### Forbidden Fruit

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- Chapters: 34/34
- Words: 153156

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### Forbidden Fruit

by **All_Is_Now_Harmed**

**Summary**

They define forbidden fruit as a thing that is desired all the more because it is not allowed. Well, the way Clarke see's it, Bellamy definitely was not allowed--not in the way she wanted him to be and vice versa. And the more she realizes how wrong this is, the more she craves it.

He was her best friends brother, she was his sisters best friend, off limits--forbidden fruit. But she couldn't help herself, and neither could he. So, they come up with a little agreement to resolve the sexual tension between them. No harm in a minor friends-with-benefits relationship, right?

Wrong. So, so wrong.
After a forty-eight-hour surgical resident shift, the last thing Clarke needed was a ringing phone waking her up in the middle of the night. It’s maybe two am, she doesn’t bother checking for she knows no matter the time she’ll have the same level of anger raging through her when the damn device goes off.

Remind myself to put that thing on silent.

She groans low and loud, her arm aimlessly extending out to the nightstand, not wanting to move any other body part. She forces an eye open, then two for clarity. The caller ID spells out *Jasper* in neat letters and she can’t remember a time she hated him more than now.

*He better not be drunk dialing me.*

“This better be good, Jasper—” She nearly growls into the phone.

“Clarke!” The surge of urgency in the tone of his voice draws her immediate attention. “Clarke, we can’t find Bellamy!” He reveals in mid-panic just waiting for her to grow just as anxious as he is. “Okay, so why the fuck are you calling me?” She doesn’t mean to swear, it’s not really like her, but she’s tried and the news simply doesn’t alarm her. Usually, it was Bellamy who broke away from their group.

“He got into a fight with some guy—it was bad, he was bleeding then he stormed off, and now we can’t find him!” She sits up in the wake of the news. “Oh, shit.” She can barely bring herself to believe it. Sure, Bellamy had a few anger problems in the past but he was always above things like that.

“Bellamy in a drunken brawl fight?” She almost chuckles. She would’ve killed to see that.

“Clarke focus!”

“Okay, okay!” She shoots back, getting up. “Why’d you call me?” She demands knowing she’d be no help in this situation.

“For fuck’s sake check the apartment!” Jasper shouts finally having reached his point.

“You do realize I’m gonna kill you guys when you get home, yeah?” Clarke climbed out of bed. She threw off the warm comforter she’d managed to cocoon in and walked out into the dark hallway. “Is Octavia still with you? Put her on.”

“She and Lincoln went running after him, they're not answering,” Jasper reveals. “the rest of us stayed behind just in—just in case he comes back.” Clarke notices the slight jumble of his words and realizes he maybe be a bit tipsy. She searches the apartment in the dark, but there was no trace of him there. “He’s not here. I’ll check across the hall. Where do you guys keep the spare key?” Her eyes wander around the door frame in search for something out of place.

“Under the goddamn mat where else?” Jasper huffs. “Jeez, and they say you’re the smart one,
“Griffin.”

He’s definitely buzzed.

“Sorry.” Jasper quickly catches himself. Clarke rolls her eyes as she struggles with the lock. “So, enlighten me Jas, what exactly happened— a-and how? Spare no details, please.” She was completely ready to be amused by the story. “I-I don’t remember… just some guy feeling Octavia up,” He explained as Clarke wandered around the boys’ apartment. Empty. “not backing off, some shit like that.”

“Wait, where was Lincoln?” She checks his bedroom but still, nothing.

“He just got there when it all started.”

“Gotcha… hey, well no luck here. But listen, I’m sure he’s fine,” She reasons, locking up the front door and hiding the key under the mat before making her way back across to her apartment. She lingers around the living room before taking a seat before the window.

“Damn… well hey, if you see him—”

"You guys will be the first to know." Clarke nods, just about ready to hang up the phone and climb back into the comfort of her warm bed, until a figure emerged from the shadows on the street below. Her eyes shot to the man, analyzing him from afar. From what she could make out, he was about Bellamy’s height, definitely had his hair. He was holding what she figured was a bottle wrapped in a paper bag, and walking a bit funny.

Definitely him.

“You know what, hold on a second.” She almost chuckles at the sight of him. “I think I see him. Let me call you back.” She hangs up, darting out the door hoping to catch him before he got too far. Six flight of stories later she’s at the foot of their apartment building regretting putting nothing over her pajama's but a bathrobe.

Fuck.

She watches as he gazes around at the buildings in confusion. “Bellamy?” She shouts, her teeth shivering in the cold October air. He stops short confused gaze turning to her. “Clarke.” A set smile spears across his lips as he pronounces her name then briefly stumbles into the corner of a post. A laugh escapes through the chatter on her lips as she rushes to help him. He’s a bit disoriented and she can’t tell if it’s from the alcohol or the big open gash just above his eyebrow.

“All these buildings look the fucking same.” He mumbles as she helps him catch his balance. “Which one is ours, again?” The bottle drops from his hand, shattering on the concrete making him jump, and once again Clarke can’t help but laugh. “Come on, let’s get you upstairs to check on that cut, okay?”

Back in her apartment, she sits him on the toilet holding his head still as she examines the wound. “Well, he certainly got you good. What’d he hit you with, a brick?” She jokes debating if he needed stitches or not. The blood was definitely not stopping anytime soon and it concerned her. “Bottle.” He mumbles incoherently, setting off a panic in Clarke's eyes upon the new. She almost questions how he’s still conscious at the moment, then remembers his current state of mind and carries on, not wanting to alarm him.

“Well, I guess the alcohol helped keep infection out.” She grimly joked, bringing a wet towel to the side of his face to clean the blood that had trickled down. She stands before him contemplating the
severity of his injuries while wiping the blood off his face in small, gentle strokes. “What the hell got into you, Bell?” She hadn’t expected disappointment to lace her voice, but it did making her question a lot of things.

His eye’s met hers for a second revealing a dopey smile, but he doesn’t say anything and neither does she. Yet, it’s not awkward, it’s never awkward between them. There was always this unspoken tension rising in the air around them, and she hadn’t decided if she liked it, yet.

“You’re going to need stitches.” Clarke declares cutting through the noble silence. She places the towel in his hand gesturing to him. “Keep pressure on that for a minute, okay?”

“Got it, Doctor.”

“I can’t wait to hold this against you when you’re sober.” She chuckles sending Octavia a quick message. "Who you texting?” He questions tentatively. And when Clarke doesn’t provide an immediate answer he decides she must be annoyed with him. "Your sister's worried sick about you.” She responds, hoping to get some sort of guilt reaction from him. However, Bellamy just slumps against the back of the toilet in a grunt, offering her nothing of the sort.

* * *

When they reach the ER it’s flooded with patients. Clarke paces around trying to find an on-call orderly to aid Bellamy when she runs into a nurse. “Jesus, what happened? Are there any on-call doctors available?”

“Four car pile-up on the highway. Everyone’s taken.”

“My friend here cut his head open, he needs stitches. Guess I have to deal with that myself, uh?”

“Afraid so, Griffin.” The nurse shrugs before running off. Clarke takes a moment to think then turns back to Bellamy. She grabs his arm, dragging him behind her to the rows of emergent cots. She knows the hospital inside out for she’s spent the better half of her childhood, and now adult life there. “Sit.” She instructs opening the curtain around the small area and closing it behind them.

“Don’t get me wrong but, aren’t you supposed to get a doctor?” Bellamy asks taking a seat on the cot as told. “I am a doctor.” She declares, reaching for a suture kit before putting on a pair of gloves.

“Right.”

“So, wanna tell me how this happened exactly?” She takes a super-sized cotton swab and dips it in sterilization fluid before cleaning out the wound on his forehead. He winces from the sudden sting but quickly adjusts. “I gotta say, I've always wondered what I’d be like to have you as a doctor.” He smirks avoiding the question. Clarke rolls her eyes; she needed to get him sober, fast. “Wonder no more, now answer the question.” She exhales leaning in closer to focus on her job.

“Some punk just couldn’t take a hint, I guess.” He explains vaguely, bringing his attention to the intern who walks in.

“Thanks,” She acknowledges the intern before turning back to Bellamy. ”And for once in your life you just couldn't let Octavia handle it? You know, she’s very capable, Bellamy.” Clarke explains loading a small rounded needle into the scissor-like holder.
“Man, there’s just no pleasing you girls. I mean, we’re dicks if we help and we’re dicks if we don’t. We can’t win.” And although Clarke saw his point, she voiced in disagreement for the current situation wasn’t as black and white as he made it out to be.

The Blonde grabs a pair of forceps with her other hand. “All I’m saying is she’s a big girl and—”

“She also happens to be my little sister and if someone’s making her uncomfortable you better believe I’m gonna step in.” He defends himself taking on a serious tone. Clarke knew the bond between the Blake siblings was strong. Bellamy basically had to raise Octavia after their mother died, in most cases, he was more like a parent to her than anything else. “It’s sweet, really. But she should learn to do that for herself.” She trails on, examining the state of his wound before grabbing the sutures.

Although Bellamy questioned his ability to remember this conversation, he knew she was right. He would have to stop taking care of Octavia sooner or later, she was a grown woman.

“I guess, I need to focus my attention on something else.” He exhaled dramatically. Clarke couldn’t help but let out a smile as she felt his features relax against the cot for the first time since they’ve arrived. “Oh yeah? Like what?” She questions, half curious on the inner workings of Bellamy’s drunken mind, and half invested in keeping him distracted from the suture she was currently sewing into his head. He shrugs, somehow managing to keep eye contact even though she’s fixated on the delicate movements of her hands. "Keep still."

“Maybe I need a vacation.” He reckons, letting his mind race. Clarke's eyebrows shoot up in surprise for the thought of Bellamy lounging on a beach coconut drink in hand is nothing short of ridiculous. “Or maybe… I need a distraction.” He corrects, his eyes wandering up and down her figure making it clear he was referring to her.

“Bellamy Blake, are you hitting on me when I have a sharp object at such a close proximity?” Clarke peers down at him with a threatening but amused expression.

But Bellamy just smiles knowing only Clarke would be so bold to point it out.

“You can’t honestly tell me you’ve never thought about it, Princess.” He advances, the alcohol deeming the filter in his head ineffective. It was not like him so come on so strongly. Sure they’ve had their insignificant moments of flirtatious outbursts, but they were nothing short of harmless. Clarke just rolls her eyes, bringing her attention back to her job. “Like that night in Montauk, remember that?” Bellamy presses, seeing that his last statement only brought him silence.

“At this point, I'm surprised you remember that.” She indicates.

"Oh, how could forget?” He sighs in jubilation, fingers subtly brushing against the slope of her hip. "I thought we agreed to never speak of it again.” Clarke with such assertiveness he finds it teasing.

Bellamy, seeing that he was actually getting somewhere, chuckles at her fervent ability to overthink everything and continues on. “You know, I don't I recall that.”

"It was implied." She cheekily adds.

"Oh, come on, you have to admit it was a fun night.”

“God, you’re going to have a trip after I tell you all about this conversation when you’re sober.” The Blonde snickers, although some part of her takes what he’s talking about into silly consideration.

“I am sober!” He defends, his words coming out a slight slur. “Okay, maybe I’m not that sober.” He
chuckles in realization but is quick to rally back to the subject. “What? Come on, am I wrong?” He found pleasure in the simplicity it took to annoy her, although his real motive was due to the face that the burrowed frown on her face was a cute look on her.

“Bellamy.” Clarke warns, her close proximity to him wasn't helping the current topic of conversation. But it wouldn't be long now, she was almost done. All she wanted to do is go home and sleep this night off, but of course, quickly realizes that she must not only take into consideration that his head was cut open but how it was done so. *He’s a risk for a concussion.* She’d have to watch him for the night. Sleep was out of the question.

*Great.*

Bellamy shrugs. “You said It yourself Princess. I need a distraction.”

“Stop fidgeting!” Clarke snaps. The idea of them tangled together that night just eating away at her brain. Sure, she had fun—it was honestly one of the most thrilling nights she'd had in months at the time, especially with another person. And She simply couldn't deny there wasn’t something between them—there was. She just couldn’t do that to Octavia. He was her best friends brother—*forbidden fruit.*

“I’m pretty sure you’re the one who declared that. I simply told you to give Octavia some room to defend herself, nothing more, Blake.” The Blonde corrects setting the instruments down on the tray before grabbing the sides of his head to check to see if her work is finished.

“Oh.” He shrugs trying hard to not sound so disappointed. “All I’m saying is that the offer's on the table.” He points out. She stops to tie off the end of the stitch before sticking a bandage over the wound. “It’s just all a matter of if you’re too chicken to take it—”

“You’re gonna have to keep an eye on that in case of infection. If there's any discoloration...” She mumbles on suddenly realizing there was no point to her instruction, the chance he actually remembers or even cares for that matter deemed very little. "and why am I telling a drunk man how to take care of himself?” She rambles to herself, turning away with a deep sigh, disposing of her gloves and quickly wrapping the instruments away.

When she turns back she's taken by complete surprise for Bellamy's now standing, quick to close the space between them with his lips.

And there she is; Clarke Griffin, brilliant, promising surgeon, yet again, making another terrible mistake in the myriad of mistakes that is her life, standing in an emergency room at three am in the morning sucking face with no one other than her best friends brother, Bellamy Blake.

He glides his hand along the shape her jawline, guiding the rhythm of their movements in synchronization. Clarke brings her hands to rest on the sides of his shirt, grabbing on to the material with every breath he steals. When he breaks away she surprised to find herself stupidly longing for the warmth of his lips.

“You’re my best friends brother.” She points out as if it's some sort of traitorous obstacle. “And you’re my sister’s best friend. Is this how we’re gonna label ourselves?” He grins, pulling that signature smirk of his that makes her want to disintegrate in that very spot but also continue making out with him. “Damn.” Clarke bites her lip in a long agonizing groan as she covers her eyes, shielding her from Bellamy's torturous gaze. How is it that he can somehow manage to turn her on, yet irritate her at the same time? And why does she always want what she can’t have?
The moment the apartment front door shuts behind them Bellamy grabs Clarke’s arm, spinning her into his embrace rushing to steal another kiss. And once again, before she could realize what’s happening she gets lost in his touch letting her mind fantasize about all the things he could do with his hands that were currently rolling themselves into her hips.

Her mind races as she debates the thought process of her questionable actions, yet she doesn't stop. She presses back into him, a hand wrapped around the back of his head tangled in those loose ungodly curls, the other running up the inside of his shirt trying to pry it off. "Bellamy." His name slips off her tongue with such an impetuous nature he finds himself surprised in its wake.

“Your room.” Bellamy utters against her skin, he’s molding hickeys along the racing pulse in her neck. “Y-Yeah.” Clarke gasps nearly out of breath fidgeting with the door handle against her back. They stumble inside when it swings open, but still somehow manage to remain intact. “What should we do?” The question comes out so genuine as if he doesn’t already know what they’re setting themselves up for, but he does. He just wants to throw her off guard. Because it seemed the only thing stopping Clarke Griffin from pulling away was the logic presented in her brain that came out her mouth.

“I don’t know—” She answers, subconsciously tugging at the bottom of her shirt in a desperate attempt to take it off before Bellamy steals her the words right off her tongue in a blinding haste with another intoxicating embrace. It seemed as though Clarke knew it too.

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Chapter 1 Playlist:

1. Saturday Night's Alright (for Fighting) - Elton John
2. Dark Times by The Weeknd
3. The Morning by the same band
The following morning, when Clarke wakes up in a naked, heated mess of Blonde curls and underlining satisfaction, she's oddly confused. That is, until her eyes adjust to the light, trailing along the white wrinkled sheets finding none other than a dormant Bellamy Blake beside her.

And just like that, all the morning glory she had built up in a matter of those short waking moments before the utter realization, had crumbled.

Her first immediate response was to keep still and close her eyes hoping this was sort of misunderstanding on her part. However, when she opens them after a moment, and Bellamy's figure still lay there, the dreaded realization this was not, in fact, some sort of twisted dream she had somehow managed to manifest, began to taunt her.

She had slept with Bellamy Blake, again.

Fuck.

Her second response was to carefully climb out of bed and slip out of there unseemingly, but one glance at the clock that read 7:38 am, and she jolted up in mid-panic making Bellamy shift about. As if not already adding insult to injury, her alarm hadn't gone off that morning and her shift started in twenty-two minutes.

"What time is it?" He grunted, half sleep. Clarke directly took this as her exit sign to get up, quickly wrapping one of the sheets around her figure.

"Good, you're awake." The Blonde replied promptly in attempt to remain positive as the cognizance of Bellamy's injuries snuck upon her. She was supposed to keep him awake—he was at risk for a concussion and instead of keeping an eye on him, she had somehow managed to manifest, began to taunt her.

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"What time is it?" He grunted, half sleep. Clarke directly took this as her exit sign to get up, quickly wrapping one of the sheets around her figure.

"Good, you're awake." The Blonde replied promptly in attempt to remain positive as the cognizance of Bellamy's injuries snuck upon her. She was supposed to keep him awake—he was at risk for a concussion and instead of keeping an eye on him, she had fallen asleep. "What time is it?" He repeats turning over to face her.

"7:40!" She answers frantically in search for a clean pair of scrubs. "Oh god." Bellamy groans in a pillow, pulling the covers higher. "Go back to sleep, Griffin."

Clarke stops dead in her tracks, facing him. "Go back to sleep?" She repeats his request, nothing but the virtue of utter annoyance dripping from every syllable in the simple sentence. And just by the nature of her voice Bellamy knows he's hit a nerve.

"I am going to be late!" She shouts, clearly irritated.

"Explain to me how this is my fault?" The Blake inquires face buried in a pillow. Although he's still lounged across the warmth of her queen mattress, he smiles in amusement.

"Get up!" Clarke barks, she simply didn't have time to play his games. "God, what if they saw us last
night?" She mumbles to herself slipping on a clean scrub top, hands fumbling around her bottom drawer for a pair of underwear attempting to ignore the way Bellamy was basically undressing her with his eyes.

"What if Octavia and Raven came home last night—looking for you, and saw us... together?!" The panic running through her system was definitely raging now. She dropped the sheet now that she was semi-clothed, effortlessly pulling her hair up into a ponytail, eyes still on a hunt for bottoms. "I'm pretty sure if my sister caught us, we would've been well aware of it." Bellamy teases, sitting up with a tendering yawn. "I'm sure she just crashed at Lincoln's... again." He added taking note of the Blond's close proximity as she sought out her phone by the nightstand.

"We've been over this Blake, they're engaged—it's normal for—" But before she has a chance to finish her train of thought Bellamy's quick to seize her with a playful grab, pinning her back against the bed under the weight of his body. The heat of his breath along the side of her bare neck paired with the devilish smirk upon his face, sends warm shivers down her spine, as his hands work their way across her body.

"Round two?" He suggests. The words sink into her skin and she's eager to absorb them.

"Bellamy..." Clarke mumbles. It's meant as a warning, but fails in delivery. Yet, she almost allows herself to get lost in his touch until the unyielding reality sets in once again. She pushes him aside and he willingly draws back with a relinquished sigh.

"I'm serious." The Blonde gets up once again, quickly straightening herself out. "I'm late for work, and you," She points his way in almost a delirious manner for she can't believe the impulse of her actions. "you won't get out of my bed—and I'm pretty sure this is your longest record for time spent after the one night stand, right Bellamy?" Her remark surprises him in an odd, amusing manner as he watches her attempt to cipher the very reasoning behind their previous endeavors.

"So as you can see—I'm a little pissed at the moment and honestly, debating my ability to make appropriate decisions under such pressure —"

"Whoa there, that's a pretty heavy accusation there, Princess. I didn't pressure you into anything." He stated as a matter-of-fact raising his hands up in willing surrender. "You did everything you wanted, don't blame me for your poor ability to resist me."

"Oh, don't flatter yourself." Clarke's quick to shoot back, storming her way to the bathroom before he had a chance to retaliate.

"Don't you have work or something?" She questions in attempt to prompt him out of her bed.

"It's Sunday." He replies from the other room.

"Is that supposed to mean anything?" When he doesn't answer she assumes it's because her plan is working, and he's currently picking his clothes off her bedroom floor. But then a pair of warm hands slide along her hips from behind and she finds his looming presence embracing her.

Fuck.

She instantly relaxes against his touch, the way his fingers glide against her hips before digging into them makes her mind go blank. "You were saying?" He whispers. The words wrap themselves along her gravity as she subconsciously pushes back against him, wanting to feel his weight against her.

Clarke inhales sharply as he teases the lining of her scrubs. It was no question; she could do this all
"Bellamy, I'm late." She groans after a moment. The realization dawning against her for what felt like the millionth time that morning. "So you've said—but I don't see you in such a hurry, Griffin." He defends slyly, lips busy teasing along the slope of her neck. And as his tenacious, calloused hands run up across her stomach, all she can think about is how nice it'd be if all her mornings came with a tall brooding man who knew how to use his hands so well.

She quickly snaps out of it, bringing herself to walk away even though it was the last thing she wanted to do. "If I miss my rounds I might as well fire myself..." She shouts not able to contain her amusement from the disgruntled look spelled across Bellamy's face as she slips out from his welcoming touch.

"Pick up your clothes on the way out!" Clarke shouts on her way out, leaving a defeated Bellamy Blake standing naked in her bathroom.

* * *

The rest of her day is stupid crazy—stupid in the sense of the terrible management of time she performed under. If she had five minutes to herself, other than that lunch break by the vending machine on the fourth floor, she simply wouldn't have known. Her day started with rounds and ended in exhaustion in the corner of the elevator after a myriad of diagnosis, bad news, prep., and surgeries while ignoring the constant run-ins with her ex.

It's nothing she's not used to already. The fast-paced adrenaline that came with the rush of the job. She thrived on it, ate it for breakfast, and was definitely not something susceptible to the obstructions that came with its disadvantages. If her mother, the only woman in her class at the time, managed to work under old unregulated time constrictions, become chief resident and raise a daughter at the same time, then Clarke could at least stay up on her feet after a 48-hour shift.

Some days she felt like superwoman, fluxed with this rush of indestructible force: Dr. Clarke Griffin off to save the day with a scalpel in her hand. But then come the days when she's exhausted all her efforts and there's still nothing in her power she can do. Those are the days that not only take her by complete surprise but remind her of the mortality present in every patient--hell, in even herself.

Today was one of those days. They had lost a trauma patient with crush injuries just as he came out of recovery, under her watch. It wasn't her fault, she knew that. There was nothing to indicate the inclination of heart failure. But still, the initial shock from the event lingered about, weighing her down. This, of course, was not the first time she had lost a patient and definitely wouldn't be the last. From her experience, she liked to believe that she could detach herself from the hovering shadow of death to some degree. But other times it struck harder than usual.

Lunch was particularly eventful when Octavia dropped by, wedding magazines in tow. Her presence was usually welcome, Clarke found a distracting comfort in her wake. But today, as she forced bites of her sandwich down, all that was running through her mind was, 'I slept with your brother last night', over and over again. She couldn't think. Her mind was clouded with the image—scratch that, the reality, of Bellamy's solid figure, stretched across her bed this morning.

Fuck.
Every inch of her being wanted nothing more than to reach across the table and shout, 'I slept with Bellamy last night, and I need you to know that because you're my best friend and I'm freaking out, but I also don't need you to know that because you're his sister and he's forbidden fruit!'

But instead, when Octavia gushed about Lincoln's recent proposal, going over the various options of wedding dress colors, Clarke just smiled, nodding along. "What about white?" She suggests attempting to at least sound as if she wasn't freaking out inside.

"Ugh, I don't know... I feel like white is too..." Octavia grunts, the expression on her face scrunching in objection. "virginal." She ends, and Clarke nearly spits her coffee out at the sudden declaration.

"V-Virginal?" The Blonde repeats once she draws enough air to breathe. "I don't think that's an adjective."

"White is seems so... traditional. I mean, Bellamy would love it but I don't want to stand up there looking like the freaking Virgin Mary." She adds. "I hardly think that's what anyone thinks of when they look at you and Lincoln, O." Clarke chuckles, quick to invalidate the ridiculous nature of her best friends' exaggerated belief. "Okay, okay... you may have a point there. Anyway... I was thinking more along the lines of ivory, or blush pink. Something subtle but modern."

The Blonde nods, offering her a reassuring grin. "Yeah, I could see that."

"So, how was last night with Bellamy, he didn't give you too much trouble, did he?" Octavia then questions, too busy trailing over the myriad of colors in her magazine to notice the sudden panic in Clarke's eyes as she mentions her older brother.

"Uh, no. He was fine." Clarke offers vaguely. "Surprisingly no concussion, but he needed stitches." She continued taking a sip of her latte in hopes to pace herself with the response. "Thanks for dealing with him, I probably would've just made things worse."

"I had a little talk with him about everything. So, I'm hoping he'll grow up and finally learn, but you never know with him he's a little... unpredictable."

"A little?" Octavia questions in amusement. She idolized her older brother, but she couldn't deny her distaste for the protective nature he held her in. Now, she realized it had sprung up long ago when he was handed custody of her and it would never really prove to disappear competently, but she at least hoped it would fade with time as she grew into an adult.

However, that was not the case.

"What happened exactly? I mean, Jasper sort gave me the gist of everything but, you know..." Clarke shrugs, inclined by the missing details.

"It honestly was nothing, really," Octavia reveals. "This guy—probably had a few too many, came on to me. I said no, but apparently, he wasn't getting it. And before I could say anything there's Bellamy swooping in." She shakes her head in disappointment. "He started shouting, and getting in his face. The guy, of course, felt threatened and started swinging and then I don't even know... it just escalated in all forms of stupidity." She shook her head. "I'm actually surprised Bell managed to stay on his feet long enough to get out of there after that blow."

"Well," Clarke's eyebrows shoot up. "as you've stated, he is full of surprises."

"I get his need to protect me—" She suddenly slaps the magazine on the table. "he practically raised me after mom, but he needs to realize I can take care of myself." The Blake sister shook her head. "That's what I said," Clarke added in agreement. Octavia sighed, shaking her head for this was a
sour subject.

"What time did you guys get home last night?"

"Around 4:30am,"

"God, I'm sorry Clarke if I knew—"

"Don't worry about it. I'm just glad he didn't run into more trouble." Clarke shrugged making nothing of it. After a moment she cursed to herself for the way she phrased the sentence. Because based on her the definition of trouble, it was only partially true.

But, of course Octavia didn't notice, "What about blue?"

"Oh god no."

* *

It's later that evening when Octavia is perched over the stove busy making dinner that the disruptive trio of loud, hungry boys burst through that front door.

"Ooh, whatcha making there?" Jasper's the first to ask, migrating toward the kitchen where his continues to stick his nose anywhere but where it belonged. "Hands off!" Octavia slaps his prying fingers from the hot dish. "What are you guys doing here?" She barks in a scolding manner for she already knew the answer. It was pretty clear, they were there to eat.

"Come on, you can practically smell it from the other side of the building!" Monty added in defense. "You can't really blame us..." Bellamy adds, in a shrug.

"You guys are just lucky Raven's on duty and not here to kick your asses. What is this like, the sixth time this month?" She shook her head in disappointment watching the boys comfortably situate themselves upon her couch. "Oh, no no no. I'm not your mommy—you don't get to just sit there while I make the food! It doesn't work like that!" At that point, Octavia knew there wasn't anything she could do to get them out of there without a full stomach, however, that didn't mean she was about to make it easy for them.

"You're all grown men. You should know how to feed yourselves!" She went on, making her way into the living room before them in a berating manner. "Now, get up and help me!"

"Clarke home?" Bellamy asks subtly, trudging back to the kitchen behind Octavia. "You know where her room is..." His sister subconsciously answers too distracted by the two anxious boys before her to question why her brother would be asking about Clarke whereabouts.

Her room is cold and dark. White curtains dance in contrast from the late evening Seattle breeze that runs through the open window. A mountain of clothes—scrubs, he notices, forms a trail toward the bathroom just as his ears pick up the sound of a rushing shower. A devilish smirk appears on his face as he makes a pass at the door, without any further hesitation, making an almost naked Clarke jump.

"Holy shit Bellamy—!" She nearly shouts before catching herself. She was just about to hop into the shower after a long, grueling day, the absolute last thing she needed was to alert the party in the other room. The Blake just smiled in amusement from her jumpy nature and somehow managed to wrap
himself around her in a matter of seconds. "What the hell are you doing, Bell?" Clarke sighs, her words are quiet but sharp, not wanting to lose any sort of emphasis in the context. "I have a question." He replies smoothly, breathing in her nearly exposed body.

"And this couldn't possibly wait until after my shower?" Clarke retorts suddenly noticing the lack of space between them, and how his hands were still pulling her closer to him.

She closes her eyes. His hands.

Behind them, the thick steam from the running shower rolled beyond the glass, evaporating into the air around them. But somehow, the Blonde snaps out of his trance and spins around pretending to keep herself busy by rustling through the medicine cabinet.

"It's important." Bellamy presses, giving her a second. "It's about my head."

"What about it?" Clarke bites her lip feeling Bellamy closing in on her from behind, hand resting on the countertop beside hers, head cocked, breath rolling down her collarbone.

"You see, it's kind of hurts." She can tell it's just a cover. That he's not being serious. She knows why—or rather, what he's here for, but yet for some reason, she still finds herself playing along. And just like that: she's not so tired anymore. "Hm... what do you want me to do?" She's toying with him now, the slow steadiness of her voice purely eminent with the lack of air dissipating from the room. The Blake simply shrugs, pressing himself against her, lips now just barely tracing over her shoulder at a teasing will before running up her neck at the crook of her jaw.

And before she could have a second to react, he spins her back around. Tasting her rosy lips on his, testing the waters in a deep but toe-curling kiss before the speed kicks in—before his demeanor is set and Clarke finds herself sandwiched between the countertop and Bellamy's weight.

For the first time, she wonders where all this intense sexual tension came from. Before last night she and Bellamy were close, sure; he was her best friends brother, they'd known each other for years, and although their interactions were filled with all the components of healthy feud paired with the occasional casual flirtation, it never escalated past that. Well, except maybe one drunken night a year ago after both their worlds exploded, but that was is a story for another time.

None-the-less their relationship had always been simply platonic. So one would completely understand the confused nature of Clarke's mind at the moment when Bellamy's hands couldn't get enough.

"I don't know, Dr. Griffin... I was kinda hoping you'd make it feel better." He replies through even breaths. She doesn't understand how, but he did it. He managed to pick her up so, even in her exhausted state. However, Clarke's mind is currently split between the fantasy of his hands tangled in her hair, wrapped around the back of her head, and thinking what Octavia would do to them if she walked in right there and then.

But she's quickly distracted by the violent, convulsing ripples he kisses into her through her. She hoists herself up on the counter, quickly helping take his shirt off, legs so effortlessly finding their path around his waist as Bellamy struggles with the lock on the door.

And for the second time that weekend she's making out with her best friends brother. It's maybe a minute later when she's fumbling with the button on his jean's it hits Clarke that her best friend—his sister, is only two walls away probably wondering what on earth Bellamy was doing in her room for that long. "Shit, shit!" She gasps through the thick atmosphere trying to come to her senses. "What the hell are we doing?!" She shouts in a whisper, pushing him off. "Octavia's home—"
"Clarke," Bellamy mumbles in disappointingly but stops the moment he notices her present hesitation. "Your sister is right out there!" She exclaims. "That's what makes this so fun." He smirks, reaching in to kiss her once again, but she swiftly avoids it.

"You have to get out—"

"Wow, you know, I'm suddenly experiencing a round of deja vu..." He jokes, falling assertively. Clarke hands him his shirt shaking her head. "I'm sorry, but we can't do this to her." She reminds him for what certainly feels like the millionth time, yet he just rolls his eyes.

"Why? Because of that stupid, might I add, nonexistent girl-code? Clarke, come on, that's crazy—"

"No. What's crazy is this," She's trying hard to hide her sense of dismay but fails for Bellamy sees right through it, realizing she's just as disappointed as he is. "doing, whatever it is we're doing when everyone's right out there... can we just talk later?" She's defeated now, coming down from the accelerating high Bellamy's presence so effortlessly provided.

He nods in agreement, seeing to it she's already made her mind and walks out before she could get another word in.

"We'll talk later."

* *

"It's late, I'm going to bed," Clarke announces with an agonizing yawn, peeling herself off the living room floor. The rest of the gang were stretched lazily across the couch and floor, full from dinner, being lulled by the moving television screen before them.

"Night, Clarke." They all nearly mumble in their exhausted states. And as she sets her plate in the sink, Bellamy stands following her. "Uh, I forgot my jacket in your room last night." He announces attempting to justify his actions before the tired crowd. They don't notice, and Clarke simply shoots him a just glare that apparently has no effect for it doesn't stop the persistent pace he makes back to her room.

The Blond drops to her bed the moment the door closes behind them, thankful she wasn't working the early shift tomorrow morning. She'd have to catch up on her much-needed sleep and would have to make it clear he was definitely not part of that equation.

"I'm seriously tired, Bellamy."

"That's fine. I won't keep you long, but you said we'll take later. Now is later."

"Right."

He was using her own words against her but then again, he wouldn't be Bellamy if he didn't. "Talk." She exhaled sharply gazing up at him from where she was laying on the bed. But when finally being presented with the opportunity, he had no idea where to begin. And after a moment of lingering silence, Clarke spoke for him. "What are we doing, Bellamy?" She whispers gently. The words float into the dim light hanging around them. "This is so weird—"

"This is a lot of things, I can assure you 'weird'; is not one of them."
"Okay." Clarke's quick to correct herself. "this is..." She swallows not finding the right word. "I just—I don't feel right doing this." She clarifies.

"Why?" He suddenly demands, Clarke's quick to reply with a significant frown. "Because of you're my best friends brother."

"I don't think I've been more aware of that fact in the last 48 hours." He jokes attempting to lighten the mood. The Blonde sits up, running a hand through her hair in a deep sigh. "I don't know what we're doing," He admits, shrugging. "but I know that I like it. And I know that I don't want to stop."

His statement takes her by surprise. Bellamy was usually a lot more complex than that. Clarke nods, coming to the same ultimate conclusion, but hesitating before she had a chance to voice it. "Okay, what does that mean?" She mumbles, biting her lip in a nervous manner. Bellamy was a lot of things, but she knew she could trust him to be honest with her.

"You tell me..." He dances around the question attempting to see where her head was at. She of course notices and makes him well aware of that fact. "I'm just trying to figure out what you want out of this, so answer the damn question."

"Fine. I don't want anything heavy—all that relationship crap? I don't want to deal with it." He attempts to read the expression on her face for she doesn't offer him anything for a moment just registering his words. But then she smiles, and relief flood through him.

"Okay."

"Okay?" He questions in confusion. Clarke nods encouragingly. "Looks like we're in the same boat, Blake."

"Good." There's such determination in his voice that her heart races, satisfied with his reply. If he's going to make this easy, then she would too. They shouldn't beat around the bush when it came to things like this. It was completely nerve-racking and unnecessary.

"Okay then. If we're gonna continue this we need a set of rules."

"So, you're saying you want to continue this?"

"As wrong as it feels..." She shakes her head, "I do want to continue this." Her eyebrows raise, challenging his question as she smiles in amusement. "You?"

"Yeah."

"Good. First rule." Clarke starts before she could stop the words slipping from her mouth. Of course, every part of her brain contemplated her actions or at least attempted to. Doubting her every word, coming up with endless reasons why this was a horrible idea, yet, somehow, she managed to stay ignorant of all them. "It's just sex—it's simple and casual and exclusively for the benefit of having a healthy sexual life. No relationship crap." She tries to medically justify this. Bellamy can't help but grin. "Do you listen to yourself sometimes, Princess? You sound like a textbook."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"Okay. Just sex. What's next?"

"No one can know about this." She declares without hesitation. She couldn't run the risk of Octavia finding out. "That's fair. Wouldn't want my sister to find out—well, at least you wouldn't." Clarke shoots him glare. "They can never know." She insists, making sure it's engraved in the etching of his mind.
"Sounds like a challenge. I like it." Bellamy comments with a smirk. "Oh, I got one... non-exclusive."

"Why? So you can give me an STD in the process? I don't think so." Clarke's quick to object.

"I'm just thinking of you, Princess." Bellamy shrugs. She peers at him in confusion, attempting to understand what he meant before he explained it, but she was coming up short. "What about the moment you come to your senses and realize that Collins is the right one for you, huh? What about them?" He questioned consciously. "You're gonna call me in the middle of the night to break off our little arrangement before jumping into bed with him?" He chuckles shaking his head. "I'd rather save my sleep, thanks."

"That's not fair." She retorted. If she was going to take any shit about her and Finn's complicated relationship, it was going to be from her mother, a justified source—definitely not from one Bellamy Blake who had no say in the matter.

"Finn and I? I can promise that's long over, and I'm not discussing my past romantic failures with you."

"Failures?" Bellamy comments eyebrows popping up in question. "The guy proposed to you Clarke, I'd hardly call that a failure."

"Yeah? And where are we today, Blake? I'm single and live with Raven and Octavia."

"Your right, you know, I actually never understood why you said no." He questions in a vexing matter. "Doctor, 401K plan, not too bad looking… you had everything you'd ever need with him. Why leave?" And what started out as an innocent tease suddenly turned serious. Clarke found herself without a simple explanation to provide. "Okay. Let's get this out of the way so we never have to talk about it again; Finn? He..." She shook her head trying to find the right words to explain the dilemma. "he wanted a wife, a house on Mercer Island three doors from my mother, two and a half kids and I..." Clarke reveals, trying hard not to let the emotion slip out with her words. "I couldn't give him that."

"Why not?" Bellamy's question turns genuine. He'd always had this slight suspicion that no matter how hard Clarke fought against it, she would never defer from the lifestyle her mother had so willing carved out for her. "Seems like the natural stepping stone for you."

"I'm a surgical resident, Bellamy. And as much as my mom was a big influence in that decision, I actually love it." She watches as he attempts to cipher her the entirety of complex nature. "She taught me that the thing I can really count on in life is my career."

"How so?" He presses.

"Because a career is never going to wake up in the morning and tell you it doesn't love you anymore, and she's not wrong." Although there's a part of him that has to disagree with that statement, Blake brother keeps it to himself, understanding her point. He knew it wasn't her intention, but he couldn't get the thought of how somber that sounded out of his head. "Doesn't mean I didn't love him." Finn was a touchy subject for the Blonde. Mostly because growing up, she had three supporting constants in her life, her father, Wells, and Finn. Until ultimately, she was left with only one.

"It was one of the hardest things I had to do. So, no... I'm not going to be changing my mind anytime soon, Blake." She adds as a matter of fact.

"That's fair." Bellamy wants to voice an apology on his behalf for even bringing it up, but he keeps it
to himself knowing it wouldn't make a difference to her. "However, I see your point."
Clarke exhales, realizing how far they've managed to veer off topic. "Non-exclusive, I guess it
couldn't hurt. What's next?"

