“Hey!”, a cheerful voice broke Meredith out of her reverie and as she turned her head to the side she looked at the man who had just been on her mind. “Hi.”, she responded tiredly and could read on his face that he wanted to ask what was wrong. “Don’t.” She hastily spoke the words, her tone a bit harsher than intended and Andrew closed his mouth before a sound escaped his lips. “It’s a bad day.”
Andrew had told her that day in the elevator. That maybe, one day, she’d regret not saying goodbye. So she went and visited him and it had went...well enough. She didn’t really know how to describe it.

And now he was dead. The last part of her biological family had died, the one that she had known since she was born. Not counting Maggie, of course.

Meredith walked around the hospital in a haze. Both of her biological parents were dead now. She shook her head and tried to avert the thoughts that were making their way into her head, instead trying to concentrate on her work. She walked towards the nurse’s station and got one of the tablets which held her patient’s file, opened it to look at the information she needed. She’d get it all by her interns and residents when they did rounds later in the morning but she liked to be prepared. The patient had had his gallbladder removed the day before and had complained about intense pain around the area of his sutures. One of them had bled through, that much she got out of the file before her mind drifted off once more.

The weekend had been nice. She spent her free time with her kids and delighted in it, something they all deserved after what they’ve been through the days before. Amelia and Maggie had visited as well and cooked lunch with them; it was their way of making sure she and the kids were truly fine. She did reassure them on the phone endless times but they wanted to see it with their own two eyes before actually believing her.

Together they had laughed a lot which had been a welcome distraction. The problems with Catherine and Richard, with her father and finally the crazy shooter had sucked out all of her energy, right out of her body, but seeing her kids this untroubled for these few days made it all more bearable in some ways.

And every time the little ones asked for Andrew, asked what he was up to and if he might make it to play with them, she felt her mood lighten the slightest bit further. Felt the soft smile tucking at the corners of her mouth. But she tried to suppress it, not wanting her sisters to get on that track as well. They were curious enough as it was by the questions the kids kept asking. They were shooting her looks all the time, their eyebrows raised to their hairlines but Meredith knew to just ignore it and not react to it. She had the talent to babble once she started talking and she didn’t want to risk that for she hadn’t figured out herself what this was. This thing with Andrew.

She sighed, the tablet hanging limply in her hand. When did it get so complicated? Why was everything happening at once? Was she making it that complicated?

She sighed once more, dragging her other hand over her face. She wanted to talk to him. Had to talk to him. Soon. But with the mood she was currently in it didn’t seem like such a good idea. She was annoyed and thinking too much. Right now all she wanted to do was forget about her problems and run. Far away. All these people and the noise were too much today. How was she supposed to talk to Andrew like that and actually say what was weighing on her mind? Her current temper would have the opposite effect.

“Hey!”, a cheerful voice broke her out of her reverie and as she turned her head to the side she looked at the man who had just been on her mind.

“Hi.”, she responded tiredly and could read on his face that he wanted to ask what was wrong.

“Don’t.” She hastily spoke the words, her tone a bit harsher than intended and Andrew closed his mouth before a sound escaped his lips. “It’s a bad day.”, she offered as an explanation, hoping it would be enough. But the way she got to know him now, she knew it wasn’t, but he respected her too much to actually try and ask.

That damned respect! He provided the space and time she had asked for like no one else before.
Her frustration grew and she turned the other way. She knew he didn’t deserve this kind of behaviour from her but she also couldn’t help herself. It was easier that way. Pushing the people away when she wasn’t feeling well, closing herself off. It had always been.

But at the same time she felt guilty for it. He had done so much for her in the last days, the last weeks. And it wasn’t how she wanted to act around him, how she wanted to treat him…

She closed her eyes for a moment before turning around completely, so she was facing the corridor, and walked into Cece’s room, closing the door behind her.

She felt Andrews’ gaze on the back of her neck and ignored him resolutely.

