptic.”

“I’m a doctor.” The woman states. “Chief of Medicine on the Ark.”

“Dad always would talk about how he needed to find a way to recycle the air more in our living quarters because it always smelled like we were hiding something.” Clara says distantly. “He used to joke that the hardest thing about living on the Ark wasn’t the extreme rationing and the recycled air. It was that we were stuck in such close quarters with a doctor.”

“How did you know that?”

That’s the thing about memories.

They don’t come back all at once.

Nor do they tell you when they’re coming back.

“The day he d-died,” Clara chokes, her eyes filling with tears for a man she doesn’t know. “I held you so tightly. I-I never expected to see my dad die, and I never expected never to make it to the Ground.”

“Clarke?” The word is quiet.

“I remember begging you to make it stop, but there was nothing you could do. Nothing any of us
could do.” Clara continues, her lower lip trembling. “I-I thought there was, I thought it was something I could blame on something, but there was nothing any of us could’ve done. Dad would’ve told people regardless. And the answer would’ve all been the same. Dad would’ve been floated.”

“Clarke.”

Clara turns around and faces her mother. “Mom?” She asks.

There’s too much hope in the word. Hope is the one thing that can save a person – and can destroy them. There’s been too much despair, too much loneliness. Clara isn’t sure if she’ll come back from this if it’s wrong.

The woman places her hands on Clara’s cheeks. “How would you know that?” She asks, wiping a tear away with her thumb.

“I-I don’t know.” Clara says honestly.

Brushing the hair from her face, the woman says, “Clarke. I knew you existed.”

“Mom,” Clara states.

Abby doesn’t waste anymore time. She wraps her arms around Clara, squeezing her tightly. “Clarke.”

Clara holds her there. A part of her – a dark part – tells her not to get attached. Not to feel too much. There’s too much to lose at this point. But the selfish part allows her to do it anyway, feeling warmth that she once longed for. “How are you sure?” She whispers, breaking the silence that she fears.

There are ways to make moments end.

You can stop them in their tracks, you can be interrupted, or you can wait for them to fade. But the longer you wait, the more likely you are to lose everything.
Abby reaches in her pocket. Pulling out a watch, she places it in Clara’s hand. “It seems you had help.”

Taking it from her, Clara stares at it, trying to remember where she’s seen it before. Running her fingers down the grooves, she says, “He gave it to me. For something to remember him by.”

“Yes,” Abby says, chin trembling. “He loved you so much.”

Clara can’t help the sob that escapes her throat. “I wish I could remember.”

“He’s here.” Abby states, tapping the space above her heart. “You will remember him. Just as I will remember you.”

Clara shuts her eyes, tears dripping down her face. “How can you be sure?”

“A mother knows.”

***

Bellamy leaves the building in Polis, peering around the side of the door before stepping out into public. He slides behind one of the Grounder guards and moves into the sunlight, searching the crowd until he finds a few familiar faces. Raven waves to him a few yards away and he can’t help the smile that stretches across his face, despite all the panic that’s coursing through him.

Shoving his way through the crowd, Bellamy reaches Raven and wraps her in a hug. “Reyes, how the hell are you?”

“Asshole!” Raven yells, smacking his shoulder when they part. “You couldn’t figure out a plan to get back in Arkadia sooner than this?”

“Yeah, well. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and all that.” Bellamy chuckles. “We have a problem.”
“Yeah, Monty let me know. I’ve been trying to figure out how to run surveillance on this whole city, but the technology here is garbage.” She sighs. “I don’t know how they lasted this long.”

“God, I missed you Reyes.” Bellamy sighs, running his hand down his face. “We need to worry about Azgeda. Ice Nation. You can differentiate by the face paint they wear.”

“Why would they wear war paint, it’s a peace treaty.”

“I don’t think they’re looking primarily for peace,” Bellamy mutters.

His attention is caught when two figures make their way toward the center. The light glimmers off the golden hair of one of the figures and he sees her. He loses his train of thought in that moment, watching Clara make her way toward the center of the city.

“Clarke,” he breathes.

Raven follows his gaze. “That her?”

“Yeah,” he says. “Do you remember her?”

Raven huffs next to him. “I thought no, but these past few days—” She sighs. “I dunno. I kept feeling like I was missing something, but I just thought it was F-Finn or… but it’s been gnawing at me more recently and I realized it’s a person. Do you think we were close?”

“I do.” Bellamy answers. “I think we were all really close.”

“So you think that’s her?”

“I know it is.”

“Are you still solid, Bellamy?” She asks. “Are you alright?”
Bellamy finally tears his gaze away. “I’m fine. I’m concerned.”

“Yeah, that’s been proven. You’re… different.”

Bellamy focuses on his attention back to the gathering crowd. “Being alone for a few months will do that to you.”

“It’s not just that, is it?”

Bellamy finds Clara again in the crowd. He doesn’t respond.

“What should be preparing for?” Raven asks.

“I don’t know. All I know is that Cage is here and he’s planning something.”

“Not the detailed explanation I was hoping for.”

“I never was one for the details.”

“No you weren’t,” Raven chuckles. “I wonder how we ever survived.”

“I think we had help.” Bellamy states, finding Clara once more.

Abby speaks to someone briefly, leading Clara through the throng of people. They reach Kane and Abby seems to introduce them, the two adults starting a deep conversation. Clara glances around, eyes wide and open as if she is seeing the world for the first time.

When her gaze falls on Bellamy, the world stops.
He no longer sees the rest of the Grounders before him. She moves toward him, shuffling through lines of people, but he only sees her.

When she approaches him, he swallows. “Bellamy.” Clara states, her words more careful and stilted than he’s ever heard against him.

“Clara,” he catches himself before calling her Clarke. “I see… you’ve met Abby.”

“I have.”

He isn’t sure what to say. Only hours ago, they were speaking and joking. And there was that dance.

He couldn’t understand it, but something came alive then. Something buried in the depths of his subconscious that he feels like he put there ages ago. To protect himself, to safeguard, he doesn’t know.

Now it’s all gone.

“I hope you got what you want.” She says, stilted.

“You to.” He finds himself say, distant.

She doesn’t leave though. She stares at him, like he’s still a puzzle she can’t solve. He expects her to yell again, but she doesn’t. Instead she stays close to him, waiting.

For what, he doesn’t fine out.

Someone calls her name – Clarke – and she doesn’t respond right away. After a few shouts, she finally realizes they mean her and she turns to see Abby waving her over, arching an eyebrow at Bellamy.