"Uh, no dating—more specifically: dates. I don't want to accidentally get dragged along to one of
your mother's famous brunches, no offense," Bellamy adds, dismissing that part of him that urged to
hear more. Clarke immediately agrees, much to his surprise. "I wouldn't wish that on anyone..."
Together they laugh and suddenly her mind is so clear and de-clouded from the clutter that Bellamy
had left behind with all that unresolved sexual tension. Not that she had the courage to admit it aloud
at the moment, but she was kind of glad they were doing this.

"Anything, else?" She asks when nothing comes to mind.

"Not that I can think of, but four simple rules seem like a good start."

"Okay," Clarke reaches over to her bedside table, tearing a page from a notebook. "Rules," She
writes at the top. "Number one..."

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 2 Playlist:

1. Thinkin' Bout You - Frank Ocean
2. Mr. Know-It-All - Young the Giant
3. Never Be Mine - Anges Olsen
Clarke Griffin was never really one to let her inhibitions run wild, at least not in the recent years. Although her youth was filled with the misconceptions of teenage revelry, it slowly eased as she set her sights on college for she was no longer within touching distance of her mother's home.

College passed and although she was not the party animal she was in high school, she had fun. Fake ID's and alcohol were such new things for her college friends—especially Octavia who never seemed to get enough moonshine Jasper and Monty curated in their dorm. However, Clarke had long bored out of all those habits. She was thirty-three miles away from her mother, a short, but long enough distance away she didn't need to keep the charade up. Plus, her act was getting exhausting and she simply had better things to do. Things like, study for the MCAT's and allow herself to fully fall in love with the one and only Finn Collins.

Fast forward to the present and she was learning how to have fun again. Life was simply becoming so increasingly and unexpectedly exciting, she was nearly blindsided by it all. Everything was so easy and simple; somedays Bellamy would sleep over, others, she would (although it was harder to sneak out of the boy's apartment with Jasper always on the couch and Mont's keen sense of smell). With Octavia always either at work or Lincoln's, and Raven rotating on two-day shifts at the firehouse, her apartment was thankfully always empty, therefore a lot easier to sneak around in.

Their days and nights were spent either working, studying (Clarke), or with each other. Sometimes they'd simply be too tired and just hang out like old times—there was never any pressure between them. It got to a point where Clarke found it rather nice to have someones so close to her again.

Their working days were particularly thrilling; while Clarke dealt with the challenging poses of being a first-year surgical resident and keeping her head above the water, Bellamy battled against a human trafficking case his Captain had reopened. The stakes were high, innocent people's lives were on the line, yet surprisingly they still managed to sustain the drive to find a little time in between their jobs. Whether it was his lunch break for her's, hell even the five minutes Clarke had off to grab a quick picker-upper in the on-call room, they were truly invested.

Between on-call rooms, private interrogation rooms, even a family bathroom, they simply never grew tired of each other. It was strange. Clarke had almost expected Bellamy to get bored or vice versa, or become even the least bit less interested, yet every time they'd meet something would happen between them creating this unexplainable heat that to her surprise, never submerged.

A week had passed now, and just as Clarke nearly finished in the shower that morning, a curt knock echoed across her bathroom door.

"Your razors not in here, O!" She shouts on command. Instead of a reply, the door opens letting in a cold rush of air. "You've got the wrong Blake." A voice remarks with a teasing smile. "Octavia had an early morning." He comments, devilish smirk in tow. Clarke shakes her head in amusement,
watching as he effortlessly takes his shirt off in one swift movement, undressing in a matter of seconds before climbing in the shower beside her.

"I thought we could too." He drags her into a deep kiss before she had the chance to say anything, hands setting themselves at the base of her waist. "Did you lock the door?" She mumbles, suddenly not being able to remember if it was Raven's her shift day or not.

She's too distracted by the feeling of his skin against hers to care he didn't answer. She doesn't know if it was the steam from the running water or the way his fingers moved across her exposed skin that made it hard for her to breathe. Her mind goes blank in the best definition of the term when she's with Bellamy. For the first time in her life, she was not delegating or too preoccupied to just live in the moment, because his touch was against hers and the whole world simply fell away leaving her with nothing but the feeling of his experienced, calloused fingers and yearning ache the hollow of her heart.

**

Work had been particularly long and difficult for Clarke that day so the moment she got home, she sprawled on that big comfy couch of their's and refused to move. They had lost a PEDs patient; a five-year-old boy with acute nonlymphocytic leukemia who somehow, even under the careful watch of intensive care developed an infection. Clarke liked PEDs, at first. She thought it as a form of miniature general surgery, but quickly sprung against it the moment mortality snuck upon her. No matter how badass she found it, she was unable to deal with its damning repercussions and dreaded her rotations in the specialty. Dead people were fine, they'd lived, they'd matured, they'd had a chance. Dead kids on the other hand...

She almost wishes Octavia or Raven were home to prop her up, fill her up with a bottle of cheap wine and make the world spin again. But the Blake sister was away negotiating contracts with a client and Raven was surprisingly nowhere to be found even though the Blonde knew she wasn't on shift. Nevertheless, after discovering the series of annotated wedding magazines Octavia had so casually left on the coffee table for her to go over, she turned on the TV and let it play in the background. She was in desperate need of something wholesome to balance her morbid day and her best friends wedding was the perfect distraction.

It wasn't long before the front door swung open after a curt knock and she was no longer alone.

"Hey, you're home."

"I am." Clarke looks up meeting Bellamy's husky smile. "With your schedule, I never know." He adds making his way to the couch, getting comfortable beside her. "Jasper's hogging the TV, something about people underwater..?"

"Oh, that new reality show, Celebrities Underwater!" The Blonde quickly catches on suddenly having the urge to turn it on she watched the expression on his face drop.

"Not you, too."

"Hey! I am a very successful physician and will not be judged by my debatably bad taste in television!" She defends clearly entertaining him. "Uhum, can I watch the game, or not?" He sighs unable to retract that playful smile on his lips, hands searching for the remote.
"Under one condition." She hints cocking her head in a playful manner. "why did I think this was going to be easy?" Bellamy mumbles. The smile on his face coils, breathing paces as she leans into him real close, stopping inches short of his lips. "What do you propose, Princess?" The words come out a quiet mutter, drawing her further in. Her eyes glance his wide-spread lips, taking in every crease, every depressing slope before meeting his eyes just stringing him along until she was sure he caught on.

Two words escape her mouth in a low taunting whisper. "Order takeout." Before quickly retreating back to her place. "That," Bellamy exhales taking in her deeming blow, admiring the jeering nature of her teasingly ability. "was a dirty trick," Yet, he has to give it to her; he almost fell for it. "But I'll comply. Considering you've so generously provided the entertainment."

"Great," She chuckles quite pleased with herself before turning back to the magazines, marking down her opinion's in the bubbles Octavia left for her. "I'm in the mood for Chinese."

Four cartons of Golden House and half a basketball game later Clarke finds her mind wandering off, bored from the endless wedding details, or how Bellamy put it; 'Octavia's homework'.

"I've never pegged you for a watch the game kind of guy." Clarke declares out of nowhere without really realizing she's voiced it. Yet when she does, she simply goes along with it noticing Bellamy's attention suddenly divide between her and the game.

"Proves there's a lot, not even you know about me, Princess."

"Okay?" She scoffs at his insinuating remark, considering it a challenge. He took his coffee black with two packets of sugar, had a thing about sleeping on the side of the bed closest to a window, collected an absurd amount of history books—and the list went on and on. She knew him, maybe not as well as Octavia, but if given the time she could definitely demonstrate. Then again, a part of her ridiculed her own stupidity because of course, she didn't everything there was to know about Bellamy Blake, but she knew enough. Clarke just didn't like the idea there were parts of him she hadn't yet uncovered.

"Enlighten me then"

"I like Basketball. Your turn." He responds effortlessly. The Blonde hesitates, realizing he had managed to turn her question into some sort of game, still, she doesn't protest. In fact, she sits up and really tries to think about it. "Not so fun when the tables turn to you, huh?" He teases turning his attention back to the game as to show her the pressure was off.

"Okay; sometimes, when I get stressed... I smoke a cigarette." She admits with a tight smile, surprising him. "Wow, the Princess smokes?" Bellamy struggles with the sudden image of a cigarette perched between the Blonde's plump lips blurred in a cloud of smoke. Clarke chuckles at his damming reaction yet quickly comes to correct him. "I did, in my teenage years—found it was the quickest way to get under my mom's skin."

"Wow…" He takes a moment to digest that as she tries not to take it personally. "Proves there's a lot, not even you don't know about me, Blake." She mocks. "Didn't think you had it in you, Griffin..." He shook his head in amusement. "Oh, trust me, teenage Clarke was a lot different from who I am today." She almost laughs at the memory of her rebellious youth.

"Oh, yeah? How so?"
"Well for starters, teenage Clarke would've hit that," She gestures to him with a lingering smirk. "Long, long ago." It was nice to talk to him in such a candid way and she found herself not wanting to stop. "Oh, really?" Bellamy questions. "Somehow I wish I knew this information earlier."

"My turn." She exclaims, suddenly remembering something she wanted to know.

"Shoot."

"Where'd you learn how to cook, and don't deny it because I know for a fact you can."

A smile forms upon Bellamy's lips in realization he'd been figured out, caught in the headlights by non-other than Clarke Griffin. He damns himself for showing off at Octavia's birthday dinner weeks before but complies. "Alright, alright, you got me." Clarke chuckles in anticipation. "Our next door neighbor at the old apartment; Ol'Roise."

"Jesus, this sounds like the beginning of an old western movie, continue." The Blonde jokes, letting him continue. "After I got custody of O, Rosie took care of us from time to time, she would bring dishes over, help with the housework; she was a very caring lady who had nothing but time on her hands I guess." he sighs, remembering the old days. "After a while, she got older and tired so she taught me instead." Bellamy nonchalantly explained. He noticed how the expression on her face slowly coils with a sense of delighted surprise.

"I never knew that."

"Yeah, I mean, even though Octavia didn't want to spend the next three years in foster care, she wasn't so keen on having me as a caretaker." He begins to explain. "I knew I had to change a few things; she was scared that I wasn't able to provide for the both of us," Bellamy let out in a quick mumble making the Blonde realize her conclusion was utterly wrong. "and I mean, she had a right to. I wasn't exactly the model citizen back then I am now."

"Model citizen?" Clarke smirks in the wake of his short but amused glare. "You know what I mean."

He paused for a moment to think about the memory he so desperately wanted to share. She'd be the first person he'd tell, not that he'd let her know that.

"Our first week alone was a Saturday, I let her sleep in, made breakfast, nothing special. We usually kept the blinds shut when mom was around due to her paranoia—anyway, that morning I had opened them all up right? So the apartment was flooded with sunlight." He laughs, remembering the look on his sister's face. "So Octavia wakes up, and she's walking around all confused."

"The place just always felt so small and dark, anyway; she's walking around like completely awestruck. I don't know, I could just tell it was one of those turning point moments." He explains softly as if he was transported back to that day so many years ago.

"Wow. I think I see it now."

"See what?" He turns back to the present. "What O really means when she talks about you." The Blonde reveals a small but genuine smile because, despite their silly game, she had learned something that made her look at Bellamy in a new light. No longer was he just Octavia's brooding, incredibly attractive but emotionally unstable older brother. He was Bellamy Blake, who loved his sister and persevered through horrible odds.

"I believe it's my turn." He replies realizing how off topic they'd gotten.

"Right." She exhales but doesn't want to move on. She wants to hear about their stories—his version,
for she's already heard Octavia's. Dive into their troubled and humble lives and understand the yearning ache of a real struggle for once because all her life Clarke had been handed things alongside high expectations. Like the minute the medical schools got word the daughter of Abby Griffin was applying—no longer was she Clarke, no longer did her credibility or efforts matter: she was the daughter of the famous Abby Griffin so the acceptance letters flew. She just wished for once she didn't have to live in the shadow of her mother and actually be confident she was being rewarded the things she was because she earned them, not because of some side political agenda.

Bellamy hesitates, debating what to ask. Should he keep it light and add some comic relief to their heated conversation or should he just continue with the theme?

"What happened between your parents? The real truth." He asks, watching her digest his question. The contemplative look on her face didn't make her out to seem too bothered by it so he was in the clear. She's hesitant at first. Her family life is complicated beyond normalcy, then again, who's isn't? "I mean, Octavia's mentioned some things in the past" He shrugs, giving her a way out, but it was herself she was protecting.

"You sure you want to know?" Clarke warns. It wasn't pretty, and although she knows he's seen coverage of it on the news, that wasn't the really the reality behind the situation.

"You remember the trial, right?" Bellamy nods, "Yeah, he was charged with obstruction of law charges." He had heard of scandal on the news in its prime years ago. Hearing of the renowned scientist, Dr. J. Griffin, facing obstruction of law charges after a piece of evidence had been turned in anonymously, revealing he had tampered some evidence from a crime scene at the lab. He remembered seeing the video of his family in court on the news, a strong-willed woman with a stern gaze and her innocent, wide-eyed teenage daughter.

"The anonymous person? My mom." She swallows realizing this may have gone deeper than she wanted it to.

Bellamy frowned, disturbed. "You're sure?" He wasn't questioning her judgment, but rather his ears. He had met the older Griffin once in his life, and it was true what they said: she was indeed a force of nature. Still, he couldn't imagine her doing such a thing.

"She got him arrested to scare him over his threat of divorce." She continues. "Wanted to show him how much power she held." Clarke swallowed for the mention of her father at the time only induced the horrible memories of the last few months of his life.

"How do you know?" Bellamy insisted, genuinely concerned.

"I don't have actual proof, but I don't need it. I know what she did, I was fourteen Bellamy. I wasn't an idiot." She asserted, suddenly craving that bottle of wine Octavia and Raven weren't around to fill her up with. "I heard them fighting. They were always fighting; over money, me, threatening divorce, until one night my mother said something I'll never forget..."

"If you file for divorce, I swear to god, Jake. I'll show you what powerful really looks like!"

"That's how I know." She added, convincing him. "And I guess he didn't listen because five days later the cops show up at our door and arrest him on obstruction of law charges. He got a twelve-month prison sentence and three years of parole." She shudders at the memory of it all. "I knew it was her from the moment she picked me up at the police station after he was arrested. I could see it on her face." Clarke shakes her head, remembering the way her mother maneuvered and constructed herself around the police.
"He was what?! This is ridicilous—you'll be hearing from my lawyer!"

"The way she played around me and those officers like she did the people at our parties, with fake expressions and misguided gestures. It was all a game to her, and we were her pawns." Bellamy watches her intently, finally beginning to understand the nature of her upbringing.

"I thought I would forgive her." She continues not wanting to leave it there. "I would have, eventually." This time, she meets Bellamy's gaze. "But three days before his release he gets stabbed by some disgruntled inmate," She pauses, for she doesn't really know the events of the situation. She didn't want to. She knew couldn't handle it. "But I can't. I can't really forgive her because it was her indirect actions that killed him." She exhales sharply. "And I know she didn't mean for it to happen but what kind of wife—what kind of person, puts their husband in prison as a wager for divorce. It's insane."

"Why all the drama? Why didn't your mother just get a divorce? I'm sure she was making plenty of money at the hospital." Bellamy inquires, his suspicion raising with every word Clarke revealed. "She needed it to last another year. It was written in their prenup that if they lasted twenty years my mother would get ten million dollars in the settlement."

"Holy shit," The reality of that strikes Bellamy. "and I thought my family was screwed up." He takes a deep breath noticing the distant gaze in her eyes.

"How are things now? With your mother, I mean." Bellamy questions. The Blonde shrugs, not really knowing what to say. "I see her from time to time—she's chief of surgery at Seattle Med, so I mean I have to." She sighs just thinking about it. Her relationship with her mother was strained. They were civil when they had to be, and god knows the numerous times Abby tried to patch things up. It was Clarke who was uninterested, it didn't seem fair to her father yet at the same time, she knew her father would want them to be on good terms. So, they'd grown closer over the years for his sake, sending Christmas and Birthday cards, even having the occasional dinner and meeting up from time to time but things were never really the same. She was trying, they both were and that's all that mattered.

"She's changed now. My father's death affected her too, it's not like she'd cold-hearted or anything like that... she's—she just made mistakes." She's trailing along now. It wasn't necessarily the topic of discussion she wanted to dwell over at the moment, but she had to admit, it was nice to have Bellamy there, listening.

"Wow... that's tough. I had no idea." Bellamy mumbled, feeling a bit guilty for when Octavia first introduced them he thought she was nothing but a bored spoiled Princess who wanted to take a chance on slumming it. Although over the years he's gotten to know her his perception changed. He'd just never seen her in this light before, she was so much more than what she made herself to be.

"We try, don't get me wrong. But... it's not easy." She doesn't know what else to offer. And she doesn't need to clarify because she can tell from the gaze in his eye, Bellamy understands.

"And that's understandable. You don't go through something like that unaffected." He adds, catching her glance. "How 'bout a glass of wine?" He offers. "You read my mind." Clarke chuckles watching him make his way to the kitchen. "Sorry to bombard you with all that. I really wasn't planning to."

"I'm glad you did..." He realized making his way back coming back to the couch, pouring the red liquid before them. "I mean, hearing your problems really makes me grateful for mine." He jokes attempting to lighten the mood around them earning a jab in the ribs by her elbow. "Tell me about him." Bellamy insists.
"Who?"

"Your father. What was he like?" He didn't necessarily have a reason to why he was asking. Maybe it was the fact that he was just plain curious, or maybe it was the fact he never truly experienced a father's nature and from his view, Clarke seemed to have loved her's. It wasn't a bad place to start.

"I believe it's my turn to ask you something." She points out, feeling better due to the glass in her hand. "We're still playing that?" He follows along as she shakes her head. Together they chuckle.

"You really want to know?"

Bellamy shrugs.

"He was my best friend." She admits without hesitation. "And before you tease me, I know most fourteen-year-olds best friend included the pink razor phone and the Bedazzlor but I was like, way above all that... " She laughs, and Bellamy doesn't understand why that fills him with content. "I don't know how to explain it. He was just always the simple parent. He was the type of father who'd steal me away from school to take to the aquarium and make learning the periodic table fun. My mother was the complicated one. She was never really home—either at work or some charity event, I don't know. I guess she just loved the glamor that came with intelligence and money more than she did us."

"Oh, come on. I'm sure that's not completely true." Bellamy quickly dismisses, not wanting to believe such a thing. If he'd gotten one thing from the one, brief acquaintance with Abby, was that she genuinely loved Clarke. There was no doubt about it. "I don't know, maybe not, but it sure felt like it most of the time." Yet the expression on Clarke's face tells another story. "My dad never preyed on me with meaningless gifts or dramatic gestures. He knew the way to my heart took nothing more than a drive to the beach and some mint chocolate chip ice cream."

"That sounds nice."

"Yeah." She agree's "What about your father? I mean, I've heard it all from O, but not your side of the story." She questioned genuinely intrigued. Bellamy shot her a look. "What, it's technically my turn!" She defended.

Bellamy turned to his glass, releasing a chuckle insight of his hesitance. "I have a few memories—not all good. But they're there." He exhaled watching Clarke nervously run the tips of her fingers along the rim of her wine glass. Although there was a point in his life where the subject of his father wasn't a bitter one, that wasn't the case now. Through all the bad, he decided to start with the good. "He made my mom laugh, I can tell you that." He smiled at the brief memory. "Whenever problems came about—unpaid bills or stuff with the landlord; he always managed to put a smile on her face. Life was a little tough," He shrugs. "but manageable. I stayed with Rosie next door after school, this, of course, was before she was Ol'" he joked, making the Blonde shakes her head. Leave it to Bellamy to try to lighten the mood.

"My parents worked a lot. Mom was part-time as a seamstress at the dry cleaning place on Market, dad an electrician." He explains quickly knowing Clarke was already aware of these facts. "He worked late, but was always on time to tuck me in..." He remembers it almost as if it was another life. The tone in his voice lowers with the expression on his face and it almost troubles Clarke. She somehow finds her hand on his arm. Bellamy doesn't question it.

"Things were good for a while, stable as they could be. Then I turned five and mom got pregnant with Octavia and he lost is license and it all went to shit from here." He reveals with a deep sigh. After a moment he offers the Blonde a solemn smile, attempting to hide the hurt she knew so very
well paired with the subject. She could see right through it, not that she was going to let him know that.

"I'm just glad he left before Octavia got to know him." He mumbled aloud in realization. "She doesn't realize it, but she's lucky."

"You really think so?" Clarke mumbles softly into the quiet. She can't imagine her childhood without her dad, then again, the difference between their father's was monumental. "I don't know." A deep sigh overcomes him as he straightens out, wanting to move onto the next subject. And Clarke finds peace in the way her hand curves along the slope of his hand, showing him she cares in a small menial way that doesn't freak him out, because she may be sleeping with him, but there's definitely a part of her that cares as well.

"Do you know where he is now?" It would be a lie if he said he didn't use his job resources to look his father up, but nothing ever came up. His actions were merely fueled by curiosity and sometimes, anger, but they never led to anything. He didn't even know what he would do if it did. "No idea." He smiles. "Oh hey, we're winning." He suddenly turns his attention back to the TV, un-muting it. The voice of an announcer abruptly cuts through the silent is engulfing the room in a wave of cheers.

"The game, right," Clarke remembers, almost disappointingly. She watches him reassess his attention to the game, but she could tell from the look in his eyes he was not focused on it. Still, she settles back down in her position, this time stretching her legs in his lap. If he wanted to share whatever was going through his mind at the moment, she knows he would. She wouldn't be the one to force it out of him.

Still, she watches as the white glow of the television bounces off his face in deep thought. Bellamy, he can definitely feel her burning gaze but does nothing, he stares at the television and tries to push the bad memories away. He thinks instead of the image of a fourteen-year-old Clarke sitting at her father's televised trial. He was always first to call her privileged and stuck up, at least in the beginning of their so-called forced mutual friendship, but he never stopped to think about the terrible events her family went through too.

Maybe they were more alike than he thought.

He turns, gazing her way realizing she was curled up on the couch beside him, eyes closed at peace.

Clarke had always deemed an interesting subject to him. She was always his sister's best friend, nothing more, but there standing the shadow of the dimming light, he realized he wouldn't mind if there was something more. But that was against the rules, he suddenly remembered, so he quickly dismissed it turning back to the TV in attempt to focus on the game.

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 Playlist:

1. Sleeping with a Friend - Neon Tree's
2. Gorgeous (Live) - X Ambassadors
"So, is kitty cat coming out to play tonight?" Bellamy teases as they exit the on-call room, quickly straightening their altered appearances before anyone takes notice. Clarke, annoyed by his loose mouth, shoots him a glare fueled in warning. "I think you're mistaking my dressing up as optional." She's fast to defend herself, fixing the cat ears on her head. "It's not my fault my PEDs attending is...*festive*." Dodging gurneys and running staff, they pace down the main hospital hallway somehow managing a stable pace.

"Dr. Griffin, I have the Anderson's kid's chart!" An intern runs by handing her the clipboard. "Oh, good." She spins, meeting face to face with the intern. "Did his lab results come back?"

"Yeah, they indicated early stages of renal failure..." Bellamy watched from a footstep away, smiling at the interaction. There was just something about watching the way she moved at work; so confident, so put together. "Damn," Her eyes run over the contents of the clipboard in contemplation. "We'll see what Dr. Kempner has to say." She thanks the intern in appreciation, and together they fall in step once again. She adjusts the headband for what seemed like the millionth time that day. Bellamy bites his lip, attempting to refrain from laughing watching her struggle with the extra accessories. "Oh, come on... it's fun! It's Halloween!" He adds trying to cheer her up. "Give me a break, Bellamy. You're just happy I happened to have an extra half hour on my lunch and you know it." He smirks. "That, and well your nose and whiskers are a little smudged, Kitty-Cat—"

"Call me Kitty-Cat one more time." Clarke warns nearly running into him in a sudden stop. She faces him, stance just inches shy of his, challenging demeanor set and ready to fire in defense at a moment's notice. "Alright, alright!" Bellamy raises his hands in surrender, backing up. Clarke smiles triumphantly and they begin to move again. "You'd think they'd have me focus on actual surgical duties and not costume makeup at work..."

"Oh, I bet you teenage Clarke loved Halloween," Bellamy comments as they came to another halting stop before the elevator. The Blonde rolls her eyes at his boyish remark trying to ignore it. "I bet you teenage Clarke loved dressing all slutty..." His whispers this time, noticing her sudden irritational inhale. "Tell me, was it naughty nurse or—no, dirty cop?" What he proclaimed wasn't all wrong, but there was no way in hell she was about to clue him in. She would never live it down.

"Don't make regret telling you that previous chapter in my life——"

"Previous chapter?" He questions in pure amusement. "Oh no." He inches closer behind her, hands resting on the slope of her hips. "I'm sure there's still a part of teenage Clarke deep inside there."

"Oh yeah?" She chuckles at his far-fetched declaration enjoying the teasing nature of their moment. Bellamy nods, insistent with his speculation. "Definitely, she comes when we——" Fuck. The elevator doors slide open with a sudden ding, revealing their shorter pharmaceutical friend. "Monty!" Clarke exclaims a decimal louder than necessary to which Bellamy immediately takes a step to the side, forming space between them. "Nice ears, Clarke." Monty chuckles "Bellamy, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, he's uh... he's just——" Clarke struggles, her mind going blank. "Clarke forgot her lunch!"
Bellamy quickly saved, elbowing her with a tight-lipped smile. She was so not good at this and he knew it. "Y-Yeah," Clarke nods going along with the tale. "I asked him to bring it for me..."

"I believe begged is the correct term." Bellamy commented trying to sell their performance yet received nothing but a glare from Clarke on his part. "Right." Monty peers at the both of them in reservation. He was not completely convinced considering Clarke hadn't made her own lunch since she discovered the wonderful benefits of having a credit card. Yet, he went along with it, finding no other reason as to why they would fabricate the story. "Are you going to make it tonight?" He asks her, referring to their annual Halloween 'Rager', as Jasper loved to call it. "Think so! I mean, someone has to make sure no one falls off the rooftop, right?"

Monty laughs, shaking his head. "Yeah, definitely."

"Have a costume in mind?"

"Oh don't remind me." Clarke groans suddenly remembering her dilemma. "What?" Bellamy questioned, amused.

She looks up at him in dread. "I let your sister buy me a costume." Monty and Bellamy snicker beside her, knowing there was no way Clarke was getting off easy that night, not with Octavia's excessive and elaborate love for Halloween. "Why on earth would you do that?" Monty questions in concern. "I may have lost a bet." The Blonde cringes, hiding her face in the clipboard just as the doors swing open. "Well," Monty exhales certainly amused. "This is me, good luck, Clarke. You're gonna need it."

"You know it." Shmumblesle after him. The two manage to keep their calm as the doors shut before them releasing a wave of relief. "That was close."

"That was hilarious," Bellamy exclaims. It seemed that every word which spilled out of his mouth that morning was fit to annoy her. "Have you no sense of shame?!" She snaps from the adrenaline that still rushed through her veins. "Relax. It's Monty—plus he totally bought the whole, forgot your lunch thing, anyway."

“Oh, I wouldn't count on it." The Blonde sighed knowing she'd have to come up with another reason he was there. "You know, considering I haven't made myself lunch in two years!" The expression on her face falters. "So now this is my fault?" Bellamy chuckles. "How was I supposed to know that?" He shrugs, quick to defend himself as Clarke throws another glare his way. "I don't know, how about you let me handle it next time?!"

"Let you—let wide-eyed, panicked Clarke handle the situation?" He adds mimicking her previous tone. “Might as well just come out and tell him, then!” Bellamy shakes his head, amused from the hilarity of the situation. “Just relax, no one’s gonna find out anything." He adds. The doors abruptly slide open on the main level. "I, will see you tonight Kitty-cat!" He shouts with a deeming smirk as he makes his exit. All Clarke and do is sigh in exasperation. Of all the friends she could have 'benefits' with it had to be Bellamy.

“Kitty-Cat?” Another voice rings walking in.

There was a literal list of people she didn't want to run into while Bellamy came to visit at the hospital and it consisted of:

1. Her mother (the Chief of Surgery)
2. Finn

3. Monty

And she had managed encounter two of the three within the five minutes. Just her luck.

Clarke gestures to the cat ears upon her head and offers a smile. “Ah, I see. Everything alright with Bellamy?” Finn asks flipping around a chart in his hand, too distracted to notice the panicked look that spread across her face with the mention of the Blake brother.

“Y-Yeah. He's fine, just uh… came in for his follow up.” She offers, this time thinking quickly on her feet. "Idiot got in a bar fight last Saturday and cut his head open.”

"Ouch."

“He’s fine.” She plays off trying to keep cool though her skin was pulsing and her heart was racing. In that moment she just hoped Finn didn’t detect the uneasiness in her tone.

"Good."

“So, Uh. Are you coming to the Halloween party tonight?” She questions attempting to get off the subject that had managed to linger in the air for more than multiple conversations. Despite their troubled romantic endeavors, they remained friendly considering her friends were also his. However strange it felt at first, they eventually got used to it. “Monty mentioned it,” He sighs, suddenly remembering. “I guess it depends if my patient stabilizes or not.” Clarke nods, understanding. Like her, Finn was a surgical resident and knew the tidings that came with the job as well as she did.

After that things quickly grew silent and Clarke finds herself wishing she had taken the stairs more than anything that day. “So how’s—” But the doors shoot open once again cutting Finn’s train of thought before he had the chance to finish. “I-I’ll see you around.” Clarke calls making her exit, hurried pace in tow.

* *

By the time she gets home that night her stomach grumbles in hunger, and all she wants to do is grab a handful of candy and curl up in her bed with a bottle of beer. But she knows Octavia has another plan in store for her.

"I laid your costume out on your bed!” The Blake sister calls out the second Clarke walks through the front door. “Hey, O.” The Blonde takes a moment examining Octavia in full costume as she poured more chips in a bowl. This year she and Lincoln were doing a couple thing for Halloween, which of course concluded to matching outfits. For whatever reason, when Octavia first mentioned it, Clarke imagined something silly like a plug and wall charger or a mustard and ketchup bottle, nothing like what was standing before her.

“Please tell me my costume resembles nothing to that because I'm gonna tell you straight off the bat, I'm not feeling it tonight...” Clarke complains. Octavia wore a short black skin-tight dress; plunging neckline in tow. Her long brunette hair wild in a sprawl of effortless curls, dehydrated white flowers sitting upon her head in a crown. “Oh don’t worry, yours is super toned down…” She brushes off.
“Wait till your brother sees you.” Clarke knew Bellamy wasn't going to like this. "My brother needs to realize I'm not a little girl." Octavia snaps. Their relationship had been a bit rocky recently due to the previous 'Saturday' incident. "Clearly." Clarke comments. “What’re you supposed to be again?”

“Lincoln and I are Hades and Persephone. Go shower—we’re wasting precious time!”

“Okay, okay,” Clarke nearly chuckles, stealing a few chips off the counter. “And run a comb through your hair because some people are very excited to see you!” Octavia shouts after her. “What does that mean?” The Blonde questions in a slight panic, but before she could get another syllable out the door slammed shut behind her, cutting off her train of thought. However, her frustration suddenly shifts the moment her eyes land upon the pieces of clothing laid out on her bed.

“Octavia!” She shouts in a loud, childish groan.

“You like it?” Her best friend pops her head through the door, that famous Blake smirk in tow. Clarke could almost see the inspiration bounce off Octavia’s eyes, and although she had to give it to her, for the Blake sister complied with her requests of letting her at least wear pants; a pair of leather ones, wasn’t exactly what she had in mind.

“What is this?”

“You’re Sandy! Grease?”

“I know who Sandy is!” Clarke sighs dramatically. The last thing she wanted to do that night was squeeze into a tight two-piece leather costume. A pair of red heels beside her bed mocked Clarke, and without another moment’s hesitation she states, “I’m definitely not wearing those…” So ready to defend her actions. She’d had a long day on her feet at work, there was no way in hell she was wearing any heels. “Fine,” Octavia shrugged much to her surprise. “Wear sneakers for all I care. I’m just thinking of all those hot single people out there...” She went on simply too excited to realize what she was saying. “Okay. What the hell are you talking about?” The Blake sister reveals her famous, I did something that I wasn’t supposed to, smile and Clarke can feel her legs begin to give out. Leave it to Octavia to have a secret plan in motion at all time.

“What did you do?”

“I might have invited Lincoln’s teammates from the league… and a few single people from work…”

“O!” Clarke whines. “I had a long day… I just wanted to dress in a ketchup bottle, drink a beer or two—possibly stop Raven from falling off the rooftop, laugh at Jasper and Maya’s stupid fights, watch Monty get stupid drunk, probably join him, and then call it a night!”

"It's one-night, Clarke—the best night of the year, might I add! I think you can adjust your exceptions." Octavia was clearly not taking no for answer as she handed the costume to her.

"I, will see you upstairs.”

* * *

There were two things that bothered Clarke as she strode through the crowd on the rooftop of their building. One, the fact that the makeshift bar she knew Jasper would be behind was nowhere in her immediate sight, and two, the uncomfortable amount of eyes that were glued to her as she made her
way toward Octavia wanting nothing than to scold her best friend for putting her in this position.

“Hey, you look hot!” The look on Bellamy's face was practically priceless, stopping her short. He wasn't one to hold back on what he was thinking and for once Clarke wasn't grateful for that quality in him.

"I believe the word you're looking for is uncomfortable and bloated—and hey, that’s not fair! You got away with that?” Clarke questions referring to his costume. He was wearing his old patrol uniform. “The perks of having a pissed sister, I guess.” He shrugs making a joke before addressing the topic she was avoiding.

“Okay.” Bellamy sighs. She immediately recognizes the tone in his voice, along with the distasteful expression on his face. "you have to cut the crap and act your age, Griffin—relax, you should be letting loose and throwing inhibition to the wind. It's a party!” He shouts into the cold night, stealing a drink from Monty's hand as he passes by. "Drink this." She does, knowing the only way she was going to enjoy tonight was with the help of her friend Don Julio. She had to admit he was right, she'd been complaining about the party and the costume every chance she could. "There you go! I want to see a little bit of that rebellious teenage Clarke I keep seeing in the bedroom —"

"Bellamy!” Clarke shoots him a warning look. At this point, she knows he's only doing it because it pisses her off, but he was walking on thin ice.

"It's a Party! Relax Clarke!"

"You keep saying that."

He smiles, eyes intensifying into hers. The hungered look in his eye whenever he looks her way is the first thing she finds herself not complaining about that night. "Maybe you should listen to me. You know, I'm not always full of crap!"

"That's actually surprising." Before she had the chance to get another word out, Octavia’s rising voice butts in. "Clarke!” She shouts, stringing along a stranger behind her. “And that’s my queue, have fun, Princess,” Bellamy mumbles backing away into the crowd before Clarke had a moment to react.

“This is Matt O'Donald." O quickly introduces her to the bulky, baby-faced blond man dressed in a Greek toga. The Bond politely shook his hand with a greeting, eyes searching behind him for the Blake brother that had seemingly managed to disappear. “I'm Clarke, but you probably already know that.” She managed to keep a smile on her face through the entirety of the conversation. He was one of Lincoln's friend from the team, and although he wasn't bad looking, Clarke found herself forcing the conversation that was mainly driven by a strongly enthusiastic Octavia who just wouldn't let it go until she was convinced they were gonna bone.

Somehow, Clarke escapes finding herself immersed in helping Raven with her 'Shaw' problem as she stood in a corner trying to get the Latina to calm down. "What the fuck!"

"And you're here talking to me, because?” Clarke questions, taking another swing of her cup. If Raven, strong, independent Raven Reyes was losing her shit over one guy in her unit, then what chance did she have? The Latina ignores her previous comment and continues her rage. "He's just a guy, what happened to keeping it casual?” The Latina bit her lip, coy smile in tow. Clarke swore, she'd never seen her so tense before, and that was saying something considering the strong-willed
woman she was.

"Fuck." Raven took a shot, trying to get her shit together.

"You're losing your chance." Clarke pointed out, referring to Shaw who was chatting up some girl in the distance. She swears Raven almost growled at the image. The Blonde laughs, rolling her eyes in amusement. Raven must really like this guy if she was acting this way. "Just go talk to him. What's the worst thing that could happen?" Raven shrugs. "I don't know. I end up naked in my room thirty minutes from now?"

"Please, you know that'll happen only if you want it to." Clarke casually explains taking a sip of her drink.

"And boy, do I want it to…"

"Look, he's just a guy—you've dealt with plenty worse in the past." She points out as a matter-of-fact. "Now stop talking to me unless you want me to get into your pants tonight."

"Now, that wouldn't be a bad ending to this night!" Raven jokes, taking a swing of liquid courage. "Wish me luck!" She mumbles before making her way across the roof. "Excuse me." Clarke could hear her in the distance and watches as the Latina steps between Shaw and the girl and begins to, much to her surprise, casually make out with him. *Good for her.* Clarke smiles, taking another sip of her tequila.

The music rages around her, she wonders how their neighbors haven't complained yet, but then remembers the majority of them are there too. She could see Monty and Jasper dressed in their matching neon green unitards and glow stick accessories, dancing aimlessly with the crowd on the dance floor. Octavia and Lincoln were chatting up some people she didn't recognize in the corner, Maya managing the bar next to her, and Bellamy... walking up to her.

"Having fun, Princess?"

"It's Sandy tonight." She corrects.

"I'll take that as a yes." He shouts through the music. "Wanna dance?" Clarke nods, finishing off her drink before following him to the dance floor just as the music picked up once again.

*I want to stand up, I want to let go,* Their bodies jumped in unison to the beat of the music blaring around them. The rhythm pumped through her veins, raged through her bloodstream. She laughed taking note of the goofy smile on his face. They move in sync, hands up; wild, unrehearsed, but free. Their ragged short breaths radiating heat between them.

Jasper throws a glowstick her way in encouragement, as she lets herself go. Bellamy takes her hand and at that moment, she doesn't care. Her mind was so effortlessly relaxed and free. She felt as though she could jump and just take off from that rooftop into the night.

"you know you got to help me out, ye- ah, yeah,"

When she eventually grows tired, Clarke makes her way back to the bar, in search of water. She had to hand it to Bellamy, the night turned out relatively good so far and she was quite pleased with her ability to refrain from complaining.

"Care to explain what you were doing dancing with my idiot of a brother when I brought you a
McHottie?" Octavia appears behind her, disproving gaze in tow. "Okay, first; you have to stop watching *Grey's Anatomy*—I think it's getting to your head. And second, Matt is... nice, O," She hesitates, trying to find a positive adjective for him.

"We just didn’t click."

"Alright! So you don't like Matt! There's nothing wrong with that!" She's dragging her through a crowd now, presenting her before a tall slim woman with piercing eyes and platinum hair who was chatting up Lincoln. "This is Carly, she's an intern at the agency." The tone in Octavia's voice was too high and excited. And as Clarke shook hands with the gorgeous woman and smiled her way, Bellamy caught her panicked and annoyed glance from the dancefloor and decided to help her escape from his sister's manipulative grip.