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He’d seen her at the nurse’s station and immediately felt the smile forming on his lips, his heart beating just that bit faster. He still couldn’t explain it to himself how it all happened, how and why he felt like that when being close to her. It happened so suddenly but he didn’t want to think too much on it, just wanting to enjoy the feelings which rose in him.

He tried to hide his smirk, not wanting the whole ward to know what he was feeling and because of whom.

He took some slow steps in her direction before leaning against the counter and grinning at her.

“Hey.”, he said happily and felt like a kid on Christmas Day, opening the best presents in the world when he could just talk to her. Was it slightly ridiculous? Yes. Did he want to change anything about it? Certainly not.

But instead of seeing a smile on her lips, he looked into her slightly battered and tired eyes when she turned around to look at him.

“Hi.”, her short answer stumped him and the question formed in his brain already, just as she interrupted him. “Don’t.” The words were almost a whisper, even though a bit harsh in tone and the confusion in Andrew grew. What happened to evoke such a bad mood in her? It reminded him a little of the day they were stuck in the elevator together. She had been moody back then as well and the moment had been poorly picked with everything that was going on with her father and her friends. But they made the best of it, even though she had been rather guarded in the beginning.

“It’s a bad day.” He heard her scoff, frustrated, as she turned around and walked straight into Cece’s room.

His eyes followed her retreating figure and he was on the verge of walking after her to get even a second to talk to her but his colleagues were suddenly standing beside him and started talking.

Andrew sighed and shook his head.

After everything they’ve been through together, he didn’t want to give up the hope that she might feel the same way about him. Or at least something that could evolve into how he felt about her. But...maybe he was deluding himself?

He stopped his train of thought right there and turned to the interns instead, listening to their conversation until they walked into the first room of a patient, starting rounds.

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Meredith tried to wipe the frustration off of her face as soon as she entered Cece’s room. Her feet had led her here without her realising or telling them to. But something inside of her must’ve searched for the comfort the woman could give her, knowing she’d probably understand better than most what Meredith was going through right now. But at the same time she wanted to avoid the questions that would inevitably be asked. But how long could she shut it all down, lock it in a box, until it came exploding into her face? And whom had she actually given a real shot at understanding her when she always pushed them away before they could? She scoffed.

“Dr. Grey?”, Cece asked after a few moments of silence, looking at the other woman expectantly. She could see there was something weighing heavily on her mind but wanted to give her the chance to open up on her own and explain it. But following the doctor’s glance, she thought she knew
where her problem lay. Her eyes had wandered over the figure of the young dark-haired doctor fleetingly, just to avert them as quickly as possible.

“Meredith?”, Cece wondered aloud but was interrupted by the door opening. The interns and resident entered her room and started presenting her case.

She had gotten used to it by now. Hearing her diagnoses every morning, the therapy and procedures. So instead of listening today, she watched Dr. DeLuca stealing glances at her surgeon. Figured he knew that something wasn’t quite right. It was quite interesting to just watch them and see how much he seemed to care about the blonde surgeon. And how it appeared like she was still fighting it. Her mind suddenly filled with some ideas to give Meredith a nudge in the right direction. But first, she had to find out what was actually bothering her…

After everything was settled and spoken about and Meredith had given her students tasks, everybody left the room, except for Andrew who was taking smaller steps. It seemed like he was trying to find a second to talk to the blonde surgeon once more before she’d be lost to the hospital rush and he wouldn’t get another chance this morning.

“Hey, Dr. Grey.”, he exclaimed quickly and put himself between her and the door to hinder her from leaving. “Is everything okay?” His face was scrunched up in obvious worry and he just barely resisted the urge to lay his hand on her hand, something he’d been doing a lot lately.

Meredith watched him for a moment before averting her gaze and taking a step away from him. “Everything’s fine.” The words were cold, flat and before he could react or say anything else, she was gone around the corner.