“Well,” Clara states, wiping her hands down her front. “I suppose I should go.”
“Yeah, duty calls and all that.”

“I—I—” Clara stammers, still not leaving toward Abby. “I do hope you got what you wanted. A brother who would do anything to get back to his sister, that’s… that’s worth something. I hope she knows how much you love her.”

Bellamy isn’t sure how to respond to that. Unfortunately – or fortunately, he still isn’t sure – he doesn’t have an opportunity. For Clarke whirls around and makes her way through the crowd, disappearing in a sea of armor and faces.

“So… that’s Clarke?” Raven asks once she leaves.

“Yes.”

“So, do you think you two were like a thing?”

“Excuse me?”

“Because that sexual tension had enough energy to power the surveillance this city so desperately needs.” She continues. “Has the past week been like this?”

“No.”

“Yes.” Lincoln says, shoving his way through the crowd. “Every step of the way.”

“I’m so sorry you had to deal with that.”

“I appreciate that.”

Before Bellamy can defend himself, Octavia bounds into view, shoving her way through. “So, did it work?” She asks. “Is Abby going to let you stay?”
Shrugging, Bellamy says, “Honestly, I have no idea. But Clarke’s with her.”

“What the hell, Bellamy!” Octavia shouts, smacking his shoulder. “You were supposed to use the girl as leverage!”

“It didn’t end up that way.” Bellamy says quietly. “Everything changed.”

“What?”

Bellamy can’t bring himself to respond to her. For a moment, guilt strikes him and he feels like somehow he’s letting her down. He’s not doing everything he should be doing. Lincoln leans in and whispers something to her, which only causes her to groan. “Bellamy!”

Bellamy isn’t sure exactly what Lincoln said, but he can imagine the gist.

“Welcome!” A woman steps up, raising her hands. Bellamy is slightly grateful for the distraction. The woman has wavy brown hair and clothing covered in armor. “Tonight marks an auspicious occasion. The day when we invite another clan into our treaty.”

Eying the podium, Bellamy frowns when he sees Clara standing off with Abby, standing uncomfortably off to the side. She has an odd expression on her face as she observes the crowd, as if the memories are just out of reach as they are to Bellamy.

“In the past few months, we have worried about war. We have thought that there was a possibility for the forest to run red with the blood of our people.” The woman states. “But today we no longer worry. Today we invite out new brothers and sisters into a treaty forged by blood and history. Today, we invite Skaikru to join us.”

There’s a restlessness in the crowd that Bellamy didn’t expect in this sort of proceeding. People shift in the crowd, exchanging glances and muttering to each other. He found himself reaching to where his gun is hidden, his mistrust of everyone around them too high.

“Join me, Chancellor Griffin.” The Commander states, waving her toward the stage. Abby steps closer to the podium, leaving Clara by herself off to the side.
He feels fate toying with him, but not sure how fight it.

The next few seconds drag on for ages.

When Abby reaches the stage, there’s a call that echoes in the distance. It’s sharp and slices through the air, burrowing into the bones. It’s as if the world freezes in order to have his brain catch up with everything.

Before he can even unholster his weapon, shots ring out.

People start to fall like game pieces, collapsing on each other like the match that no one knew they were playing.

Wrapping his arms over Octavia’s head, he drags her to the ground, pulling Raven along with him. People duck, all exclaiming with surprise for the one thing that he wasn’t surprised at all.

Azgeda soldiers shoot into the air after the first round of Trikru guards fall. The yells of Ice Nation swarm together like a hive, growing in the open area. Other clans scramble to retrieve their weapons, but are shot before they can even unsheathe their swords.

“Mt. Weather gave them guns,” Bellamy breathes, craning his neck above the line of crouched people. “They have weaponry the clans aren’t ready for.”

There’s a shout.

Bellamy whips his head in the direction and sees a collection of guns pointed in the direction of Clara.

“Oh my god,” he breathes. “It was her all along. They were after her all along!”

The realization came too late.
There’s a scramble and a few swings and then he loses her in a sea of white cloaks and endless faces.

Here’s the thing about memories. They don’t come back all at once. They leak out in pieces, like behind a frosted piece of glass. Pooling at a dam, just begging to break.

Then it breaks.

He catches her gaze and he knows.

He knows.

“Clarke!” He shouts, pushing through the crowd.

He sees her for a second. He sees. Her.

It’s a glimpse. A flash. Blue eyes.

“Bellamy!” She shouts, eyes widened.

She knows.

“Clarke!” He bellows, but all he can do is fight against the stream of fleeing people. “Clarke!”

Once again, she slips through his fingers.

***

The next hour is hectic.
Bellamy tries to get into the main building in Polis, where the Commander and the Chancellor have disappeared with throngs of guards. He’s stopped at the doors, men brandishing larger swords than he’s ever seen, pointed directly at his throat. He would’ve stuck them down if it weren’t for Lincoln, nearly dragging him away.

“Not the fight!” Lincoln shouts. “Bellamy, this is not how you go down!”

“We can’t lose Clarke, Lincoln!” Bellamy shouts, feeling it in every ounce of his core. It overpowers him, the memory of her. Once the dam broke, he felt like he was drowning in the memory of it. “We can’t lose her, now that I just got her back!”

Bellamy chokes over his words. “We,” he breathes. “Now that we just got her back.”

“I know.” Lincoln states. “That’s why we can’t do anything here. But follow me.”

Bellamy allows himself to led through the city, until he finds himself in the woods again. It’s calming, being among the trees as the memories flood back to him. He feels her next to her, remembering her in pieces. He walks next to her, he sleeps next to her, he fights next to her. She’s there’s again and again.


As he strides next to Lincoln, he feels his eyes water. He wipes quickly, hoping Lincoln doesn’t notice. He does. But he doesn’t say anything, leaving Bellamy submerge to his thoughts.

She was right there.

He had her. So close.

Then she got away.

He always had Clarke at his side. At first he fought it, wishing that she would be anywhere but there. It would be easier without Clarke Griffin. Fighting him. Standing up to him. Then he couldn’t imagine her anywhere else. The world lost its edge with her by his side. He would never admit how
afraid he was, but with her, he wouldn’t have to lie.

When he realizes when Lincoln is taking him, it’s too late.

They turn to reach the Dropship, Bellamy pulling back. “What are we doing here?” He grumbles, wrenching out of Lincoln’s grasp when he moves. He doesn’t want to go back there. It feels like he’s going backwards and there’s only one thing that matters now. And that is finding Clarke.

“Wait until you see what’s inside.”