"Hi there," Clarke greets politely. What else was she to do?

Bellamy was aware of Octavia's grand plan to set Clarke up with some people she invited for she had made sure to announce it to the whole gang in a very clear loud tone before the party. “Clarke, hey! Sorry, I, uh, I need you over here for a moment.” He avoids the glare his sister shoots, quickly hooking his arm through Clarke's, stealing her away. "R-Right, the thing!" She scrambles, playing along. The Blonde couldn't be more grateful.

"You're welcome, Sandy." He mumbles as they stride away.

"I'm guessing you knew of this devious little plan your sister had for me, uh?" Clarke sighs as they climbed back into the downstairs apartment. "I did. However, I was curious how it was going to play out—didn't think you'd give up so early, Griffin."

“Hey, hey! I'm not sure you'd be able to handle your sister at a time like this. I deserve a little credit.” She's quick to defend herself, meeting the sly smirk on his face. "Alright, alright. Although, I have to give it to her the costume's a nice touch. Nice shoes by the way." He adds pointing out her converse.

"Why did I think it was possible to go through the whole night without you mentioning it again?" Clarke groans, shaking her head in pure amusement as she took another swing at the beer in her hand.

"Because you're practically a grandma: admit it." Bellamy replies in a low, teasing whisper, approaching her.

"I think that's the sexiest you've ever spoken to me, Bellamy Blake." Clarke exclaims sarcastically as she goes in for a quick, surging kiss. "Oh really?" He mumbles with a wicked smile stopping her short. "Don't want my sister to see." He teases with a satisfied exhale. "That's right." She reminds. They happened to be alone downstairs, but she knew the possibility of Octavia popping up was probable. Still, the tension between them lingered as if it hadn't somehow manifested into the air. Clarke wanted nothing more than have him drag her to his room. Their lips in such close range she could feel the tension waiting to erupt between them. "Although, I remember you having a bedroom around here somewhere—"

"Do we have any ice left?!" Jasper shouts, leaping off the fire escape and into the living room. The two quickly scramble to separate. "There should be some in the freezer down in storage!" Bellamy clears his throat. "Do you—uh, do you need any help?" Bellamy offers. One suspicious glance at the two before him was all it took for panic to set within Clarke and Bellamy before he took off once again.

"Nah. Looks like you already have your hands full here." Jasper snickered. Although it was evident he had a few drinks, they weren't sure exactly how much Jasper saw before he burst into the room.
"No—no!" Clarke's quick to defend. "Hands not full—Bellamy, go help him!" She shoots back pushing him in Jaspers direction. Bellamy almost chuckled; the panicked expression that repealed across her face was simply priceless.

"The beers?" Jasper clarifies with a frown, referring to the bottles in both their hands. "But, you know… whatever floats your boat." He mumbles making his exit out the front door. "Don’t worry, he’s drunk." Bellamy nearly laughs as Clarke shakes her head at their own stupidity. "You know, I pegged you of all people to be good under pressure considering you’re training to become a surgeon…" Bellamy attempts to joke, but the tone of his voice is far from what he means it to be. They stand for a moment, judgment lacking at their own actions.

“Look, I don't know about you,” Bellamy begins finding himself suddenly frustrated in the situation, not wanting to continue forcing it down. “but all this hiding around crap is getting exhausting.” He sighs, breaking away. "I know." She agrees, reminding him she wasn’t a fan of the current situation as much as he was. “So what if they find out?” He continues. “What’s the worst thing that can happen? We're all adults here.”

"I care." She corrects. Bellamy stands idle for a moment trying to keep his thoughts from running. "Look, I understand your need to keep this from my sister, but—"

"But what Bellamy?" Clarke mumbles, shaking her head at the extent of his declaration. And what he'd planned to say quickly slipped his mind as she cut him off. "We're just having fun. It's nothing serious and it's also none of anyone's business.” She continues, defining the relationship in her perspective.

“You're right,” He nods and takes a swing of the beer in his hands, avoiding her lingering gaze. “Thanks for the reminder.” Clarke watches as he makes his exit back on the fire escape. "Bellamy..." She calls to him in protest not wanting to leave their conversation off in such a manner. She didn't understand why he was acting this way all of a sudden, they had a good thing going here and she didn't want to ruin it. They'd both agreed to keep their 'agreement', under wraps.

He stops upon hearing his name. "I'll be upstairs. When you stop scrutinizing every aspect of whatever it is we're doing, feel free to find me." He announces, leaving her in a state of uncertainty she's never faced before. Clarke didn't understand his sudden outburst of frustration over their situation. Sure, he was the one to propose their little relationship; it was supposed to be open and string free, but what had just happened was far from that.

* *

"Doing some pretty heavy thinking over there, I see?" A voice rings out beside her. "Finn." Clarke quickly states, gathering her thoughts as if he could somehow see them scrambled across the floor. "You alright?" He questions taking a seat beside her on the exposed brick.

"You came.”

They were so close once upon a time, it was strange to sit around and not dwell on every action, every word. "My patient stabilized so I figured I didn't have to spend Halloween alone. Although throwing myself on the couch and turning the TV on doesn't seem that bad now that I'm here.” She smiles as he so effortlessly takes the bottle from her hand, taking a swing. “That sounds perfect, actually. Cool costume." She jokes, referring to his normal everyday pair of scrubs.
"You too."

The Blonde chuckles, trying to hide the shame from her face as she goes to explain. "Octavia—"

"Oh, I figured." They both laugh nervously trying to pass the awkwardness that shifted in the atmosphere around them. "She had this crazy plan to set me up with everyone…" Clarke mumbles explaining a part of her predicament. "Well, you’re definitely playing the part." He adds without hesitation, catching himself a moment later. "Sorry, I just mean that you look good—"

"No, no." Clarke reveals a small genuine smile. "Thanks. God, could we be more awkward?"

"I mean, don't get me wrong I feel uncomfortable as I look," She takes her bottle back. "and don't tell Octavia this because she will only rub it in my face from now to eternity but, I don't know, it feels kind of nice to know all those people are interested in me." She admits sheepishly.

"Well, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself—given the circumstances."

"You know as much as I do Octavia can be a little too much at times, but I have to give it to her, she has a knack for picking me right up." They gaze at the Blake sibling from afar clinging to Lincoln's arm as they conversed with a few friends. A silence lingered on after her last word and Clarke hated the fact they couldn't talk as freely anymore. She'd known Finn since she was a freshman in high school, he and Wells were basically her only form of sanity in her teenage years, and although Finn wasn't the best influence at the time considering he was the one who introduced her to most things she got her hands on, he knew how to take care of her. He kept her on a transparent tight leash and made sure she didn't go over the edge. He convinced her mom not to send her to boarding school, stood by her side when the news broke about Wells, held her hand at his funeral, helped her stabilize through medical school and now their residency.

There was a lot of history between them. She'd be lying to herself if she said there wasn’t a part of her that cared about him because of course, there was. There always will be. Though, not one bone in her body questions her decision to break their engagement off. She knew, in the end, they weren't right for each other.

"What about you?" Clarke asks taking a swing of her beer as one of Finn's eyebrows shoots up in question. "What about me?"

"Have you met anyone, have you been seeing anyone?" She specifies, actually interested.

"Oh, you didn't know? I'm in a serious relationship with my job." They laugh for they both know it's completely true. Residency was tough—there was almost no time to sleep much less keep up with any type of romantic relationship. Hence Clarke's hesitance to start anything back up. "But really… I've just been, busy." He offers, wanting to shed some insight on his life. "Yeah, same." Clarke declares. “Drinking helps though…” She jokes.

From the bar, Bellamy watches the two doctors conversing, unpleasant scowl in tow. He wasn't a big fan of Finn, mostly from the stories and experiences he'd witnessed first hand. He knew Clarke and Finn's past was long and complicated, and if anyone would've asked him he was surprised but thrilled when she declined his proposal. At it's best, their relationship was rollercoaster of a mess. They were on, they were off, sometimes it was hard to keep track. He remembers countless screaming matches and dramatic scenes taking place at dinners and parties. Clarke spending night’s at their apartment when it was just him and Octavia, and although he's sure they'd had their good moments, it seemed as though they only brought out the worst in each other. Bellamy was just glad
Clarke realized it before she committed herself to anything more serious.

"What's wrong with you, man?" Jasper trotted along, taking note of the look on his face. "What do you mean?" Bellamy turns taking a swing of his beer. "There are like, what? Twenty single girls at this party and you can't take your eyes off..." He peers into the direction Bellamy was looking, finding Clarke and Finn tucked away at the side of the rooftop. "...Clarke? What the hell's wrong with you?" Bellamy stands his ground, contemplating his next words carefully.

"It's the costume, uh?" Jasper realizes.

"Huh? Y-Yeah, definitely the costume."

"She cleans up good, I know. It's weird, but that's obviously not gonna happen," He chuckles just at the thought. "So, get your head out of the fucking gutter and focus! You're missing some key action here!" His eyes scan the rooftop in search of an uncoupled girl. "Like, what about her?" He guides his gaze off Clarke and Finn, setting on a gorgeous brunette angel.

"An angel, really?" Bellamy raises an eyebrow.

"Okay, I get what you're saying, but let's be real; her poor taste in costumes definitely does not interfere with the level of her hotness!" Jasper notes as if it's a matter of scientific fact. Yet somehow, Bellamy found himself agreeing with him. She was good looking and if it wasn't for the whole Clarke thing bothering him in the back of his mind he'd already be there chatting her away. However, that wasn't the case right now, yet the more Bellamy thought about, the more he realized he had nothing standing in his way. Clarke said it herself, they weren't exclusive, 'nothing serious, having fun'. Bellamy smiled.

"Do you know her?"

Jasper nodded eagerly, hollering his girlfriend from a distance. "Yeah, she's Maya's co-worker. Damn, I'd want to spread her wings." He mumbles half drunkenly. Bellamy chuckles, rolling his eyes at the Jordan boy. "I wouldn't repeat that to your girlfriend, Jas."

"I was referring to Maya." The Jordan boy corrects, not being able to take his eyes off his approaching girlfriend. "Who's my co-worker?" Maya asks meeting Jasper with a quick kiss.

"Solan."

"That's her." She confirmed popping her lips with an amused smile. "Why, you interested?" She turned to Bellamy suggestively.

"I might be—" His eyes glance Clarke’s way for a fraction of a second.

"He is." Jasper’s quick to correct.

"She single?"

"Desperately." Maya giggles dragging him by the hand in her direction. "Come on, I'll introduce you."
The night was going well for Bellamy. Not only was he guiding a beautiful girl to his room on his arm, but Clarke saw he was guiding a beautiful girl to his room on his arm. Plus, the mixture of a few beers, shots and witty conversation was all it took for him to be where he was now. He smiles to himself triumphantly in his buzzed state and tries to forget about the certain Blonde that had been occupying his mind for too long now as he closes the door behind him.

Clarke was pissed and she knew she had no right to be. By the terms of their rules, Bellamy had done nothing wrong. So why did it bother her so much when he went downstairs with that angel? *Maybe*, she thought, *he needed something from the kitchen or was getting more ice—who the hell am I kidding, they fucking already.*

Her decision to get drunk and find a stranger by the end of the night was implemented shortly after. Yet after an hour, nothing was going according to plan. The alcohol part was set in stone because she was already buzzed by the time she began. It was a record for her actually, how fast she managed to down drinks, but then again all it took was the image of Bellamy and that angel going down the fire escape to the apartment below for her to crave tequila.

She tries her best not to hit on anyone Octavia attempted to set her up with for she didn't want to encourage the Blake sister's behavior, but at near the end of the night when she finds herself naked in bed next to a sleeping Finn, she begins to see the fault in her plan.

"Fuck." She exhales suddenly finally coming to her senses. Tears blur her eyes as the realization of what had just happened hit her and she's nearly out of breath as the panic being to swell in the middle of her chest. She jumps out of bed, scrambling to pick a few clothes off the floor.

"Clarke?"

She pauses but turns to face him. "I'm sorry."

"Hey, what's wrong?" He sits up, concerned. She takes a look at the image of him naked in her bed reflected by the moonlight. *Everything, everything is wrong.* "This was a mistake, I'm sorry." She declares, running a hand through her hair in attempt to clear her mind. He's out of bed now, pulling his pants on before approaching her. "No." She takes a step back now, a million thoughts running through her mind. This wasn't his fault, he drank as much as she. It was a combined mistake, something she hoped he too would realize. She finds herself wanting to rant on about how such a bad idea this all is and how it means nothing because she's drunk out of her mind and hadn’t realized the reality behind their actions until she began sobering up. *Fuck.* She stares at Finn, half-naked, in her bedroom, confusion dripping down his body.

*Fuck. Fuck, this can't be happening right now.*

"Fuck." She exclaims, her brain not recognizing any other word in the English language at the moment. She's panicked for she knows this is only going to bring up more complicated feelings and emotions to the surface they don't need to submerge. And she knows Finn, he’s going to make something of it—anything, no problem.

"Will you quit cursing and just tell me what the hell is wrong?" Finn nearly bursts, clearly not understanding the situation at hand.

"This!" Clarke scoffs, completely frustrated, she had to spell it out for him?

"Why?" She could sense the disappointment laced in his voice. God, how could she let this
happen? "I don’t—I—because we're us! Because we’re over!" And with that final word, realizing there was no way Finn was going to leave, she flees her bedroom, storming across the hall into the boy’s apartment where she knew he couldn't follow her. "Clarke!"

She stands in the darkened silence for a moment trying to gather her thoughts and not fall apart right there and then.

"Fuck!" She curses in regret.

"Clarke?" A voice rings out from the couch.

"Monty?" Clarke peels herself off the front door, holding her head in regret. "Wh-wha-er you doing 'ere?" He struggles with his words and she instantly realizes he’s either half asleep or half drunk, probably both. "Monty, you live here. Why aren't you in your bed?" She instantly asks avoiding his previous question.

"There's some random people in there." He groans. "I have to buy a new bed." Clarke can't contain the chuckle that comes through her tears. “Sorry to hear that, Mont. Uh—I'm gonna be in the bathroom." She states wanting to be alone at the moment. She decides she'll give it thirty minutes before she goes back to her apartment just to make extra sure Finn had left. At least that was the plan until she realized she'd left her phone and had no clock, therefore no concept of time.

Clarke takes a moment to decide her next move, resting her against the cool glass. Her stomach turned uneasily as nausea slowly crept its way in. Taking a cold shower sounded nice at the moment, but there was no way she was about to attempt that marathon half drunk, or nauseous as she was, so after washing the black from her eyes, she eases herself down into the bathtub, in desperate need of laying down.

The tub was cold and she liked the way it tingled her skin awake, and granted, at the time it seemed like a good (reasonable, in her state) way to pass the time until she deemed it safe to go back to her room.

She takes a deep breath, hand resting on the bridge of her nose in attempt to guide the nausea out for a moment until it seems to work. She opens her eyes at the ceiling, peering around the thoughts that seem to hang in the air above her.

* * *

"You okay there?"

She doesn't recognize the voice yet keeps her eyes closed for fear her raging headache will worsen. Clarke nods, taking a moment to swallow the almost overwhelming nausea that overcomes her the moment she opens her eyes.

There's an angel staring down at her—or a disfigured one at that.

She frowns, having lost track of time. There's a blinding light coming from the small of the window up top indicating its morning. She freezes.
It's morning.

Her head is pounding against the back of her skull as she realizes she'd fallen asleep and was still sprawled about in the bathtub.

I'm never drinking that much again.

Clarke struggles to sit up, and the moment she does nausea hits her like a tidal wave, regret clouding her head like it was destined to be there. She turns to face the Angel, every little action hyperactive, every little sound echoing on repeat in the back of her head.

"Okay… don't move." The Angel states. If Clarke weren't so preoccupied, she'd roll her eyes. Instead, she forces the annoyed feeling down, focusing on swallowing on the bile building up in the back of her throat before it came up. She doesn't even realize the Angel had made her exit until the door swing wide open, revealing a messy haired, half-naked Bellamy.

Great.

"I told you there's a girl in your bathroom." The girl insisted, hovering right behind him. But one look at the Blonde and Bellamy quickly dismissed the Angel, crouching before the tub. There's a smirk on his face, but even in her ailing state Clarke can detect the underlining concern in his eyes.

"Care to explain what you're doing in my bathroom, Princess?"

She doesn't reply, just sits there wallowing in her self-pity, thinking this was exactly how she imagined her day after Halloween going; waking up in the boy's bathtub by non-other than Bellamy's one night stand. She'd laugh if she wasn't too busy trying not to throw up.

He watches her for a moment taking notice of the goosebumps running down her legs realizing she's cold. His thumb soothingly rubbing the skin across her arm before he offering her a hand out of there. She wants to give him attitude and show him that she can very well get out of the tub by herself but finds the only thing she can focus on is the contents of her stomach threatening to surface. “Don’t feel so good…” Clarke mumbles against him as he helps her up. Bellamy, however, was two steps ahead of her lowering her back down before the toilet. "And this is our stop, here."

She pukes the moment she’s within reach of the bowl. Bellamy's quick to pull her tangled blond locks up. “I got you, Princess” He crouches behind her, gathering her hair in his hand. Clarke is nothing but grateful for him at the moment for he was definitely not in any way entitled to sit there holding her hair back, yet she finds herself even more miserable in the realization.

“Get Octavia.” She groans when she finds the chance, but he doesn't move so she repeats herself, forcing him to comply.

I slept with Finn.

The realization sneaks upon her in attempt to discover how exactly she got herself into this predicament. Of course, she doesn't want to tell Bellamy that little detail—in fact, she wants to swallow it down like a bitter pill and hope the ignorance will make her feel better but knows she’ll eventually have to explain her presence in the boy's bathroom, at least to Octavia who's going to be pissed Bellamy woke her at this hour. And as the Blake Brother makes his quick exit, running across the hall, Clarke’s mind continues to get the best of her.

She knows Finn’s going to make a big deal out of it; blow it out of proportion and attempt to manifest some sort of underlining feelings from their encounter. She can't help but sigh in the wake of the mess she’s made.
"Oh god… Clarke?" Octavia's voice suddenly erupts through the silence, bouncing around her brain. "I’m fine." The Blonde exhales, wiping her mouth with a wad of toilet paper. She’s far from fine. Her throat is raw, stomach ripe, head pounding on what seemed like a never-ending continuum. At least she wasn't nauseous anymore.

“What the hell happened?” Octavia demands, concerned. The question goes right over Clarke’s head as she attempts to stand, Bellamy quickly jumping in to help her. “Honestly—I just need an Advil… or three…” She trails on. They’re leading her back to the girl’s apartment where she falls on the couch miserably. “And some food—bread—”

“You want food right now?” Bellamy questions the smug expression on his face quickly dropping after the Blonde shoots him a glare. “The last thing I want is food, but my body needs something to absorb the alcohol in my system.” Octavia hands her a cup of water, cross her arms in amusement. "Jesus Clarke, I haven't seen you so hungover since you broke up with—"

"Don't say his name right now…” Clarke quickly cuts her off. Knowing she'll grow nauseous upon hearing it. The Blake siblings share a strange glance with each other. It was obvious something was up. "I'll go grab some bagel's from across the street,” Bellamy announces, knowing it would be easier for Clarke would open up to Octavia alone. "That's a good idea, Bell."

The moment he’s gone, the Blake sister plops herself on the coffee table before Clarke. "Want to tell me why you spent the night in the boy's bathroom?"

"I slept with Finn." Clarke immediately reveals. There's a dead glaze in her eye as she speaks and the fixed expression on Octavia’s face instantly drops.

"Holy shit."

from all the possible things she expected this was not one of them.

“What the hell happened?” Octavia insisted completely taken by surprise. The Blonde’s cradling her head thirsting for a glass of water (and for someone to knock her out).

“I don’t know.” Clarke offers not knowing exactly what to say. Of course, she didn’t want to reveal the true motives behind her actions—there was simply no way of doing so without giving themselves away, so the vaguer she explained, the better.

“Well there has to be some reason, people don’t just go around sleeping with their ex’s!” Octavia’s shouting now, delirious from the confusion present within the situation. “I-I don’t know, O! I was there, and he—he was there—we both had a little to drink which took the edge off and…” She’s mumbling now, scrambling to gather together a believable story as to convince the Blake sister. And technically, she wasn’t lying. “Can you grab me some Advil, now?”

“Oh cut the crap Clarke, I know you of all people can handle your liquor.” Octavia shakes her head in full detective mode, making her way to the kitchen. “Unless—“ She gasps, nearly slamming a glass against the counter in realization. “You still have feelings for him!”

“No! Octavia!” Clarke groans shaking her head in utter regret.

“Then, I don’t understand” The Blake sister sighs, almost disappointed. “You’re pretty smart when it comes to those types of decisions.” She hands Clarke water and two pills, taking a seat beside her.

“In my defense, I may have had a little past my tolerance level,” Clarke mumbles slouching in the small of the couch.
“But Finn? I mean, there were like a million single people last night—many of whom I invited just for you.” Clarke sighs, nodding in agreement but remains quiet thinking about the mess she’s made. “Knowing Finn, he’s gonna think it means something.” Octavia points out as if that hadn’t crossed Clarke’s mind. “I know.” She groans taking a look at the clock. She had work in seven hours, meaning Finn did too.

“I still don’t understand how you ended up in the boy’s bathroom.”

“Well, after, I came to my senses he wouldn’t leave and I knew he wouldn’t follow me into the boy’s apartment so…” She explains. “and of course Monty was passed out on the couch—something about people being in his room—and I was just gonna wait it out in the bathroom, I mean it wasn’t like Finn was gonna stay after everything.”

“But you fell asleep instead?”

“Yeah, and I woke up some Angel staring down at me.”

“An Angel?” Octavia questions.

“Ask your brother.”

“Oh gross.” She attempts to stifle a laugh but fails, making the Blonde throws her a look. “I’m sorry,” Clarke throws the pillow underneath her at the Blake. “this is not funny!” But finds herself not being able to force the smile off the face. “So, you’re telling me that; you not only slept with Finn but that Bellamy’s one-night-stand was the one who found you?” Octavia giggles at the ridiculousness of the situation. “Ha, ha, just wait till it happens to you and see how funny it is!” Clarke teases.

“What’s so funny?” A drowsy Raven emerges, watching to two on the couch. “Clarke slept with Finn, then ended up in the boy’s bathtub last night.” Octavia reveals. Clarke groans at the mention of his name. “And I thought I had an exciting night.” Raven jokes sticking her head in the fridge. “Did, I mention Bellamy’s one-night-stand found her?”

“Oh, that’s gold!”

“Wait, you slept with Collins?” Bellamy’s voice suddenly enters the mix from the front door. He stands there, two bags of bagels in his hands, a disappointed expression on his face. “Are those bagels? I’m starving!” Raven grabs the bag from his hands making her way back to the kitchen. Clarke doesn’t want to face him but finds she can’t escape his gaze. She shakes her head, rolling her eyes in the process as to show him it wasn’t a big deal.

But it doesn’t work. There’s not one bone in his body that believes her. He eyes seem to communicate; you okay?

“Don’t be weird, Bellamy.” Octavia butts in noticing the expression on his face. “We all have moment’s of weakness isn’t that right, Clarke?” The Blonde groans “Thanks for this morning.” She offers him a small smile of appreciation. I’m fine.

“No problem.”
Chapter 4 Playlist:

1. All These Things that I've Done - The Killers
2. The Suburbs - Arcade Fire
The following month of November there are no hiccups present, at least not between Clarke and Bellamy for their relationship, although peculiar and voluptuous in nature, carries on in a remarkably smooth notion. The same, however, could not be said for Clarke's interactions with Finn who, since their unintentional relations that Halloween night, had indeed made something out of nothing just like she'd expected.

Never-the-less, Thanksgiving rolled around and it was the girls' turn to host.

There’s an odd sensation that runs through Bellamy’s veins when Clarke enters the apartment with an unfamiliar, dark-skinned man on her arm. "I hope you guys don't mind but I brought a guest to dinner." She announces taking putting their coats away.

Bellamy tenses a little, motions slowing as his gaze falls upon her in confusion. Her blue eyes sing, lips stretch in welcome as she introduces the well-built man on her arm. He doesn’t mean it to, but a scowl dominates the expression on his face as he attempts to help Raven finish setting the table.

"Who's the guy?" His voice is low and falsely unconcerned.

"That's Conner. He's a paramedic at the firehouse." She replies, sensing the strange tension between his words.

"Oh." Bellamy nods. Raven shoots him a weird look, but before she could contemplate any further, he grabs his beer off the counter and makes his way to the small gathering by the front door where Clarke's introducing everyone to the stranger.

His eyes linger on the simple and delicate figure of Clarke Griffin and the maroon dress that fit her so well she might as well had a sign on her forehead that screamed ‘distraction!’ His eyes draw around the outline of her chest working their way across her exposed collarbone and down her shoulder coming across another arm; a foreign limb which seemed to dominate the aesthetic as if claiming territory of her.

He frowns, bringing the bottle to his lips. He can't look away.

"Bellamy, this is Connor." Clarke quickly introduces the two. The Blake snaps out of his trance and extends his hand, offering a tight-eyed smile.

"How you doing?" The foreign limb greets.

"So, uh, how do you two know each other?" Bellamy’s quick to jump in, suddenly craving to know every detail of Clarke and the exuberant paramedic’s acquaintance. In the period that he had known Clarke, and let it be known he had known her for quite a while now, she had never mentioned a Connor, especially one who looked like that.

"Actually, Connor's a regular in the ER. We've known each other since my internship." Clarke turns to the tall husky male for confirmation as Bellamy finds himself reminding his brain to keep smiling.
"I bring ’em in, she fixes them." Connor quickly adds as if it was some sort of inside joke between the two. Bellamy stares back at him in confusion but ultimately goes along with it.

“Connor’s flight home got canceled due to the heavy snow,” Clarke further explains. “and no one should spend Thanksgiving alone, so I invited him to dinner.” For some reason, this piece of information instantly reduces the pressure in Bellamy’s chest for he can breathe a little easier. It wasn't planned. He could live with that.

"I was just out the hospital doors when I get an email… I was actually just gonna go wait for a flight at the airport, but she insisted I come."

"Hm, how generous—" Bellamy finds himself commenting aloud. “Well, I think the more the merrier!” Octavia adds throwing her brother a glance.

“‘How ’generous’?” Clarke threw him a confused look as the rest gathered in the living room. Bellamy shrugged in his defense, bringing the bottle to his lips once again. He didn’t know why he was bothered by Connor’s presence. There was just something about him that didn’t quite click with the Blake. But the idea that it was simply because he’d arrived with Clarke? That was out of the question.

"What is wrong with you?" She almost laughs at the weird behavior he's presenting as everyone else gravitates toward the living room.

“Nothing.” He’s smiling now, unable to resist the playful nature in her tone. Clarke shakes her head, grabbing the beer from his hand, but finding it empty.

“You finished this quick.” She comments, cheekily.

“You’re particularly preceptive today, Princess.” He replies in defense but before she could conjure up a response another voice cuts them off.

“—did you think we ere done here, Blake?!” Raven calls from the table. “Looks like you’re neglecting your responsibilities there, Bell.” The Blonde laughs watching as he made his way back to the annoyed Latina.

* * *

When the food is served something interesting happens in which Raven finally takes note of. There's an ever-present glare on her Bellamy's face and a nearly empty bottle of beer in his hand as he watches Clarke and Connor basically steer the whole tables’ conversation.

At this particular moment in time, they were discussing the possible venues for Octavia and Lincoln’s spring wedding and Connor was trailing on the simplistic extravagance of his sister’s Central Park setting. Clarke had perviously suggested the Lacrosse Stadium Lincoln’s team played in as a joke but the look on Octavia’s face as the processed the idea was something of another nature.

Since getting engaged that summer, the two were immersed in wedding planning from morning to night, especially Octavia who felt as if she was inspired every corner she took.

“And speaking of the wedding,” The Blake sister, began upon realization, signaling over to Lincoln.
The two stood, addressing the gang glass in hand. “We have made our bridal party decisions!” Her grin radiates as she shares a mile with her soon-to-be husband.

“Clarke, I know you saw this coming so just shut up and let me talk.” She chuckled. “You’ve put up with me all these years. You’re my best friend there’s no way I’m getting married without you by my side. Will you be my Maid of Honor?”

"I mean, I already assumed," The Blonde jokes, nodding in agreement. “Of course I will, O.”

"Yes!" The Blake sister nearly shrieked as the table erupted into laughter as it was her Fiancé’s turn to speak. "I don't have a speech prepared," Everyone chuckled softly and Octavia rolled his eyes playfully. "but I do need a a mature, right-hand man to make sure everything runs smoothly—so how does Best Man Bellamy sound?"

"Hey!" Jasper calls out in defense, jokingly. "Jasper, you want to be in charge of all the responsibilities that come with the title, or get drunk and enjoy the party?" Lincoln's quick to clear-up.

“Well, when you put it that way!” He exclaims as the whole table explodes in another round of laughter. "I would be honored," Bellamy replies raising his drink in a toast. "To Octavia and Lincoln!" Everyone stands, raising their drinks in the air with him.

"To great friends!"

"Now that that's all settled, we're going to go around the table and say what we're grateful for — reenacting the old tradition." Octavia declared. “Isn't that a normal Thanksgiving tradition?” Connor comments, confused. Clarke shakes her head. "Not here—not since the Bellamy incident of 2013."

"The Bellamy what-of-what?" Connor questions rather amused. Clarke turns to Bellamy, who sat across from her. "Care to explain or should I do the honors?"

"Can we have one Thanksgiving where we're not reminded of that incident?" Bellamy complains. “I don’t think you’ll ever out-live that story, Bell.” Octavia chuckles, turning back to Connor. “The year was 2013, and as we went across the table saying our thanks, my idiotic brother—let me rephrase that,” She continued. Bellamy shook his head, grabbing another beer. “My drunk, idiotic brother got out of his seat and declared that he was thankful for, and I quote, “the fine tiding of alcohol and Catherine Banks’ pussy.”

The table erupted in laughter as a wave of after questions made their way around. “Who’s Catherine Banks?”

“Bellamy’s girlfriend at the time.” Clarke replies mid-chuckle. “And, she was at the table!”

“She was at the table?” Connor repeated in disbelief. “Except she was just as plastered as him, so she didn’t really care.”

“Wow.” The Paramedic shook his head, attempting to restrain another round of laughter.

“Anyway,” Octavia announces, clearing her throat. “I figured that we’re all mature enough to bring it back now.” She throws her brother a look, enjoying the mocking atmosphere they’d created. “So, I’ll start. I’m grateful to have found my partner-in-crime here,” She looks to Lincoln at the head of the table lovingly, before motioning for Raven beside her, to go. There were a few chuckles and awes before Raven stood, declaring she was thankful for the help Tequila had offered through her painstaking thesis, and of course she has remained safe in her current job at the Firehouse.
“I guess that means I’m up.” Jasper exhaled, closing his eyes, preparing himself. “This year, I’m particularly grateful for Worlds of Warlocks, that game is just so… awesome.” Maya giggled beside him, as the other bit their lips restraining their chuckles for Octavia’s sake. Jasper simply couldn’t skip this opportunity.

“and of course, I’m thankful for my beautiful girlfriend,” He quickly remembered. “I mean, take a look at her—Maya stand up, everyone give her a round of applause!” He added, as a few of them began to clap, now fully laughing. Maya chuckled, hiding her face in embarrassment.

Octavia shook her head in amusement, thinking she should’ve known better than to reinstate the tradition when they weren't going to take it seriously. "How about I go?" Connor voiced standing after the applause ended and Jasper took his seat.

“I guess this year it’s pretty easy,” He joked. “I’m grateful for all your hospitality, especially to Clarke for not making me wait in an airport today.” He adds, turning to the Blonde beside him. And before any more could be said on the matter, Bellamy stood. “I’ll go.” He cleared his throat. “I guess, I would have to be grateful for my uh, my job. And more importantly, you guys.” His catches Clarke’s gaze mid-sentence, but doesn’t pull away. She knows she’s part of that equation and he’s serious, he wants her to know that.

“That was very nice, Bell.” His sister comments, offering a warm smile in his direction. “Clarke?” Octavia called snapping her back to reality.

"Yeah… uh," She stood slowly, grabbing her glass. "I'm… I'm grateful for this," She smiles around the table wholeheartedly and gazes at the crowd of people before her. "this right here. All you guys. I'm really grateful you're all here." She ended not wanting to make it a bigger deal than necessary. The past few years had been hard, especially on the Blonde who not only lost her best friend but a fiancé as well.

"I couldn't ask for a better family."

"Hear, hear!" Bellamy agreed, raising his beer as the rest followed.

"Happy Thanksgiving everyone."

* * *

"So, who's up for a game of friendly charades?" Octavia asks plopping down on the couch onto of Lincoln’s lap. "Charades?" Jasper groaned from the sofa chair rubbing his current food baby-belly. "We play that every year—isn’t there something else we can do?"

“Come on, it’s tradition!”

"You and your traditions, O." He mumbled. "I'm game.” Monty voices as everyone goes to gather in the living room, their stomachs full from the filling dinner they left behind.

“I have an idea," Bellamy spoke, inspired by Jaspers comment. "let's make it a little interesting."

"How so?" Lincoln questioned, "This year, I say we make ourselves a little deal." Bellamy quickly suggests grabbing the attention of the rest of the gang.
"Explain, Blake." Clarke states finishing her last bite of Pumpkin pie from where she was sitting on the floor. "Okay, we can do girls versus boys—uh, whoever wins does the other's laundry for a month." He adds with a slight shrug, but his sister couldn't be more assertive with her denial of the suggestion. "No. No way, I'm not gonna get roped into washing your dirty underwear for a whole month—something else!"

"Alright," Bellamy mumbled going back to the drawing board. “Anyone got any ideas?”

But then the idea suddenly hits Clarke. "What if, whoever loses has to pay the winning teams half of the cabin rent for our winter trip?" She proposes. "I like it!" Maya’s quick to voice in favor.

"Yeah, that’d be nice—save me some mula." Raven agrees, taking a seat next to Clarke in front of the coffee table. “Now who’s confident?” Bellamy adds. "What makes you so sure you're going to win?"

But the Latina gazes up at him. She was never one to back down from a challenge. "Cause I can wipe the floor with your ass, Blake—"

"Alright!" Octavia cuts them off as everyone nearly bursts into laughter at the two. "I guess we figured it out." She stated, getting up to grab pencils and paper. "Clarke get a bowl would you?" She asked as the small crowd in the room rearrange to sit with their teammates. Girls on the couch, boys on the ground.

"Okay, I'm going to write up a quick contract—just so you don't try to get out of it when we win, cause we all know you're gonna try.” Clarke teased, leaning over the coffee table speaking as she's writing. "This agreement made and entered into this 26th of November does hereby state that Clarke, Raven, Octavia, and Maya, representing the girls' side, and Bellamy, Lincoln, Jasper, and Monty… Connor, I won't write you in because I'm assuming you don't want to pay for a trip you're not gonna go to…" She adds referring to him.

"I'd appreciate that, actually.” He chuckles.

"…who represent the boys' side, have entered into a test of wills, and assumption of outcomes and a binding agreement termed, what should we call this, guys?" She questioned gazing around the living room.

"Charades Playoffs: Thanksgiving Edition! And someone pass the wine around!" Raven quickly adds getting into the whole writing it out thing. "Is this really necessary?" Bellamy quickly questions with a roll of his eyes. "We'll pay you if you win—we trust you guys.”

“Yeah, but we don’t!” Clarke adds as the rest of the girls chuckle in agreement.

"Well, we don't believe you." Clarke smiled sweetly his way and continued. "Alright! In witness thereof, the parties, having familiarized themselves with the existing condition on the terms of this contract, including all articles and provision, hereby declare their intention to see this ridiculous and ridiculously awesome wager come to realization… Connor, you'll be our witness,"

"Wow, you should've been a lawyer, Princess." Bellamy teased finding her elaborate contract writing skills attractive. The Blonde rolled her eyes in response. "I'll take that as a compliment. Okay, one last thing." She draws two lines at the bottom, indicating a signature. "Choose a representative of your party please!" She states to the boys. "Girls, I'll just sign, for you."

"Got it." Bellamy mumbled reaching over from behind her and signing for them. Clarke paused for a moment as he signed, realizing the space between them was basically non-existence. She didn't
know if it was her imagination for her breathing labored, heart picking up out of nowhere, and if anything Bellamy noticed. A wicked smile crept across his face as he leaned back down.

*Oh god.*

The Blonde swallowed, trying to act as if his close presence had no effect on her. She wasn't about give him that satisfaction.

"And this thing is official!" She warns, "No take-backs!"

* * *

"No, no. colder!" Lincoln nearly shouted at the boys. They were currently behind one point and the final round was quickly approaching.

"No talking!" Octavia warned. "that's a minus-one point offense!" Raven joked as the boys turned to her in horror. Lincoln bent his arms up and waves his hands imitating a bird while proceeding to prance around the apartment basically making a fool of himself.

"A bee!" Jasper shouted, throwing it out there. Lincoln shook his head profusely.

"A fly?!" Monty added in confusion. Lincoln continued motioning an X then continuing, placing both his hands together and under his head implying sleeping.

"You're sleeping… uh, sleep, sleeping…." Bellamy mumbled aloud attempting to figure out exactly what Lincoln was motioning.

Lincoln bit his lip, the anticipation getting to him as the girls chuckled beside them. They'd gotten really good at this game over the years and prided themselves over it. So far they went through Milkshake, Lord of the Rings, Dark Vader, Organ Donor, and Moonwalking, just in their minute round, giving them five points in the lead. The boys had only gotten through two motions before getting stuck on their current one and needed the point to catch up.

Lincoln went back to the dancing, winded motion them stopped and expressed an ache in his mouth, bringing his hand up to his teeth and making a wiggling motion before pretending to take one out, going to sleep again, and the dancing.

"The Tooth Fairy!" Monty nearly screamed, standing.

"Yes, thank you!" Lincoln hollered in triumph. "Times up! You guys got three points this round and it's a tie!" Connor shouted high-fiving Lincoln as he took a seat.

"Looks like this is going to be the game point, guys!" Maya announced upon seeing the last slip in the bowl. "Clarke, you're up." The Blonde basically skips up on her feet, grabbing the lone paper from the bowl and smiling for she liked what she saw.

"Alright, you have one minute, go!" Maya says setting the timer on her phone once again.

Clarke immediately goes swats in position and set her hands in front of her as if she's at a desk and typing on a computer.

"working!" Octavia shouted.
"Typing!" Raven followed. The Blonde shook her head. "Uh… laptop, desk, writing, doing homework…" Maya continued spitting out random thoughts she got from the picture but Clarke continued to shake her head a no and proceeded with another clue for this time she pretended to type for a second them stopped and brought her hand to her chin as if thinking, then typed once more.

"Stuck?" Octavia offered, Clarke made the motion for 'close'.

"Confused?" Maya offered.

"Hard work!?" Raven shouted.