“When the time’s right and her thoughts are calmer, she’ll come to you.”, Cece’s voice rang through the silence that hung over the room. With a lost look on his face, Andrew turned around to her and nodded slowly. He was still standing in the doorway in which he had just wanted to speak to Meredith.

“Don’t give up that easily, Andrew. Especially not now.”, she continued hastily, watching the man in front of her intently. She could see he was fighting an internal fight with himself and wanted to at least help him somewhat.

The beeping of his pager kept Andrew from answering. “Thank you, Cece.”, he told her and turned around to get to the patient.

He wasn’t sure if he should try to talk to her again or wait, as Cece had suggested.

The day didn’t want to end. Every time she had the opportunity for a quick break something happened and she had to run again. Not that she desperately wanted a break because the work kept her distracted and provided an excuse. She didn’t have to think too much about her problems and every time Amelia, Maggie or even Alex wanted to ask, she could excuse herself and just leave. It seemed like the universe was on her side like that once.

She had encountered Andrew again and again as well but did her best to ignore him and brush him off. And every time the knot in her stomach tightened. On one hand, she really didn’t want to behave like this, on the other she didn’t know how else to do it. It was her coping mechanism and sometimes she didn’t exactly like herself for it.

She huffed, frustrated with herself, and shook her head to clear it, while stepping up to one of the nurses. “I’m not to be paged for the next 15 minutes. Unless one of my interns is killing someone.”

The young nurse nodded and Meredith forced herself to give her a quick smile. No sense in making others suffer more because she was in a bad mood.

She was walking along the corridor when she heard a voice calling her name. “Dr. Grey!”

She turned to the source and poked her head into the patients’ room which she had just walked past.

“Cece?”, she retorted and the woman smiled at her, waving her inside.

“How long do you want to keep waiting?”, she questioned all of a sudden and Meredith raised her eyebrows at her bluntness.
“Come again?”, she asked and folded her arms over her chest. “Oh, you know exactly what I’m talking about. Whatever happened today...you shouldn’t push him away like that. What would be wrong about it? What’s wrong with him?” Meredith looked at her wide-eyed and sighed softly, her rigid body posture deflating slightly while her arms fell to her sides. She didn’t know what to answer to that. Everything in her mind just seemed like a dumb excuse, something to dismiss easily. And he did deserve to have a say in this, didn’t he? It was weird how Cece seemed to be able to read her thoughts just like that, seeing the questions she was asking herself. “He’s a good man, Meredith. He cares about you, worries about you...and your kids as well, as far as I’ve heard. You’ll find it difficult to meet someone else like him again that combines all these traits within himself.” A few seconds of silence followed Cece’s words in which Meredith just let them sink in and contemplated them. “But what am I supposed to do?”, she eventually wondered impatiently, still slightly frustrated. One hand combed through her locks. The whole day she hadn’t signalled Andrew in any way shape or form that she was interested in him and his offer. More like the complete opposite! She had rejected him time and time again and had just crawled into herself more. Even though it had been the only thing Andrew had asked of her: to not close herself off and to not push him away. She looked at Cece, stumped. “Talk to him.”, the other woman offered gently and smiled at her agitated doctor calmingly. “What I have seen today makes it obvious to me that he’s insecure. As are you. But you have to give him something he can work with. So talk to him, explain what’s been weighing on your mind all day and let him in, just a bit. There won’t be many opportunities like this one with him. But if you don’t let him see, if you don’t open up to him in the smallest of ways, then this won’t work.” Her words were spoken intently and softly at the same time; and Meredith could feel them working inside of her. Her thoughts turned into other directions as well. “If you don’t try...then you’ll never know what this could possibly be. Even though I have the suspicion you already have an answer to that.” Meredith was staring at her patient surprised, one hand coming to rest on her neck. She felt herself be taken back to the morning she found her kids sleeping soundly in Andrews’ arms. She had known then already that she’d lose this fight eventually. “You have to be brave, Meredith. You can’t keep using your doubts as excuses and safety measures forever.” The blonde woman had to smile at the choice of words, it came close to what Andrew had once said to her. “There’s so much at stake.”, she replied in the end and looked at Cece with sad eyes. “My kids, I can’t just put them in this situation like that. And they like Andrew. Since they’ve been stuck with him in the elevator and after...he’s their new best friend. They owe him so much. I can’t take that away from them should it not work out.” “For now it’s just about the two of you. Not anyone else. You shouldn’t forget that either. Your kids play a huge part in your life, the biggest, no doubt, but you have to find out for yourself where you want this to go.”, Cece paused and watched the contemplating woman in front of her before continuing. “This young man who now really has a heart of gold...he’s waiting for you, respecting and accepting you for who you are. With every detail that makes you who you are. He’s waiting on an answer from you, even though he knows about your plenty other options. Now you have to be brave, just as Andrew has already proven to be. Figure it out.” Her gaze seemed almost hypnotising and Meredith could feel some of the built-up tension leaving her. It wouldn’t exactly be the perfect timing for this conversation, but when would it ever be? She nodded and a tiny, almost even insecure, smile found its way onto her lips. “Brave. Right.” She spun around and left the room before Cece could say another word. With a smug grin, she leaned back against her pillow and closed her eyes. Now she deserved a few hours rest and some sleep.
The day was extremely hectic. Just as they finished with rounds, he was first busy with taking care of some post-op patients and then got called to the ER. Then a patient with severe internal bleeding got admitted and he was busy taking care of him and missed his lunch because of it.