“I know what’s inside!” Bellamy snaps. “I’ve lived there for months! I’ve been alone for months! There’s nothing more than dead bodies and empty tents of where everyone used to be.”

Lincoln manages to force him behind the Dropship wall, arguing every step of the way. But when he does, he startles.

It is not the same.

Standing before him is everyone left in the 100. He sees faces he hasn’t in months, young and fierce, clutching guns and weapons he hasn’t seen before. “Wait,” he breathes, when Octavia and Miller step in front of everyone. “What is this?”

“We’re done obeying the Chancellor.” Octavia says. “We’ve been doing it for months and it hasn’t got us anywhere.”

“And by doing so, we’ve allowed Mt. Weather to get away with what they want.” Miller continues. “We let them make us forget Clarke. Sure, there was nothing we could do with the biological warfare, but we didn’t even try. We didn’t even try to find her. And I didn’t start remembering her until I heard that you were searching.”

“What?” Bellamy asks. “First of all, good to see you man.” He reaches out his hand, but Miller ignores is and wraps him in a hug. “Missed you.”

“Everyone is still every bit of an asshole as before.” Miller says into his shoulder. “Nothing
changed.”

When they pull apart, it really strikes Bellamy what they’re saying. “I can’t ask you guys to fight with me. It’s dangerous to go back into Mt. Weather – you remember what happened when you were there last time.”

“Of course we remember.” Monty says, pushing to the front. “Which is why we have to get Clarke before they do it to her.”

“And we don’t know what their plan is next.” Jasper offers, his voice colder and more serious than Bellamy has ever heard it. “We can’t just wait until they take over or kidnap all of us. If they’re working with Azgeda, they could sway the other clans to give us up for peace.”

That thought never occurred to Bellamy, and it scares him. He always thought his proper helm was in front of the people before him, leading them to safety. Now he knows it was alongside someone else.

“What they’re saying is, get over it, big brother.” Octavia snaps. “We’re in this with you.”

Bellamy sucks in a breath. He knows what he’s asking. He knows the horror that was Mt. Weather. He can see the fear in the eyes of the small kids, the resolution in his closest friends.

“Admit it, Bellamy.” Miller says. “We can’t wait for the Council. We couldn’t count on them last time. You and Clarke were the ones who managed to get inside, remember? It wasn’t the Council, it wasn’t Arkadia, it wasn’t our own army. It was you and Clarke.”

“I remember.”

The words are rough, pained, and most importantly of all, true.

“Alright.” He states, straightening in front of what’s left of the 100. They stand at the Dropship, surrounded by the bones of their enemies, their blood long since seeped into the ground.

One day, they might have peace in the land. But today is not that day.
“We’re going to Mt. Weather. I know what I’m asking of you. Of what it entails. And I would not hold anything against you if you wanted to stay. In fact, I wish you would.”

Somewhere, Murphy boos.

“But you’re right. We can’t depend on the Council. We’ve never been able to depend on them. Just like when we first landed here, it is on us. We have to take action, when no one else will.”

Unholstering his gun he raises it in the air. “It started with us, and it will end with us!”

The bellows of agreement echo across the land, loud enough that Bellamy wishes Mt. Weather could hear.

Loud enough for them to know to be afraid.

***

Every step forward, she remembers more.

They’re coming back to her in such a full force, she’s easily dragged through the halls of Mt. Weather, blinking as everything hits her again and again.

It all ended here.

Clarke remembers that day. She remembers the day before the world fell apart, like it always seems to do. It’s as if the sirens are resounding all around her, the footsteps of her captors replaced with the shrill noise. She’s leaving Bellamy, the weight on her chest usually taken by her father’s watch, gone. With every step further away, she felt a feeling gnaw at her.

A feeling that this was the end.

As usual, she was right. Also as usual, she hated it.
When they turn the corner to the basement medical room, Clarke wrenches herself in attempts to get out of their grasp. It doesn’t matter how much she fights, they’re hands hold her stronger. “And here I thought we may have picked up the wrong girl.” Cage says once she starts fighting. “Clarke Griffin would never go down without a fight.”

“What do you want?” Clarke snaps, pulling and straining against their grips. It hurts, how tightly they hold her there. Before she can realize what’s going on, they’re lifting her up and slamming her back against a chair. She fights against them just on principle, knowing full well that there’s really nothing she can do. When they strap her wrists down, Clarke steadies.

Cage moves in front of her, crossing his arms. “You eluded us for quite some time, Clarke. You were never supposed to get away.”

Clarke frowns at that. Her memories were still coming back in pieces. She remembers leaving Bellamy that day. She remembers going down the smoky corridors of Mt. Weather, her heart racing. She remembers—

“You don’t recall, do you?” Cage asks, moving closer. “You were never supposed to get outside these walls. We made everyone forget you because we needed one person who was involved in everything. One person who reached the touch of the Grounders, of Arkadia, of the kids who first came to Earth. And that one person was you.”

She’s running. She’s running down the hall, trying to navigate the area, avoiding guards and civilians. She’s trying to remember where Dante Wallace’s office is, the map fading in her mind as she tries to do so.

“We need time.” Cage continues. “We needed time to perfect our cocktail to release on the earth, so we had to eliminate one person. You were never supposed to escape.”

Clarke remembers turning into Dante Wallace’s office. He’s not there. There are paintings hanging everywhere, oils still out as if he just left. So she waits.

“We kept you in containment. You weren’t a part of the initial smoke. You knew everything. You knew everything that we were going to do.”

The door opens to Dante’s office and Clarke turns. It’s not Dante.
“You found out what we were planning and so we wiped your memories. Just as we took you from our people. But you managed to escape. Again.” Cage says through gritted teeth.

Clarke tilts her head up to look at him clearly. Even though she’s trying to stare him down, her mind aches, desperately trying to grasp information tucked somewhere inside. Something she protected but can’t reach.

Then something strikes her.

“Bone marrow is viable up to five days after someone is deceased.” She breathes, eyes widening.

Cage smiles. “You remember.”

Clarke starts to tremble.

She does.

***

“This way,” Bellamy yells, waving the delinquents toward the caves. Lincoln is right next to him, jaw clenched and tightening with every step closer to the underground tunnels. “You’re okay,” Bellamy says under his breath as they march forward together. “They aren’t going to do anything to you.”

“I know.” He grumbles back, but it doesn’t mean he doesn’t hold his sword tighter.

He pauses.