And Clarke did it the whole action once more."Okay, okay, she said stuck, uh…” The Blake sister trailed along, but they weren’t getting anywhere so Clarke stood back up and made an X with her arms, implying she was going to act it out some other way. She pretended she was driving, her arm out in front swerving the invisible wheel from side to side. “Okay, car, wheel, you’re driving?”

“Steering? You’re steering.” The girls continued with their suggestions.

"30 seconds!" Bellamy called, smirking. Clarke held her hand to a stop implying them to pause for a moment and let her finish. She then proceeded to get out of the pretend car and pressing a button on her invisible keys and attempting to open the door but not being able to.

“You’re locked out?” Raven screamed but Clarke shook her head and made the almost sign with her hands, before going back to typing on the computer.

"10 seconds!" Bellamy's smile was getting wider in anticipation. This was coming down to such a close call.

"Password! It’s password!" Octavia screamed. Clarke stopped, a giant grin forming at the corners of her lips as she opened them. "Yes!" And the girls jumped out of their seats beginning to cheer as the boys groaned in defeat beside them.

"Take that!” Octavia was quick jump, the excitement of the game getting to her head. "Girls, I believe our vacations are now paid off!” Clarke shouted with a fist to the air.

“Alright, alright,” Bellamy mumbled in defeat. “Crap." Jasper joined running a hand through his hair in utter defeat and realization of what they’d just gotten themselves into. "How’s it feel to win by,” Raven looks at Maya's phone where they stopped the countdown. "seven seconds, boys?” She smirked down at the boys after hugging Octavia.

* * *

“Hey—” Clarke greeted, finding herself leaning against the back of Bellamy’s door. He’s quick to meet her, cutting off her greeting with a surging, almost desperate kiss. They were currently in his bedroom, upon earlier agreement, Clarke literally having to sneak in later that night after making sure no one saw her.

The maroon color in her dress brought a wicked smile upon his face as his hands grabbed at her hips. “I saw you peeking, earlier.” The Blonde teases. One of Bellamy’s eyebrows raises in anticipation. “but before anything happens,” She adds, enjoying the look on his face as she slipped away from his tight grip. “I want to know what was up with you tonight.”
“What are you talking about, Princess?” He mumbles, clearly not in the position to make conversation at the moment, especially on that topic. The Blonde hinders, holding the smirk on her face. “Come on—it was super obvious.” She takes a seat the end of his bed, as he approaches. “Don’t tell me, Connor being there tonight didn’t have any effect on you.”

“Oh, now you’re just imagining things.” His hands once again find themselves on the outline of her body working their way down. “Am I?” She breathes out, the words sending shivers down his spine. He avoids her question by closing the space between them.

Clarke pulls away from his touch once again, forcing them to stop. “Clarke.” He groans, her teasing was getting to the best of him. When she doesn’t budge, Bellamy sighs in protest, knowing his compliance was the only way they were going to move on. “I guess, there might have been a moment or two of tension…” He admits sourly. “Of jealousy, you mean?” Clarke corrects, clearly enjoying this. “I just don’t like the guy, that’s all.”

“And that didn’t have anything to do with me bringing him, right?” She teased once again. Bellamy shoots her a look, and this time she’s the one who gives in, completely satisfied by his previous reply.

“I’ll take it.” She shrugs making her way up the bed as he follows. “And just for the record, Connor’s a friend, and because I’m a nice friend and I wasn’t about to let—“ Bellamy rolls onto her, molding a trail of kiss along the pulsing heart in her neck. “h-him,” She adds, a little distracted by his the way his mouth felt against her skin. “I wasn’t about to let him spend Thanksgiving alone.” She somehow finishes.

“Because you’re such a saint.” He teases making her chuckle.

“Satisfied?” He questions against the heat of her skin. As much as he loves that dress he itches to uncover wants underneath. His fingers reach for the small zipper on her back as she nods, biting her lip. “Good…” He mumbles. “Now a little less talking and a little more…” He trails off, wicked smile in tow.

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 5 Playlist:

1. You & Me (Flume Remix) - Disclosure
2. Dopamine - BØRNS
3. The Less I Know The Better - Tame Impala
Her name is Echo, as Bellamy introduces her so. She's one of the detectives on his intelligence force—beautiful in a definite out of Bellamy's league kind of way. She stands tall, meeting his height. Her long dusty-blonde hair falls down her back in a series of delicate curls just barely touching the hand he placed there as he guides her around. Her red lips coil into a wide smile as she extends her hand out to Octavia and Lincoln, the red dress that seemed so effortlessly wrapped around her slender figure flowing in the wake of her movements. And suddenly, the simple black little number Octavia had picked out for her the day before Clarke was sporting makes her feel like a nun compared to the creature Bellamy’s wore on his arm so naturally, it pissed her off.

She watches them from a distance, this unexplainable sour feeling invading her system for a part of her secretly hoped the night was going to be spent compiling clever and witted ways to avoid a certain Finn Collins with Bellamy while subtly downing shots of tequila and attempting to remember the exact bridesmaid responsibilities she was set to perform. However, she’s okay with the sudden change, or so she tells herself as she approaches the two.

"You didn't mention anything about a date, Blake." Clarke voices. Bellamy takes the use of his last name as a defense mechanism. "I'm Clarke, best friend of the Bride." She's quick with the introduction, shaking Echo's hand. "Sorry, Princess, guess I didn't feel like spending the night on my own." He declares somehow striking a nerve within her. The way he set his jaw in the wake of his answer was more than enough to give away the falsehood of his statement. A statement she's not shy to call him out on.

"The room is filled with nearly a hundred people and you thought you were going to be alone?" The moment the words slip out of her mouth she's filled with an overwhelming, ugly feeling for the realizes exactly who she resembles at this moment in time. She felt just like her mother; putting on a smile and show to please guests and keep appearances up—and that was not who she was.

The Blonde smiles uneasily back at the two, making a note to retract her rather abrasive behavior. Sure they were non-exclusive in whatever the presides of their relationship defined, so he was very well in his right to bring a date or whatever Echo deemed to be. Clarke didn’t have a right to be put off by this. The question was, why was she?

"Half of who I don’t know…" Bellamy replies without a sweat. "That’s why I brought Echo here—she keeps things interesting."

Clarke grinds her teeth trying not to let his conspicuous words affect her so. However, no matter how hard she tries, she’s failing. "So how long have you two know each other?" She asks, turning to Nina. Whether romantic or not for some reason she had an urge to know anything and everything about what defined their relationship. The two exchange a few glances before coming to a conclusion. "What's it been, Blake? Two, three years?"

"Three, definitely three. We were on patrol together."
"Oh don't remind me…" Echo shook her head. The two chuckled, leaving Clarke gazing at them with an eager smile.

"Wow, and now you're both in the intelligence unit, how great!"

"I wouldn’t say great—there are days no one wants to put up with old-man grumpy here," Echo mumbles with a laugh shifting Clarke’s attention for somehow she found a way to turn this, whatever it was, back around in Bellamy’s face. "Tell me about it!" She adds. "I'm sure you're familiar with the non-caffeinated Bellamy Blake, yes?" Clarke continues, watching the smirk on Bellamy's face slowly fade as he realizes what was happening. Echo profusely agrees. "He's basically useless."

"Thank you!"

As the conversation continues on, this Echo person slowly begins to grow on Clarke. Sure she was essentially there with her… well, technically Bellamy was her friend, but at this point, Clarke, for some strange helpless reason felt more like a jealous girlfriend than anything else. Not that she would ever admit it. However, if she simply chose to ignore this rather tedious fact, she realized the woman wasn't half bad. Soon enough it had seemed like the tables had turned for Bellamy was now feeling more like a third wheel on his own date than anything else. So when his sister, as well as Lincoln and his parents, approached them Bellamy found an opportunity to end the girls' tenacious talk about his horrible patterns and habitual rituals and turn it to something else.

"Harold, Ana, you remember my older brother Bellamy?" Octavia asked as Bellamy went to shake Lincoln's father's hand. A waiter stopped before them and offered glasses of Champagne. "Who could forget?" Lincoln's mother blinked at the elder Blake, "Bellamy, always a pleasure." It seemed as if the comment had a deeper implication, one Clarke couldn't cipher. She made a note to pry it out of him later.

"Clarke, dear! It’s always good to see a Griffin around these parts, now, your mother—" she quickly trails off. Lincoln cleared his throat soon after, signaling her to stop. "We’ll talk later, dear.” His mother quickly added as her husband turned back to the Blake’s. "Bellamy, is this your wife? She's lovely." Lincoln's father smiled extending his hand to Echo. "Wasn't she a brunette? Did you dye your hair, dear?" Ana squints her eyes at the woman on his arm, and before Echo can answer, Bellamy, as always, is quick to reply as he clears his throat, attempting to set a different tone.

Clarke had heard Lincoln's parents weren't big fans of Bellamy—especially his mother, but she didn't know why and trying to think of reasons was kind of amusing for her considering she was standing there attempting to hide her smile by taking conspicuous sips of the champagne in her glass.

Leave it to Bellamy to piss off the parents.

"No," Echo blinks, "I've always had—" But before she could finish Bellamy unintentionally cuts her off.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kekoa this is my girlfriend, Echo." He corrected as Clarke instantly chokes on her wine, nearly spilling some on herself. Octavia was quick to help her, taking the glass from her hand as Clarke quickly patted herself off. "I'm sorry, your what?" She gasped with a tight-lipped smile as Octavia backed off and the initial shock from Clarke's reaction quickly wore off.

"My girlfriend," Bellamy repeated to which Clarke quickly looked back at Lincoln's parents and agreed trying not to make herself look like a fool any further. "Right!" She exclaimed with a tight-lipped smile—of course, sorry I-I thought I heard something else…” She flatly offered, throwing both Bellamy and Octavia strange looks. Not one of them had mentioned anything about Bellamy
dating someone. Sure, Octavia wasn't much for one to dwell on her brother's love life—not recently with everything keeping her so busy, but Clarke had nearly spent the whole last month with Bellamy and knew this was not true.

* * *

Bellamy spends the rest of the night ignoring her. Or at least, she feels like he is. He parades that woman on his arm as if she's a is a prize. Introducing her to all their friends. It's all honest and simple but Clarke's brain doesn't interpret it that way. She's sitting at the bridal table, Raven and Shaw to her left, spending a little too much time with that drink in her hand. Tequila had recently become her bidding friend.

"Drinking alone, Griffin?" Raven commented once Shaw pointed out in her direction. "Yeah, just feeling the celebration guys!" Clarke states forcing the smile on her face. "The celebration of... love!" She announces a decibel louder than she wants as she raises her glass in the air and attempts to take another sip. "You might want to celebrate at a slower pace before you end up in a toilet head first…" Raven chuckles slipping the drink from her hand in a swift manner.

"Hey!" The Blonde quickly opposes in a pout. "That was a nasty thing to do!"

"You need to take a little break. How 'bout some coffee?" Raven’s quick to pour her a cup as The Blonde sinks further into her seat.

“Thanks,” Clarke mumbles calming down a little as the Latina chuckled in her wake. “So, is there another specific reason you want to celebrate love other than the obvious tonight?” Shaw questions as Raven shoved her elbow in his ribs. They both had a slight suspicion of what was going on for it was obvious, at least to Raven who quickly shared it with Shaw. But she didn't want to say anything on the fact that she could actually be wrong, that and well, she was curious as to how it was going to play; if it was even going on.

"Well, yeah—I mean my best friend’s getting married, and you know,” She hiccups, catching herself. “you two are doing whatever it is you’re doing," The two exchange a look. "and then there's Maya and Jasper—oh, guys just look at them!" She turned their attention to the dance floor; they were both immersed in the presence of each other, slow dancing to the tunings of some intimate song.

“I mean, Jaspers definitely a handful but we all know his bones are made of sugar…. or sweet bone or whatever it is they say” She trails off in confusion. Raven and Shaw exchange a glance, “and Maya, Maya's just a fucking goddess?” The Blonde continues completely lost in the image of them. "Oh then, you know, there’s Finn over there who has stolen about a million glances this way the whole night—fun fact: he was my fiancé—actually, you know, could you really call him that? I mean I said no so technically he was never my fiancé, but I get so tired of having to explain it over and over and over again, so I just say he was so people understand the nature of our relationship..." The Blonde sighs coming to the horrible realization that Raven was right, she had a little too much. "Also Bellamy and that new piece of ass he's parading around—love right there, am I right?" She continues trailing along, her eyes search for her glass. Finding it empty she groans.

“Okay… sure.” Raven exhales, amused smile in tow. Clarke takes a sip of her coffee finding a bitter reality underneath it. Then as if her eyes finally catch up with her mind they look back out to the dance floor, scanning the room for Bellamy and his date. "Okay, you're right I may have drank too
much.” She mumbles in another groan.

"You think?” Raven chuckled. “I’m cutting you off for tonight.”

“Good call.” Clarke realized taking the last sip.

* *

It was understood to Finn that Clarke didn't want him there, especially after their Halloween episode, and sure, they were her friends first, but Lincoln had grown to be a close friend to him. They went to the gym every week, followed by a trip to the bar, they played video games on rare days off in all forms of the word; they were friends. The fact of the matter was that her friends we're ultimately his friends and although it was clear they choose her in the ‘divorce’, he still kept in touch. And he wasn't about to miss Lincoln and Octavia’s engagement party because it would inconvenience Clarke. He understood, to say the least, but he was still completely confused at where their relationship stood and wanted something that would provide a clear answer.

She avoided him at work changing shifts and break places, making herself look busy whenever she ran into him, this he was quite aware of. However, the thing that really bothered him considering this mess was the way Clarke was handling the situation—obviously, she didn’t make as much of what happened that Halloween night as he did. He also knew this, but she was known for rather facing her problems and issues head-on, not letting them linger on to dwell in the wake of confusion. Her lack of confrontation was the only thing that was really bothering him. At least he liked to believe so.

Clarke knew avoiding him was wrong, childish was probably a better word for it than anything else. And it wasn’t something she was accustomed to, but somehow she had managed to become completely ignorant to the situation. Maybe it was because a part of her wanted to pretend that it didn’t actually happen, maybe it was the fact that she finally felt like she was in a good place in her life and didn’t want to acknowledge the five steps back she just took. Whatever the reason, it wasn’t justified or fair to Finn. This she knew.

The night wasn’t panning out in Finn’s favor so far, either. He was seated tables away from the people he actually knew, and it was either lingering by the bar in hopes someone would stumble by or interact with the strangers that surrounded him. In the end, he wondered over to a friendly crowd and stuck to talking to Jasper and Monty and a few others about some new policies that were now in place at the Hospital and kept a careful eye on his alcohol intake.

At this particular moment in time, he was at four glasses of wine in, was starting to gain an insane amount of courage, and before he realized he was standing from his seat, making his way toward the Blonde who Raven and Shaw were conversing with.

"Wanna dance?” The question was short, and confident, and not filled with that usual saddened glaze in his eyes, so Clarke, to her surprise and to the surprise of Raven and Shaw beside her, accepted.

As he led her away Clarke could feel not only Raven’s but the burning gaze of everyone who knew them follow them to the dance floor in a mixture of shock and confusion. Clarke held no emotion in her face, not wanting to give in to their satisfaction, it wasn’t anyone's business what she was doing, but her own.
His grip on her waist and hand was light, showing her he wasn't going to push anything on her. There was enough pressure on them so far from the prying eyes. And suddenly, as if it was some sort of emotional switch, she felt sober.

"Are you having fun?" He questioned gazing down at her. The Blonde just nodded, her eyes looking over his shoulder, far away into colorful people around them. "Surprisingly, yes." She replies honestly. It hadn’t been a bad night, her expectations were just not met.

"Surprisingly?"

She nods as they sway to the stylings of a soft but powerful song. "I thought you coming was going to turn into a thing." She clarifies.

"I wouldn't do that to you."

"I know." She mutters faintly shaking her head in slight regret of ever thinking that. Finn was the good guy here, why did she ever think otherwise? They keep swaying, their feet somehow perfectly aligned to the beat of the soft tender music. "You know you don't have to ignore me. We can still be friends." Clarke takes a moment to digest the words before her eyes shoot to his. "Can we?" She questions ever so faintly, her face framed in his view by the loose strands of hair that fall effortlessly around from her pinned bun.

"Absolutely." They had been friends at some point—best friends actually, they could do it again. She could feel the burning tension between them threatening to melt her to the core as he holds her gaze, a mixture of desperate emotion. “I’d like that.”

She smiles. She missed him, and although she would never admit it, the past year was hard without him. Life was simply easier with someone there to support you, to hold your hand, fall asleep next to, tell your stories too. God knows Finn had heard all of her stories, hell, he’d even starred in a few, but he didn't mind. He never did. However, over the years they changed. It wouldn't be fair to say he just changed, they both did. It felt like, all of a sudden he wanted her to become someone she knew she could never be. His expectations were simply not within her limits and vice versa. So when he took out a ring that winter night she was forced to face it all.

She hadn't regretted her decision, not once since then, but she had missed him, and he, her. "I missed you." He whispered being the first to say it. "Me too. It hasn’t been easy—" Yet before she has the chance to continue, the sound of a disruptive clearing throat stops them abruptly. "May I?" Bellamy suddenly voices beside them, there's a smile on his face but a threatening look in his eye. Finn nods in surrender creating space between them.  "She's all yours. We'll talk later."

"Yeah." Clarke nods being caught off guard. Bellamy's eyes don't leave the perplexed gaze on her face as she turns to face him. He could tell he had interrupted something important, he just didn't know why it bothered him so. "I was fine." Clarke defends as slides a hand around the back of her waist. For once she wasn't relieved to be rescued. "I believe what you're trying to say is: Thank you, my knight, in shining armor."

"Again, I was fine." She mutters bitterly. "I don't always need saving, Bellamy."

"Alright, my mistake." The playful manner in his voice quickly dissipates as he realizes Clarke’s not amused by his joke. She was annoyed, annoyed and confused; the combination was not a good look on her.

“I’m sorry. I didn't know you actually wanted to dance with Collins.” The apology is half-assed, yet somehow she still accepts it. Her mind is raveling. She's trying hard to focus as she attempts to make
sense of what had just happened. "Maybe if you paid more attention to your date and not your fuck-
buddy you would—"

"Whoa, there—O pushed me to come rescue you, Princess. If it was up to me I would be over there
next to my date." He explains without a moment to dwell. Clarke raises her eyebrows in
unprecedented sarcasm. “Oh, you mean, your girlfriend?"

"Labels are a funny thing, Princess." He replies as he tightens his grip against her skin. They fight for
dominance at first, making curt and abrupt movements across the dance floor, but eventually, they
reach a point of contention, balancing the simple act between them. Clarke can't help but think this is
the way it should be, her love life. Filled with the type of desire and passion she felt with Bellamy for
some reason. Not the safe, almost convenient relationship she grew accustomed to with Finn all those
years. Her eyes grow, meeting Bellamy's in confliction.

"Why didn't you tell me about her?" She demanded suddenly gaining an excellent amount of
confidence.

"Didn't think you'd mind, Princess—"

"Quit calling me that."

“Never.”

"Bellamy…” She mumbled trying to make their conversation look at least civil.

"What?" He replied that smirk still ever present on his face as they spun across the dance floor. "So
what was that thing with Collins all about?" He asks avoiding her last insinuating question. Clarke
straightened her posture, shrugging "I'm not sure, actually…” She bit her lip attempting to decode
their earlier moment but uncovers no further findings.

"Huh."

"What’s it to you?" She challenges, his sudden concern clearly pissing her off.

“Just don’t do anything you're going to regret." He smoothly states. Although the phrase doesn’t
seem like it, the tone of his voice is surprisingly sincere so she knows he’s serious.

She doesn’t reply. There are no words to describe her current state of mind, it hasn't stopped spinning
since Finn. The Addition of Bellamy not helping her at all. She was slightly drunk and sad, faced
with this strange empty feeling in the pit of her stomach. And there in the arms of whatever Bellamy
was to her at the moment, she found herself wanting to fall in the warmth of his embrace.

She swallowed, looking up at him for a moment of confirmation, before letting her gaze fall back on
the blur of the crowd behind him just enjoying his presence.

When the song ended, and space cleared a path between them once more, she thanked him, but
before she could slip away unnoticed, he caught hold of her arm. A gentle but deeming hold, and
whispered, “Meet me in the north elevator in ten minutes.”

* *
“Someone’s a popular girl tonight.” Octavia declares as she plops down beside her best friend with her natural teasing smile in tow. “I try?” Clarke plays along. After the song she had taken her place back at the bridal table, coffee in hand. “I’m serious though,” Octavia continued not letting the topic go although the look on Clarke's face was suggesting otherwise.

"Charming Bellamy's date, dancing with Finn…” She trailed on basically making a list. “You’re just surprising everyone tonight.”

"I take it that you saw the Finn thing, huh?” Clarke played dumb, throwing the Blake a look for she knew exactly what was going to come out of her mouth. “I mean, who didn’t see that?” She seemed intrigued and curious for her eyes widened. “Did he say anything?” Clarke just shrugged tracing the tip of her finger around the rim of her coffee, eyeing the wine before a few inches from her grasp.

“We’re talking about this at your engagement party because?” But Octavia wasn't having it. “Because it’s my engagement party and I want the scoop, Blondie.”

"You know, I talked to Lincoln about inviting him—we had a big debate and everything." She continued knowing she’d have to be the one to get the balling rolling. "I told him it was going to be awkward for you after… well, everything—especially Halloween." And it worked for Clarke shook her head. “You told Lincoln about Halloween?”

Octavia shot her a look, and she knew that wasn’t the point. “And you didn’t have to do that O, I'm capable of taking responsibility for my own actions, especially when it comes to Finn.”

"I know, but you're my best friend,” She shrugs offering a sly face accompanied by a smile. "I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable or whatever.”

“And that’s why you’re my best friend.” Clarke smiled embracing her from the side. “Octavia!”

Lincoln called from a distance. The Blake sister sighed but smiled. “Go, enjoy your party. We’ll talk later, okay?” Clarke beamed at her, assuring she was truly okay. As she watched her best friend make her way, her phone buzzed on the table, grabbing her attention.

Ur late

From Bellamy. She looked up, searching for the raven-haired Blake but he was nowhere in sight although his date was in the corner chatting up a few of Lincoln’s teammates. She could almost picture him patiently waiting for her in by the elevator and just the mere thought of that playful scowl on his face amused her.

On my way

There were a handful of guests wondering about from the grand hallway as she made her way down to the end where the north elevator was. She could see him from across the hall. His tall, black outline standing there facing the doors. In one hand two glasses, in the other, a bottle of wine.

She frowned but continued approaching him in curiosity. What is he up to? There was no denying the faint-lipped smile on her face or the excitement drumming in her heart. “Bellamy.” She addressed, now standing beside him. “Hey.” He replied, playing with a devilish smile as he pressed the button. Her eyes gestured to the bottle in his hands asking without really voicing the question. Bellamy just smiles back at her with that perplexing, insinuating smirk that he wore so well until the elevator doors slid open before them and together they climbed in.

As they wait patiently for the doors to open once more, Clarke comes to the simple conclusion that whatever Bellamy was up to, it couldn’t be that bad considering there was a bottle of wine involved.
And although she dwells in the curiosity of it all, she chooses to let whatever was to happen, happen, simply enjoying the ride along.

Just as the door dinged open, he turns to her, “now we might get in trouble for this…” before stepping out and offering his hand. Amused, but not completely surprised by his sudden statement, Clarke shook her head but willingly took his hand as he led her down the industrial hallway.

“I probably should’ve told you to bring a coat…” He sighed dragging her along a flight of stairs.

“Wait, what?” But there was no time to answer as Bellamy swiftly unlocked a door clearly marked in bold capital letters, ‘EMPLOYEES ONLY. NO CLEARANCE’

“I’m pretty sure that sign was indicted for people like us!” Clarke shouts in the midst of his rush. Why the hell did he always have to break the rules? “And I’m pretty sure having a key give us clearance.” He propped the door open on a brick as Clarke rolled her eyes. However, all was forgotten the moment she stepped out into the open cold, her eyes parting from Bellamy’s onto the sight before her.

A panorama of Seattle’s twinkling skyline opened up around her and even though the cold was piercing from the blowing wind, her eyes sparkled in its captivating reflection. Everything seemed so far away, so out of touch.

Suddenly every problem, every integer of her calculated life, every uncontrollable aspect that made her spiraled before her just out of reach.

She smiled in awe.

“Was this worth the mystery?” Bellamy questions behind her. For a second, she had almost forgotten his presence there even though it had only been a moment since she last heard his voice. She turned back around to face him, the smile spread across her face almost like never before. “I’ll take that as a yes.” He grinned thriving from her response as he took a sloppy aim at opening the bottle in his hands.

As she gazed upon the view, the smile ran away from her face as the realization of tonight’s events dwelled upon her. And the sweet simple moment quickly faded before them.

“Why’d you bring me up here?” Her question came out harsh and delegated, something she didn’t intend to happen but did subconsciously anyway. She could almost feel the tentative confliction rage through her, as she stood there waiting for a reply for he couldn’t simply spend a whole evening attempting to ignore her then drag her out here for no purpose. Everything felt like a game to her, a game she didn’t really like playing anymore.

Bellamy hands her a glass asking himself the same question. There really wasn’t a reason—he thought it’d be fun. He knew a guy who worked down in the lobby as him for a favor, and there they were.

He shrugs, not knowing how to respond. He simply wanted to get away from the party, and he had the slightest suspicion she did too. Or at least that’s what he told himself.

“You can’t do that, you know.” Clarke informs as a matter of fact accepting the glass. She calms a little with the time he provided in his silence and the realization that she simply doesn’t want to be disappointed anymore.

“Do what?” But then he does something like that and she sighs, shaking her head. “Playing this stupid game today—”
“Whoa—”

“Come on, you mean to tell me calling Echo your girlfriend was no some sort of poly against me?” Clarke's quick to shoot back not wanting to hear any of his excuses she was sure would follow.

“Oh no, it was definitely a poly.” Bellamy agrees, leaving enough time between his response as see the utter satisfaction run across the Blondes face. “Not against you, though.” He takes a sip of the wine in his hands, completely pleased with himself as he watched her glum expression fall. “I don’t think anyone’s that narcissistic.”

“Then against who?” She replayed, enlightened.

“I’m sorry, am I getting this right? Are you—is Clarke Griffin jealous?” He teases comply ignoring her previous question. “Please…” The Blonde dives into her wine as a quick point of exit, but Bellamy sees right through it.

“I don’t know,” He shrugs, unconvinced. “I mean apart from dancing with your ex-fiancé, you were sitting at the corner of our table sulking the whole night…”

“Right. And there couldn’t be any other explanation for my behavior other than you parading around that woman—and I was not sulking!” She scolds, attempting to defend herself even though she knows there’s no use.

"Right."

“‘I was not!” She brings the glass to her lips once against before noticing the sudden emptiness inside. “I need another.” She mumbles sticking her glass out.

“Do you, now?” Bellamy smirks but complies for he doesn’t want to drive her over the edge completely. “A-And if I was," She continues knowing it was a battle she didn't want to lose. “I was just as jealous as you were when I brought Connor to Thanksgiving.” She justifies, not meeting this gaze. “Oh, now that’s just low.” He shakes his head in disappointment but there’s no denying the smile on his face as they battle.

“But okay, fine.” He quickly restates finding an alternative way out. “Say I was jealous.” His declaration takes her by complete surprise for she simply wasn’t ready to admit her part yet, and Bellamy knew this. She glared his way.

“At least I can admit it.” He teases watching as she turns away to the view before them not wanting to discuss this confrontation any further. He finally took it too far. Bellamy approaches her, sliding the sleeves of his blazer off. “The question is,” He starts softly, gently sliding the jacket on top of her exposed shoulders. “what are we gonna do about it?”

She shivers; a silhouette against the backdrop of the Seattle skyline. The wind blows through her skirt as she leans against the concrete railing not wanting to discuss this confrontation any further. He finally took it too far. Bellamy approaches her, sliding the sleeves of his blazer off. “The question is,” He starts softly, gently sliding the jacket on top of her exposed shoulders. “what are we gonna do about it?”

She turns his way, lips pursed, ready to fire in defense. But they don’t. He’s close now, so close she can smell the intoxicating smell radiating off him. “I might have an idea you won’t like.” The tone in her voice is low and unsteady for she’s unsure in her response.

“What’s that?”

“We get rid of the non-exclusive rule.” She states. There’s no turning back now. She just hopes he doesn’t make anything else out of what she really means. “Doesn’t that defeat the purpose of friends-
with-benefits?” He questions softly, wanting to cipher out exactly what she meant. He didn’t want to miss a moment.

“No.” Her voice falters, but her eyes meet his in determination. “Not entirely.” She adds, attempting to rack her brain for any reason how it wouldn’t. “It just means we’re more careful.” She quickly justifies ignoring her previous relentless behavior.

“But we’re just friends.”

“Just friends.” Clarke clarifies with a solid nod. Bellamy smiles. “Alright. We can toast to that.” He raises his glass.

“To exclusiveness?” Clarke follows suit.

“Why the hell not?”

* * *

“Well, that was a fun night! Octavia exhaled sharply as she slouched in the seat next to Clarke and Raven. The time stretched into the late hours of the night. The ballroom was nearly empty with the exception of the clean-up crew and a few workers. "Why do you say it like that?” Clarke questioned fiddling around in her purse in search for her keys.

“I’m just tired, that’s all.”

“Something tells me there’s something more.” Raven inquires suspiciously. “What do you mean?” Clarke’s confused.

“Lincoln’s parents can be a handle, that’s all.”

“Right—”

“Raven!” Octavia warns playfully, sipping away at her cocktail.

“Okay, what’s going?” Clarke questions. There was clearly something going she wasn’t clued in on. "Let’s just say Lincoln’s parents aren’t a big fan of Bellamy…” The Blake sister shakes her head.

“Big shocker—what’d he do?” Raven chuckled, pouring herself a drink. The Blake sister bit her lip in temptation, she didn’t want to say anything, in fact, she promised her brother she wouldn’t, but he’d put her through all the work tonight he was in no position to ask for favors. "Okay, I swore I wouldn’t tell, but I think the secret has run its course,” Octavia confessed as Raven and Clarke exchanged interested glances.

“Octavia, spill!” Raven shouted in anticipation.

"Okay, so last year when Bellamy had that thing—whatever it was, with Katherine Banks, Lincoln told him they could use his parent's cabin for the weekend. In my brother's defense, Lincoln said his parents were gonna be home, so it wasn’t completely his fault. Although he probably could’ve handled it better…” She trails on getting a little off topic before the girls brought her back to the subject at hand. “Anyway, so Bellamy takes Kat, and of course my brother being the man-whore he is, couldn't keep it in his pants for two seconds,” She sighs, almost exasperated.

"This is not news." Raven comments, encouraging her along.
"His parents walked in on them,” Octavia reveals, finishing her drink. “In the kitchen.”

Clarke's eyes pop as a grin appears on her face. “No…” She mumbles trying to refrain from laughing.

“I mean, I wouldn’t put it past them,” Raven added, shaking her head.

"And that's how my idiot brother met my future in-laws. Really great first impression he made.” Octavia shook her head, somehow managing to smile in the wake of the story. “Let's just say they didn't think much of him after that. So when Lincoln told his parents that his best man was going to be Bellamy they freaked their conservative brains out.” Octavia continued to explain. “And you know, I might’ve slipped something about it being a phase of his at the time and that he was currently in a devoted relationship now…”

“Oh my god, you what?” Clarke chuckled as the Blake sister hid her face, in the realization of how ridiculous that sounded.

“I swear, I didn’t mean to—but they were just being so egotistic when they last called saying shit like, ‘oh, is that brother of yours going to behave himself?’, god, I couldn’t handle it so,” She shrugs. “I bent the truth a little.”

“I can’t believe you never told us!” Clarke exhaled a little impressed her best friend was able to keep that secret for so long. “God, me either.” Octavia shook her head as the three of them laughed. “I mean, I gotta give it to Bellamy for being a champ.” She continued on. “What do you mean?” Clarke questioned not understanding.

“Clarke, I mean come on, as much as we all want it to happen can you imagine Bellamy in a serious relationship? He must've been dying the whole night.” She chuckled just at the thought. “I'm afraid she’s not wrong, Blondie.” Raven agreed. Clarke shrugs, rolling her eyes playfully. “I don’t know, I don’t think you give him enough credit.” She replies knowing even though there was a hint of truth to Octavia’s declaration there was always an outlier.

“Maybe I don’t.” Octavia sighed. The Blonde shook her head, from what she'd recently observed, Bellamy definitely had relationship qualities in him. "For his sake, let's hope I'm wrong."

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 6 Playlist:

1. Cavalier - James Vincent McMorrow
2. Devil Like Me - Rainbow Kitten Surprise
The Monday before their holiday vacation finds Clarke and Bellamy locked in an on-call room at the hospital, tangled in a mess of blankets, clothes and utter carelessness. The idea of having sex in the on-call rooms, let alone the hospital, felt a little strange to Clarke, at first, but the moment she got into it, the act itself was simply too indulging to calculate any risk involved. The door was locked, this was a private room, they had nothing to worry about.

That was until her pager buzzed on the bedside table beside them. The Blond let out a long agonizing groan, as she reached for the tiny device that seemed to run her life.

"Just ignore it," Bellamy mumbled trying to cherish whatever moment was left.

"Yeah, right." Clarke chuckled. The Blake brother, however, was unfazed by the device. He takes it from her hand, disarming the ringer while coaxing her back to against the mattress. Clarke played with a tortured smile on her lips for she didn't want to stop but knew she had to go.

She groaned against his aggressive kisses, "I really have to go." And with a disappointed smile and sigh, he rolled off her. "You know," He began, playing with the pager in his hands, "if you took your clothes off as fast as you put them on we might have a little more time, Princess."

She throws him a look, adjusting her bra.

"For a pretty boy, you talk too much." She replies, showing she too was capable of throwing playful shade.

"You think I'm pretty?"

Clarke throws a pillow his way. He dodges it, coming on to his knees at the edge of the bed and catches her in an embrace from behind as she attempts to slip her scrub top on. She gets loses herself in him. Arms strong against her. Scent lingering across his skin.

The pager goes off once again. She slips from his hold, "I have to go."

She hears the moment the sigh rolls off his tongue and find herself almost feeling it. "Tonight?" He's dressing now, pulling his pants up. She's tying her hair up into a ponytail, trying to remember what time she was getting off that night. "Erm… I’m on call tonight, but swing by later if you want—"

The room suddenly flooded with light as the door swung open, cutting her off.

"Oh—Oh, god!" A voice cried out. Clarke froze, shutting her eyes. Bellamy quickly slipped his shirt on in suit, and although it was clear what was going on Clarke found herself praying she could lie herself out of this one as well.

"Clarke… Bellamy?!!" The voice erupted from the doorway. She didn't want to look, in fact, she was purposely avoiding eye contact with the figure out of pure horror for she knew exactly who it was standing there before them.

"Shit." She cursed sharply to herself before turning to face him. Bellamy stifled a laugh behind her,
making her want to shield her face from embarrassment.

*Out of all things that could happen.*

“Finn!” The Blond blinks. In her hand, the pager continues to go off, and for the first time in her life, she finds respite in its ring. “I-I gotta go!” She cries out, making her exit.

Blindsided, Finn stands here trying to register what had just happened.

** *

The day had been a disaster in Clarke's terms. It started off pretty well, but the moment Finn Collins stood on the other side of that door attempting to shield his eyes from the scene of Bellamy and her hastily throwing their clothes on it had crashed and burned to the ground without a doubt.

She attempted to fool herself thinking it could've been way worse than it actually was—her mother, the Chief of Surgery could've walked in on them instead of her ex-fiancé, or he could've walking in on something way worse than the wake of their… well, she wasn’t going to think about that. She attempted to avoid Finn the rest of the day, which today proved difficult for it seemed he as though he was present around every corner and behind every door.

“Griffin, we need hands!” Another resident shouted as a patient was being rolled in. At the moment, she was assigned to the emergency department and didn’t have time to think bout the consequences following the mornings incident.

“What do we have?” She cried out, falling in line.

“Car crash victim—resuscitated in the field, major internal hemorrhage in the chest cavity due to impact.”

“Oh, we’re gonna need a cardio consult, someone page Dr. Mathews!”

“Mathews isn’t available—page Dr. Collins.” A nurse informed.

*Of course, he is.* She had to give it to herself, she managed to do a pretty good job of staying out of his sight, until now.

“What do we have here?” Finn demanded a moment later, pulling a pair of rubber gloves on as a nurse dressed in a scrub suit. “Unresponsive, unstable male, estimated late twenties/early thirties—major hemorrhaging in the chest cavity due to impact.” She repeated what they had to her.

“He’s going into hyperemic shock—I should’ve been paged sooner!” He shouts among the chaos. Clarke resists the urge to shoot him a glare, instead focusses on her own task. “We just got here—”

“We have to get him up to surgery right now if he has a chance. Prepare for transfer!” Clarke nodded, releasing the clamp on the rails of the gurney. The last thing she wanted to do that day was stand in a surgery with non-other than Finn Collins.
"I need suction over here," Finn states attempting to focus all this attention on his work. Clarke re-adjusted the tubing by the area and said nothing not wanting to get even more on his bad side. She could tell he was ticked. "Clamp." He requested, extending his hand to the scrub nurse by his side.

"Is there something you need to say, Dr. Griffin?" The question was stern and came out of nowhere. He could feel the way her eyes burned through him.

Clarke shook her head but was cut off by the sharp tone of his voice before she could reply. "Really? Because it doesn't seem like it." He was walking cryptic circles around the topic in front of a whole surgical staff.

“This isn’t the time or place.” She didn’t think she had to remind him.

"Julie, hang another unit of blood—Damn it!" He cried out readjusting his full focus on the surgical field. He had successfully repaired one opening, but the bleeding hadn’t stopped. “There’s another opening somewhere…” He frowned, hands searching delicately around.

“There seems to be some h—”

“I need complete silence, Dr. Griffin.” He snapped. Clarke took a mental step back just as an alarm rang out. “He’s loosing too much blood, Finn.” The Blond threw her hands in the search. “I can’t find the source—”

“BP 90/60 and dropping!” A scrub nurse shouted in warning.

“Damn—it!” Finn cursed. “Come on, come on…” He trailed off fingers fumbling to find the bleeder.

Everything happened so fast.

"BP 80/40." Clarke stated glancing up at the monitor. "He’s spiraling—" Another wave of alarms rang. "He's in B-Vib!" The nurse cried once again. “Someone hand me the internal defibrillator!”

"Charge to 200, push one of epi." Finn requested positioning the internal paddles on the patient's heart. "Clear!" He shouted and Clarke removed her hands from the field, hands soaked in blood as the Finn shocked the victim.

Nothing happened.

"Alright, charge to 300, push another epi! Clear!"

Nothing.

The two exchanged glances, the first, for a fraction of a second. She shook her head ever so slightly. Finn knew it was a lost cause, but he didn’t want it to be. "Again!" He yelled stripping his eyes from hers and back to the field. He didn't want to give up, not yet.