Adding to this was the fact that every time he met Meredith in the ER, or anywhere else really, she barely cast a glance at him. In short: it had been a rather sombre day so far. He wanted to talk to her, wanted to ask what happened but didn’t know if she wanted him to. Why was she withdrawing from him and everything so much at the moment? It riddled him.

He sat down tiredly at one of the tables in the cafeteria and shoved that bit of food in his mouth he got a hold of. Right now, all he wanted was for the day to end. He still had a good half of his shift before he’d actually be able to get some rest and that was if nothing happened before that. He didn’t even want to think of the night he had ahead of him. He closed his eyes for a moment and rested his cheek in one hand as if he could gather the energy that evaded him today.

“Hey, sleepy head.”, a smiling voice shook him out of falling asleep right there and he heard a cup of coffee be put in front of him. The smell of fresh coffee hit his nostrils and Andrew opened his eyes again to look at Maggie who was standing in front of him with a grin on her face.

“You’ve been running around the whole day and now you look like you could use it.” Her look turned sceptical for a second before the smile returned to her lips.

“Thank you.”, Andrew mumbled in her direction and took a sip.

“Is everything okay, Andrew?”, she asked suddenly and the young surgeon tried for a genuine smile.

“Sure, the day’s just been...exhausting.” The explanation sounded airy and not quite honest, but Maggie didn’t press him further.

“Then drink the coffee!” she threw over her shoulder as she walked away.

Andrew nodded distractedly and heard his pager beep again and sighed. Off to the next one.

“I need to talk to you!”, a voice whispered vigorously as he left the patients’ room.

Andrew’s heart stopped beating for a second when he heard the soft voice and he spun around to Meredith, evidently confused. He hadn’t thought he’d see her again today.

“O-okay?”, he stuttered slightly and wanted to headbutt himself. Stammering wouldn’t help. But what was he supposed to do? She had that effect on him.

Meredith smiled at him and wanted to push him in one of the on-call rooms nearby but the pager stopped her. “Damnit!”, she cursed angrily and rolled her eyes.

Andrew was still looking at her perplexed.

“Later then, I’ve got to get to this patient.”

She waved her pager around helplessly before giving him a smile and disappearing in the hall.