They’re at the mouth of the tunnels. The sense of déjà vu is striking him all over again. “Okay,” he breathes, turning to face everyone. They’re pale and afraid, but resolute. “This is it. I know we all hoped we’d never have to come back here. And the fact that you are all willing to go back inside is a testament to how wrong the Ark was about each and every one of you.”
“Fuck yeah.” Murphy calls. “But obviously we already knew they were very wrong about me.”

Bellamy rolls his eyes. “All we need to do is find out where they’re keeping Clarke and get her out. That’s all.”

“What about some murder?”

“You worry me, Murphy.” Monty whispers.

He shrugs. But in his eyes, Bellamy sees it. The fear. It’s present in everyone, even himself. Every day on the ground has been a state of hyper vigilance, waiting for the next terrifying thing to happen.

“Jasper,” Bellamy states. “We’re going to need Maya’s help again.”

Jasper’s eyebrows lift. “Yes, an excuse to talk to her again.”

Murphy sighs. “How about ‘we made out a lot and I’m in love with you.’”

“She doesn’t know that!”

“I just want to get to a place where you stop talking about the color of her eyes.”

“They’re this beautiful—”

“We really don’t have time for this.” Lincoln mutters.

“Yes, enough.” Bellamy snaps. “We have friendlies inside. We need to make contact. They’ll probably know where Clarke is.”

“What if they don’t help us again?” Monty asks. “What if they were punished for the last time?”
Bellamy hates the question, but it’s been rolling around in the back of his mind as well. “Then we use force.” He states, his grip tightening on his gun. “Only if absolutely necessary. There are innocent people and children in there.”

Everyone nods back at him.

“Alright, let’s do this.”

He marches into the tunnel first, as it should be. The steps of those behind him echo in the cave, a warning that he never wanted to give. Putting up a hand, Bellamy strains to hear a smattering of noise in the distance. “Behind here.” He states.

The delinquents rush behind the various bins, long since littered with the bodies of the dead. Bellamy balances his gun on the edge of the metal, looking through the scope.

“Is this a necessary moment of violence?” Murphy stage whispers next to him.

“What do you think?”

When the figures turn the corner, he spots the white containment suits of the soldiers. Pulling the trigger, he takes out the one in the lead, a few well-aimed shots from those behind him doing the rest. Bellamy stands, but keeps his hand up as he tries to hear.

There’s nothing but the bodies before him.

“It’s too easy.” Bellamy says to Lincoln, who looks as certain as he feels. “They had to have known we were coming.”

Then the rumbling starts. Except, it’s not in front of them.

It’s behind them.
“Azgeda!” Bellamy shouts. “Everyone move!”

***

Clarke finds herself on her stomach, hands tied at her sides. She squirms when they start putting instruments on the tray table next to her. She can’t even lift her head and watch. Instead, she’s forced to listen and to hear the scraping next to her.

“We could simply wait until our gas is ready and have you die with your people, but,” Cage’s voice is near her head. “But I am not about to be bested by one little girl who got away. You’re going to feel every part of it.”

“You would be willing to kill everyone – the Grounders, my people – in order to go outside?”

“You still don’t get it.” Cage states. “It is our land. Our birthright. Your people don’t deserve the freedom you’ve been given! I have been stuck underground for my entire life. The earth belongs to us!”

“The earth doesn’t belong to anyone!” Clarke shouts. “You do this – you release this gas, you don’t know what you’ll be killing! Sure, you’ll kill my people and the Grounders. But you could kill the animal life, the plant life. What sort of world are you creating?”

“One that is mine.”

There’s some rustling by her head and Clarke takes a breath to try and calm herself down. “Dr. Tsing, start whenever you’re ready.” Cage orders.

The sound of the drill causes Clarke to flinch. Curling her fingers together, Clarke squeezes them as tightly as they can.

Then it pierces her skin.

***
The gunshots are deafening.

From the moment Bellamy grabs the key card off of one of the bodies and they are inside Mt. Weather, they’re met with a firing squad down the hall. “Close the door!” He shouts when the cries of Azgeda grow, the 100 filing into a mountain that only has eyes for bloodshed. He fires a few rounds at the soldiers in front of him, hitting nothing more than the walls as he runs.

“We can’t keep them out!” Someone shouts when the door seals behind them.

“Let me look at it!” Raven calls, shuffling as quick as she can to the back of the group. “I think I can lock it if you give me a minute!”

“One full minute! Then you’re back up here!” Bellamy shouts, firing a few more rounds. Miller and Murphy join him, hiding in the nook of a wall as they peer out at the line of soldiers. There’s a cry and someone goes down, Bellamy exclaiming when he sees the flash of hair from a younger kid. “Less experienced shooters in the back!” He shouts. “O! You trained with Clarke for a while! Make sure they’re okay!”

Pounding against the back wall sends chills up his spine. “Azgeda!” Miller bellows, fearful eyes frantically searching behind them. “Bellamy, they’re here!”

“Raven!”

“Give me a second!”

“Times up, we need to move forward before they break in!”

There’s a clicking sound, barely perceptible above the shooting. “I got it!” Raven exclaims, bounding to where Bellamy is, her ponytail flicking to the side. “Ye of little faith.”

“I’m running out of it these days,” he mutters, aiming at a few guards who are hiding behind a wall. “Get behind me!”
“Don’t need to tell me twice.”

He pulls the trigger, clipping one of them in the shoulder. The other startles at his fallen comrade, Murphy taking him out the moment he reveals his leg. “Move forward!” Bellamy shouts, charging from the other side of the wall.

Sirens begin to resound. Red lights flash around them, blinking and sending Bellamy into a deluge to the past.

It’s so loud.

He raises his hand to where his chest is, grasping at nothing now that the weight of the watch is no longer there. He can see Clarke before him, her lips curved into a small smile, still feeling the sensation of them brushing against his. He can see her reaching out, as if she didn’t want to let go of his hand. He can feel her skin on his.

Pursing his lips and peering through the scope of his gun, Bellamy searches the empty hallway. “Eyes sharp! Azgeda isn’t the only army we have to worry about.”

“And they’ll get in another way, if not from that entrance.” Lincoln says. “They’re nothing if not resourceful in war.”

“Thanks for the cheery thought.” Murphy offers.

“Just want you all to prepare yourselves.”

Bellamy runs until there’s a fork in the path. It’s here.

It’s here where they parted. Where he took the burden of the watch and she disappeared from their memories forever.