“Finn—” Her protests deemed render-less.
“Clear!”

Alarms spiraled aimlessly around them. Blood filled the surgical field. An ominous, familiar feeling evaded the room. Everyone stood still nearly holding their breaths waiting for an outcome they knew would never come. The patient's heart remained still and for some reason, Finn was taking it harder than Clarke had ever seen.

"He's gone, Finn." He grimaced when she spoke his name, everything suddenly changing. He let out a long, drowned out sigh, placing the defibrillator back on the tray. Nurses clicked the alarms off. “Time of death, 20:57 PM,” Clarke confirmed, removing her gloves and mask watching Finn closely for he still hadn't moved. “I can close.” She offered but he shook his head, snapping back to reality. “No, you’re free to go.”

* * *

Clarke couldn't help but noticed how bothered Finn was. Sure they’d lost a fairly young patient on the table but like her, Finn was experienced in all this. He knew what he was doing and whether good or bad, was used to the outcome even more so that her. She planned to let him cool off alone after the surgery, that was until she spotted an inch of his figure from the window of the door that led to the staircase, and knew she couldn’t let it slide. Something was wrong.

“Yes?” His voice is low and firm; authoritative almost when she walks through the door.

Knowing that tone, she responds with a shrug. She welcomes the memory that comes when she takes a seat beside him on the stairs; the last time the had been there. It was over more than a year ago, after she had just lost a patient she liked, right before they broke things off. She remembers his arms, wrapped around her back, holding her tight as she tried not to look so vulnerable in his eyes.

“What happened in there,” She starts, after a moment of adjustment, knowing he wouldn’t. “that can’t happen, again.”

“Clarke.” He doesn’t want to hear it. He knows he shouldn’t have brought it up at that time, but was fueled by so much anger upon her presence he let it get the best of him.

“I’m sorry for the way you found out. That wasn’t right.” She added, “but you don’t have a right to be angry.” He peers at her in confusion, rendering the information. “I don’t have a right to be angry?” Clarke can tell she’s not reaching him.

“I walk in on my ex-fiancé and her new boyfriend, in my place of work; and I can’t be angry?”

Clarke shakes her head. He didn’t walk in on anything as far as she’s concerned, however, it was obvious what they’d been doing. He had a point. They shouldn’t have been so careless, that was her mistake. “That came out wrong.” She shuts her eyes not wanting to make this any worse than it already was.

He scoffs making an attempt to stand, but she pulls him back down. They weren’t done, and she sure
as hell wasn’t about to leave that room unresolved.

“We have to go inform his family.”

“Finn.”

He sighs, clearly not wanting to prolong their conversation. “We keep doing this, Clarke.” He cuts her off her train of thought, standing to face her. “One minute we’re fine, the next something happens and we’re not talking, then we make up—i-it’s exhausting.” He’s upset and compromised. “And honestly? I don’t understand how we keep finding ourselves in these situations.”

She sits quietly, not knowing what to say. He wasn’t wrong, but neither was perfect.

“I’m tired, and you should be too.” He can’t take his eyes off her. So much has happened between them he can barely believe this point they’ve reached. “And you and Bellamy? I could’ve cared less, really.” She catches the internal affliction in his eyes as he speaks. “until you decided to parade him around the hospital.”

Clarke blinks, taken back by the one in his voice. ‘Parade’ wasn’t the best choice of word, but he was angry, so she just let it slide for his sake. She wasn’t about to interrupt him until she was sure he was done.

“You’re right,” She stands, meeting him. “I shouldn’t have brought Bellamy here, or hell—we should’ve made sure the door was locked—you shouldn’t have seen that, period. But that doesn’t give you the right to interrogate me like that in front of the surgical staff. Even if you feel like you’re entitled to as my superior.”

He shakes his head in disappointment. “I just—I don’t get it. You and Bellamy, of all people?”

Clarke watches him, struggling to voice the words he desperately needs to hear. She doesn’t know how not to respond in a defensive way because she doesn’t want to hurt him for there’s still apart of her that cares about him. However, it was clear they needed their boundaries established verbally.

It felt wrong. Being there, having that conversation with him. In their prime, Finn was much more than just her boyfriend. The term never seemed to appropriately define what he was to her. He’d been her friend first, and at some point (along with Wells), her best friend. He took care of her on the nights the revenge for her mother’s actions too much of a toll on her, helped her sober up and face reality showing her there was more to life than torturing her mother with her self-destructive actions. He was there the moment she heard about Wells, held her hand at his funeral. Looking back, there was hardly any prominent memory without him beside her.

He watches her, eyes desperately looking for a part he recognizes. Never had she felt like a complete stranger to him before.

“Bellamy and I… we’re not—we’re just having fun—”

"That's what you're calling it?” He scoffs, crossing his arms. She shuts her eyes, wrong choice of words. “Is that somehow supposed to make me feel better?” He accuses completely disillusioned to her point. She shakes her head in disappointment, this conversation wasn’t getting them anywhere. “Do your friends even know?” He questioned analyzing the gaunt expression on her face. She meets his gaze in almost panic and that’s how he knows he’s uncovered something he wasn’t supposed to. “They don’t, do they?” He mumbles, smiling out of disbelief.

“No. They don’t, and I'd appreciate it if it stayed that way.”
“Because you’re in the position to ask favors right now—”

“Finn.” She nearly shouts, surprised by his grotesque attitude. She’d never seen this side of him. “You know, I’m glad we broke things off when we did because the Clarke I see now? I don’t know who she is anymore.” He wanted his words to hurt as much as her actions did him. And for a moment they did until she realized she didn’t need to put up with it anymore. She wasn’t debted to him in any way.

“You talk a lot about not recognizing me anymore,” Her voice is calm yet stern. She can’t believe how much their conversation had escalated. “but the next time you find yourself with that realization remember I’m not the only who’s changed.” She makes her exit on that last word for there wasn’t anything else she had to say to him that would change things between them.

* * *

“I regret to inform that your brother succumbed to his injuries in surgery…”

A desperate cry erupts from the woman’s mouth as the pain took over. She couldn’t have been older than Clarke, her life crumbling before them.

Clarke can’t look away from the destruction on the woman’s face, it was haunting, almost. Despite the circumstances, she stands still beside Finn as he continues. “He had a lot of internal bleeding that…” She fazes him out not wanting to go over their post-mortem findings. She didn’t want to hear about it again; a failure—their failure, just like anything their relationship seemed to manifest.

Dinner? Her phone buzzes as they pull away minutes later; a text from Bellamy. Her ability to desensitize herself from moments like that was impressive, she reminded herself in moments of doubt. She’d learned long ago not to get wrapped up in the outcomes, but sometimes it’d slip through the cracks and surprise her. Just like it was doing now. However, her surfaced emotions weren’t triggered by the case alone, but by her exchange of words between her and Finn, and she was having a hard time forcing them back down.

How about 4th floor? I need a pick-me-up. She replies swiftly and without thinking.

Fifteen minutes later they’re in another dark on-call room, this time with the door securely locked. Her legs are wrapped around his torso as his hands tug on the bottom of her shirt, slowly guiding it up as he molds hickey’s along the raging pulse in her neck. Her head hangs on its side from the lulling effect of Bellamy’s lips against her skin and she attempts to get lost in it, wanting nothing than to fade from the harsh edges of reality.

Except she finds that she can’t. Her mind wanders aimlessly at today’s events.

When he notices her rigid body and lack of response to his touch, he pulls back to look at her. “Is everything okay?” She was never this stiff around him.
Clarke frowns for a moment, lingering in debate about what she wanted to do. Her shoulders ultimately drop with a sigh. “I-I’m sorry.” She shakes her head, running a hand through her hair. Bellamy watches her, confused but clearly concerned. “What’s wrong?” She can’t remember a time she felt more grateful of him. She offers him a smile in attempt to ease his worry but it’s one he can see right through.

“When did you get so good at making me look like a fool?” He asks her, knowing sometimes she just needed a push. She shuts her eyes as he begins to disentangle himself from her. “I’m sorry.” She doesn’t know what else to offer but knows she has to say something. He sits beside her, eyes catching her gaze. “I-I thought this was what I needed, I’m sorry.” She shakes her head in disappointment. She didn’t want Bellamy to think she’d mistaken him for anything else.

“Will you stop apologizing and tell me what’s wrong?” It’s not even been over a minute and he’s heard three ‘I’m sorry’s’, and not one explanation.

“I just—I had a bad day.” She shrugs off. “Finn has not been taking this very well, as you can imagine,” Bellamy nods, understanding. “I lost a patient, and it’s just one of those days where nothing seems to go right.” She almost chuckles, listening to herself. “And,” she takes a moment to gather her thoughts, “this is definitely not what you signed up for so we should probably…” She’s playing with the tips of her fingers and finds herself surprised when he slips his hand in-between to stop her aimless fidgeting.

“I think you’re forgetting the ‘friends’ part of our arrangement, Princess.” She smiles at him, and for the first time since the morning, it’s genuine. This time, he stands, offering his hand, “come on, let’s go grab some dinner.”

Bellamy’s on his phone, waiting for Clarke to grab her bag from the resident locker room when he hears his name called behind him. And before he had the chance to register who’s voice it belonged to, he was found himself distracted by the near-blinding fist aimed at his face.

The attack came out of nowhere and Bellamy had to take a moment to recollect what had just happened, holding on to the side of his face. “What the hell?!” A furious Finn Collin’s stood before him, shaking a clenched fist, eyes sharp and narrow as if staring right through him. “You dare show your face here again?!” He questions dangerously. People around them stopped in shock, two security guards suddenly appear among them.

“Alright, everybody, clear out! There’s nothing to see here!” Another voice demanded, joining the chaos. Abby Griffin emerged from the mix of people that had stopped. What she lacked in height was made up in stance. Her stern gaze caught the two men before her, just as Clarke slipped out of the locker room.

“W-What just happened?” The Blond asked looking between Bellamy and Finn in utter confusion. She was gone for two minutes—three tops and suddenly Bellamy was holding onto what looked like the forming of a black eye.

“One of you please answer my daughter before I ask again.” Abby certainly didn’t have to ask twice.

“Your surgeon here just assaulted a police officer, that’s what happened.” Bellamy explained as Clarke quickly asked a nearby Nurse for some ice. Abby turns to Finn, shaking her head in disappointment. She takes notice of his flared nosed and confident stance but is quick to deem him harmless. “I do not tolerate any kind of violence in my hospital.”
“You know what that was for—” Finn throws Bellamy’s way. A guard takes his approaches him, one Abby quickly dismisses. She knows Finn was all talk at this point. He wouldn’t risk his career for whatever seemed to be going on.

“Take the rest of the day off, Dr. Collins.” Abby raised her voice.

“Look, he just—”

“Take the day, while you still have a job here.” She demands calmly, watching as he shoots Bellamy one more glare before storming off down the hallway. When he’s gone, she turns to the two before her. “Are you alright, Detective Blake?” The words are right, but there’s no sympathy beneath them.

Bellamy nods.

“Good.” She examines the extent of his injuries from where’s she’s standing. “Are you going to press charges?”

“Mom—” Clarke questions in confusion. “I simply need to know if I’m about to have another lawsuit on my hands, Clarke.” Her voice is robotic almost and it takes a moment for Bellamy to register her curt question. “No.”

“Great. Now, do you two care to tell me what that was about?”

“No idea.” Bellamy’s quick to reply. He’s reluctant to face Clarke’s mother, but ultimately does somehow knowing she’ll only judge his lack of eye contact as an inferior quality.

“None what-so-ever.” Clarke’s follows suit. Her mother stares back at them in suspicion. There was clearly something going on between the three, something they didn’t seem that particularly interested in sharing. “I wouldn’t normally care or ask, but since it’s caused such a commotion in my hospital…” She shrugs, waiting for an adequate reply. Clarke wants to roll her eyes, it wasn’t a surprise to her she was interrogating the victim.

“He’s meeting me for dinner, that’s all.” Clarke replies, hoping her mother would take the hint.

“I see.” Abby nods, clearing her throat. “You’re clear to go. But Detective Blake?” She holds them for a moment. “If your presence continues to cause these types of disturbances, I will have your access here restricted, understood?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Bellamy’s quick to reply.

“Good.” Abby smiled before turning to her daughter. “Clarke, Come see me after your shift tonight. There are some things we need to discuss.” She doesn’t register the uncomfortable panic that sets in Clarke’s eyes as she walks off, guards in tow.

“So, your mom is terrifying.” Bellamy exhales as a matter-of-fact.

The Blond sighs.

* *
They find themselves at a high-top table at the pub scoring the street, eating burgers and sharing fries. Dinner had been interesting following the event that took place in the hospital hallway, as Bellamy attempted to recount what had just happened, and Clarke attempted to understand the complexities behind Finn’s thought process at the time.

“I’m sorry about my mother. She’s…” Clarke can’t find the correct word to explain her mother’s meager presence. “Scary? Terrifying? Almost robotic? All of the above?” Bellamy jokes, finishing her train of thought.

“I’ve heard stories, but that was…” He shakes his head. “I guess she’s got us both at a loss for words.” They both chuckle in the wake of events. “Granted, you didn’t particularly meet her in the best situation.” She adds. Bellamy nods, she had a point. “She’s not always like that.”

“That’s as surprising as Collins punching me in the face.”

Clarke shuts her eyes, groaning. “I just, I don’t understand what he wanted to gain from that.” She’s shaking her head, watching Bellamy pick at their fries. Although the bruise wasn’t visible yet, she could see slight asymmetry to the side of Bellamy’s face from where he was hit. “I’m so sorry. Does it hurt?” She bites her lip ignorant to the number of times she’s said those words. He blinks in response then quickly grimaces. “When I move it, yeah.” He smiles, assuring her he’s fine. She’d apologized five times over on the way and it wasn’t even her fault to begin with.

“Look, if Finn felt the need to deem his territory then—”

“His territory?” She nearly chokes at his choice of words, laughing. He shoots her another look. “We all know he’s not over you—there’s not a chance in hell you haven’t figured that out yet, Princess.”

“That’s not true.” Her voice falls a decibel lower. She’s not completely convinced of it either; almost every encounter they’ve had in the last few months seemed to linger on the fine line between romantic and platonic. Still, she didn’t want to admit it, not even to herself. “Don’t tell me you guys seriously believe that.” She tries to brush it off as nothing, for she desperately wants it to be just that; nothing.

“Clarke.”

She doesn’t want him to catch her off guard so she avoids his gaze and focuses on her food. It’s not her fault Finn was having a hard time letting go. She had gone through the process herself and it was more painful and emotionally challenging than she ever imagined, it didn’t feel right to mock Finn for having a harder time, especially since their confusing encounters. But she wasn’t going to tell Bellamy that, she didn’t want him to mistake her caring for something else.

“I don’t want to talk about it anymore. If Finn’s not over me, then that’s something he needs to work out himself.”

“Okay.” He refrains, noticing the shift in the tone of her voice.

“So how are you going to explain that to Octavia?” She’s referring to the black eye that would surely form overnight, quickly changing the subject.

“I’m pretty sure this comes with my job description, Princess.” He sighs remembering the last time he got hurt on the job and his little sister found out. “As a cop maybe, but as a detective?” She shrugs, bringing a more playful tone to their conversation, “What are you going to say? Another detective struck me? She’s not going to handle it well.” Their fingers tip-toe carefully around the last few fries.
“She’s gonna freak, no doubt, but I’ll make something up.” He leans forward, gaining a lead on the french fries. Clarke glares playfully his way then turns to check the clock. She had ten more minutes left on her break. “I should get back. My second shift starts soon.” She yawns but remains seated not wanting to leave just yet.

“I don’t understand how you can go back to work right now.” He quickly steals a fry from the grip of her fingertips. “Hey!” She scolds with a chuckle.

“It’s eight pm, most adults are, relaxing.” Bellamy continues his train of thought.

“Don’t remind me.” She exhales sharply, coming down. The day had been a myriad of surprises, one after the other, proving to be both physically and emotionally taxing. The reminder that it was not over yet was not welcome, but an unfortunate reality.

“Hey, you wanted to be a surgeon.” Bellamy points out. A husky smile replaces his usual one, and Clarke questions herself for somehow noticing.

“Mostly for the pay,” She jokes feeding off his sarcasm. She leans across the table, closing the space between them, and without thinking she pecks his lips. “Goodnight, Bellamy.” He doesn’t register what happened until it did, yet he found himself somehow smiling the in wake of the sudden kiss and finds he has to clear his throat to reply.

“See you tomorrow, Princess.”

Clarke makes it halfway to the door before she realizes what she’d just done but didn’t stop to absorb Bellamy’s response from her actions if there was any. Sure she’d kissed him before, but definitely not like that, not in such a domestic manner.

Whatever it was, she came to the abrupt conclusion it wasn’t intended. It just somehow naturally happened. One would think that the over-contemplation and confusion that immediately followed a surprising event like that, Clarke would at least frown from the repercussions her mind would construct. Instead, she attempted to ignore the pleased expression on her face as she waited at the crosswalk.

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 7 Playlist:

1. Just Kids - Matt Kearney
2. Everything Will Be Alright - The Killers
The following morning, they don’t bother being discrete. The rest of the gang had already left for the cabin with the exception of Raven and since she had left for her shift that morning, the two indulged in the rare opportunity that they were alone. It was nice not actually having to worry about someone lingering about, let alone escape at ungodly hours in the morning.

Or so they thought for when they finally found their way out of Clarke’s bedroom they found Raven sitting idly at the kitchen table, coffee in hand, breakfast laid out neatly before her. She had headphones in and her attention seemed to drift between whatever pages she was reading on her tablet, so she didn’t notice the panic ignite between the two as they emerged.

Clarke froze, the moment her eyes laid on her she attempted to shove Bellamy back behind her bedroom door, but there was no turning back. “Morning guys.” Raven greeted not even looking up from her tablet. The two exchanged cautious glances before reluctantly joining the Latina in the kitchen.

“She thought you—uh, you were at work?” The Blond questioned, tip-toeing around the obvious. Raven frowned, the expression on her face was something between disbelief and amusement. “No, no work… however, I do have a final lab due today.” She informed rather cheekily. Bellamy could tell she was enjoying this.

“Oh, right.” Clarke nodded, pouring them coffee. She hesitated to sit, but didn’t know what else to do but cup her coffee before she exchanged another glance with Bellamy who dived in the spread before them. He knew they’d had lost control of the situation. There was no point in dwelling on it. Clarke, on the other hand, was not as cool-headed as him. Silence lingered for a moment. It seemed as though Raven was waiting for them to say something. The Blonde was holding onto hope, but it was evident the Latina had heard them that morning.

“You two have fun?”

Clarke nearly chokes on her coffee as Bellamy attempts to stifle a laugh. It was clear he found his amusing. The Blonde quickly shoots him a glare before turning back to Raven trying to form together any sensible explanation. “We—uh—”

“Oh cut the crap, I heard you guys all morning.”

“We were sure you’d be at work.” Clarke doesn’t know what else to say, she feels as if she could melt right there in that plastic confines of the chair. “Clearly.” The Latina mocks, shifting her attention between the two of them. Clarke doesn’t want to be embarrassed, and she wouldn’t be under normal circumstances. However, she and Bellamy were under the impression they were alone, and boy did they take advantage audibly.

“So, how long have you guys been dating?”
“Dating?” Bellamy immediately perks up. He’s scratching his head now, turning to Clarke who’s eyes grew as her set gazed upon the Latina. She smiled uneasily, “W-We’re not dating.” She didn’t know why that was so hard to admit. Bellamy tears his gaze from her, turning his attention back to his food sheltering the reaction on his face for the sake of any feelings lingering there between them.

“You’re not dating?” Raven clarifies, now clearly confused, that is, until she comes to the realization. “Oh my god. You’re not dating—"

“I think that's been confirmed.” Bellamy clears his throat. The Latina leans back against her seat, watching the two in pure amusement. Clarke nervously sips on her cup of coffee while Bellamy refuses to meet her gaze. “Way to go Clarke…” Raven mumbles. There’s an amused smirk on her face that annoy’s the Blond but there’s nothing she can do about it.

“Can we possibly talk about anything else?” Clarke exhaled after another torturous silent took over. Raven’s insinuating stares were getting to her. “I just found out one of my best friends is fucking the other, and you think I don’t want to talk about this?”

Clarke sighed looking over to Bellamy for further assistance but there was too much toast in his mouth for him to be of any help. “So, how’s the sex?” Raven inquires casually.

“And that’s my cue.” Bellamy exhaled sharply, standing. “I’m gonna shower.”

The Blonde shuts her eyes. She knows Raven just doing this because it annoys her and she has to give it her to her, it was working, but the number of people who were in the know about their agreement went from zero to three in just a few days and she was not okay with displaying whatever their relationship entitled like that.

Once Bellamy slipped back behind her bedroom door, Clarke turned to the Latina as she aimlessly trailed on. “Is he good in bed? I feel like he’d be good in bed, he looks like he’d be—"

“Raven!” She shouted attempting to hold her smile at her crude thought process but failing. “A-And how did this happen? I mean, you and Bellamy?” She peer’s at the Blond questionably. “Don’t get me wrong but I don’t think anyone would pair you two together—"

“We’re not together.” Clarke finds herself reminding.

“You know what I mean.”

The Blonde shrugs not knowing how to explain. “It just sort of did, out of nowhere.”

“These things don’t just happen like that, Clarke.” She adds as a matter of fact. “I didn’t just sleep with my lieutenant and you didn’t just sleep with Bellamy. You don’t wait around for something to happen, oh no, you initiate it.”

“I didn’t initiate anything.”

“You didn’t decline anything either.” The Blond sighs but lets Raven continue. She wasn’t wrong. “And one simply doesn’t just comply with things like this—it takes two to tango.” Clarke tries not to chuckle at the suggestive look in Raven’s eyes nor her choice of words because she doesn’t want to encourage her, but she can’t help it. “That wasn’t the best euphemism, but you know I’m right.”

Clarke had to admit Raven had a point. Granted it was Bellamy who kissed her first, and their relationship technically began a few months ago after that three am trip to the ER, but she realized that even before things between them had starting to get a little flirty.
They spent most of their mornings together on account of how early they both started: she would make the coffee, and they’d sit at the kitchen in the hazy golden glow of the rising sun discussing cases and having the occasional debate. Some days he would bring her lunch, for the station was only a few short blocks from the hospital, and they’d eat it in Clarke’s favorite spot, and sometimes she would do the same. At home, he’d drop by when the boys were hogging the TV, to watch his history documentaries and when she had the time she would sit with him and draw on his old case files.

She didn’t realize it at the time because it felt so natural, but thinking about it now made complete sense. Bellamy had been a big part of her life within the passing year. She didn’t know what it meant, or if it even had another concealed meaning, but she knew one thing; she appreciated him.

There was also that one night in Montauk they swore to never bring up. They were both in a vulnerable place at the time so having sex probably wasn’t the best idea considering they were still dealing with the pain associated with the end of their relationships. Clarke with Finn, and Bellamy with his ex, but in the end, it worked out. It was their unspoken agreement to never bring it up again, not because it was a bad decision or regrets were in play, it simply didn’t mean anything but the desperate attempt it was to eradicate any pieces their previous partners may have left behind.

Clarke finds herself shaking her head at the Latina. She, of course, was right, however, there was no way she was about to give her that satisfaction of agreeing with her. Some things were better left implied.

“I-It’s been a few months, at least.” Clarke reveals deep in thought.

“Months?” She clarified for she didn’t think she heard that right. Raven was clearly impressed.

“You’ve been fucking Bellamy for months, and you haven’t told anyone—” But before could finish her train of thought, Clarke’s bedroom door swung open revealing a half-naked, dripping wet Bellamy fresh from the shower. Raven’s eyebrows shift in the realization he’s sporting a towel around his waist and nothing more. Clarke sighs in her seat. “God Bellamy, some clothes on.”

He treads to the table and grabs his cup of coffee, sly grin in tow. “Sorry, I,” He takes a seat, leaning into her ear. “got bored in there by myself.” Clarke could feel the way his breath ran along the side of her neck as she so desperately attempted to focus on the coffee in her hand. She didn’t want to put on a show in front of the Latina. Bellamy, on the other hand, didn’t seem to have a problem with their current audience. “Yeah, I bet you did.” Raven plays along.

He retreats looking a little too pleased with himself and leans against the back of his chair. “Go put some clothes on.” Clarke repeats attempting not to look so sexually bothered by his current presence. “I feel like I’ve said that two times too many this morning.”

Raven chuckles at the two. She knew Bellamy was attempting to make her as uncomfortable as possible as for her to leave and she wasn’t going to let him off that easy. Where was the fun in that?

“And is the shower still running?” Clarke insinuates upon realizing she could hear the running water in the background.

“Oops.”

The Blonde threw a glare his way. “Bellamy Blake, did you seriously leave the water running?” She stands, shaking her head in annoyance. “I guess you’re going to have to go turn it off.” Bellamy casually hints.

“What am I? Your mom? You go turn it off.”
Raven laughed for either Clarke wasn’t getting it or she just wasn’t in the mood any longer. No matter which, their interaction was still hilarious. “I’m gonna do you a favor and make my exit.” She announced getting up. “I have a lot to do before I finish and it doesn’t look like I’ll be able to do that around here.”

“Oh, don’t be dramatic, Bellamy was just leaving.” Clarke announces rather loudly, taking a bite of her toast. But the Latina insists, grabbing her things together. “We’re leaving at midnight, right?”

“12 am sharp.” Bellamy replied making his way back to Clarke’s bedroom. “and if you’re late we’re leaving without you!” He calls out behind him. “I don’t know how his passive-aggressive attitude doesn’t turn you off.” She shouts to Clarke so he can hear her.

“You know I’m starting to question that myself.” The Blond teased throwing the keys to her off the table.

As the front door shuts behind Raven, Clarke sighs for she can still hear the running shower but before she has the chance to repeat herself, she’s distracted by Bellamy’s second emergence as he leaned ever-so casually against her doorway.

“Care to join me, Princess?”

Clarke looked up from her tablet, one of her eyebrows raising when he noticed his towel was loosened against his hips. “Oh my god, could you have made it any more obvious to Raven?” She’s biting her lip trying to keep from laughing. That stupid smirk molds to his face as she shakes her head, approaching him. “The point was for her to leave.”

“Well, good job.” She mumbled, leaning in for his lip. He took a few steps back, guiding her inside before slamming the door shut behind them.

* * *

Before her break she found herself texting Bellamy wanting to escape from the hospital’s scenery for a bit. It had been a difficult morning. She was dealing with a young girl involved in a bad car crash. They’d rushed her to emergency surgery, but she’d endured serious crush injuries and a massive brain bleed and the chances of her waking up where slim.

She didn’t know what it was about this particular case, perhaps it was the nearing holidays with the tidings of family, that and the mere fact they weren't able to get a hold of anyone in her family, but for some reason, she’d been carrying it a little too close to heart. So, knowing she needed some space she’d texted Bellamy immediately after finishing in surgery. After slipping her phone back into her pocket she unclipped the patient chart from the back of the bed and studied the machines around making sure everything was in order waiting for Bellamy’s reply.

“She’s stabilizing. That’s good.” Another voice entered from the doorway, making Clarke nearly jump in surprise. She thought she was alone.

“What are you doing here?” She questions stealing a quick glance Finn’s way, before turning her attention back to her work. She wasn’t particularly busy, but she didn’t want to deal with him at the moment so making herself busy was key.

“The Chief needed Jackson to consult on a VP patient, so she switched the case off to me.”
“VP patient?”

“I don’t know, some bureaucratic mess. Want to update me?”

Her phone buzzed in her pocket signaling her move to escape, but she knew she couldn’t. “Sure,” She nodded. “Kelly Martin, 17-year-old involved in an MVC this morning, 30 minutes post-op, she’s got a Hematoma to occipital, bilateral bruising over anterior chest, major crush injuries, bruising over abdominal flanks. Splinted R arm, and she’s been unresponsive with a GCS of 4 upon arrival and still not responding to stimuli.”

“Initial recovery period?” Now he was just testing her.

“Not sure yet.” She exhales softly. “We’re waiting for her to wake up. If she does.” Finn nodded, overlooking the chart. Her phone buzzes once more. “Has the family been informed?” She shakes her head. “They’re trying to get a hold of her parents but nothing so far. Social Services is on their way in so keep an eye out for that.”

“Oh man.” He exhaled in remorse, these types of cases although good for trauma learning purposes were the ones they never looked forward to. He didn’t look as bothered as he had the other day, which was good, but Finn, like her mother, was known to effectively separate his personal life from his professional one, something Clarke thought she’d mastered but recently found herself faltering in.

“How’s your day going, besides all this?” He asks as if completely forgetting yesterdays events. “So, we’re on speaking terms now?” Finn was attempted to ignore passive-aggressive tone in her voice but he could tell she was ticked. From the corner of her eye, she could see is covered knuckles wrapped in a slip only angered her more.

“Look, I want to apologize—“

“What you did…” She takes a moment dwelling over the events of the pervious day for she’s in denial it actually took place. “I honestly don’t know what got into you. Bellamy’s sporting around a black eye for what? A conversation starter?” She’s infuriated and doesn’t think this is the most appropriate place of setting for the conversation but he’d started this and she was dammed if he was going to try again at another time. “It’s not me you have to apologize to, Finn. Now, I have to go.” She’d said what she needed to and didn’t want to hear anything more.

“Hopefully, she starts responding or for her sake, they contact her family. I’ll be back after lunch, page me if anything changes.” She adds professionally, handing him the chart and walking out before he could protest.

* * *

Clarke ultimately made the short walk to the police station, meeting Bellamy in their break room with food from the vender down the street, and although the change of scenery was a nice escape from the hospital, something still felt off within her to the point even Bellamy took notice.

“I think I just need a break.” She shrugs. She’s was never one to complain about the reality behind her work, but she also didn’t want to keep in it, knowing it’d only worsen with time. Her mood had shifted into a strange underlining sorrow from what it was this morning. She hadn’t felt like this in a while and it’d gotten to the point she had to remind herself it was her job on various occasions throughout the day just like she was trained to do, but it wasn’t working as well as it used to.
“It’s not your fault.” Bellamy shrugs beside her. She throws him a look. Of course, she knows that, there were of course people she couldn’t help and she’d come to understand over the years, but sometimes, that fact was hitting her harder than usual.

“That sounded dumb, I know, but trust me you needed to hear it.” He had a point, she sighed taking in her surroundings. The office was quiet outside the break room, although it was lightly snowing outside the sun shined without a problem, a strange thing for Seattle. It was rare she or any of them came to the police station, she had always suspected Bellamy was a little secretive of his work for some reason. “You didn’t need a break today?”

“I’m taking a break, aren’t I?”

“I mean from the station.”

He shakes his head. “No, not much’s going on today.”

"I see.” She mumbles peering around. He can tell she’s attempting to change the subject, think about anything else than reality at the moment and he was trying to do so, but he couldn’t help but thinking up ways to talk her out of her mood.

“My partner, Miller, he’s setting up this ridiculously bet of how many girls I bring into the office.”

“Oh yeah?” She laughs almost nervously, the change of subject was not what she had in mind. “In fact,” He leans into her, pointing out the kitchen. “You see the chart on the fridge?” She peers in his direction and takes notice. Each of the detectives names are written, underneath them, a tally. “It’s really an effective way to see who’s done the most damage to the kitchen.”

“I’m not following.”

“When we have someone over, we mark a tally. At the end of the month, we add up them up and whoever has the most has to clean out the fridge.”

“Oh fun.”

“Super fun.” He mocks, trying to lift her spirits. “Now I have to add a tally—“

“Oh, I should come every day.” She adds but the smile on her face doesn’t last. "Give you a little more work around here." She’s not one to mask her feelings, and she was really trying to at the moment for she was attempting to enjoy the only free time she was getting today. Still, the underlining feelings persisted. “So what am I, like the fiftieth girl you’ve brought over here?” Her eyebrows move suggestively, she’s trying hard not to give in. Bellamy laughs taking a bite of his food. There are three tally’s under his name on the fridge to Clarke’s surprise. “Wow, someone’s popular.” She adds sarcastically.

“Now, don’t be fooled. Those babies were mainly Octavia.” Clarke chuckles, she didn’t think it’d be anyone else. He peers proudly in her direction.

“So what’s this bet about then?”

“Since the last time you came here, Miller, the clever man he thinks he is, is counting the number of times I bring you back.”

“What, why?” She nearly laughs at the random thought.

“I don’t know what he thinks in that mind of his…” He shakes his head. “But he likes to tease.”
“Oh my god, this is so random.” But she had to give it to him for the conversation was helping with her mood. It was nice to get out of the hectic, sometimes overwhelming atmosphere. Still, no matter how hard she distracted herself, she couldn’t completely shake off the sadness inside her.

* * *

By the time her shift ended that night, little had changed. Although her family had finally been successfully reached, she still hadn’t woken and the hard part, unfortunately, was just around the corner for them.

Clarke left her case to Finn when she eventually saw the time. A part of her wanted to stay and watch how it unfolded for the sake of her sanity; force herself to do the hard thing and face reality. Remind herself of the mortality of man and how that was a normal part of life she shouldn’t let get to her, but the other part of her just wanted to tear herself away. So, in the end she took the easier route and left while she still had the chance.

She tried not to think about it as she pulled together the last bit of her articles into her carry on, but she was distracted by the day’s events and found herself having a hard time remembering the location of a few last minute things.

“Hey, you ready?” Bellamy knocked, appearing in the frame of her door.

“Y-Yeah, almost.” She doesn’t face him, only absentmindedly chucks her things away. “Socks—I’ll need socks—I didn’t pack any socks…” Bellamy watches her struggle for a moment rummaging around her drawers for socks, of all things. “Where are the damn socks, I swear—” He could tell she was still out of it, but didn’t know what to do, it was usually his sister how knew how to level her out. “Second drawer, Clarke—what’s going on?” He pressed, taking a step in her direction.

The Blond froze from her dresser. She shut her eyes and taking in a deep breath for a moment before turning to him. “I-I’m sorry.” She doesn’t need to apologize, she knows that, but the phrase comes out so natural it’s beyond her control. “I just—my patient a-and this case and…” She’s shaking her head now trying to explain.

“I know.” He states in concern approaching her.

“It’s just been a hard day.” He guides her to her bed, sitting them down. He knew admitting it was a big thing, even for her. “I-I’m usually okay—I learned how to not let cases get to me but this one, I-I don’t know—it threw me off.”

“And that’s okay.”

“No, it’s not, Bellamy.” She meets his gaze and the look in her eyes tell him she’s not lying. “It’s not okay, because this shouldn’t happen—”

“Then why does it?” He doesn’t want to hear how it’s not supposed to be happening because they’re well past that. He wants to know why although he already suspects. She pauses once more, and he can tell she knows but hesitates to bring it to her lips. “This time of year is not easy for me.” She’s dancing around the subject, but that’s not what he asked. “Clarke.” He’s concerned, and the only thing he wants for her to get out this conversation is his support. She shoots him a look that confirms he’s right, but he wants to hear it.
“This is not what you signed up for.” She’s throwing the bundle of socks into her carry on now, avoiding the topic. Bellamy frowns, he wants to understand her but that wasn't going to happen if she didn't let him. “That’s not fair.” He’s standing now, catching her hand before she has the chance to add any more socks to her collection. “I didn’t sign up for anything, Clarke. You have to stop saying that whenever things get hard.”

“Bellamy—”

“Are fucking right now?” He’s calm, but he also needs to reason with her so she finally understands. She doesn’t know how to respond. “We’re not.” He answers for her. “That means, right now? I’m merely a concerned friend. So, whatever it is you want or don’t want to talk about—I’m here to listen or be here. As your friend, that’s exactly what I signed up for.” She’s nodding now and he’s relieved he doesn’t have to distinguish between what they are. “Alright.” Her voice is small but within reason for she knew he was right and submits when he wraps his arms around her. She shuts her eyes once again letting the feeling of the sense of belonging there in his arms eradicate the negative thoughts.

“So, do you want to talk about it?” He pulls away to face her. Much to his dismay, she shakes her head. “Not right now.” She’d spent the whole day letting it get to her and she didn’t want to think about it let alone dwell on it any longer.

“Okay.” He exhales offering her a small smile. "Well, when you do, I'm here. You know that." She nods, meeting his gaze for a moment. Right now she needed a distraction, something to take her mind off the day's dwelling events, the last thing she needed was to lay it all out before her. She was just glad he understood. “Alright then, we’ve got a long car ride ahead, so we better get a start on that.” She smiles in return, zipping up her carry-on. “There’s coffee for the road on the counter.”

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 8 Playlist:

1. The Louvre - Lorde
2. 252 - Gem Club
When Clarke joins them downstairs, much to her surprise, there’s an extra person besides Raven. “… and you guys didn’t want to fly?” Shaw questioned throwing his bag in the back of the car. “It’s only a six-hour drive, we calculated it to be less expensive if we drove,” Bellamy explained from the back trunk just as the Blond approached them. “I guess that makes sense divided between us—’

“Shaw, what a surprise!” Clarke smiles, giving him a quick hug.

“You can blame my late addition on Raven’s behalf.” He greeted as Bellamy tossed her bag with the others. “Oh god, not that I don’t love… this, but please tell me Octavia knows, I don’t want to deal with a BB this trip,” She’s throwing a look Raven’s way now. She can hear Bellamy chuckle as he comes to join them.

“BB?” Shaw questions.

“Blake Breakdown.” Both Raven and Clarke immediately quickly clarify. “And don’t worry, Octavia’s in the know.” The Latina chuckled rolling her eyes. Raven was known for her last-minute decisions but saw to it as not receiving nearly enough credit for her effort this time around. “Good.”

“Alright now, did everyone go to the bathroom?” Bellamy starts peering around the three before him. “Anyone need a water bottle? Snacks? A toilet, possibly?” They shake their heads in slight amusement as he continues to throw out basic necessities.

“See how I threw that last synonym in there?” He’s addressing Clarke but staring down Raven who’s known for a small bladder among the group. “We good on the bathroom, Reyes?” He asks once more to make sure.

“You’re ridiculous.” The Blond rolls her eyes as they start to pile in the car now. “No, no—what I am, is careful.” He simply corrects. “We don’t want a repeat of the last road trip. I’m only looking out for you.” They’re chuckling now, but at the time it was far from funny.

“Ha ha, very funny, Blake.”

“I’m sorry, what happened last time?” Shaw turns to the Latina in question. He hadn’t heard this story.

“I-I, we don’t need to—”

“Raven peed on the interstate.”

“It was an emergency!” She quickly defends. Shaw could barely hold his laughter in beside her but managed to get out an “Ah,” for effect.

“Mhm,” Clarke confirmed as Bellamy pulled the car into drive.
The first half of the trip felt endless, at least to Clarke who couldn't find a comfortable position to doze off in and kept fidgeting around her seat until she ultimately gave up deciding to sleep when they arrived at the cabin, or at least until Bellamy and Shaw traded shifts.

"You seem agitated." Bellamy rose an eyebrow, stealing a quick glance at her before turning his attention back to the road. "I can't get comfortable."