He looked after her, still confused and still standing in the half-opened door, and ran a hand over his face. *What the hell just happened?* He couldn’t find any reason whatsoever since she’d been ignoring him all day. And now she wanted to talk to him?

This woman was driving him nuts!

He didn’t have more time to think about it when a nurse called for him, waving her arms so he’d go to her and help with the patient.

Meredith was counting the minutes she spent tending to this patient. His pain hadn’t really been an emergency, instead it seemed like he just needed someone to talk to. And talk he did.

It took her almost half an hour before she found a good enough excuse to get out of the room and tell the nurses she changed something in the man’s medication. As she walked past the OR board she saw that Andrew was assisting Amelia on a craniotomy and knew she wouldn’t be able to talk to him now as well.

She made a face and was angry at herself for not trying to talk to him sooner. That way she now had to wait even though the words were ready to fly out of her. She felt this inner urge to be with him.
and talk this through. Even though she didn’t really know which words she wanted to use.
The blonde surgeon sighed and absentmindedly walked to the attendings’ lounge. There she could
find some peace and quiet and contemplate what she wanted to say to him.
She wanted to explain to him what had been bothering her. And then...what then? Tell him that she
accepted his offer? That sounded more like a plain business deal. Too cold. Too...distant.
She sat down on the blue sofa and crossed her leg over the other while continuing to mull it over.
How should she start? Try and put into words what she felt when he was close to her? That appeared
to sentimental for her. It wasn’t really her thing. She knew she could find the right words and speak
them as well but Meredith never put them together before. In the end, everything always happened
like she hadn’t planned anyway.
But she had to say something to him, anything.
She buried her face in her hands and thought back on their moment in the x-ray room. It had been
exciting, something she hadn’t felt in quite a while...and in her kitchen...knowing he was that close
took her breath away and she felt warm, fuzzy.
She had to smile at those memories and the urge rose once more that she had to see him now.
She stood up, restless, and walked through the tiny room. If the day had just stayed that hectic and
eventful like in the morning. She preferred it to the quiet right now. A break was nice and well but it
gave her too much time to brood and she didn’t need that.
Cece’s words had been what she needed to hear to see it all in a different light and not with the eyes
of her bad mood. She didn’t want to lose that feeling.
Because the more time she had to think about it, the more she could overthink it and destroy it for
herself.
But she couldn’t get rid of it that easily anymore now, could she? This feeling. When she had
admitted it once...even though it was only to herself... How should she play pretend to herself now?
That wasn’t possible.
She cheered internally when her pager suddenly read 911, the number of the room right below. This
should keep me occupied., she thought happily and left the room with quick steps.

Meredith left the room even more exhausted than before and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear
that had fallen out of her ponytail.
She stood at the nurse’s station and wrote something in the patients’ file when she suddenly felt like
she was being watched. Meredith lifted her head and noted with a slight smile that it was Andrews’
gaze that had distracted her. He seemed to be walking towards her, that gentle look in his eyes which
he apparently didn’t know how to take off, whatever happened between them. Suddenly Helm put
herself in his way and started talking to him. It seemed like she had a lot to say.
She felt her frustration grow at them missing another opportunity and with a roll of her eyes, she
turned back to the file in front of her to write some more lines. They wouldn’t find the time now
anyway.
Luck didn’t seem to be on her side today after all...all she wanted was to at least have a short moment
with him.
Just a second, to tell him. Everything else they could say at a later time. Just a moment…
She shook her head and leaned her left arm on the counter, her chin resting in her hand while she
kept on writing with her right.
The next time she looked up, Helm and Andrew were gone.