Somewhere in the distance, a scream tears Bellamy away from his thoughts. A scream he’s rarely heard, but he knows. It chills his bones until a white hot anger takes over him. It makes it so he can barely think straight, that scream.
Jasper and Monty scramble to the front, eyes wide when it echoes and fades away. “What do we do now?” Jasper asks, holding his gun so tightly, his knuckles turn white.

Bellamy clenches his fist, eyes narrowing in the direction of the scream. “I know what I’m not going to do.” He says under his breath, checking the amount of rounds he has left in his gun. “I’m not leaving her again.”

***

Clarke’s throat feels like it’s on fire by the time the procedure is over.

She did her best to remain silent, she did her best to keep the screams within, but they tore through her throat the moment the needle was placed in her spine. It felt like her entire body was electrocuted, the sensation of blood dripping down her back and the scraping of metal playing over again and again in her ears.

It isn’t until she hears the gentle settle of instruments on the tray next to her does she unclench her hands, her fingers stiff and aching with the tension. “You see, Clarke,” Cage states when Dr. Tsing lowers the bed she’s on so she’s facing him. “I will do anything if it means I can take my rightful place on the ground.” He turns to Dr. Tsing. “Put her in the cages. She doesn’t get a bed this time. How many days do we have to wait for another extraction?”

“The cells replenish themselves in four to six weeks.” Dr. Tsing states. “But I can give her a cocktail of drugs to increase the process.”

“Do it. There’s no way we’re waiting that long.” Cage snaps before whirling around and slamming the door shut behind him.

When he does, Dr. Tsing goes back to her works, flitting around the edges of Clarke’s bed. Clarke can barely move, her body aching and screaming at the procedure, but she eyes the tray of instruments at her side, still coated with her blood. Dr. Tsing is putting the syringe in a biohazard bag, handing it to one of the guards by her side. “Take this to the lab. We’ll check who’s next in line. Be very careful.”

The guards eye Clarke, who is lying still on the bed. “What about her?”
Dr. Tsing waves her hands aside. “She’ll barely be able to walk, let alone do anything else. Come back when you’re done and help me take her to the cages.”

They nod, turning to leave as well.

Clarke wonders if she’s right. If she won’t be able to walk with the incision on her back and the fire in her bones. Dr. Tsing scuttles around, checking paperwork and talking to herself in that clinical way she does when patients are no longer people to her. They’re merely are a means to an end.

As she does this, Clarke starts to think of everything Mt. Weather took away from her.

They took her people, experimented on them, nearly taking their lives. Then they took away her family, her memories, her people from her, so she had no one. So all she could do is wander the earth, thinking of home, love, and family – and how once a time she must’ve had them too.

Little did she know, they were there, miles away from her, missing her.

Clarke clenches her fist again, except this time not to keep quiet. This time, to take action.

Splaying her hands against the medical bed, Clarke bites her bottom lip as she manages to get a leg underneath her. It’s everything she can do not to scream out right there, her left leg twitching as she tries to get it underneath her.

When she’s able to turn her body off the bed, Clarke carefully wraps a hand around the instrument tray, lifting it up, grateful for the lining underneath that keeps the instruments from rattling. She places her weight on her feet and her entire body screams at her, legs trembling to the point of collapse. But she thinks of her friends – thinks of her family and everything she’s missed – because of these people.

Clarke is behind the doctor.

“That’s the issue with you guys,” Clarke starts.
When Dr. Tsing startles, turning around, she’s face-to-face with a resolute Clarke Griffin. Swinging the tray across the woman’s face, Clarke watches as she crumbles to the ground, a trickle of blood streaming down her forehead.

Clarke drops the tray, the bloodied instruments now scattered around the room.

“You don’t me very well.” She continues. “You keep underestimating me.”

***

Bellamy sprints down the hallway, the sirens nothing more than background noise at this point. The 100 run behind him, Lincoln keeping up as he can hear the others struggling to keep up. He slows his pace to allow them to catch up. Fortunately for him, because Raven stretches toward him, wincing as she massages her knee as they walk. “Bellamy, I think I need to figure out a way to disable their gas chambers.”

Bellamy frowns. “I’m sorry?”

“Do you remember when I walked you through turning off the Acid Fog?” Raven asks, shuffling alongside him. “They used the same technology to make us forget. Which means they can do it again. We need to disable their gear entirely. Not just turning off the fog, but destroying their technology for large-spread biological warfare.”

Bellamy doesn’t like it. Sure, she’s right, but Raven rarely isn’t. Not to mention, he still doesn’t know why they made everyone forget Clarke in the first place.

He’s in the middle of arguing with himself on whether it would be worth the risk or not, when Murphy jogs up. “I’ll go with her. We’ll take a group of people to the gas chambers. Raven can fuck it up and we can make sure people don’t shoot at her.”

Bellamy fixes him a look.

“Okay, we’ll shoot the people who shoot at her.”
“Blake, don’t worry.” Raven smiles. “I got this.”

“I don’t doubt you do. What I don’t love is the fact that we don’t know where their army is or when Azgeda will get inside.”

Murphy claps him on the shoulder. “Better make it fast then, right?”

Letting out a frustrated groan, Bellamy snaps, “Alright. But you check in, do you here?”

“Like you checked in when you infiltrated the mountain?” Raven snorts. “Clarke was a wreck every time you were late. I thought I was going to have to lecture you just so she’d stop ranting about it.”

As much as he feels like he should love the fact that she’s casually dropping information about Clarke, but he thinks again of the scream. Raven’s easy smile falters when she realizes what she’s said, and she places a hand on his shoulder. “We got this. You go get her.”

Bellamy nods. “I’ll find you later.”

“I’m counting on it.”

“We need to stop having such tender moments in high stress situations.” Murphy drawls. “It really eats up the time.”

“You were not a part of this.”

“I was, actually. I’m standing right here.”

“Get out of here.” Bellamy grumbles. “We’ll meet you in the chamber. I remember where it is.”

With that, the two head in the other direction, taking a few people as they pass. Bellamy doesn’t watch them go, focusing on the hallway in front of him. When a few rows of guards sprint down toward them, the remaining group flattens against the walls, finding every nook of a door to hide in as they take their aim. With a handful of well-timed shots, the majority of the soldiers go down.
“I feel like they should be better at this.” Monty says, covering his ears.

“They’ve been playing with smoke,” Lincoln says through his teeth. “Not a lot of opportunity for hand to hand combat underground.”

“Good for us.” Octavia says, hurling a small dagger she takes from her side and burying it in a guard’s neck.

“Remind me to always be nice to you.” Jasper says, eye wide.