"Clearly." She felt the need to shoot him an amused look. "I was never one to sleep on road trips anyway." She puffs in surrender forcing herself into a sitting position. He smiles at her flustered nature but offers nothing more.

"Something funny, Blake?" The challenge comes out authoritatively in nature. "No, nope." He’s shaking his head but there’s no denying the persistent smile he’s trying to hide by biting his lower lip. "What—"

"Will you two please bicker at another time, kay, thanks." Raven groaned from the backseat half asleep.

Bellamy clears his throat, smile settling down. They stay silent for a few moments staring at the dark white-paved road before them. Snow fell illuminated before the headlights in the motion of some scattered ocean. Beside’s that, there was nothing but a dark, quiet open road before them.

"You should really get some sleep."

"Isn’t it some sort of implied safety-rule that the driver shouldn’t be the only one awake in the car on a road trip?" Clarke points out in a soft whisper as to not upset the sleeping guests behind them.

"That’s a mighty-long rule."

"You know what I mean." She’s sighed, peering his way. She had a slight suspicion he wanted to bring up the events of earlier that day. Not that she didn’t appreciate his concern but at the moment it was the last thing she needed a reminder of. They should've flown. She doesn’t like to be alone with her thoughts like this.

"Is there any paper?" She asks not giving it another thought. Usually, she’d be sure to bring something with her, but she’d left in such a strange state she must’ve forgotten. "Paper? What do you need paper for?" She’s digging around the glove compartment now. Bellamy wasn’t being much of help by throwing her questions right back at her.

There were a few foldable maps and insurance papers. "Any chance you need a 2010 map of California?"

He shakes his head, curious of what she wanted with it. "All yours."

Stealing glances from the driver’s seat he watches as she starts to unfold it, using the back of the small registration binder in the car as a flat surface. She takes out a pen.

"Can you even see?" He whispers. She doesn’t reply. Her eyes will adjust, he knows this. He just likes to tease.

It was interesting to watch Clarke draw, at least, to Bellamy, who stole glances her way every chance
he got. A small, stable smile appearing on the corners of his long lips every time she bit the end of
that already chewed up pen, eyes narrowing debatably on the sketch before her.

He might have even hit a bump or two on propose just to mess with her, but nothing seemed to snap
her out of that focused faze. He thinks, this must be the focus she applies when operating; a
determined gaze, a steady hand.

An hour passes, and then some more, and Bellamy’s impressed she hadn’t gotten car sick from
looking down all this time. Slowly but surely her sloppy yet graceful pen strokes build up into a
familiar figure before her. The face had a strong chin, a thin upper lip with a long wide nose and
hooded eyes that sat right below rounded eyebrows. He knew exactly who it was and suddenly has
the urge to question her thought process. He wonders why she drew him.

“You don’t mention him anymore.” Bellamy hesitates at first. This was a touchy subject for her, but
he couldn’t say anything, nor could he think of something better. Clarke doesn’t say anything for a
moment, not really knowing how to respond.

“I don’t.” She confirms, tracing over Wells’ profile into the edge of California. “There isn’t much to
say.” She shrugs, just thinking about it.

“The guy was your best friend nearly all your life, I find that hard to believe.”

“I-I know. It’s just tough, thinking about them.” She meets his gaze for a second. She’s referring to
his mother. He nods and pulls turns back to the road.

“In a way, the memory of them makes the world feel better just for a moment, but then,” She pauses,
eyes tracing over the strokes of her sketch. She missed him, Wells. “then you remember how that
same world just kept going on, without them and it’s…” She’s shaking her head now, not finding the
right words to continue until she does. “it’s cruel, almost.”

Bellamy doesn’t reply. He just drives, eyes fixed on the dark road before them. He doesn’t have to
reply though, she can tell he feels the same just by the look in his eyes. He knew. He knew that
feeling just as well as she did.

“And then come the days when you forget. Forget they’re gone or that they were ever there in the
first place and the moment it sneaks back upon you, you feel so disgusted in yourself.” Besides the
sound of the car slushing through snow, it’s quiet. Clarke finds herself almost wanting to apologize
for turning the conversation so sour due to the blank expression on Bellamy’s face, but she doesn’t.
Instead, she tries to lighten the mood for his sake. She knew bringing his mother into this might not
have been the best move, but she was only being honest.

To her surprise, he nods. Upon the mention of his parents, Bellamy was usually very reserved and
unresponsive. Most of what she’d learned about them came from Octavia and had only heard the
older Blake mention them on the rarest occasions.

“I know what you mean.” He exhales softly.

“I don’t mean to bring our drive down or anything,” She shrugs. It’s not an apology, it’s merely a
statement. “You’re not—uh.” he’s clearing his throat, trying to jump back into the conversation from
where his mind wondered. “I don’t mind, really.”

She smiles thinking about Wells, their childhood. It felt like another lifetime ago. “My dad was a big
advocate of his.”

“Oh, really?”
“The biggest.” She’s chuckling at the thought of it. “I think it was based mainly on the fact he didn’t want any boys hanging around his little girl, that and well, and he knew Wells was too much of a wimp to do anything himself.” Bellamy chuckles shaking his head. He hadn’t known Wells long before the accident but remembers his and Clarke’s established friendship. It moved like a well-oiled machine; dependable, functioning, stable.

“How’d you find out?” He hesitates not knowing if it was the most appropriate question. He was curious for Octavia's explanation ran vague. He himself found out the following morning upon turning on the news.

The Blond swallows uneasily. She knew what he was asking, she just didn’t know if she had it in her to talk about it. She takes a moment, letting the memory shape in the back of her mind. “His father.” She replies softly, ultimately complying. “He called me from the hospital. He just explained that they’d gotten in a fight earlier and that Wells fled.” Her voice quivers at the memory, it had been a while since she revisited them. “I thought he was calling to ask me if I knew where he was but then he just kept going…” She trailed off softly remembering the feeling of waking up in the middle of the night to such confusion. “he said the police had found his bike in a collision on I-90 east, and that my mother just pronounced him dead a few minutes ago.”

“He’d been stressed, the last few months before the accident. Thelonious wasn’t particularly thrilled to hear that a career in politics wasn’t what his son wanted and Wells, was trying to balance two almost opposing lifestyles to please his father. Nothing he did, however, seemed to help, the relationship was strained between the two, and it went on that way until he snapped.” Clarke stares at the open road before them for a moment letting the overwhelming memories of that night overtake her. “Y-You don’t have to…” He stops short when she shakes her head. Although starting was difficult, talking about it now, definitely helped.

Finn was asleep beside her that night, and she remembers shaking him awake with one hand, the other desperately attempting to reach Wells’ phone. “I don’t remember the drive to the hospital, only suddenly being there and yelling at my mother, demanding to know what happened—how it happened.” Bellamy extended his hand to hers taking a deep breath. He knew this couldn’t be easy for her.

“He hemorrhaged and died on her table. There was nothing they could do.” Clarke mumbled faintly. The words feeling both so familiar yet foreign in their own way.

“Did you get to say goodbye?” He questions softly, remembering Octavia had mentioned something of the sort. Clarke nods turning away from his gaze. That wasn’t something she wanted to get into now, if ever. She doesn’t know if the memory did her any good other than leave her traumatized.

“I think he finally told his father about Berkeley.” It was two weeks before the accident when he told her he was transferring with or without his father's approval. She was proud of him but knew the emotional toll it was taking on him, She figure that was the big fight they got into before he left the night before. Thelonious must’ve found out.

She shuts her eyes thinking about that night.

When she finally exits the room there's a strange sense of calm instilled in her. Everyone's waiting. Her eyes brush past her mother who sports bloodshot eyes, there are tears strained to Finn's cheeks and she swears she's never seen Thelonious in such a broken manner before.

"He deserved better.” She states to him before taking off in search of the closest bathroom. She can
“Bathroom break!” Bellamy shouts as she opens her eyes. They’ve pulled into a gas station. He waits for Raven and Shaw’s endless groans and whines before they get up and out of the car, leaving them there alone. “I didn’t know…” Bellamy mumbles softly, turning to her. She nods, offering him a small smile. She didn’t know what else there was to say.

“This time of year is weird…” She reveals shaking her head. “It just reminds me of everything…” She’s trailing off now, but Bellamy stops her before she gets too far. She doesn’t need to explain, or apologize because although he wasn’t as verbal as her on the subject, he understood. Clarke took a deep breathe, letting the soothing feeling of his thumb run circles in her palm.

He wanted to say something, wanted to sit beside her and reside in her the way she resided in him, but he couldn’t find the words. Talking was hard, and although he’d tried on numerous counts to do so, it never worked in the past and he didn’t think it would now. He just hoped she understood that.

“Thanks for listening.” She folds the sketch away in her bag and glances outside. They should get out, use the bathroom, grab more coffee, hell—stretch their legs, but they don’t move. They sit there in silence dwelling the moment they don’t want to lose. It’s a comfortable silence, a soothing silence because for once, they’re not alone.

When Raven and Shaw come back, he and Bellamy trade shifts. They didn’t have much longer, but Clarke was growing tired and could tell Bellamy was too, so when Shaw offered the switch, she agreed on his behalf without another word. He reluctantly climbs in the back knowing she was right, and he’s passed out within the first ten minutes alongside Raven who seemed to be able to sleep anywhere.

Clarke’s exhausted and doesn’t know if she can sleep with Wells on her mind, but hopes the lulling effects of the car will help. Shaw drives for an hour, and then another until Clarke offers to drive.

“Nice try, but you haven’t slept at all.” Shaw chuckles at her insisting ability. “I’m not about to put my life in the hands of a sleep-deprived doctor—”

“It’s just like any other day with the residency.” Clarke defends. “My point exactly, you probably haven’t gotten a decent sleep in years.” The Blond sighs in her seat, not having the energy to defend herself any longer.

“Can I ask you something?” Shaw questions after a few moments of hesitation. Clarke notices the delay in his words but encourages him along. She knew this had to be about Raven.

“Raven, she likes me right? I mean, like, like-like’s me.” He clarifies clearing his throat. Clarke smiles, taking a quick glance at the sleeping Latina in the back. “Well, you’re here aren’t you?” She shrugs. Of course Raven liked him, but she didn’t know if she wanted that getting out. This wasn’t her call. “If she didn’t like you, you wouldn’t be here.” Did she really need to spell it out for him? It was quite obvious.

Shaw nodded, then said something that completely blindsided her. “I think I love her.” The Blond blinked. This was definitely not something she needed to know. “Y-You should tell her that.”

“Should I?” He’s nervous, and Clarke’s quite scared Raven can actually hear them and she’s not sure
how he wasn’t thinking that himself. She was sleep not deaf. “You know you can’t say that unless you really mean it, Kyle.” Clarke swallows. She was looking out for Raven because she knew the Latina wasn’t too keen on declarations of that matter.

Shaw nods nervously. His eyes graze over the rearview mirror for a second before turning back to the road. “Y-You’re right.” He quickly dismisses.

Clarke stays quiet for a moment, processing the idea before asking something she found herself surprised she was asking. “How do you know?” She swallows, fingers fumbling in her lap. She doesn’t want to think of about Bellamy, but can’t help it. She knew what they were—it was clear in their terms, but in reality it was blurry. She felt like there was something more, but she didn’t know if they wanted to move on or stay in the same place, or if he even thought about the same things she did when it came to their relationship.

Shaw shrugs. “It’s just a feeling, you know?”

She knows.

“No.” Clarke shook her head. She knew she should stop there but then found herself asking, “Explain it to me.” He almost laughs just trying to think about it. “I-I don’t think I can.”

“Try.” She doesn’t exactly understand why she’s so keen on this, but the curiosity was getting to her. There had to be some sort of explanation for the way he felt if he even felt that way at all. All she needed was a guideline, a cheat sheet to compare.

“I mean, we fooled around at first and that was fun and all, but I don’t know—you can’t just do that type of stuff without developing some kind of feelings…” Clarke begged to differ, but after giving it another thought, she realized he might be on to something. “I don’t know—maybe you can, but that wasn’t the case for me. And now? Now I just want to be there like every second of every day, I want,” He sighs, shaking his head. “I want more. I need to know if she wants that too or if it’s all in my head.”

“Yeah,” Clarke exhales. "that's the thing when it comes to things like this." She shook her head, eyes watching the soft snow falling outside. “You have to put yourself out there.” Shaw nods in agreement. “and sometimes, it works out. Sometimes it doesn’t. I guess the key is you just have to try.”

* * *

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 9 Playlist:

1. Black Flies - Ben Howard
2. Some Day Soon - Alexi Murhodch
3. Love More - Daniel Hart
It's early in the morning when they finally reach the cabin. As the car pulls into the snow-covered driveway Octavia and Lincoln walk out onto the deck and meet them in warm welcome.

“You guys made it!” She shrieks in excitement as they pile out of the car in exhaustion. “Next year we’re going somewhere closer,” Clarke complains stretching out. “Or flying!” Raven adds in an overpowering yawn, although completely pleased to see she had slept through the whole car ride.

“You guys tired, hungry, all the above?” Lincoln questions helping with the bags Bellamy was distributing in the back trunk. “Mostly tired—at least this one is.” He chuckles referring to Clarke. “She didn’t sleep the whole ride.” He clarified as the Blonde rolled her eyes. “I would worry about myself if I were you, Blake.” She mumbled letting her legs hang off the side of the passenger seat, taking in the fresh air around them.

“I’m not surprised, she doesn’t sleep in cars.” Octavia shrugged. "I just need a bed," Clarke exhaled rather loudly jumping out on her wobbly feet. "just a nice, big, warm bed and then a cup of coffee... or two." She continued grabbing her bag. “We have any plans tonight?”

“Not really, just decorating the tree—we knew you guys would be tired, but tomorrow we're hitting the slopes!” The Blake sister adds. “So what’s the room situation looking like here?” Raven asks behind her ready to go inside and get settled in. “Right—rooms!” Octavia announced grabbing their attention. “There are five bedrooms, three are already taken, uh—Monty can share so that leaves two, one for Raven and Shaw and one for—”

“I call it!” Clarke shouts springing forward toward the deck before anyone had a chance to protest. She did not want to share. “for Clarke, apparently.” Octavia grinned catching up to her.

“I guess that leaves me with Monty then.” Bellamy chuckles, shaking his head.

Clarke’s ten minutes into her shower when she hears her phone buzz in the distance.

It was early in the afternoon when the sleep finally peeled from her eyes, and although she was grateful she didn’t sleep the whole day because she’d get a mouthful from Octavia about not fully enjoying her vacation though its purpose was to rest, she was still exhausted. Still, after digging around in her luggage for something clean and comfortable, she climbs into the shower wanting to rid herself completely free of yesterday’s events.
Her phone buzzes again and she’s tempted to grab it but doesn’t. She needed a break and knew it was probably Octavia telling her to wake up or something along the lines of that. Instead, she takes a deep breath, inhaling the thick steam that rolls out the top of the glass shower. She lets the feeling of the water trail down her skin overwhelm her, and for a moment her mind clears and she’s in a conscious state of tranquility.

Knock echoes off the walls shortly before the door opens inviting a moment of cold breeze and she hears a heavy pair of boots enter the bathroom disturbing her peace.

“Hey, Clarke?” Bellamy’s voice bounces off the stone walls although he doesn’t make it far inside before he realizes she’s in the shower and stops. Clarke sighs taking a moment before turning the water off and grabbing the nearest towel. Steam powers around them as she emerges from the shower and she meets his gaze with a curious smile.

“What is it?” She’s adjusting the towel around her figure so he doesn’t get any ideas although the husky smirk on his face tells her it’s already too late. He lingers there in a stance she can only come to define as a form of premeditated hesitance. She can almost smell the pine and cold frost that radiates off him. He stands near the door, bright panted smile upon his face, dark hair dusted with the hint of snow.

“We got the tree, thought you should join us.” His eyes fall to the ground after the realization of the moment’s intrusive nature. He didn’t mean to barge in like that, but had somehow, without a thought filtered through the nerve and done it anyway.

He wonders if she felt the same. If she questioned or doubted the same things he did. The look on her face seems to answer this, but he doesn’t like making assumptions simply by expression. It’s not safeguarded or concrete and he tries to not let it affect him as much as it actually does.

Letting her fingers fidget, she fixes the towel around her figure. They linger there for moment as the familiarity settles in around them. Bellamy’s telling himself he’s waiting for her reply and she vice versa, so for that second, it’s quiet and real. It doesn’t actually last long—it’s a moment, a short significant moment in time where the both of them somehow come to the same realization.

Through mutual hesitance, they realize the fault of their confusion lies in impulsivity. This was not the time or place. Octavia had simply ask him to check on her, Clarke has just finished taking a shower and there was a fine line between friends and bene-friendship. So she smiles in response to his initial question realizing she was indeed missing her cue, pushing past the thoughts and feelings that may have surfaced. “Yeah, I’ll be right out.” Although he finds himself conflicted, he dismisses the thought as he makes his exit.

* * *

When she emerges from their bedroom, laugher and cheers erupt from the large cozy cabin living room and as she turns the corner she could see why. The whole gang stood around the Christmas tree in a sense of almost awe. It was funny how a simple pine brought back such nostalgia but looking at it’s immensity before her there was the first time she felt the Christmas spirit that year. “I see the tree is here.” She greets with a smile as she join them.

“Look who finally woke up from hibernation!” Monty joked at a louder decimal. “Someone owe’s me a twenty!” He quickly shot to Jasper who compiled in a defeated groan. “Are you gonna sleep
the whole vacation, Clarke?” He continues handing her an opened beer. “I just might.” She’s quick to reply. “You guys picked a good one, though.”

“Yeah, the boy’s did a good job.” Octavia agreed as they all turned back to the tree before them. “Now let’s get this thing decorated.”

Raven and Octavia start in the middle, saying their technique worked because it brought out balance within the tree, but Kyle and Jasper ignored them, placing globes wherever they pleased. Clarke stuck to the top of the tree, needing a ladder to climb up there, Bellamy handing her ornaments from below as Maya and Lincoln and Monty struggled to untangle the large wads of coiled up lights.

It took an hour of Jaspers endless jokes, Octavia's menial fits, and Bellamy's history trivia before the tree was completely coated in the compilation of their mixed ornaments. Everything was set, everything that is, but the star on top of the tree.

Bellamy held it in his hands just almost handing it to Clarke who was still at the top of the ladder, before a voice behind spoke out. "Why does she get to put the star on top of the tree?" Bellamy turned to meet Jasper who's second grade question nearly annoyed him. He could see the playful smile on his face as he shook his head, he was only toying with them, attempting to make this a little more harder than it had to be for amusement proposes.

"Cause Clarke's already on the ladder?" The Blonde answered in the third person, throwing the mockery right back at him. But Jasper wasn’t having it. He crossed his arms and smirked. "What if I want to put the star on the tree?" He challenged. "You’ve got to be kidding me!" Maya shouted from behind the tree, shooting her boyfriend a glare.

"Just leave it alo—"

"All I'm saying is—"

"Guys can we just not—"

"Fine! You want to put the star on the tree? It’s all yours!” Clarke declared knowing it was a lot faster to comply to Jasper menial bicker than anything else, and everyone else seemed to play along. “Wait—now I wanna do it!” Octavia cried out, and just like that; a full blown war spread before them. "You're not climbing up there, O." Lincoln protested in a rather obvious sigh before catching himself. His fiancé threw him a look nobody caught before she quickly passed the star back to Jasper. "Why-Why can't my sister go up there?" Bellamy peered at the two of them in confusion.

"Uh…” Lincoln swallowed. “She—uh. She’s clumsy, you know—"

"Can someone just put the damn star on the tree so we can be done with all of this?!“ Raven shouted from the wall where was impatient waiting to plug the lights in. "Wait, how come Raven gets to plug in the lights!" Jasper started one more hoping to get them all riled up. He could tell it was working. "Jasper I swear—!!" Raven playfully warned. “Okay, give me the damn star.” Clarke mumbled one hand clutching to the bottom of the ladder. As she places it on top of the ladder, Maya approaches her boyfriend with a sweet scowl. "Why do you always have to do this?" She questions nudging him playfully in the ribs. He just wraps his arm around her shoulders and whispers to his amusement. "Because it's fun."

"There! Raven, lights please."

“You got it, boss.” And the Christmas tree lit up before them. Bellamy hands her a bottle after he helping her down the ladder as they all join in a toast.
“Thanks.”

He doesn't say anything just gazes her with these eyes filled with something she can't quiet place before they both turn their gaze to the tree. "Well... uh, Merry Christmas guys!" Monty cheered raising his beer in the air, the rest following in line.

"Merry Christmas!"

* * *

After dinner, they debate over what movie to watch. After a ten minute battle between the classic *Love Actually* and *Die Hard*, the latter wins after the boys claimed it was a Christmas movie. It was a nice, slow, night—one most of them desperately needed.

They were accompanied by the crackles and glow of the soft burning fire, and the snow that deemed blue in the night. Monty and Jasper were playing some board game off the side as Octavia flipped through wedding magazines. It was perfect. Warm, safe, whole. Clarke couldn't help the thought of wanting to stay like that forever, surrounded by the best people on earth away from all the complications of reality. She had to give it to Octavia who's idea was to take the week for vacation, she didn't realize how much she needed one until she took it. It was nice not having the hectic and stressful environment of work around her.

It was nice laying there with her friends. It was nice leaning against Bellamy as she drifted off to sleep to the sounds of the action film from the movie.

When she woke up, there was a blanket around her. The lights were out and the tv turned off, but the fire was still crackling in the background. Her first instinct was to reach for her phone and check how much time as passed until she realized she’d left it upstairs in her room. She figured a few hours had passed at least, and with the blanket still wrapped around her shoulders, she stands, knowing it was a good idea to sleep in her own bed.

And that was the plan, until she turned the corner and noticed the light on in the kitchen yet no other noise and decided to investigate. *Someone probably forgot to turn the light off*. She thinks until the moment she lays her eyes on Bellamy’s figure, hunched over the island counter, laptop and what she could make out as a few case files spread before him.

She stands there for a moment, letting her mind wake as she studies him. “Hey.” She leans against the archway, rubbing the tired from her eyes. Bellamy immediately turns, snapping out of his focus and with a soft smile he says “hey, didn’t think you’d wake up again.” She yawns as if on cue and she approaches him, taking a look at the mess of paper’s he’s created. “What time is it?”

“Almost one”

“Jesus, what are you working on this late?”

“Just this case.” He sighs in defeat, shaking his head. “I can’t seem to figure this out.”

“That bad, huh?” Bellamy playfully scoffs in reply before turning to face her. “Anything I can help with?”
He smiles, shutting his laptop case closed before she got a chance to really look at anything else. “Unfortunately, Princess, this is all confidential. I appreciate it though.” Clarke shrugs, taking a lazy seat beside him leaning her weight against his.

“Aren’t you tired?” She questions in a small yawn. She knew Bellamy was nothing more but dedicated when it came to his work, but seeing him there all alone in the middle of the night, during vacation, trying to figure out something beyond his control at the moment forced a strange realization on her.

He shrugs. “Not really.”

“You work too hard.”

“I could argue the same for you, Princess.” She smiles for it’s exactly what she’d come to realize. “I know, but I’m not working right now. It’s vacation time.” She sits up for a moment and smiles up at him. It was strange to hear it from her considering she’d practically lived-in that hospital back home, but he knew she had a point.

“Okay.” He complied. “You’re right.”

“You want to go to bed?” She questions softly as he gathers his files into a single pile.

“That’s probably a good idea.”

“I meant with me.” She clarifies meeting his gaze. “I have a pretty big empty bed upstairs.” She bites her lip, mentally waking. He thinks it over for a moment. It probably wouldn’t be a good idea considering he was supposed to be sharing a room with Monty and he’d definitely noticed if he didn’t come to bed, but in the end, he decides it’s not enough of a big obstacle. So he smirks, and Clarke takes it as her cue to grab his hand and lead him out of the kitchen.

Bellamy sets the fireplace once they reach her room and together they cozy up to their own slumber-infused thoughts. They pass out quickly, it being late into the night, however, it wasn’t the amount spent they took into consideration, but rather what they spent it doing. In this case, talking in low whispers as the crackle of the fire played on in the background.

She’s tucked around the side of his radiating body, leg wrapped around his, arm draped over his torso as if it was the most casual thing she’d ever come to do. He’s whispering a myriad of words that sound almost poetic across her skin and the more words that slip off his tongue the more the realization dawned upon her that this wasn’t normal.

It was comfortable—they were comfortable. In the end, she came to the conclusion that that was a hard enough thing to bargain with and refused to label what she thought she was feeling out of fear. She blamed their intimacy on the moment and thought nothing more of it. So they laid there for a while in faint mumbles until the sleep finally consumed them and the fire died out, and all was left was the sound of heavy snow softly gathering outside the window across the dark.

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Chapter End Notes
Chapter 10 Playlist:

1. I Forget Where We Were - Ben Howard
2. Slow It Down - The Lumineers.
In the morning, when Clarke wakes, there’s a cold empty space beside her and for a moment she wonders if she’d dreamed up everything the night before. However, she doesn’t have time to dwell over the strange disappointed feeling in the pit of her stomach for a sudden knock on the door snaps her back to reality.

“You’re gonna make us late, Clarke!” Raven’s voice echoes off the walls as she continues to places down the hall.

Clarke wasn’t sure until after she took a quick shower, changed, made her way to the kitchen and exchanged a look with the older Blake and that sly, almost undetectable smirk confirmed it all.

“Morning.” He greeted through the rushed chaos around them. They were indeed running late for they had already planned to be there at that time. Raven was shoving a bagel down her throat reading something on her phone. Around them, Jasper tried not to burn himself with coffee as he maneuvered through the kitchen trying to get every extended cup. Lincoln was buttering away toast while Monty and Shaw attempted to locate one of their missing snow-gloves. It was chaotic in the purest form, but she hadn’t expected anything else.

“How’d you sleep?” Bellamy asks handing her a cup of coffee. She doesn’t answer, just peers his way knowing it was too loud and everyone else was too busy to notice their exchange.

“Good.” She tried to keep the smile that overcame her at bay as she stood beside him, leaning against the counter.

“You?” It’s an innocent interaction on the surface, but she knows if anyone around were to take a moment and watch them, I’d be quite obvious. However, the more she thought about it, the more she realized that maybe it’s what she liked about this.

“Perfect.”

“A-And Monty?” She almost whispered hoping he’d catch the hint. “Monty snores.” Bellamy shrugs, completely making it up on the spot almost as if to amuse her as she tries to hide her smile by taking a sip of from her cup.

They spend the day racing all over the mountain putting reality off in a corner. Octavia’s the only one, who on behalf claiming she didn’t feel well enough to participate, stayed behind at the resort’s coffeehouse in a fury of planning.
She’s aimlessly flipping through a wedding magazine when Clarke plops in the seat across from her. “You see this couple?” She quickly flips the magazine over. “They got married underwater—underwater Clarke! A-And this one?” She points to another picture. “In a Spanish Cathedral in the port of Barcelona, I mean—” She’s lost for words and other things at the moment.

“So you’re not allowed any more coffee today.” Clarke greets, sliding her cup away.

“I wish that was caffeinated. However, this panic is not induced.” She sighs. “This panic is real.”

“I don’t understand, why are you panicking? You have plenty of time to find a venue.”

“Right—it’s not even that, it’s just this whole process. There’s just so much…” She takes a moment attempting to clear her head and focus on something else.

“How’s the snow?”

“Snow’s good. It feels nice to be out there with everyone.” Clarke offers for it had been a pretty successful day riding the slopes. Fresh wind in her face, the sound of her skis slicing through the snow, it couldn’t have gone better.

“Jasper ran into a tree. We’re not sure if it was an accident or not. Monty helped, Maya pretended not to see it. Uh, Raven almost stabbed Shaw with her poll over some debate they can’t get over, and I think your competitive streak is rubbing off on your boys because Lincoln and Bellamy were neck-to-neck all day.” She goes on to explain taking a drink of her coffee.

“Sounds like a pretty normal day to me!” Octavia adds cheekily.

“That’s oddly true.”

“And speaking of my brother, I need to say something before I let my imagination get the best of me…” Octavia states, peering at the Blonde in curiosity. While Clarke, at the mention of Bellamy, tries her best to not let the expression on her face give anything away.

“What’s up?” Her heart began to pick up in a way she swore Octavia noticed.

“You guys have been rather close these last few weeks…” Octavia shrugged, her voice dipped in a sweet but dangerous tone as she leaned forward in interest.

Clarke frowned, smiling it off although alarms were ringing off within her. “What are you talking about?” She can tell her answer doesn’t satisfy the Blake sister, but was panicking too much to trust herself to add onto that at the moment.

“I don’t know, I just got a different vibe from you two recently.”

“A different vibe—what? N-No.” Clarke nearly chuckles, trying to play it off. “I think you’re imagining things, O.” One of Octavia’s eyebrows raises in question as she plays with the smile on her face. “You’re always hanging out, grabbing lunch, snickering around with your stupid inside jokes…” She’s rambling now, trying to make sense of it verbally to prove a point, all while Clarke realizes they’d been so distracted by each other they’d forgotten how obvious they must seem to everyone around.

“We’re just friends, O. I’ve known Bellamy as long as I’ve known you. We’re completely comfortable with each other, nothing more.” Clarke brushed off hoping there was nothing she’d said in the last couple of minutes to give them away.
She’d like to think that one day, maybe whenever whatever it is they were doing was long over she’d tell Octavia for the sake of it being out there, but at the moment, no matter how much the guilt rode her, she couldn’t bring herself to reveal anything it. Especially since she knew she was starting to feel something more for him than allowed and she still hadn’t realized what to do about that yet.

“Alright—if you say so.” The Blake sister shrugged once again, letting it slide although she wasn’t completely convinced.

They’re finishing up lunch in the conjoining diner when Clarke excuses herself to the bathroom from the table after basically being eyed fucked by Bellamy the entire meal. His leg aimlessly rubbing against hers from underneath the table. She knows it’s not a good idea because it’s only a matter of time before he comes to join her and she’d just spent trying to convince his sister nothing was going on, but that look he was feeding her was unforgiving and she couldn’t help herself.

Just like predicted, two minutes later he does the same.

They meet with a hot kiss as she jumbles with the lock on the door.

Her hands immediately run through the length of his tousled dark hair as he pushes her behind the wall and on top of the bathroom counter. Eyes hungry, demeanor set. She doesn’t even care their heavy ski clothes are laying about the public place around them. It’s too hot to think about anything other than taking them off. Her hands fumble with the velcro of his pants as he tears through her layers. Her legs start to wrap around his waist as he pulls her closer distracting her in with another surging kiss.

It’s quick. They’re quick, almost violent in their actions.

He feels like a teenager.

She likes how reality peels away under his touch.

After they finished, when they’re recovering through panted breaths and racing hearts, the guilt overcomes Clarke and she pushes him away as she remembers her recent conversation with Octavia.

“That probably wasn’t a good idea.” She mumbles, trying to catch her breath.

"What makes you say that?" One of Bellamy’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise.

“Your sister’s getting suspicious. She basically interrogated me about you.”

“What’d she ask?”

“If something was going on between us because apparently, we spent too much time together—“

“That’s not true!” He quickly defends, until he really starts thinking about it and gives in a little.
“I just—I hate feeling so guilty about this.”

“Then don’t.”

She throws him a glare. “If only it was that easy, Blake.”

Clarke notices that certain spark fade in his eyes, feeling a little disappointed by her sudden declaration. There were many things Bellamy wanted Clarke to feel after doing what they just did. Guilt was definitely not one of them.

"Right." He mumbles straightening up his jacket with a cross expression to his face. He knew Clarke didn’t like keeping this a secret, but it was her idea in the first place. The way he saw it, whatever they were doing was none of his sister’s business and he didn’t necessarily like it affecting them. However, he also knew that mentality was unrealistic. He just wishes this wasn’t as complicated as it turned out to be.

"But we're just having fun, right?" She questions. From the way she looks at him, he doesn’t know if this is a trick question.

"Yeah." He replies smoothly and without meaning. He figured he'd stick to what they’d both initially agreed.

Something changes on her face the moment he answers, something he can’t exactly pinpoint. He doesn’t notice the way her heart slows down and starts to chip with every syllable he speaks.

Yet, instead of voicing her disagreement, Clarke stays quiet and forces a small smile. "Right. Okay. Uh, are you going out first?" She mumbles shortly after, eyes glued to the floor not wanting to meet his.

Bellamy can't help but feel like he'd done something wrong.

"Uh," He swallowing not knowing what to offer but wanting to do something. "sure. W-We'll talk later, okay?" He doesn't want to leave that conversation where it did and he wants to make sure she knows it too.

“Y-Yeah, okay.”

Both return to the table, muted expressions, and slightly shifted appearances. Yet no one really seems to notice their absence in the first place.

* *

When they get back to the cabin later that night everyone’s exhausted but yet, satisfied in some manner from their successful day. Jasper and Maya excuse themselves for the night, along with Lincoln and Octavia who were half asleep in the car ride back. Leaving the rest of the gang with the idea to go hot tubbing and surrounded by snow and preferably strong alcohol.

Clarke’s changing in her room when a knock on the door interrupts her train of thought. “You ready?” Bellamy’s voice echoes from the other side. He waits a moment for her to protest before
turning the knob and walking in. There’s a bottle of liquor in his hand, a few cups in the other.

“No chasers?” Clarke questions digging around her luggage aimlessly.

“Raven’s handling that. Need some help?”

“Yeah—who brings a bathing suit on a skiing trip?”

A smile forms on his face as he realizes the problem at hand. “Octavia mentioned there was a hot tub.” He shrugged. “That detail definitely slipped my mind.” The Blonde sighed dramatically.

“So?”

“So? What do you mean, ‘so’? Am I going in naked?” She swears he was mocking her.

“There’s an idea,” Bellamy smirks. He doesn’t even see the shirt she throws his way before it collides with his head. “You’d love that, wouldn’t you?” She rolls her eyes, attempting to put an end to his shenanigans. “Underwear and bra it is then.” She sighs after a moment, attempting to slip her shirt off before realizing Bellamy was still there. “Now, are you just going to stand there while I change or…?

“Embarrassed, Princess?”

She peers back at him in challenge, “Not the slightest” and proceeds to undress. She watches as his eyes fall from her dear and travel down her bare neck to her exposed chest before she reached for the velcro on her ski pants and slides them off.

“I think I’ll go like this…” She teases softly noticing the fixed expression on his face. He was enjoying this too much. Bellamy stands there, swallowing, trying hard to keep his hands to himself as the Blonde steps out of her pants.

"What do you think, Detective Blake?” She exhales soothingly.

"Uh,” He stops for a moment, attempting to hold in a laugh. "I think you should close the curtains.” He mumbles throwing her completely off guard. Clarke turns around in confusion instantly meeting Monty's shocked gaze from the other side of the floor-to-ceiling window that met the porch. Two beers in his hands crash on the ground before him and he quickly goes to clean the mess up, scrambling in its wake.

“Oh my god!” Clarke exclaims quickly wrapping herself in the curtain before he saw anything else. Bellamy tries not to laugh in the wake of her panic, but this was nothing like he’d ever seen before.

“Fuck—” She shuts her eyes, quickly changing.

“That’s right—“

“Will you quit the stupid remarks and grab him before he says something?!?” For the second time that night Bellamy had an article of clothing thrown at his head.

"Monty!” Clarke called out with a tense smile, towel wrapped around her figure as she grabbed his arm and dragged him into the hallway where Bellamy met them. "Hi. Hey!” Clarke stated overly-eager trying hard to hide the nervous ticks that were slowly taking over her. They were starting to get sloppy about this.
"H-hey, guys." Monty greets. This was not a confident greeting. "I-I didn’t see any—"

"Wait, don’t say anything—Okay. Uh; Band-aid," Clarke immediately offers, throwing both the men before her off guard. Bellamy throws her a look.

"W-we’re going to rip—do this—!" Clarke struggled hilariously with her wording as she struggled to breathe for a moment. "This is going to be like ripping off a band-aid, okay?" She clarified making Monty even more uncomfortable. Once again Bellamy couldn’t help but let out a small smile of amusement at her inability to socialize under stress.

"Okay! We know what you saw, and yes, what you saw was indeed real. But!' She chuckled nervously. "Because there is, uh, a but! B-but—uh, B-Bellamy a-and I—we… we’re—" She turned to the Blake for guidance realize she was far out of her depth at the moment. "I think what Clarke’s trying to say is that we don’t want anyone to know." Bellamy steps in, offering a bit of relief to the Blonde with a small rub to her shoulder. She tried to ease herself back to normal as Bellamy continued.

"More importantly, we don’t want Octavia to know." He insists.

"Think you can do that for us, Monty?"

"Uh, y-yeah." He lets out quickly. "I mean, it's none of my business. I'm just gonna stay out of it—all of it." He nods. "Just…” He shakes his head, frowning. "Be more discreet.”

“Yeah—absolutely. Sorry, about that—again. Okay, cool—very cool." Clarke exhaled sharply, still struggling while trying to get over the initial shock of the entire situation.

"Okay, then!" Bellamy nearly shouted cutting this conversation off. "I believe there is a nicely heated hot tub waiting for us outside!"

"Right." Clarke nodded vigorously as Monty just walked away attempting to register exactly what had happened.

"Alright, so that wasn't too bad!" Clarke stated trying to convince herself more than anything else. "I believe the words "bandaid" and "cool" were used too many times to count," Bellamy bites his lip trying hard not to laugh. "I don't know what your definition of "too bad" is, Princess, but it needs to be adjusted.” He chuckled as Clarke sighed, resting her face in her hands for a moment.

***

"Monty totally knows, doesn't he?" Raven questions when they’re back in the kitchen grabbing another round of beers from inside the fridge. “Hmm?” The Blonde questions. Raven didn’t know if she was trying to avoid the question or if she did indeed not hear her, but whichever, she knew something was up from the way Monty was acting.

“Monty. He knows, right?”

Clarke sighs, nodding. There was no point in denying it now.

“Good job.” Raven chuckled sarcastically.
“It’s not funny.”

“Oh, it’s funny. He’s practically in shock—what happened?”

"Please tell me we have something other than beer and whiskey," Clarke mumbles as she opens various cabinets in search of hard liquor now directly avoiding Raven’s question.

“Don’t tell me he walked in on you two—“

“Something like that.” Raven laughed as the Blonde groaned just thinking about it. “Cheers to that.” That moment was something she definitely needed something stranger for so when she found the bottle of tequila hidden deep in the back of a cabinet she relaxed for a moment.

"Oh, and Clarke?"

“Yeah?” The Blonde met Raven's gaze with a curious intake.

“Today. At lunch?”

“Yeah?”

"Totally not obvious." The Latina chuckled making Clarke groan once more.

"You're just lucky Octavia wasn't gifted with Bellamy's 'perceptive' abilities..." The Latina teased her way, but the flat expression on Clarke’s face was satisfactory enough for her to drop it.

* *

It was well into the night when their tipsy legs carried them back to her room. They lay on the bed in the warm glow of the fire Bellamy almost burnt his fingers trying to light.