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The day had come to an end, her shift was finally over. The only persisting problem with that:
Meredith still hadn’t been able to talk to Andrew.
They had kinda run into each other again and again but were always interrupted by something.
Either by a patient, a page or one of their colleagues. They hadn’t had a quiet moment together and
Meredith felt like bursting. How did people manage to keep things like that unsaid for so long? Half a day of it drove her crazy and she had yet to find a way to make that easier, or better yet: a chance to find Andrew and talk to him. And to make matters worse a quick glance to their schedules showed her that Andrew was on call tonight. That meant he was probably free tomorrow but that seemed like an unbearable amount of waiting for her. She just couldn’t anymore. Particularly because she’d still have to go to work tomorrow and thus the chance for a talk fell to the evening. Frustrating!

She rounded the corner, lost in thought, on her way to the elevators. In her head, her evening with her kids was playing out while at the same time pondering feverishly if she could meet Andrew in some way tomorrow, when she suddenly bumped into something solid. The impact made her tumble backwards and if it hadn’t been for two strong arms snaking around her upper body, she would’ve fallen. Meredith held onto the shoulders of the someone who had almost knocked her over. As she turned her gaze upwards she was met with the brown eyes of the one person she had wanted to run into today. And he was quite close.

“Andrew!”, she gasped surprised and could feel his warm breath ghosting over her cheek. Incredibly close.

Both stood still in the position they were in, more or less entangled in each other’s limbs. The hall was empty except for them and for a long moment, they just stared at each other.

“Meredith.” the dark-haired man breathed her name in answer, the soft smile on his lips giving away that he knew the kind of effect he had on her. The blonde surgeon kept staring at his eyes, her own kind of twinkling at him, before leaning closer to him.

But contrary to Andrews’ expectations she just threw a glance over his shoulder, checking if there was truly no one nearby before pushing him into one of the rooms with a little more strength and pressure than he had expected.

“Andrew.” Meredith started anew but paused right after, seemingly lost for words. Her head suddenly felt empty.

“Meredith?”, Andrew repeated but there was a questioning tone in his voice. He did know that she had wanted to talk to him but he still wasn’t sure about what. And why it seemed that urgent. He watched the woman in front of him shake her head and close the distance between again slightly. There’s still too much space though, he thought.

“I wanted to talk to you.”, she began and made a quick gesture with her fingers as if she wanted to make something clear which he didn’t quite understand yet. Andrew cocked his head to the side and waited for her to continue.

“I was...in a bad mood this morning.” The words were clearly put together with some effort and the young man raised his eyebrows, still confused.

She was quiet again for a few seconds before she continued. “It’s just that...my father died this week.” She saw that Andrew wanted to add something to that so she threw her hand up to stop him from doing so, taking yet another step closer.

It wasn’t lost on either of them that there were just mere centimetres separating them now.

“Let me finish, I need...I have to get this off my chest, and I need you to be quiet while doing that.” she waited for him to nod and was suddenly lost in a flood of words as if she couldn’t keep it in a moment longer. “My father died and after the great weekend I actually had that was a grotty way to start into the new. Then there’s this thing with my friends who I still haven’t been able to give good news to and then there’s also...you!” Her right hand pointed in his direction and she was breathing heavily, an almost reproachful look on her features.