When the group is incapacitated, Bellamy doesn’t wait. Sprinting down the hallway, he turns, his memory doing its best to remind him where the surgery rooms were. He reaches a familiar hallway, the door open a crack. Swinging the door open, he freezes.

Everything is in disarray. His eyes land on bloodied instruments on the ground, to the sheet on the bed splotched with deep blood. He’s so startled that his gun drops, people rushing behind him into the room.

“Oh my god,” someone breathes behind him, but there’s nothing he can reply with.

Stepping into the room, Bellamy leans down and picks up the scalpel off the floor, flecks of blood and dirt tarnishing the silver. Clenching his jaw, he grips the instrument tightly.

“Bellamy, breathe,” Octavia says at his side, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. “Something happened here.”

“Something they’re going to pay for.” He seethes.

The door swings open and a thin figure gapes at the scene before him. “What are you doing here?” The figure gasps.

Except all Bellamy is seeing is red.
Before he can think it through – before anyone can stop him – he grabs the man by the collar and throws him handily against the wall. “Where is she?” He shouts, slamming his hand against the wall.

His memories are back and he recognizes this man. Dante Wallace crumbles before him, his eyes falling on the blood and the disarray. “What are you talking about?” The man asks, his voice weary.

“Where is she?” Bellamy bellows again, gripping the mans collar and shoving him forcefully. “I am not messing around! Tell me where she is!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Where is Clarke!”

Dante blinks. Bellamy waits, resisting the urge to throw him once more. What he isn’t prepared for is the answer.

“Who?”

***

He wrenches Dante's arm behind his back as he leads him through the hallways of Mt. Weather. Bellamy isn’t even sure what to say - what to do at this point. Logically, he sees the glassiness of the man's eyes, he notes the genuine confusion. When they were here last time, Bellamy remembers the frustration and differences he and his son had. But when it comes to Clarke, he doesn't know how to separate that part of himself. All he can do is move forward, make another plan, pivot until they're back together.

"What you're saying can't be true." Dante says, leaning back to speak to Bellamy. "My son and I... we may have differences in leadership, but he would never do what you're saying. He would never use you children as experiments and erase the memory of someone so crucial."

"Would he now?" Miller grumbles next to him, eyeing the man. "Because from what I remember, that's exactly what he would do."
"Why would we come back here?" Bellamy asks, forcing the man to stumble forward. "Why would we risk being captured again and coming to this hell hole if it weren't true?"

"Than it's a misunderstanding—"

"Like hell it is." Bellamy snaps, shoving the man into the next hallway.

They're greeted with a closed door. "Open it." Bellamy demands, not letting go of his collar or bringing his weapon down. Dante doesn't move. "Open it. Now."

With a tight expression, Dante swipes his card against the reader and there's a click, the door cracks open. Bellamy yanks it and charges through, pushing Dante first.

He's greeted with guns. Placing his hands up and letting go of the man, Bellamy says, "It's just us."

Murphy lowers his weapons. "I could've shot you!"

"I could've shot you!"

"I feel like this is a metaphor for your friendship." Jasper says pushing past. "How's it going?"

"Raven's disabling something. I dunno, I stopped paying attention when it got technical."

"Shouldn't you be paying attention when she's saying life threatening things?"

"Okay, you listen to Raven prattle on about god knows what, and I'll wave the gun around!"

"Enough." Bellamy snaps, pushing past them. "Make sure he doesn't go anywhere." He states, nodding to Dante. "We'll keep him as leverage to get out."

"Because our plans always work that cleanly."
"Shut up, Murphy."

Pushing his way through the group, he finds Raven huddled in the corner by a control panel, her eyebrows furrowed down as she hovers her hands over it. "Reyes," he calls, standing next to her. "What's with the face."

"I don't recognize these gases." She murmurs, pointing at two containment barrels off to the side. Bellamy recognizes the Acid Fog ones, now rusting with disrepair since the day he disabled them. There's one more, now empty, with blue tints on the glass. "Those are obviously the Acid Fog." She murmurs. "This one had to be the gas they used to make us forget Clarke. But these two," she trails off. "I have no idea what they're here for. I'm afraid to move forward until I know what they are. Is Monty here?"

"Yeah, he's with Jasper and Murphy. Monty!" Bellamy shouts, waving him over.

Monty bounds up next to them, eyeing the gas chambers warily. "What's up?"

Raven types a few things on the keyboard next to her, bringing up a few chemical compound charts. "Do you recognize any of this?" She asks. "I understand these chemicals individually, but I don't understand how they relate all together."

Monty moves closer to her, nudging her out of the way. Raven casts Bellamy an amused look as Monty typed furiously, bringing up more graphs of the chemical compounds. A chemical composition enlarges on the screen. "Woah," Monty breathes, taking a step back.

"What is it?" Bellamy asks, wishing that he understood the gibberish before him, but it merely looks like nothing more than a collection of odd symbols smashed together.

"This stuff is no joke." Monty breathes. "You see these compounds here?" He asks, pointing to one of the collections of symbols. "Individually, they're relatively harmless, but when put in this compound, it's totally lethal."

"Lethal?" Bellamy repeats. "They've got two chambers worth of it, they could kill everyone on the Ground!"
Raven and Monty share a look. "What do you need from me?" Monty asks, making room from Raven.

"I need you to sit down and write around this. I'll explain to you what I need the mechanisms to do."

"Right."

"What do you need from me?" Bellamy asks.

"To get out of our way."

"Exactly what I was hoping you'd say." Bellamy says before ducking away, back toward the front.

He reaches Miller, Murphy, and Dante, the two still with their guns trained on him, even though Bellamy logically knows there's nothing he can do to get away. But he wants him to be afraid - to feel that threat on his life as prevalent as he's made them in the past few months.

"What the hell is that?" Bellamy asks roughly, turning him around with a quick motion to get him to face it. When he doesn't respond right away, Bellamy taps his gun on his back. "Did you not hear me? What is that?"

"I-I—" Dante stammers, unable to take his eyes off of it. "I don't know."

"How do you not know?" Bellamy exclaims. "This is your mountain, is it not? This is your people?"

Dante still can't formulate a coherent response.

"And you still believe that your son didn't erase your memories so you would forget what he's doing? He took Clarke out of yours as well, because it all started with her! She was the only one who participated in every part - including the downfall of your people! And you're still choosing not to believe us?" Bellamy gestures at the chambers with his guns. "He has enough gas to kill everyone on the planet and you're just not aware? How stupid do you think we are?"
"We've almost got it!" Monty shouts, his hands flying across the keyboard. "All we have to do is shut down the computer and it'll kill the whole process. I just need to write a shutdown command—"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Everyone freezes.