"So is everything okay between us?" He asked wanting to continue the conversation they left so empty-handed at lunch. It probably wasn’t the best idea considering their level of intoxication at the moment but he didn’t like where they’d left things.

Clarke remained silent for a moment as his question registered, suddenly craving another shot of tequila. To say the topic was unexpected would be a lie, for she knew he was bound to bring it back up. “Why would you say something like that?” They weren’t drunk or plastered but there was definitely enough liquid courage in them and she didn’t know if that was a good or bad thing at the moment.

He shrugs not really knowing how to word it. “I don’t know—“

“Of course we’re fine.” She’s quick to add not wanting to confuse him more. She knew what he was referring to, but there was no amount of liquor that would help her tell him the truth. She knew she’d probably have to face it sometime soon but she was so scared of losing what they already had that she could let herself say anything.

“Okay.” He exhales, accepting it for some reason. He could tell she was holding back but if she wasn’t ready to talk to him he wasn’t going to push it.

She nods along, shutting her eyes as she let her body relax in his arms.
“I’m sorry if I’m acting weird. It’s the holidays…” She softly offers. It was mostly true for the season brought out a strange sense of guilt and remorse within her for it often like it did for most people who’d lost loved ones. She wonders if Bellamy feels this way through the silence that follows but doesn’t ask.

“Does this have anything to do with that last case of yours?”

“I don’t want to talk about that right now.”

“Is that a good idea?” He’s hesitant to state it as he gently forces her to meets his gaze, but knows it needs to be said. She’d been putting it off for a while now and he knew sooner or later it was going to catch up with her. She sits up, tearing herself away from his touch, and before he had a chance to catch her, she’s already across the room, standing at the window. Snow fell softly outside. Fire crackled in the background. Thoughts overcrowded her mind.

“Probably not.” She voices after a moment. She’s honest because she knows he’ll respect her answer. “Talking about it isn’t going to make me feel better, Bell.”

“Try it…” His voice is a lot closer than it was before yet before as he follows behind, and before he has the chance to continue she leans into his lips, cutting him off. There was nothing he could say at the moment to make her feel better, she knew that. However, the same could not be said for what he could do, instead.

“Clarke—“

“It’s just…” She breaks away for a moment her thoughts getting the best of her. “it’s not fair.” She swallows after a moment. “She’s just a kid, she’s never lived, she’s never loved, she’s never…”

“You don’t know that…” And he genuinely means it.

Her eyes run over all the possible constellations in his freckles before meeting his gaze once more. "Not like this—she’s seventeen, she hasn’t…” He doesn’t mean to get stuck on her words. Bellamy knows love has never been a part of their equation but doesn't mind the mention of it, not with her. He doesn’t say anything, though, knowing it probably slipped out without her realizing what she was actually saying.

"I just… I—I just don't understand how I can feel so guilty and grateful at the same time.”

“It’s okay to feel conflicted. You’re human.” He shrugs, his voice echoing past her shoulder and down her chest, leaving a wave of goosebumps in their wake. His arms linger around her sides, and feeling his desperation she turns, falling into him. Clarke knew she wasn’t going to find an answer, there wasn’t one in this case. However, she discovered that Bellamy’s support alone was exactly what was needed.

Something is different in the way they move that night. She can feel it the moment he latches on to her hand, dragging her back towards the bed. It’s slow and tentative. They don't need maps, not anymore. Already knowing the almost paved way around their bodies.

They're no longer eager, leaving ripped clothes in their wake. They're patient, slow, passionate, almost. It's wonderfully strange; the way their bodies mold so effortlessly together.
Chapter 11 Playlist:

1. Sea of Love - Cat Power
2. Beach Baby - Bon Iver.
Christmas morning is anew. Snow was packed tight against windows. The sun shining with the threat of melting it all away. Everyone was gathered around the tree that was somehow decorated with an abundance of presents, more than enough for Clarke counted the way past the number of people among them.

But never the less, in their warm pajamas, and sleepy eyes, they began.

Raven started, opening a box with that brilliant grin of hers. But the expression on her face is priceless when she pulled out a bobble-head figurine with a striking resemblance to her. The confusion, however, wore off in a matter of seconds for she realized that was indeed its purpose. It was a bobble-head figurine of her in her fireman outfit.

The Latina looked up in complete shock as Monty spoke. "It's for the rig, the dashboard looked a little lonely last time I was there." He shrugged with a pleased smile. "There's more, though."

Even more confused, Raven digs around the remainder of the box and pulls out an envelope. Reading the contents over her smile fades as she locks eyes with Monty—her secret Santa.

"No…" She mumbled in disbelief reading it over.

*I know how hard you've been working for those classes. Next three are on me.*

"Monty I can't."

"You can and you will." His smile grew as he went to hug her.

"This is literally perfect, you have no idea." She beamed.

And the cycle went on. From Raven to Jasper, and Jasper to Octavia, with a punny poster and a clever gifting here, everyone remained in good spirits, the feeling of Christmas finally upon them.

"Lincoln is my secret Santa this year, actually," Octavia announced, radiating grin and all.

"What a surprise," Jasper mumbled jokingly before Maya threw him a short glare, shutting him up.

"Anyway, he actually already received my gift!" She went on to explain as confusion rose through the small crowd before her. "Is there a sexual reference in that phrase we're supposed to be getting?" Jasper questioned making most of them snicker expect for Bellamy who's expression dropped suddenly.

"I need a coffee. It's too early for this…" Bellamy groaned in Clarke's ear, erupting giggles within her.

"Wait, isn't that breaking the rules?" Shaw questioned. "I mean, in order for you to have given him this present already he'd had to have known before this morning, right?"

"Uh, yeah. Okay, so we bent the rules a little—"
"I'm sure there was a lot of be—"

"Jasper I swear to god if the next word coming out of your mouth is "bending", I'm gonna literally going to kick your white-ass in the cold!" The Blake sister scolded not wanting to hear any more remarks and just finish her train of thought.

"And I'm done here," Bellamy stated grimly, trying to burn the image of his little sister and her fiancé out of his head as he rose to his feet.

"Hold on, Bell. You're gonna want to hear this." Octavia cleared her throat trying to win her audience. "Alright, in spite of breaking the so-called "rules of the game", this next news will definitely make up for it."

Lincoln stood grinning, joining her. "We decided, why wait?"

"We're pushing up the wedding!"

The gang gaped at the two before them not really knowing how to react.

"P-Pushing up the wedding?" Bellamy clarified suddenly thinking he needed something stronger than coffee at the moment.

"Oh my god. You're pregnant!" Raven quickly jumped on board, heavy with the accusation. Octavia's heart raced at the allegation but it was something that quickly turned into defense. Bellamy's eyes widen in horror. His stomach turn. He suddenly felt very light-headed.

"N-No, I am not pregnant!" She defended rather loudly sharing a quick and nervous glance between Lincoln, trying hard to keep her cool.

"Wedding planning just… it-it sucks! A-And we just want it to get it over with!" Octavia beamed gracefully.

Bellamy gripped the side of the couch with one hand, and Clarke's the other, coming back to reality.

"Well, that's great, guys!" Maya cheered encouragingly.

"Thank you, Maya!" Octavia emphasized her name in hopes everyone would join in suit. "Y-Yeah! Congrats guys!" Clarke followed completely baffled by the news, although it did make sense because she knew the Blake sibling had been struggling in the wedding department for a while.

"Yeah, what uh, what date were you to thinking of?"

"14th of February," Octavia stated proudly. "Valentines Day!"

"Valentine's day?" Bellamy questioned in alarm. He could actually feel his blood pressure rising. It was way to soon for him. He took back his seat next to Clarke who rubbed circles in his back as he tried to process the information that his little sister—the little sister he had to basically raise, was going to be someone's wife in less than two months and he had no say in that.

Clarke saw the struggle in his demeanor and chuckled at it. Bellamy always had a hard time letting go.

"And speaking of Valentine's day and all things wedding related!" Octavia trailed off collecting a few presents from under the tree. They were all the same in size and the gang eyed her suspiciously as she and Lincoln passed them out.
"Since most of you—sorry Shaw, are in the wedding party. These," She exhales sharply watching everyone observe the small red boxes in their hands. "are a little gift from Lincoln and me."

"Gift certificates to Cupid's Conga?" Jasper questioned in horror already knowing what that meant.

"For the wedding, of course. You all need to learn how to dance," Octavia announced nearly catching another one of Jaspers harmless comments before it even came out. "and before you ask; yes, it's mandatory. Now, these will cover three dance lessons between you and your partner! Please, please attend them." She urged.

"You know, for a couple who "just want to get it over with" you're really anal about all this…"

"You've got to stop with the sexual references Jasper!" Bellamy groaned, he was just barely hanging on.

"Alright. Alright." The Jordan boy quickly surrendered making the rest snicker.

"Anyway, that's all!" Octavia announced.

"Okay... so who's next?" Monty called out wanting to move the conversation along before it escalated any further. "Next?" Clarke questioned.

"Secret Santa—"

"Right! Okay, uh... well, it was Lincoln... so Lincoln, who was your pick?"

"Actually, you." He smiled throwing Clarke a gold wrapped large box.

"Merry Christmas, Clarke."

A tin of Derwent charcoal pencils met her view and she smiled at the gesture of it. "Octavia and Bellamy helped me pick it out." He shrugged. "I have absolutely no idea what company you like to draw with or any of that stuff, but yeah."

"No, no these are awesome. I love them, Lincoln." She smiled meeting his gaze before engulfing him in a hug.

"Good."

"God, I can't wait to use these," Clarke added cheekily pressing the tin and paper to her chest before putting them carefully back into the box.

"Alright, my turn. I had..." Her eyes scanned around the room playfully before landing on Bellamy himself.

"Bellamy!"

"I knew it." The Blake brother chuckled making the blond peer at him but fish out the box for him underneath the tree and hand it to him. "You're gonna love this."

"Oh really?" One of his eyebrows shot up amusement.

"Just open it, Bell."

And that he did. From the green wrapped box, he pulled out a gray t-shirt, the words "History Buff" labeled under a picture of Abraham Lincoln's face on a muscular body making him actually laugh
"This is literally perfect." He exclaimed holding out for everyone to see.

"Told ya!" The blond beamed as he folded the shirt and threw it over his shoulder, turning back to his present pulling out a book. "Octavia said you lost yours." Clarke began as his fingers traced the bindings of the old almost ruined book. "this was my dad's copy." She stated with a small smile. "I figured you couldn't have a copy of the Iliad laying around, without the Odyssey."

"Clarke, you didn't have to." He mumbled feeling a little guilty for it having been her father's personal copy. Apparently, girls had a thing for gifting him his favorite childhood books and Bellamy had no filter when it came to telling her that. "Man, you girls like gifting me books." He spoke playing with a grin on his face.

Clarke peered at him playfully. "I'm just glad there isn't a sequel to the Odyssey." Bellamy chuckled catching himself as the rest of the gang stopped in confusion.

"That makes no sense." Octavia bluntly added.

*It does to us.* Clarke thought, Bellamy reading her mind.

But the blond shrugged quickly moving on. "Poor thing needed some love—it was catching dust and begging to be read on that shelf anyway."

"This is perfect, two nerds coming together…" Octavia commented sweetly making both of them roll their eyes in amusement.

…

They're making breakfast when Clarke whispers "look inside the cover" to his ear, referring to the book she gave him. Which he does, finding a small slip of paper written in her ungodly handwriting.

*There's still one more present, XO.*

His eyebrows lit up in surprise and she winks his way before going to help Octavia on the other side of the counter.

…

They spend the day around the cabin, hanging out with the gang, playing like little children in the windy snow. At one point Clarke's face was shoved in the snowman's after being tricked by Bellamy which brought on a full packed war between the two as everyone else joined.

It felt good to laugh, and relax and just feel at peace for a moment and she found herself wanting it to last forever.

Bellamy was in the same boat as her, forgetting all the bad of the past and focusing on the good in the now. He paced around the cabin in search of blond among the white around them. He heard tracks of a few footsteps behind him. "They're hiding behind the shed under the patio," Lincoln mumbled with a sly smug to his face.

"Noted. I say its a simple surround and conquer strategy would suffice." Bellamy stated gathering together as many snowballs as he could. "Find Jasper and Monty. I'll tell Shaw, then we go."

"Sounds like a plan."
And from there they parted. As he moved around the perimeter of the cabin. He could tell Lincoln was right, considering most the snowball that was being thrown their way were coming from hand behind them, where he had said they were.

"Shaw!" Bellamy shouted in a small whisper grabbing his attention.

"Girls are behind the shed, surround and conquer, alright?"

"Okay." Kyle nodded, motioning to Lincoln and the rest of the boys behind them. They began counting down silently. And on three they ran forward surrounding the girls and pelting them with snowballs. In the end, the girl’s defense was weak and when the boys ran out of snow they quickly grabbed them forcing them to surrender.

Bellamy caught hold of Clarke from behind and picked her up, spinning her as her giggles filled the cold air around them. Lincoln made a grab for Raven who was closest to him as Jasper cornered Octavia, and Monty nearly tackling Maya in the snow, leaving Shaw to stare and laugh at his surroundings before him.

…

They run out of food fairly quickly, and although Octavia managed to rack out a list of things they needed to buy, she didn't feel like executing the trip there and back. That's where Clarke and Bellamy step up and volunteer, alone.

No one says anything with the exception of the face Raven throws Clarke's way as they exit out the front door in a rush.

The drive to town is a solid twenty minutes of pine tree's and toppled with fresh snow and for a moment Bellamy remembers it's Christmas. "What's open today?"

"I'm sure there's something." The blond shrugs.

"Yeah you're right."

The rest of the trip is surrounded by an aroma of comfortable silence alongside the rumbling engine, with simple smiles. Clarke rolls down her window at a point and lets her arm hang out in the heavy wind. Bellamy glances her way, catching her in a moment where he hair danced effortlessly through the wind and he thinks to himself that he could get used to this.

Grinning, he turns back to the road, breathing in the fresh air.

Ten minutes later Clarke notices they're not going the right way and makes a point to tell Bellamy.

"Oh, I know." He mumbles through a grin turning the amused expression on the blonds face sour. "Bellamy Blake, what are you up to?" She questions sitting up straighter. "I think you're forgetting we have a herd of hungry hippos back there."

"They can wait."

"Uhm…"

"I'm feeling a little adventurous," He cocks his eyebrow her direction. "you?"

He turns the car right, unto a private road and accelerates up. Clarke hangs on to the bar as the SUV rocks against the beaten path but stays quiet. She tries to come up with a few reasons to why their
little detour was a bad idea, but one glance at that content expression on Bellamy's face and she couldn't voice them.

So she lets her body relax against the cushion of the chair and keeps to herself.

Clarke can barely remember the car stopping because the moment she lays her eyes on the scene before her, everything stops. It takes a moment for her eyes to absorb the brilliance that surrounds her and her hand itches for the handle of the door, wanting nothing but to step outside and get lost in the present.

And she does, climbing out of the car, nearly stumbling over her own feet by not paying attention.

The car was parked on a ridge that over looked a wondrous scene. Below them two cascading mountain slops, a large canal river directing its force in-between them. A myriad of brilliant colors danced around as Bellamy joined her; white mountains, green pine, blue water, crisp air, and clear sky.

Bellamy stands beside her, pleased smile present on his face as he watches her take the beautiful scenery in.

"It's something…"

"It's beautiful," Clarke mumbles not turning away from it all.

And Bellamy has to agree although he doesn't voice his opinion. He doesn't need to, she knows that. And somehow his smile grows as he drops his arms to his side, his hand craving the feel of hers around his.

"How'd you know about this?"

"We drove past it a few days ago when we took a wrong turn back to town."

"I can't look away." Clarke mumbles, their cold air was brushing its way through the bristle on her skin, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its wake. But she didn't mind the sensation, in fact, she welcomed it for it made her feel alive.

"Me either." Bellamy mumbles, his gaze set on her. But she doesn't notice.

They stand there for a while simply taking it all in.

There's a solid moment of silence as they take in their surroundings before they retreat to the car hand in hand.

Both quiet, merely their actions driving their desires.

And a solid half hour later they're in a heated match tucked under blankets in the back of the SUV unable to keep their hands off each other when a hard knock on the window interrupts them bringing them to a halt.

"Bellamy?" Clarke questions a little disoriented.

"Shit." He mumbles rolling himself off her and looking up to meet an officer on the exterior of the car.

"I'll take care of this."
He hears Clarke snicker as he throws on his clothes and opens the door. They didn't even hear the car pull up behind them.

"Is there a problem officer?" Bellamy questions. The cop couldn't have been older than twenty-one which only made their situation more awkward. And he took one look at the messy haired man before him and the blond who was covered with a blanket and sighs.

"Is he bothering you miss?" He asks Clarke to which the blond quickly shakes her head in confusion.

"No, sir."

"Alright, now give me one reason I shouldn't arrest you two for public indecency..." He continues cocking his eyebrow.

Bellamy exhales, throwing Clarke a quick smirk before revealing his badge from his pocket and flashing it before the kid.

"Because I'm an officer of the law. Detective Blake, Seattle Intelligence unit." He added in a rather snarky manner, making Clarke jab him with her foot.

Be nice. She mouths his way.

The cop takes one look at the badge then slowly backs away, showing his surrender. "Right. O-Of course, sir." He stumbles over his words nervously. "As you were sir..."

Bellamy offers him a curd nod before breaking his hostile attitude and flashing a smile, laughing.

"I'm just messing with you kid." He exhales in amusement. But the cop froze, in confusion not understanding why was going on.

"I'm breaking your balls kid... In fact, you're actually right. Public indecency is in fact a very serious law... It's just, me and my lady here have been having problems with time management." Bellamy trails off. "But I understand rules are rules and uh, policemen like you are here to protect and enforce those rules, so if you feel the need to arrest us, please do."

Clarke jabs him once more, upon hearing him her eyes widen in panic because out of all the things she could be been arrested for in the past this wasn't one of them and she didn't need to change that now.

"T-That won't be necessary, sir. Uh, a-as long as you and your uh... lady stop what you're doing..." He starts off a little shaky but ends off in a rather confident manner.

"Ultimatum. I like it." Bellamy comments. "Gotta say... officer," He peers at the kid's name tag. "Drew. We need more strong-witted me like you on the force."

"T-Thank you, sir."

"Alright, you have a nice day now."

"You too, sir."

As soon as the door slammed Clarke's voice rang out in a frailty demeanor. "You enjoyed that a little too much."

"Nah, I'm just messing with him... Now, where were we?" He flashed a devious smile before
pouncing back on her making her giggles bounce off the SUV's Windows.

"Bellamy!"

...

The drive back is intense. In the duration, it took for them to get to the grocery store and drive back a storm was forming. The sun disappeared and the wind picked up throwing snow through the air like bullets.

They barely make it back due to the heavy snow formed on the road and when they do they breathe out in utter relief.

"Took you guys long enough," Raven smirks as the rest help them carry food from outside. "I'm sorry, do you not see what's going on outside?" Clarke snaps playfully with a distasteful grunt.

*Such convenient weather, guys.* Raven wants to state but keeps to herself noticing the tone in the Blonds voice.

"There's a blizzard forming according to the news," Lincoln announces, looking up from his device. "storm's is gonna hit hard tonight."

"Thank god you guys got back in time." Octavia exhales sharply, helping Maya put all the food away.

"Yeah, it was getting pretty nasty out there. Passed by one accident already. Can't image what it's going to look like after this one blows over." Bellamy mumbles. Outside the wind picks up drumming gusts of snow against the Windows in the living room.

"I say we eat and watch a movie or something." Monty offers.

"I need a nap." Clarke announces. Her day has been filled with numerous extraneous activities one of which involved being cased by a storm. While the others take this into consideration Clarke slips away to her room.

And although the group showed their protests she managed to get away anyhow and escape in the warm comfort of that king bed.

...

She wakes up when she feels another feels the weight of another body bedside her.

"Bellam—?" She groans too tried to open her eyes in confirmation.

"Shh."

Clarke frowns, peeling open her eyes in confusion. When she sees him buried up beside her in the bed.

"What on earth are you doing?"

But before he has the chance to respond their bedroom door swings open. Clarke immediately has that instinct to jump out of bed in panic. But doesn't.

"Is Bellamy in here?" Jaspers voice echoes across the room as Bellamy tries to lay still.
"No." She moaned after gazing at the look on his face from under the blankets. But Jasper peered at her suspiciously and after a moment of her throwing a glare his way he left. The second that door shut, Bellamy revealed himself once more with a husky grin. "We're playing hide and seek."

"I swear, the second I leave that group you all turn into five-year-olds."

"Very funny."

Hearing footsteps out in the hall running around, Bellamy tucks himself under the covers once more. This time, Octavia's head pops in the door. "Is Bellamy in here?"

"No!"

"Sorry!" And with that Octavia made her exit.

"We're on teams," Bellamy reveals uncovering his face. "I see that... tell me again, why are you hiding in here?" Clarke questions tentatively. "Oh..." One of Bellamy's eyebrows shoots up in surprise before he smiles, and goes to lean his weight on hers meeting her lips.

"Well, I happen to like it here."

"Oh, really?" Clarke deepens the kiss and escapes from under, climbing on top of him. "Want to tell me what the rest of my present is?" He questions.

"I'm afraid that's gonna have to wait." She mumbles lightly against his skin.

Outside the snow falls fast and heavy, pounding and piling up against the windows.

...

The blizzard takes a toll on the cabin when the power goes out, the heat following suit.

"This is insane. We're going to freeze out here!" Octavia shrieks pacing around the kitchen, phone in hand attempting to reach out to both the landlord and the electrical company.

"I'm sure the power box or a few power lines are frozen out there." Lincoln reasons trying to calm his anxious fiancé. "Yeah, power goes out all the time out here, O. We'll just wait it out and everything will be okay," Bellamy adds swiftly, popping a chip in his mouth. As Octavia attempts to relax in Lincoln's lap, head in hands, footsteps creek along the railing by the upstairs.

"Is there a reason the internet doesn't work?" Jasper shouts. "Some people have scores they'd like to maintain!" He adds as if that somehow motivates them to fix it faster.

"Powers out!" Clarke shouts from where she was leaning against the long island counter.

"Shit, seriously?" He replies slipping his phone into his pocket. "Did I just hear that the powers out?" Maya calls out following her boyfriend down.

"Yep."

Outside the storm ragged, the wind crashing against the side of the cabin. "We'll we're stuck here for a while, that's for sure." Monty states.

"This is insane." Octavia states once more. "No electricity means no dinner, no heat, no nothing!" She continues somberly.
"We're gonna die out here."

"Okay, that's a pretty dramatic statement." Bellamy exhales with a small chuckle patting his sisters back. "Look, everything's gonna be fine. I have a back-up generator in the SUV. I'll just go get it and turn that bad boy on—problem solved."

Clarke immediately snaps at the mention of him leaving in instant. "That's the worst idea I've heard all night. No way." She shakes her head.

Another gust of wind exploded against the side of the cabin, snow following behind it.

"I'll be fine the car's right out there. I just need someone to help me carry it back in here." He walks toward the foyer, slipping his jacket on. "Bellamy, I don't think that's a good idea." Octavia voices standing with the blond. Clarke takes a step in front of him just as he goes to reach his keys. "It's not safe." She states once more as if that going to do anything. "She's right, last update states 34mph winds with heavy snow." Monty adds looking up from reading the information off his phone.

"The car is right there, we'll run down, ran the generator and come back up. Who's up for it?"

Jasper shrugs, taking a step toward the Blake brother. "I'll help." He puts his jacket on. The expression on Maya's face is somewhere between worried and annoyed. "I'm not gonna tell you what to do, but this is not your brightest idea." She shakes her head, taking a step his way.

"We'll be fine." He reassures her with that stupid grin. Maya rolls her eyes. "I don't like this..."

And Clarke almost glares Bellamy's way. "I'm sure if we just wait a little longer, the power will come back on."But the boys ignore her warnings and go on. "Guys—"

"We'll be fine, Princess." Bellamy retort is paired with a deeming smirk she rolls her eyes at.

"Ready, Jasper?" He questions turning towards the front door, unlocking its hinges. "I'm with Clarke on this one. Maybe this isn't such a good idea." Octavia suddenly adds as if that somehow supposed to change their minds.

But Jasper nods. And the door swings open banging against the back wall from the force of the powerful wind.

They struggle to close it afterward, snow falling violently through.

"They're gonna get themselves killed aren't they?" Octavia mumbles hanging tight to Clarke's arm. "Unfortunately." She exhales watching through the side window as the boys struggled to pace down the steps off the patio and down the driveway, limbs hanging on to the railing, coats flying.

"I can't watch." Octavia groans hiding her head in the pit of Clarke's arm. Maya approaches them hanging onto the Blake sister. "Our boys are stupid." Clarke mumbles then quickly realizes what she just said. But with everyone was so focused on the boys outside, no one noticed and so her panic quickly died down.

The boys manage to dig through the snow and pop the back open, from what the girls could see from upstairs.

Clarke watched the Blake brother drag out the big piece of metal, Jasper struggling with the handle. And the next moment happens so quickly she almost thinks she was imagining things. They attempt to pick it up, but Jasper quickly slips on the ice, generator crashing to the ground, one of the lose corners the thing cutting and slicing through his leg.
They wince, the boys behind them not having a clear view of what was happening.

Bellamy lets go of the generator helping Jasper to his feet which proves difficult due to the snow and wind, and once both men were on their feet, they pick the metal up and run back up the stairs to the best of their ability.

"Open the door, open the door!" Octavia shouts on alert. And they do, allowing the two men to shuffle through a large generator in front of them.

"God—I told you guys!" Clarke snaps in a scolding, but concerned manner. Her eyes immediately fixated to the cut on Jasper's leg. "Relax Blondie, it's just a scratch." Bellamy attempts to defend. "Just a scratch?" And Clarke drops to Jasper's feet, examining his leg through the cut open jean pant.

"You're bleeding, Jasper." She nearly growls. "Yeah, I know," he grits through his teeth stoically. "But I'm fine." He tries to stand from where he was seated on the bench in the foyer but Maya pushes him back down.

"I'm the doctor here—I'll be the judge of that." Clarke mumbles knowing he was most definitely not fine. She rips the rest of the pant leg open getting a clearer view of his gushing cut.

"Yeah, you definitely need stitches." She announces noticing the severity of the wound. "We gotta get you to a hospital." She continues then groans. "But doesn't look like that's gonna happen."

Eyes wide open, Jasper moans in alarm.

"Uh, I think I saw a med kit in the closet by our room upstairs, can one of you guys check?"

"On it." Monty states, pacing his way up there.

"Okay, we're gonna move you to the living room and elevate that leg." Clarke noted to Jasper who nodded through the pain, agreeing. "Does this mean I can't snowboard tomorrow?" He questions and the look Clarke throws his way almost makes him shut up for the rest of the night—almost.

Bellamy and Lincoln help him to the living room, setting him down on the couch.

Monty runs back handing the med kit to Clarke and immediately she gets to work, first checking for any narcotics. "Uh, Maya get something to wipe his leg clean." Clarke demanded. "Okay," She exhales wrapping his leg with blood-stopper gauze, right after Maya wipes it clean.

"Good they have Acetaminophen—"

"Ace-min-ph-wha?" Jasper moaned from the couch in severe pain.

"Acetaminophen is uh, think of Tylenol. A drug that works on the parts of the brain that receive pain messages and control body temperature." The blond goes on the explain, popping one tablet in his hand. "Take it."

"You want me to take Tylenol for that!" Jasper referred to his leg, completely baffled.

"It's the only thing that's in here—"

"Don't you have morphine o-or Vicodin or something! You're a doctor!" He shouts aimlessly. "Jasper just because I'm a doctor doesn't mean I'm a freaking pharmacy—"

"We're gonna try to get the generator working." Raven announces from where she's standing with Shaw hoping to avoid the strange debate that was taking place.
"Listen! There is a secure kit in here. I can stitch it up for you, but we have to control the bleeding." Clarke mumbles trying to get over their recent fallout. Jasper's eyes instantly widen. "Y-You want to do—what?" He's basically breathless. "I mean I could leave it alone until we get you to a hospital but that's not gonna be until maybe tomorrow, and if I don't do anything it could get infected... I-I can't leave it like this Jas, honestly." She deliberately decides at the end of that sentence. If that wound somehow got infected by the time they reached a hospital it would be worse than it was now.

"Fine..." He groans as Maya tightens her grip on his hand. She says nothing, just sits there with an unamused scowl on her face for this wasn't the first time he completely ignores her advice and got hurt in the process.

"Is he gonna be okay?" Bellamy asks, butting in. "He's gonna be just fine." Clarke responded coldly. No thanks to you. She wants to add but doesn't. If it weren't for his stupid suggestion this wouldn't be happening.

But he gets the tone in her voice and backs off going to help Raven and Shaw with the generator.

"Oh, this is so not how I wanted to spend Christmas." Jasper whines making the rest of them chuckle.

"I told you guys it wasn't safe—"

"We all did." Monty pointed out.

"God, you couldn't have listened for once." Maya added.

"Hey, I'm the one in pain right now!" Jasper groans when Clarke applies pressure to his wound.

"Anyone got lighter?"

"Here." Octavia threw her way from one of the island drawers. To which the blond light the rounded needle, sterilizing it.

Jasper winced at the sight of this. "The Tylenol should help." She falsely reassures although she knew it that wasn't the case at all. Over-the-counter medication did basically nothing for the amount of pain he was currently in.

"Bleeding stopped, that's good... okay." Clarke exhales snapping on a pair of gloves from the kit before reaching for the plastic thread.

"This isn't that bad, Jas." She attempted to calm him down although it didn't help what so ever.

... The generator ended up working, lighting the whole cabin and more, Jasper having to pay the price.

He passed out the during the third stitch, which only made Clarke grateful because the expressions and sounds of excruciating pain coming from him were making her hands shake in anxiety, not helping her concentrate at all.

"Thank you." Maya voices softly to Clarke. She's sitting by his side stroking the sweat that pooled by his hairline off his face.

"It was nothing." The blond mumbles back. She watches them for a moment, more Maya than anything else. How she guides her eyes worryingly across his face as if looking for any indication he
was in pain, how she placed her hand on his arm in support, how she loved him endlessly despite his random stupidity.

Jasper was a lot of things, he was wonderfully bright and humble although his goofy manner and witty comments sometimes covered that. But Clarke knew it’s only purpose was to shield and protect himself from the harsh realities of the world and nothing more. He was a good friend, she knew that much.

"He's gonna be fine, Maya." Clarke reassures confidently when she notices the anxious expression on her face carries long after she's done.

"I'm gonna keep an eye on him for sign of infection and fever, but he'll be okay." She finishes offering the poor girl some confidence before stepping into the hallway to the nearest bathroom.

She rid of her gloves, stained in blood, washes her hands and takes a moment with her reflection to breathe in an out.

Clarke was a good doctor when she had the right tools. Her peers often called her brilliant and at some point she chose to believe her, but tonight she didn't feel brilliant. Jasper was hurt the only thing she did was make him lose consciousness.

Then again she had to stitch him up, right? She couldn't have left him like that and risk infection.

Right?

Right.

The door knocks and instantly by the large feet that scruff the bottom of the wood outside, she knows who it belongs to.

"You okay in there, Griffin?" Bellamy questions.

She waits a second wanting nothing than a moment alone to dwell on her emotions and actions without him constantly there. Taking a deep breath Clarke proceeds to exit the bathroom, nearly swinging the door in his face.

She manages to get away but eventually he catches up to her. "Look, I'm sorry about Jasper."

She remains silent.

"But, hey, the generators up and running!" He offers. "Clarke?"

The blond keeps walking, this time up the stairs and to their room. "Clarke, can you just wait a minute—" She enters the room standing in the doorway, hand on the handle. He stops abruptly before her.

"What?" She's a pissed off. But she doesn't know if she's more frustrated at Bellamy for going out there or at herself for the way she handled Jasper. And at the moment she can’t decide because her emotions are scrambled all over the place and him being there isn't helping at all.

"Look I'm sorry—" But he's quickly cut off by the ringing of his phone.

Miller. The caller ID identified. And Bellamy's heart sinks for he knows he had to get this call. His partner wouldn't be calling if it wasn't important.

He looks back up at Clarke who looks as if she was hanging on his last word.
"I-I gotta get this." He expresses and instantly was met with the door in his face once again, hearing the lock click in place.

"You can sleep alone tonight!" He hears her muffled yell through the door. He groans not having any other choice but to ultimately pick up the call.

"Miller?"

…

She draws again. The charcoal pencils running smooth lines against soft paper.

*I have a thing for dead people.* She presumes because her hands itch to draw the familiar faces of the fallen in her life. This time, her father.

She remembers the endless nights after his death she spend with a picture of his in her hands. Memorizing every wrinkle, every dimple, every feature until she was sure the image of him was forever etched in her mind. She dragged her fingers along the fine lines that made him, longing to have the one of Wells beside it. Longing to actually have both of them there instead of their blank faces across paper.

Even though it was nearly midnight the storm ragged on.

She set her drawing aside, reaching for her phone searching for Wells contact.

There were so many things she wanted to say, to write to him. So many problems sh needed guidance to, she felt lost, lost with her love for her best friends brooding brother, lost for the way she handled Jasper that night, lost for the way she was with her mother.

*I'm a little lost, Wells.*

Her shaky hands text his old number. A number she knew was disconnected. But never had the heart to erase.

She waits a moment, a part of her dwelling on the hope that somehow he would answer. *Somehow.* And the moment quickly passes leaving her with the notions of something all too familiar.

Her phone buzzes.

*Error. Invalid number. Please re-send using a valid 10 digit number or a valid short code.*

She shuts the phone off immediately, disappointed. What did she think was going to happen? A dead person was miraculously going to respond? Clarke was a rational person, even in her moments of weakness, except when it came to Wells or her father. That was another story.

She exhaled sharply, letting her emotions run aimlessly around her head for a moment in hopes it would somehow help ground her. And it did, a little.

And shortly after that, not able to stand being alone anymore she wonders out into the hallway and down the stairs half driven by the curiosity of where and what Bellamy was doing and her need to check up on Jasper.

She finds the Blake brother asleep at the kitchen island, a myriad of case notes, lists of suspects, crime pictures, pens, and posts its sprawled around his head like a halo.

She almost chuckles at the sight of him.
So this is why he needed the generator. She guesses. Work. The non-dividing factor between them. She smiles taking the image of him in before making her way to across the room where bandaged foot elevated in front of him, Jasper and Maya were asleep on the couch.

Clarke drops into a squat before them, hoping not to wake them. Holding her breath she slowly peels the bandages open in search for any sign of infection. When her eyes don't spot any clusters of yellow sprouting from the stitches she gently but tightly wraps his bandages back, allowing herself to breathe.

She then stands and bends over to reach his forehead. Her hand lingers on his warm head praying to god it didn't get any warmer than it already was so she wouldn't have to worry about a fever forming.

And her hand stayed the same temperature and she breathed in relief, even though a part of her wanted to get an actual thermometer and check his exact temperature, but not wanting to wake him up. she decides to leave that part for the morning granted there were no further complications in the middle of the night and turned her gazed to the two of them as a couple.

Maya was asleep beside him, hand clutching tightly to his, furrowed brow as if not sleeping comfortably as she had the past few nights. And Clarke had to give it to her, if she was in her position she'd probably be doing the same thing.

She pulled a blanket from the side of the couch, covering the both of them.

The blond sighed revealing a small smile before them before turning her attention back to the kitchen, to that man who lay asleep, head resting against the cold countertop, body wound tight against the high chair. She made her way back there, letting her hands trail the outline of his shoulders, bending her head to press her lips against one of them brining him awake.

"Bellamy." She mumbled. "Come to bed." Her words trailing soothingly down his spine.

"I thought I was sleeping on the couch tonight." He grumbled sleepily blinking himself awake.

Clarke drops her hands, and yawns. "Well," She stands there, eyes darting between him and the living room. "Obviously it's occupied... so I guess... that leaves me no other choice..."

He smiles, standing.

Together they gather his belongings into a neat pile and make their way upstairs.

"I'm sorry about Jasper. Really." He mumbles shortly after they climb back in bed. Clarke nods. "I know you are." She flips the light switch and climbs into bed turning away from him.

He wants to curl up beside her and sleep his worries off. He wants to run his fingers through her blond locks for ages, he wants to trail his fingers along every slope and curve of her body until he's memorized her whole.

And he thinks he's at a loss because he shouldn't feel this way about her. He shouldn't. It wasn't allowed. He wasn't allowed to feel this way about her. So why does he? Why does he always have that need to break the rules so strategically placed before him?

Maybe its because he's always been a rebel at heart; loved breaking the rules. Or maybe it's because he actually felt that way. He doesn't know. The only thing he's sure of is that he wouldn't mind the latter.

…

Bellamy jolts awake in cold sweat. Disoriented and trying to catch his breath he sits up nearly forgetting about the sleeping blond beside him.

He shifts to the side of the bed letting his legs hang before catching the floor. Cradling his head in his hands for a moment before, allowing his brain to catch up attempting to ignore the nightmares that haunted at the back of his mind so well, they twisted themselves into reality.

The clock on his phone reads 4:21 am and he only had three hours of sleep before he was rudely awakened.

He groans, attempting to get his heart rate down but knowing he won't be able to until he checks up on his sister. He'd been getting these dreams about her at the start of this case. His greatest fears came out to play in midst of all his findings, often dream his sister was the victim of one of those cartels.

He rose to his wobbly, tired feet and creaked his way down the hall and to the front of Octavia and Lincoln's room. Hesitantly, he turned the handle, peeking his head through. All he needed was glimpse of her, safe and sound and everything would be okay.

She was sound asleep, curled next to her fiancé and he breathed out in relief, slowly shutting the door to a close.

…

A strange melody disturbs Clarke from her much needed sleep. The brightness of the flashing light from the phone bringing her awake. She turns to Bellamy's side of the bed, finding it oddly empty, and reaches for the phone. His phone.

Miller. Is spelled out in nice neat letters before her and she slides the ringer to right not wanting the loud rising to wake anyone else in the cabin.

"Bellamy, hey I know it's early but we got a lead on Casey and—"

"Uh, Bellamy's not… around. This is Clarke." She answers sheepishly, rubbing her eyes awake and climbing out of bed.

"Oh Clarke, right. Uh, Nathan Miller on the line—sorry did I wake you?"

"Yeah," The blond admits not wanting to lie. "It's fine, I'm used to it." And she is, her pager would constantly ring in the middle of the night when she wasn't on call. This was simply nothing new. "Let me find him for you."

"Thanks. Again, sorry. Didn't think Bellamy had any company." This surprisingly makes her chuckle.

"That makes two of us." She responds, thinking of their earlier dispute. She didn't think he'd be sleeping with her that night either.

"Bellamy's told me all about you." Miller goes on, filling the pregnant pauses as she paces down the stairs and back to the kitchen. "Oh, has he?" She challenges a little flattered then quickly confused for they were supposed to keep their agreement on the down-low.