Andrew looked at her with furrowed brows and waited for her to elaborate on her last sentence but she just kept staring at him silently.
Slowly he lifted his hand and took her left one to keep her close, afraid she might bolt and put some
distance between them again.
“Meredith…”, her name was a sigh on his lips and he took his free hand to tuck a strand of hair
behind her ear before letting it fall to his side again. “I’m very sorry to hear about your father,
whatever your relationship may have been like in the end.”
It appeared as if she wanted to interrupt him now and he shook his head. “It’s my turn.”, he stated
simply and Meredith let her lips fall shut, her eyebrows raised in turn.
They still hadn’t moved an inch away from each other.
“Secondly…me? I was part of the reason you were in a bad mood?”, there was no anger in his tone,
like Meredith might’ve expected, instead there was simply confusion and even a bit curiosity about
what her reasoning was.
Andrew just watched her and calmly waited for an answer. Meredith let her gaze fall to the floor and
took yet another step closer towards him so that she could feel the heat radiating off his chest. She
turned her eyes back on him.
It made his heart beat faster.
“You…distract me. Every day. Ever since the wedding, your proximity rattled me, even more so
since you told me that the kiss was all you’ve been able to think about.”, she exhaled and met him
with a smile that almost seemed insecure. “And every time I’ve tried to tell myself that this wasn’t
a good idea, you did something that made me believe in my words and my…excuses less and less.”,
she paused again and gathered her words before she kept on talking. “I need to think about my
children, need to protect them, they’ll always be my first priority and yet…I also don’t want to keep
myself from enjoying this.”
She gestured with her free hand between them. “You were right. I feel it too.”
She took a deep breath after finishing. It was rare, her being that honest when it came to herself and
her feelings. But she wanted to be honest with Andrew.
He had listened intently and his free hand found its way onto her shoulder before ghosting gently
over her upper arm and finally coming to rest on her hip.
The smile on his lips was a mix between relief and unadulterated joy and Meredith could only return
it.
The hand that was holding hers was carefully letting go, instead brushing over her cheekbone and
coming to rest on the side of her neck so that his thumb was still caressing her cheek.
Meredith stood up on her tiptoes, her now free hand coming to rest on his shoulder to balance
herself. She could feel his warm skin under her fingertips and her heartbeat quickened, the
excitement and anticipation rising.
Andrews’ grip tightened on her hip and he bent his head until their lips met.
It was a rather chaste kiss, a way of reacquainting themselves with each other in this proximity and
Meredith started to grin.
It felt electrifying and her whole body started tingling from this simple touch. She got closer again so
their chests were touching and put both of her hands on his face to pull him in for another kiss.
This one was slightly more hectic, more passionate but still somewhat cautious. It was new, exciting
and Meredith smiled into the kiss, felt Andrews’ hands stroking over her hips to her back, and one
pulled her closer still while the other wandered to her shoulder.
It felt liberating to finally give in to him and the tension that had built. To allow him to be this close
to her and just enjoy it. She sighed happily when they parted once more, the need to breath
overweighing their desire to keep kissing.
Meredith rested her forehead against Andrews’ and caressed his cheek. Both were breathing heavily.
“I’m very glad you think that.”, the dark-haired man whispered through the silence of their breathing
and Meredith giggled.
“Me too.”, she agreed and was fascinated by the twinkle in his eyes.
He leaned towards her again, catching her lips in another kiss which was rudely interrupted by his
pager. They parted rather reluctantly and Andrew stole a glance at the annoying object without
actually putting any distance between Meredith and himself.
“It’s the ER.”, he whispered disappointed.
“Go. We’ll catch up on the rest later.”, she answered in a quiet tone, winking at him and Andrew sighed unhappily before nodding.
“You won’t run?”, he wondered cautiously. He still couldn’t believe the last few minutes had actually happened. He just wanted to make sure that this wasn’t a dream.
“I won’t. I promise.”, she replied smiling and nodded reassuringly.
His pager went off once more.
“Now go, Andrew. You’re needed.”
The man nodded reluctantly and stepped closer again to press a quick kiss to her lips.
“See you tomorrow.” The words were thrown over his shoulder as he took quick steps out of the room and to the ER.

Meredith waited a few minutes before leaving the tiny room, clutching her bag to her body. Her heart was still pounding in her chest and she couldn’t wipe the grin off of her face because the last moments kept replaying in her mind.
Tomorrow they could talk about everything else. But for today... for today she just wanted to enjoy this relief she felt.
Even though she didn’t know where this would take them but together they’d find it out somehow.
The thought made her chuckle. Together...
Sometimes it was best not to ponder on something for too long.
But she knew she had made the right decision and started to believe that Andrew might just be the person she needed after all.

End Notes

That’s it, phew.
What do you think? :)
And looooord, have you watched the promo for 15x09? I fell of my chair screaming. January 17th better come quick!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!