Bellamy hears the clicking of guns and shifting of people behind him. His blood runs cold as he turns, knowing exactly what he's going to be seeing when he does so.

He can't count the amount of guns pointed at him and the rest of the delinquents. The icy demeanor of Azgeda stares back at them, their hands clumsy on the guns, but Bellamy knows that even inexperience can hit a massive target. They all aim at them, no fear in their eyes. Cage steps out from between their ranks, folding his hands in front of him. "Every time I think that everything is going to plan, I always am reminded not to underestimate a group of children with a grudge."

"A grudge?" Bellamy repeats. "Is that what we're calling it now? When you kidnap our people and try to harvest their bone marrow?"

Cage chuckles. "It would've been far simpler if you had just stayed the course. We wouldn't have had to bring anyone else into it."

"So you're blaming us?" Murphy exclaims, shoving his way to the front. "You want to kill everyone on the planet and somehow that's our fault? You should be using all of this medical technology to check your head."

Dante, whose remained silent through this exchange, moves forward toward his son. Bellamy doesn't try to even hold him back. There's no point anymore. "So," he begins, his words careful. "This is true? What they've said."

Cage's eyes narrowed. "What have they said?"

"That you took my own memories so you can continue whatever plan you intended. That you betrayed your people by building your empire in blood."
"Betrayed?" Cage asks, his words manic. "Betrayed? I am the only one here helping my people achieve what they need! I am the only one who is doing what needs to be done to get us outside on the Ground!"

"And yet you're sacrificing your own humanity to do it." Dante states, taking another cautionary step forward. "You're risking all life on the planet. You're risking everything."

"I would burn this planet to the ground, if it meant I was still trying for our people!" Before Dante can retort back, Cage shouts, "If you do anything to jeopardize this, I will have Azgeda shoot you where you stand!"

"It sounds like we're going to be dying anyways, so no thanks." Murphy snaps.

"Murphy, shut up," Bellamy breathes. He turns his attention to the warriors of Azgeda before him. "So what do you get out of it? You finally control the land while doing their dirty work? But you don't even know what land you'll be receiving in return! You could be entering something that's not livable!"

They shift uneasily, but their weapons don't falter.

"You can't do this." Bellamy pleads. "You can't sentence everyone to death."

"We are not unified clans!" Someone shouts. "We will not sit idly by while Skaikru enters the treaty and threatens us all!"

"So everyone must die?"

Bellamy doesn't know what to do. There's legions of children behind them, their guns pointed at Azgeda, waiting for his call. "We have to shut it down," Monty hisses at his side, but his hands are still in the air. "If we shut it down, they can't use it."

"I wouldn't try anything." Cage states, nodding to a guard next to him. The man aims a shot and someone goes down, a cry echoing out.
Someone yelps. Another person sobs.

Then a shot rings out from above.

The machine next to the chamber sparks and smoke billows from the metal. Everyone jumps and looks up to the source of the shot, off on a suspended metal bridge to the side. Lifting his gaze to the noise, Bellamy can't help the smile stretch across his face.

Standing above them is Clarke, arm still extended with the shotgun in hand, expression hard. She's using her free hand to help herself upright on the bridge, a small smile tugging on the corner of her lips when she sees the destruction she's caused.

"That's my girl," Bellamy says to himself quietly.

Cage turns to her, the maniacal glare almost verging on insanity. "What did you do? Do you understand that this will not be enough to save your people! Do you understand?"

Clarke's smile doesn't falter and it calms Bellamy down more than anything else could, even though the odds seem insurmountable. Hoisting herself up again, clear pain in her eyes, Clarke tilts her head up. "You see your issue, Cage? You underestimate me again and again, ignoring one true fact."

"What's that?" Cage snarls.

"I'm not afraid of you."

There's a deafening roar of footsteps and before Bellamy can register what's going on, people pour into the gas chamber, weapons poised for attack. They're charge on every level of the metal bridges - every vantage point of the chambers.

Clarke remains calm. "This is for the 100."

Grounders of all clans barges in on the ground floor, swords drawn, and surrounding Azgeda.
"This is for my family."

Skaikru soldiers line the high ground, guns pointed at the guards of Mt. Weather.

"And this?" Clarke asks, aiming her gun at Cage without any hesitation. "This is for you."

The shot rings out before anyone can take in the whole scene.

Cage falls, crumpling without any gravitas. For someone who caused as much chaos and destruction as he did, his death was almost unceremonious. It hits the ground with a thud and that is that - nothing more than another body.

A few seconds later, Azgeda slowly lowers their weapons.

Someone lets out a breath. Bellamy turns to face the 100, seeing the relief wash over their faces as the guards of Skaikru march stands watch while the rest of the Grounders take away the guns from Azgeda.

“Holy shit,” Miller breathes next to him.

“You can say that again,” Bellamy says, turning to make sure the wounded are being cared for. Octavia flits around, a few of the other 100 that Clarke trained joining her. At some point Jackson shows up and starts ordering people around, Abby busy with negotiations with Dante Wallace.

His eyes are cold, yet they never leave his body. Before joining Abby and the rest of the Grounder Ambassadors, he turns and faces Bellamy. “Sometimes we can’t see who they really are.” He states, moving away.

Bellamy doesn’t get a chance to respond.

Before he can figure out anything to say, a figure collides with him. He stumbles, but the moment he’s able to focus on the golden hair, he wraps his arms around the person, squeezing harder than he ever would with anyone else. Bellamy doesn’t want to let go, he doesn’t want this moment to end. Far too often, when they end, they can never retrieve them again.
But they do break apart.

When they do, Bellamy marvels that she’s here, in front of him, in his arms. “Hey,” she says softly, her eyes watery.

“Hey.” He responds, mainly because he can’t think of anything else to say. He stares at her, wishing there was something else, but all he can think of is that she is here and they are all alive.

“You found me.” Clarke says, her lower lip trembling. She sucks in a quick breath, her hand gripping at the front of his jacket. It occurs to him that maybe she wants to part even less than he does.


“I promised you I would.”

Sure, there were months in between them. Sure, there were strings to tie, Grounders lust for revenge to appease, and time to steal back.

He didn’t need to think of that right now.

Bringing her close to him again, Bellamy places his face into the strands of her hair, and remembers instead. He remembers the way her body feels pressed against his. He remembers all the time they’ve fought together. He remembers the trust and deep connection he felt with her, even though they spent months arguing when they first back. He remembers they’re safe.

People are grumbling behind him, and Bellamy knows everyone wants a chance to greet Clarke again. But he’s going to be selfish. He’s going to hold her here until she doesn’t want to be held. And at the look of it, she seems just as content to let the chaos was around them. So they allow themselves this selfishness in the pit of Mt. Weather, because they are safe and together.

They remember.
They are standing in front of the Dropship, Clarke eyeing the message scraped in the side of the metal. “I can’t believe we’re here.” Clarke says, more easy than she ever believed she could be.

“At the beginning,” Bellamy mutters at her side. He moves closer – something he’s done a lot more ever since they all started to remember each other. Like he’s afraid it’ll go away, or she will. So he remains close, touching the base of her elbow, his leg brushing against hers.

After they left Mt. Weather, memories and all, Clarke listened to the events of the past few months of Arkadia. The attempt at the consolidation of power, banishing Bellamy in order to retain control over the 100. Listening to everything the Council and the Ark did, as it always had done. Survival. But not living.

To Clarke, the answer was simple.

They needed to go back to the beginning.

After a week of negotiation and even more arguing, Clarke and Bellamy managed to convince the Council that the 100 deserved to return to the Dropship and make it its own colony with its own plan. Still a part of Skaikru, but distance enough so that they can learn to walk on their own feet.

Together.

She can’t help it, there are tears stinging her eyes. Clarke sees everything they fought for before her, the terrifying nights and the unity it brought. Now they may be nothing more than a distant memory, plans of houses and growing their city in Clarke’s sketchbook.

Before she realizes what’s happening, Bellamy moves in front of her, frowning. With a hesitant hand, he reaches out and wipes the tear from her eye. “What’s wrong?”

“I—I—” Clarke starts, trying to figure out how exactly to formulate words to express how she’s feeling. “I’ve spent the past three months wandering around, waiting to find something that I knew was missing. My family, my friends. You.”
Bellamy places his hand under her chin, tilting it up ever so slightly. Slowly leaning down, he presses his lips against hers like a question.

Were they crossing this line?

Clarke had spent far too many days wondering what was missing to question that again.

Placing her arms around his neck, she puts a hand on the back of his head to pull him closer and deepen the kiss. This seems to be all the permission that Bellamy needs, because he places his own hands on the small of her back, his palms dropping down lower and lower.

“Gross, get a room!” Murphy’s voice calls from the entrance of the wall. The two break away, but clearly not fast enough because he continues to groan. “Or a tent! Something so I don’t have to look at it.”

“I’m just glad they’re finally doing something about it,” Raven chuckles, dragging her bag filled with scrap metal and materials through the gate. “I don’t think I could handle them dancing around each other anymore.”

“I think they will be nauseating regardless.” Lincoln smiles, approaching them. He places a hand on each of them. “I’m simply glad I will not be suffering alone.”

Clarke ducks her head, but she’s not embarrassed. Usually it takes what matters most being taken away for you to truly marvel at how much it means. “Thank you,” Clarke says to him, putting every ounce of sincerity she can in her voice. “For everything you did. I hope you know how much it means to me.”

Lincoln’s easy smile fades into something soft. “If I remember correctly, someone once told me ‘you are my people.’”

Clarke beams. “Sounds about right.”

“Octavia, let’s set up over here!”
Lincoln claps the two on the shoulder and nods his head. Bellamy makes a face, watching them leave together. “I don’t love that,” he mutters.

“Please, like you have any say in the matter.”

“You know what, Griffin, for the past three months, my life was argument-free.” Bellamy says, placing an arm around her shoulders and pulling her tight. For all his gravitas, he places a kiss in her hair when he does so.

“You missed it,” Clarke laughs, putting a hand on his chest to lean a bit away so she can get a good look at him. “Your life was empty without my opinions.”

Bellamy’s expression softens. She can tell he’s back in Mt. Weather, the moment they were about to part. “Yeah,” he says, words almost lost in the wind. “I did.”

Clarke can’t bring herself to look away. Because he’s here, he’s alive, and they’re together. Everyone is.

She draws him in for another kiss, to remind him that they’re okay. To remind him that she’s found.

That they both are.


Bellamy chuckles. “They did, didn’t they?”

“I think you owe me one. Now that I know you’re such a good dancer.”

“Is that right, Princess?” Bellamy asks. With a quick motion, he grabs her hand and twirls her away from him, laughing when stumbles. “You still need some work.”
“If you can learn to do it, I can learn to do it.”

Bellamy lets out a rare full-laugh, a sound so startling and beautiful, Clarke blushes. “I suppose we’ll just have to wait and see.”

Clarke beams. “That’s fine,” she offers. “We have plenty of time.”

For the first time, she’s knows it’s true. They’re here on the Ground, except this time, there’s peace. There’s hope. They’re finally starting something.

At the beginning with one another.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: The end!

Thank you so much for indulging me on this AU that I couldn’t keep myself from writing. It was so fun! Anastasia was one of my favorite movies when I was younger and I just had the best time turning it Bellarke. I hope you all enjoyed and have a great Bellarke January Joy month!

A few kind of ‘behind the scenes’ things: Clarke ran into Maya, and they got a message to the clans. Little did Bellamy know, as soon as the 100 went missing after the ceremony, Abby jumped into action, knowing what was going on. Also, Dante Wallace was executed per-Grounder law, but they made a deal with the remaining clans to live in peace. The Grounders, though, punished them for their crimes against each other. And now the 100 created their own city at the Dropship, and nothing bad ever happened again… lol.

So much love and thank you for reading! <3 <3 <3

End Notes

A/N: Part One is done!

This was actually so much fun to write. It made me realize I’m so bummed I missed the early seasons writing! This basically gave me an excuse to write S1 sexual tension Clarke and Bellamy! *laughs surrounded by fire*
So as everyone could probably figure out, Clarke = Anya, Bellamy = Dimitri, Lincoln = Vlad (which started as a joke and then I realized he was probably the best fit since he knew the land), Luna – Sophie (kinda??), Abby = Grandmother, Cage = Rasputin…

This will only be 2 parts, so it’ll be wrapped up next chapter, which should be about the same length (sorry, I am not a brief person!). There will be a lot more of the OG characters, now that the climactic end is about to happen. Being able to write Jasper, Lincoln, Sinclair, and more without them being dead and totally traumatized forever? More likely than you think!

Thank you so much for reading and Happy Bellarke January Joy! I hope you are having a wonderful new year! So much love! <3 <3 <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!