"It took a while, most of it was a guessing game but I wouldn't be a good detective if I didn't know when my partner was keeping something from me would I?"
"That oddly makes sense." The blond realizes coming to the conclusion that she liked this Miller person.

She spots the tall brooding man struggling with the coffee maker in the kitchen. He stares at her in confusion for a moment before realizing what was happening, his heart suddenly filling with light when he see's her.

"found him." She exhales handing Bellamy the phone. "Your partner's on the line."

"I can't get that damn coffee maker to work." He admits trying to ignore the feeling that travels down to his somtach. The blond gazes into his eyes, they seemed different, as if somehow trouble and distributed by the tidings go the night.

But she nods. "I got it?" She doesn’t question his whereabouts at the time of the night—morning really, she simply made a note to ask him about it later. And has he talked into his phone, opening his laptop screen tentatively, taking his seat back that island counter. She started the coffee maker in his place.

Trying to keep herself busy, she makes her way into the living room to check up on Jasper once more. She does the same thing she did only hours before checking for signs of infection and fever, and once she doesn't find any she debates waking him to give him another dose of Tylenol, surprised he hadn’t woken up form the pain she knew would surely come.

But Maya and he looked so at peace she didn't want to disturb them.

She heads back to the coffee maker, catching glimpses of Bellamy and Miller's conversation.

"Are you going to call him in for questioning? — What did Kane say about it? — No, that's not possible, Casey wasn't qualified for that line of work — Ask Echo she did a background check on him."

Clarke poured the brew into two coffee mugs. She put a fourth of milk before sliding it to him. His eyes said thank you as she turned her attention back to the cup. "Alright. — I'll look it into it. — Yeah, no problem," Bellamy meets his gaze as he plays with a small smile on his lips. "I will. Thanks, man." He hangs the call up with an exhausted exhale.

"Miller says sorry for waking you up, again." He mumbles with a pleased smile.

"I like Nathan." The blond simply states making Bellamy nearly choke on his coffee. "I think you're the first person to call him by his first name in ages, Clarke."

"That's kind of sad." She comments taking a sip of her coffee.

"Nah, Miller is a term of endearment to him." He shrugs it off, turning back to his laptop.

Silence shifts before them for a little while, Clarke leans against the counter across just watching him.

"Work?" She questions the obvious.

"So much you have no idea. We got a lead on a new suspect and he's proving to be quite the wonder." He mumbles taking a gulp of the brew beside him. "Thanks for the coffee. Half asleep Bellamy couldn't to get that damn thing to work." He chuckled referring to himself in third person. Something she knew he did when he was stressed but trying not to pass as so.

"No problem… now, can I ask why you were attempting coffee at four am in the morning?" She goes on to question.
Bellamy stops, but his eyes don't leave his computer screen. "Couldn't sleep."

"That's a lie." She states confidently. "You nearly passed out the moment your head hit the bed, Bell."

_Damn._

"That was just the exhaustion—I just have too many things running through my head. Can't really sleep when that happens."

She doesn't believe him but the tone in his voice indicates his wishes for her to drop this. She does, but makes another note to ask him about it later, when he's not so preoccupied with work.

"Alright." She shrugs pulling a seat on the opposite end of the island, and grabbing the nearby tablet.

"You're not going back to bed?" He questions in surprise. Clarke shakes her head. "Well, I'm awake now..."

"Sorry."

"Stop apologizing. It's fine—plus this way I have time to check up on my patients."

"Right." He smiles her way for a moment watching the natural way she maneuvers into a sitting position, coffee in hand, hair falling so effortlessly around her, eyes trailing over the screen of the tablet.

That light feeling returns in heart and Bellamy can't help but think that's what love feels like.

...
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

* *

The alarm rang out disturbing the Blonde out of her sleep. Her arm escaped the warmth of her comforter, blindly in search for that god damn alarm clock she swore stole her sleep every morning.

Clarke tried hard to go back to sleep, letting her body disappear into the comfort of her soft mattress, and warm body heat, but she knew once she was awake there was no comfort on the planet to help her fall back asleep, so she rolled on her back, peeling her eyes open to the grey Seattle morning. The only thing ringing through her head at the moment being that her vacation was too damn short. She almost couldn't believe they were back home, back to their old routines.

A loud groan escaped her as she swung her feet over the edge. Her moment of clarity however, was short-lived for the door almost immediately burst open revealing a hyper Octavia fully prepared for the day ahead. "Good morning, Clarke!" She greeted handing her the coffee with a grin so wide Clarke knew something was up.

"Someone's awfully chipper this morning." It wasn't everyday Octavia barged into her room, unannounced or unprovoked, but it also wasn't as uncommon as one would think. "We have a big day ahead of us!" Octavia slid the curtains aside and opened the windows allowing the grey light engulf her room wonderfully.

"We do?"

The Blake sibling spun on her heels facing her best friend in a frenzy of energy. "Oh, you bet we do! I have a meeting at nine with the League, from which I will come back home and finish packing my things. You get off at one, correct?"

"Yes, if all goes to plan—"

"As it should." Octavia finished, moving on. "Everything’s basically in boxes already but I want to finish packing my room by two and get everything to the house by three because we have a few appointments for the wedding—nothing big, just a little light venue shopping. Hopefully, we’ll get back by five because there’s a lot more I want to do before tonight—for tonight, if you know what I mean…” She trailed off as the Blonde attempted to retain all the information that was just sprung at her.

Clarke nodded and shut her eyes. She was just barely trying to wrap her head around the next ten minutes, let alone the whole day. "Is that all?"

"Yes, yes. I will see you at one—no later, got it?" She warned not wanting to make her exit before she got some sort of response. "I'll try my best!” Clarke replied honestly. "I'll take what I can get!" Octavia called out, making her exit. Today is going to be interesting. Clarke yawned, turning the radio on her phone. She made her way to the window to breathe in the fresh after-rain smell, the sound of slashing car tires and sirens in the distance.

Happy New Year's Eve and good morning from all of us here at KW4! That's right folks today is the last day of the year, and before we dwell on the past and start those new year resolutions, it looks like we're going to be celebrating tonight with some light rain and starting the new year tomorrow.
"A CI of mine spotted one of Casey's guys three blocks off Calloway heading north by the docks," Miller mumbled not looking up from his phone. "The options are almost endless, but I was thinking we can go in, plant a tracker on the car…” Murphy suggested looking to Bellamy for further guidance. It wasn’t a bad idea but, "I don't want to spook them. Not yet. I know what we saw, but we still need to recover actual evidence these guys are involved and until then—"

"Blake?" His Captain’s voice rang out snapping the on-floor detectives to his attention. "Sir?"

"Would you join me in my office?" No one could ever detect the expression on Kane's face, and there were no exceptions this time. "Someone's in trouble.” He could practically hear Murphy’s teasing smirks as he walked away.

"Have a seat." And with no further explanation, he did as told. He and his Captain were on good terms, he knew this was most likely a recap on their open case. Get him up to date on their latest finds.

"How’s the case going?” And there it was. "Good. As you know, we have a few solid leads. Just waiting for them to get sloppy,” Bellamy explained firmly. Kane nodded, eyes on the pen and paper he was fiddling with on his desk before he exhaled loudly and met his gaze. Noticing his almost lament behavior, Bellamy shifted in his seat. Something was up.

“I got this in the mail today.” Kane chuckles, waving a small lavender envelope around. “She moved the date up, huh?” Bellamy sighed. “She did, yeah.” He wasn’t surprised his sister had invited Kane for she had basically invited the whole intelligent unit to her wedding. They’d been like family all these years, so he figured it’d feel wrong to not them there.

“I take it you’re not thrilled about this.” Marcus continues closely watching the expression on his shift.

“I can’t imagine this being easy for you, but it’s her decision. Remember that.” Bellamy nods.

"Anyway, this is not why I called you in here.” Marcus shifted in his seat. “Blake, you know you're my best detective."

"Sir—"

"Take the compliment." There was another moment of recollection that seemed to appear before the Captain’s face until he spoke once again. "And I know that if this team ever lost you we'd practically run into the ground..."

“I'll take that, sure.” The Blake chuckles waiting for Kane to continue. "You know Captain Wallace—the head of the San Francisco intelligence unit, correct?” Bellamy’s mind raced as he attempted to understand what this was all about. "We did the Sullivan case with them last year after their killer got to Seattle borders, yeah.”

"He's retiring.” Bellamy’s eyes snap to Kane the instant he knows what this is all about. “His position is going to be open. I put in a word for you.” For a moment air thicken around them as the
news hits Bellamy.

"I know you’re young, but you show real leadership qualities—hell, sometimes I don't even know why I'm here." Kane almost chuckles watching as Bellamy processes the news. “And I don’t need to tell you that—you know all this.”

“San Fransisco, huh?” To say this was random could be completely and utterly wrong. It was no secret Kane has been conditioning him for the Captain position the moment he was recruited from the academy, but Bellamy had always gathered he’d stay here and assume Kane’s position when he retired.

“Look, I know this is a lot to think about right now with this high profile case and Octavia’s wedding around the corner.” Marcus begins understanding all the current moving parts in his life. “All I’m saying is consider it. Sort things out if you need to, I don’t care. Just take some time to think it over.”

Bellamy nods.

“I will. Thank you, sir.”

* * *

Rounds were going well for Clarke that morning. Her head trauma patient had survived the night defying odds and was now officially not critical anymore, both of her MVC patients were healing nicely and the old lady in 22-42 was asking too many personal questions for her comfort, but recovering well after a hip replacement.

All was well, that is until she made the mistake of stepping onto an elevator with Finn Collins. It wasn’t like she had a choice though, rumors would spread if anyone they knew caught her avoiding an elevator with him and she didn’t want to give them a reason to believe them. Especially since there were already rumors flying about after the incident with Bellamy a few weeks prior.

She bit her lip after causally greeting two other physicians in the small space before turning to him.

"Finn."

"Clarke." He acknowledged respectively.

“How was the mountain?” He questioned lightly. Clarke mentally sighed. She had planned to make this as least painful as possible and just ignore his presence until her stop, but no, he had to make this difficult.

“It was good." She gave a firm, confident nod. It was obvious both were avoiding eye contact for they blankly stared at the stainless steel doors before them. "I heard about Jasper…” He comments referring to the generator accident on Christmas day. "Lincoln might've briefly mentioned it.” He adds dissolving her confusion. She kept forgetting he and Lincoln were friends.

“I see.”

"I heard he needed stitches."

Clarke nodded once more, not knowing what else to offer. “We were stuck in a blizzard. I patched
him up—simple as that." She shrugged thinking nothing of it. This time Finn met her gaze and shook his head, questioning her comment. "He's fine—everyone and everything is fine." She added although she didn't really know what for.

"Glad to hear it."

She could sense the sudden hostility in his voice and it just confused her more than ever, but before she could react, the elevator doors swing open and her mother of all people walked on. “Oh—hello, Clarke. Finn.” She smiles, standing between the two. "Glad to see you two could co-exist in the same place without disrupting nature itself." She mumbles reminiscing to the last time she saw them together.

"Mom." Clarke acknowledged but it came out like more of a warning than anything else.

"How was your time off, Clarke. Well spent, I suppose?"

"It was relaxing." She reassured with a fake, brilliant smile she learned from Abby herself. “You never came to see me after I asked. Didn't answer my calls or the about fifty text messages I sent since the last time I saw you." She went on, searching for a reasonable explanation.

"That's not true—"

"Texting Merry X-mas Mom' on Christmas morning does not count as a reply to any of the five questions I asked. I don't understand why you didn’t come see me.” The Blonde could almost sense the sincerity in her mother's voice, a rarity around work for her intention was always to keep strictly professional, yet before she could respond Abby turned to Finn beside her and continued on.

"And you, accepting a level 5 experimental case—promising treatment we don't have the approval from the FDA without seeking permission from me?” Finn froze in place, avoiding eye contact. “That's right. I know; Chief Griffin knows everything. What the hell were you thinking? Do you want to get this hospital caught in the middle of another lawsuit?” Abby scolded unwaveringly.

"The kid is five years old, stage II, what was I going to tell his parents? Oh—I have the tools and medicine to possibly treat your son but won't because of some stupid bureaucratical distribution?” He was quick to defend. "No, you were supposed to console me first before making any promises so I don’t get blindsided during a board meeting!” She shook her head. “I swear you two are taking years off my life.”

“Mom." "No. No more 'mom'," She turned to Finn. "get me all your findings, notes, scans on that case, and you," She faces her daughter this time. "come to my office during your lunch, we need to discuss a few things."

**

Lunch?

Clarke stared at the text before her and exhaled out rather loudly.
Mother-Hen summoned me in for lunch.

Sorry

She replied making the dreaded walked upstairs to her mother's office.

Come on

It can’t be that bad

She chuckled for she could almost seem him pull that famous Blake smirk, before slipping her phone back in her pocket and facing the inevitable.

She knocked on her mother's door just wanting to get the whole process over with already.

"Clarke."

Abby was flipping through a case file when Clarke entered, taking a seat before her. Her shoulder slumped, her posture lacked in exhaustion. “Alright, I’m here.” She states, wanting to at least try in this conversation even though she knew sooner or later it'd only end in utter frustration and turn into some sort of life-altering argument as it always did.

"I heard about that interesting head trauma case you’re on. How’s the patient?"

"Alive, surprisingly." The younger Griffin simply offered. “We did a four-hour craniotomy for his TBI last night." She added brightly even though the last thing she wanted to do the first day she got back to work was staying longer than needed. "Glad to hear it." There was nothing more that bonded the Griffin girls than surgery.

"So, what's up? What do you need?" Clarke asked, breaking the ice. She didn't want to spend any more time in that office than she had to. Also, she had to get out by one or Octavia might actually kill her.

"Lot's of things, but don't worry. I'll keep it short. First, your Christmas present—"

“Mom…”

"Now, I know you said no presents, but I’m your mother and I can get away with stuff like this. Plus, I think you’ll really like this one.” She added cheekily. Clarke had to give it to her she was trying hard. The Blonde offered her a small smile, sitting up straighter. "I really don't need a Birkin bag, o-or—" But before she could finish Abby handed her a folder.

She eyed her mother, half suspicious, half intrigued before opening it up. An itinerary packed with plane tickets were proudly displayed before her inside a large brochure for several countries.

"I know your love for the arts runs deep. I thought maybe a little trip around Europe, volunteering at free medical clinics and immersing yourself in the arts was something you'd enjoy." Abby explained with a small, but genuine smile. And for one of the first moments in her life, Clarke Griffin thought her mother was finally getting it. “Plus, it looks great on a resume.”
She ran her fingers over the papers in disbelief. Her heart nearly swelling in size. "It's for eight weeks. We'll give you your time off from the hospital, have people to take care of your patients—you won't have to worry about anything..." Abby trailed off as Clarke met her mothers gaze in confusion, processing.

"It was your father that inspired me, actually." She begins watching the reaction on Clarke’s face shift with the mention of her late father. “He was always talking about how you should see more of what the world had to offer, and he was right. There's more to life than this hospital, and I think somehow you’ve finally been able to realize that these last few months."

Clarke nodded trying to find the right words to express what she was feeling at the moment. "This is incredible. Mom... I..." Abby beamed. “I caught word that Octavia is speeding up the wedding. Clarke eyes the small lavender envelope on her desk among the files. “So you leave a week after on the 21st of February if this is something that you want to do.” The Blonde chuckles suddenly nodding. Of course this was something she wanted to do. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” She blinked coming back to her senses. “Thank you... I...” She swallows, trying not to tear up. “Your father would’ve been so proud of the person you’ve become.” Abby sniffed.

“Now,” The older woman exhaled, attempting to change the topic. "moving on. I was talking to Mayor Newark at the Christmas Eve Banquet and his son Brice is moving back to town. He just finished his masters at Georgetown,” Clarke rolled her eyes playfully for she knew where this was heading.

"so the overbearing mother in me immediately told him about you."

"Mom." Clarke groaned for Abby was always pulling this sort of thing.

"Just hear me out, he's a nice, attractive, smart boy—"

"Look, I hadn't had the time to tell you because I've been so busy, but I'm sorta already seeing someone." She revealed grimly for she wasn't exactly telling the truth, but she wasn't exactly lying either. Never-the-less telling her she was having a friends-with-benefits situation with Bellamy was not on the table, not that’d she'd even know what that meant.

Surprisingly, Abby smiled at the news. "This wouldn't happen to be that Blake detective, would it?” It seemed as though her mother had her figured out, almost. Clarke almost froze at the mention of him but made no effort to deny or admit the accusation.

There was a small pause between the two women before the Blonde finally gave in. "How'd you know about that?” She honestly had no idea how her mother would read to her being involved with a person who wasn't in Abby's usual social circle of people. "I figured you must be seeing someone, every time I see you and Finn together he has this awful fixated expression on his face. That and well, that punch? I figured it wasn’t over nothing."

Clarke sighed, shutting her eyes knowing she had to come up with something vague to describe their relationship without giving it away to her mother. "I tried so hard to keep it on the down-low—we’re kind of seeing each other..." Clarke explained in a groan for how could she have put herself in this situation. She was just trying to avoid getting roped into another date with her mothers' friends’ kid. “Well, not, really." Again, she didn't want to reveal to her mother the real truth behind their… relationship. Her mother didn’t need to know every excruciating detail. She just needed an excuse to get out of that dinner. “W-We didn’t label it for anything... we’re just hanging out flirtatiously?” She explains, frowning. This was much worse than she’d ever wanted to have to explain it.

"Interesting." Abby smiled. "Well, make sure you know what you want, Clarke. I know after Wells, then breaking things off with Finn, you were a little disoriented. I don’t want that happening again, so take care of yourself.” Clarke nodded not really wanting to dwell on those specific facts at the
Everything at the point in her life seemed to be crashing down, and she had long since recovered.

"You really like him, uh?" Her mother continued and instantly Clarke smile the high from the interaction leaving her almost winded. She swallows nervously not knowing to reveal exactly. "Yeah—I guess. Yeah." She's unclear with her answer but her mother can tell by from the tone in her voice she was sure.

"Then I'm happy you're happy."

"I'm sorry. Let me get this straight," Clarke frowns in amusement. "You're actually okay with the fact I'm involved with someone you once called my best friends 'low life brother'?" Clarke clarified, making Abby shake her head in regret. "I believed I called him that once, after hearing from the Kekoa's what he and his... lady-friend did in their cabin." Abby quickly defended, not wanting to look like a villain. "I'm allowed to make my own assumptions based on what I hear."

"Of course you heard about that..." Clarke signs making a mental note to keep her away from Lincoln's parents for future references. "But I've heard also wonderful things about his work from his Captain. Apparently, he's quite the detective." Abby smiles, and Clarke literally cannot believe she was hearing this.

"Yeah... you're actually serious."

"Why's that so hard to believe?"

Clarke eyed her suspiciously until it finally hit her. "This behavior doesn't have anything to do with the Jaha Fundraiser-Banquet thing, right? Because like I've stated on my invitation. I am not attending."

"Clarke."

Of course, it was about this.

"This is a work event. The hospital is facing a major lawsuit following the Anderson incident. I'm not expecting anything from you, really, just that you'll reconsider. We need all hands on deck for this one or the hospital is going to lose a large chunk of its fundings in the trauma department..."

Clarke shut her eyes, trying to wrap her head around the whole thing.

"We could lose the ER." Her mother insisted.

"Who's gonna cover for me if I go?" She questioned for she had a lot on her plate already.

"We have interns—" Abby simply explained. "I'm not trusting my patients with inexperienced hands."

"Might I remind you were once an intern not too long ago."

"Exactly—I know how inexperienced they are."

"Okay, then we'll have assign second-years do the job."

Clarke shut her eyes, she knew what she had to do. "Fine. I'll go, but only because the hospital is in dire need of help... and also because your present was so awesome..." Clarke mumbled grumpily playing with the corner of the folder. "which I guess was your initial motive... so, well played—"
The pager on Clarke's hip suddenly rang. The Blonde jumped to her feet, reading it. “Emergency appendectomy. I've got to go.”

“It wasn’t.” Abby clarified before her daughter could take off. “I didn’t do this to cohorts you into anything, but thank you.” Clarke sighs, noting the sincerity in her mother’s voice.

“I've got to go.”

* * *

When she finally got home a good hour late, Jasper, Lincoln and a very pissed off Octavia were putting the last of her boxes into the car. "Glad you could join us best friend!” Octavia announced not even looking her way as she instructed Jasper on how to handle the rest fragile boxes.

"I'm so so so so sorry, I got caught in a surgery and I couldn't leave and I'm sorry." She apologized nearly out of breath for she a ran there from her car.

"Well, I'm all packed and you missed like five best friend emotional moments which you’re definitely gonna make up for. We're gonna take this stuff to the house. You go upstairs and shower—change we still have venues to look over." Octavia stated somberly. She could tell Clarke was sincere but it still stung a little that she hadn't been there to help her move from their apartment. They'd lived there for so long, before her and Finn and then after her Finn. It felt wrong not to have her there to help end it all.

Octavia wasn't mad. She was simply disappointed. Which in Clarke’s defense was a lot worse.

"Bellamy's on his way, too. Should I tell him to meet you guys at the house or..?” Clarke offered, trying to be a little more helpful. "I'll take care of my brother. Meet us back at the house when you're done. You're driving." Octavia answered climbing in the passenger side leaving Jasper beside her. Lincoln threw her an apologetic look before getting in the driver's seat and starting the engine. He knew it was best he stay quiet in all this.

"Well, that could've gone worse?” Jasper mumbled as they turned, climbing the front stairs to the apartment building. He limped on his leg and Clarke sighed disappointedly. She knew she had indeed missed something big.

“How's the leg?”

Jasper shrugged. "Sore."

“Octavia make you carry boxes?” Clarke nearly chuckled, a little baffled. Jasper scratched his head revealing an amused smile. “I wanted to help, she was upset.”

“I know.” She sighed as she slung an arm around his shoulder. “You’re a good friend, Jasper.”

* * *
As Clarke pulls up to the old-walkup she spots the Blake siblings outside in what looked like the middle of a heated debated. “—that’s not the point, Bellamy! The point is that I’m an adult—I can make my own decisions!” Octavia shouts.

"You are twenty-five years old—barely an adult!” Faces scrunched in frustration, actions fueled by utter anger. Clarke thinks it's best to stay inside the comfort of her car and let them fight it out by themselves. In fact, she doesn't even think they spotted her parked alongside the curb, waiting.

"I just don't like the idea that you're moving in together! This wasn’t what was discussed!” He defends completely at a loss. “I don’t care what he discussed—this is my life. And I’m sorry, but you’re not in charge of me anymore.“

“I don’t think you get this, but you will always be my responsibly. A-And moving across town is not —”

“It’s ten blocks away! It’s barely a drive!” Octavia was infuriated, her words almost spitting out as she rose her arms in the air in frustration forgetting they were in public domain.

“I just—I don’t understand why you’re rushing this.” He simply stated, falling back. “You said summer. The plan was summer, the wedding was in July a-and you were going to move in two weeks before a-and this wasn’t the plan.”

Octavia swallowed uneasily, shaking her head. “And I don’t understand why this matters to you!”

She exhaled fighting back tears. “You’re not my father, you’re my brother. You’re supposed to support me no matter what.” She’s at a loss for words. “I don’t know Bell, this has got to stop. You've got to let go…”

Hearing them, Clarke thought this would be a good time to open the car door and step outside, making her presence known. She watched the tense scene unfold around her, and couldn’t let it go on. Octavia retreated toward her car on those last words. She met Bellamy’s gaze for a quick moment in time as Octavia on those last words, retreated toward her car.

She made a note to talk to Bellamy about this later.

“What was that all about?” Clarke questioned once back in the car.

“Oh, you know—Bellamy, being… Bellamy.” She sniffed. “I’m fine though. Honestly, he’s just so aggravating sometimes you know?”

Clarke nodded for she knew what she meant. “Do you want to talk about it?” The Blake shook her head. “Not really.”

“Okay, then… let's go find you guys a venue, huh?” Clarke offered in an attempt to lighten the mood. Octavia offered her a small smile she knew wasn’t genuine but hopefully, an afternoon filled with wedding planning would cheer her up a little.

**

They stumbled through venues the whole afternoon. From cold beaches, industrial sights, roofs of buildings to expensive ballrooms, yet nothing quite grabbed the young Blake sibling.

"I don't know what I'm gonna do." Octavia sighed rather dramatically in the open air. Clarke had
suggested a ferryboat ride to brighten her spirits, but so far it wasn’t helping. "I mean, the wedding is in six weeks and I have no dress, no cake, no venue, no anything—the only thing I have is a semi-color scheme and band that being Jasper and his goofball friends…” She trails off clutching her tea very closely.

“We’ll find one, stop worrying.” Clarke exhaled with a reassuring smile.

Octavia just shot her a look. “I’m sorry, they’re actually a great band but the fact that Jasper is associated with them doesn’t make me feel like I accomplished anything. Maybe Bellamy was right, maybe we shouldn’t have pushed it.” She didn’t want to say it but she couldn’t deny that she was definitely thinking. Her whole conversation that afternoon with Bellamy had thrown her off, and Clarke definitely notice.

“Whoa, whoa, do you hear yourself? No.” Clarke defended. “I’m sure you and Lincoln have your own reasons for pushing the wedding—reasons far beyond his understanding at the moment.”

The Blade shook her head, peering out on the open bay before them. “Good call on the ferry ride. I forgot how nice this is. Even in the winter.” She could tell Octavia was trying to avoid that certain topic of conversation. She wasn’t in the mood. She was just wanted to enjoy the process of planning her wedding, nothing else.

“Actually,” She turned to her best friend, the idea striking her. “They don’t rent these things do they?”

“You want to have your wedding on a ferry boat?” Clarke questioned for clarification. Octavia thought about it for a moment, the picture suddenly falling into place. “Actually yeah… just think about it. Night out on the bay, fairy lights, dark wood floor—we could line the tables up to fit the narrow space and have the dance floor in the middle—we have to find out if this is possible.”

“I’m sure it is, O.”

“We have to find a supervisor or something—do you think they still have the vintage ones? Clarke, whip out your phone and start googling!”

**

You driving tonight or am I? She messages Bellamy the moment she’s back at the apartment after a long few hours of wedding planning with Octavia.

I’m not going.

Bellamy replies minutes later when she finally gathered the energy to raid her closet. They still had a New Years party to get to that night hosted by some friends, not that she was really in the mood to party after the day, but it was too late to turn back now. Apparently, Bellamy didn’t feel the same.
No fair.

Do you want to talk about it?

It took a while longer for him to reply. In fact, she had made a late lunch, cleaned up and helped Raven with her outfit before she decided to make a trip across the hall and check in on the older brother. She knew it really wasn’t her place but they were friends, and this was what friends did.

“In his room.” Monty greets already knowing what she was there for. “He’s not in a good mood.”

Clarke sighs walking over to his bedroom door. “Oh, I know. He’s not answering messages. There’s food in the kitchen—help yourself.”

“I’ll leave you to deal with that.” Monty mumbles making his way over to the girls’ apartment as Clarke walked around the corner. “It’s me, open up.” She knocks on his door in a deep sigh. It opens a moment later when she least expects it. He mumbles a giant greeting, letting her in.

“You don’t answer messages anymore?”

“I’m working.”

“From home?”

“That so hard to believe?”

“Is it that hard to reply?” She throws the question right back at him not backing down from her stance. He doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t know what, so for a moment they stand in deeming silence as if waiting for the other to speak. “I was checking up on you.” Clarke’s the first to give in hoping it'll allow her room to steer the conversation.

“I’m fine. I’m just not in the mood to celebrate tonight.”

“And this has nothing to do with Octavia, right?”

He’s rummaging through a few files on his desk. “Does it matter?”

“Yes, it matters. What’s going on with you?”

“My sister is rushing into a marriage, that’s what.”

“Oh cut the bullshit, we all know Lincoln is practically a saint.” Clarke frowns approaching him. She didn’t like the way he was avoiding her gaze. He reminds quiet, eyes looking over the papers before him.

“Are you just going to ignore me or—“

“I don’t want to talk about it, Clarke.”

The Blonde holds her stance, showing him she wasn’t going anywhere. Not leaving everything like this. Bellamy sighs, shutting his eyes in the wake of their conversation. “I’m sorry.” He begins, knowing it wasn’t necessarily fair to her, for him to be acting this way when all she wanted to do was help. There were some things, however, that could not be talked through.

“I’m still trying to get used to the idea. I thought I had more time.”
Clarke nods, attempting to understand where he was coming from. She knew this would be hard on him long before the wedding planning, and even the initial proposal back to when Lincoln first approached Clarke with the idea.

“If you think about it, nothing’s really changing, Bell.” Clarke shrugs trying to offer some refuge. Leaning against his desk, he turns to face her. “They’ve been practically living together for the last few years anyway… they’re just making it more official.” He’s nodding, but Clarke wonders if he’s just doing it for her. "Be grateful she’s marrying someone like Lincoln. He’s a wonderful person who we all know will love and care for her just as much as you ever have.”

Bellamy swallows. He knows all the facts. They’re practical in theory, but the moment he applies them to his sister, he’s filled with dread. Maybe he just doesn’t like the idea of the small risk factor involved. He’s always played it safe with Octavia.

“I know.” He takes a deep breath meeting her gaze for the first time that conversation.

She’s smiling now. “I don’t know what it’s like to have been in your shoes, so I don’t want to assume anything, but at some point you’ve got to trust her. She knows what she’s doing.”

He almost chuckles, knowing Clarke was right. Octavia had a wild nature about her, an untamed, almost naive way about her, but in the end, he trusted her to make the best decisions. It was just hard letting go. “I know you’re right.” He’s shaking his head now, taking a seat on the edge of his bed. Clarke follows in suit right beside him. “Doesn’t mean any of this is any easier.”

“No one said it did, Bell.” She’s hesitant to say what she wants to next but would be lying if she’d denied the existence of the thought altogether. She owed it to him to be honest.

“Are you sure this is only about Octavia?”

He frowns, not following along.

She so badly wants to come out and just say it but not knowing how without making him feel cornered. “I don’t know.” She shrugs, trying to comply together her thoughts. “Maybe it’s really not about Octavia, you know? You’re so good at taking care of everyone around you, I think you forget about yourself, sometimes.” And it rang true for he’d been thrown into taking care of Octavia at a young age and has basically known nothing else since. Although he was following along, he didn’t understand what she was getting to exactly. If he’d been harboring all his energy toward Octavia it was simply because that’s all he’s ever known to do.

“What’s that supposed to mean exactly?”

The Blonde could tell he was growing anxious and didn’t want to upset him further. She shuts her eyes, softening her the tone in her voice to lighten the tensed mood. “I’m saying, she can take care of herself now. She’s an adult. I think it’s time you focus on yourself, on your life.” She explains as her thoughts run away from her on a tangent. She can’t help but picture him somehow happier and more driven somewhere in the not-so-distant future… with someone else.

The expression on her face falls just as quickly as she catches herself before his deep, heavy sigh snaps her back to reality. She’s smiling now, a natural defense mechanism she’s put in play just in case. “You might have a point, Princess.”

“I definitely have a point, Blake.” She quickly corrects. “The question is, are you going to do anything about it?”
“Who’s DD-ing tonight, again?” Raven questioned as she met the Blonde in the living room. They were leaving for the night in just a few minutes. “I am, I’m not drinking.”

“Are you on-call, already?” They had been home for just over a day now. “No, but they could still page me in. It’s the busiest night of the year,” She shrugs, slipping on her other heel.

“Shaw joining us tonight?”

“He’s gonna meet us there.” Raven’s red-lipped smile stretches into a grin. “Is Bellamy coming?” She questions once Clarke’s is completely distracted drawing the outline of her lips. “Yeah, why wouldn’t he come?”

“Monty might have mentioned something over lunch.”

“He and Octavia got into something earlier, but they’re fine now.” The Latina raises an eyebrow in question before adding, “Oh yeah, he’s been a little tense since O moved the date.”

“Let’s just say he’s not thrilled, but I reminded him there’s nothing he could do about it.”

“So you calmed him down?”

Clarke stops the moment she registers the suggestive tone in Raven’s voice. “We’re just having fun, Raven.” She reminds as the Latina shrugs. From her perspective, it looked a whole lot more than just having fun. They’d spent most of their free time together. Constant dinners at the apartment, bickering over menial things like a married couple, the looks she randomly finds them exchanging with everyone else there, and probably so many more she wasn’t there to actually witness. “All I’m saying is you two are getting awfully close, and I wouldn’t normally say anything, but as one of your best friends I’m obliged to warn you.”

“Warn me of what?” Clarke nearly chuckles applying a coat of lipstick. She considered Bellamy was one of the least-threatening things in her life. Raven, however, shot her a look. “You’re not being practical about this Clarke.” On a deeper level, she knew Raven was right, there was just no admitting it. However, there was no convincing Clarke they were anything but nothing.

“Then what am I missing?” Her voice is soft, but light for their conversation hadn’t taken a turn yet.

A knock echo off the front door cutting the girls off in mid-thought. “You tell me… I’m just looking out for you, both.” She could tell Raven suspected about them, about her feelings.

Clarke nods, grateful for Raven’s concerns. “Like I said,” She smiles, pretending like nothing had happened and opens the door as the boys trail in. “we’re just having fun—”

“Who’s having fun?” Monty questions, wide smile in tow. “We are!” She’s quick to reply uncharacteristically, avoiding Raven’s lingering gaze as she turns back to the mirror to add finishing touches to her lips. “I love the enthusiasm.”

“Yeah, what’s up with her?” Bellamy asks dropping the ends of his undone tie, clearly amused. The Latina shrugs, shaking her head.

“You guys all ready, where’s Shaw?”
“Almost. He’s meeting us there.” Raven shouts as she runs back to her room to grab of something she’d forgotten. “Here,” Clarke registers her voice upon seeing Bellamy fumbling with his tie. Before she even realizes it, she’s is already one step ahead of him swiping his hands away. “My father taught me.” The Blond mumbles, answering the fazed look on his face.

He doesn’t mean to stare, but she’d given him no warning to prepare himself. His eyes study the features of her face; her small sloped smile, that faint mole at the corner of her lip, the almost unnoticeable blush of her cheeks as her hand move meticulously across his chest.

He smiles, releasing the breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

“You all ready?” Raven’s voice cuts through, snapping him back to reality.

“Y-Yeah.” He’s clearing his voice as Clarke nearly jumps back.

* * *

The party was filled by the time they arrived, their friend and host nowhere to be found. A DJ was raging in the corner, sending out electronic beats of energy through the heavy packed crowd of bodies and very little oxygen. Clarke wonders why they bothered to get all dressed up as some people were dancing around half naked. “I didn’t realize there was gonna be this many people!” Clarke shouts through the pounding music.

They were in the penthouse suite of one of their friends from Lincoln’s league in the heart of downtown. It was ten pm and the place was already littered with people who looked like they’d come pre-gamed and past their limit. “I’m surprised they haven’t gotten a noise complaint yet!” Bellamy adds peering around.

“Someone knows how to throw a party!” Raven laughed, inspired by the energy of the crowd before them. She took a step forward after spotting Shaw, leaving the rest of them standing amused there amongst the almost chaos.

“Anyone see Roan anywhere?” Lincoln nearly shouted, holding tight to Octavia’s hand. The Blake sister shrugged. “We’ll find him later, let’s dance!” She drags him to the dance floor wanting to start the year off right. “We should find a spot to reconvene!” Bellamy shouts to the remaining gang. “It’s a penthouse Bell, we’re not going to get lost.” Clarke laughs as they make their way to the bar at the side. “Important question. Do they have an open bar or not?”

“Why does that matter?” He questions, amused for he knew she wasn’t drinking. “That’s gonna depict whether or not we have to babysit tonight.” She laughing now because in theory, it’s always hilarious, however, she knows if this is an open bar she’s gonna end up spending the night on the boys' couch cradling Monty’s puking head right alongside Jasper and Maya while Bellamy sits around making dumb jokes about their circumstance.

“Knowing Roan, it’s open,” Bellamy exclaims just as the bartender slides her the requested virgin drink and doesn’t ask for a charge.

“Fuck.” She chuckles shaking her head in dread. “Don’t let them know that.”

“Oh, they’re bound to find out, Princess”

She takes a deep sigh as they turn around facing the crowd them. “A girl can dream, right?”
It was some time later when Clarke found herself in-between two strangers on the dance floor. It was fun; the wild attention, the beat of the music pounding through her veins, the welcomed feeling of hands move along her body. Even sober, she couldn’t help but lose herself in the sensation of it all, and for a small, significant moment in time, she did.

It wasn’t intentional, but out of the corner of her eye, she caught Bellamy’s gaze from where he was sitting. She smiled; it was a wild, dangerous smile. One filled with lust and the brevity only one can hold at a certain disregarded limit. It was a smile that invited him in. She didn’t care if Octavia could see them, she didn’t care if she was obvious.

He reacted, returning the smile, but gave no intention to move. Bellamy liked seeing her like this, not necessarily with another guy draped around her, but watching her enjoy herself. Being free of all the burdens and expectations she’d usually build herself up with. Watching her like that, just letting it all go was rather refreshing.

And he didn’t want to be the one to put an end to that, but when she cut across the dance floor to him, out of breath and paired with that certain smile as if without a care in the world. He couldn’t help himself. “Come with me!” She shouted reaching her hand out. He stood taking it but not before shooting her an amused look as he peered around quickly in search of his sister, their friends. He knew she was feeding off the energy around them right now and didn’t care if anyone saw them, but he also knew she would certainly care in the morning if she’d heard it from someone else.

People littered the hallway, either waiting in line for the bathroom or just having a space to mingle without the pounding music. “Come on!” She dragged him away down the hall, pulling out a bobby pin from her head.

“This is Roan’s room.” She exclaimed as they stopped before two double doors. “It’s locked, but I also have a way around that.”

“What?” He laughed watching her struggle with the bobby pin. “How do you know that’s his room?”

“It’s the only locked one—and you’re the detective here.” She chuckled just as the door sprung open, unlocked. She immediately entered as Bellamy took a moment to register what had just happened. The moment he realized what she was doing earlier he thought there was so way she was about to achieve anything with that. He was wrong.

“How did you—?”

“It’s an apartment lock, Bellamy, not a safe.” The Blonde laughed locking the door behind them.

“I don’t think Roan wants us to be in here…” He comments peering around the spacious master overlooking the city below. It was dark, quieter and slightly colder for it didn’t hold as much body heat as the other rooms, but Clarke also couldn’t feel that.

“I just don’t think Roan wants people fucking on his bed.” She corrected, invading his space in a welcoming manner. “Well in that case…” He mumbles, lips lingering just close enough for her to catch them. “We don’t want to be bad guests.” She muffles out as she kicks her heels off, suddenly falling a few inches shorter.

“No. At. All.” Bellamy follows along, pressing his lips against her neck as she lead them across the
room and into the on-suite.

* * 

He’s tucking his dress shirt in as Clarke readjusts her dress when somewhere scattered on the floor before them her clutch starts to buzz.

The Blonde sighs in dread, closing her eyes.

“This that—?”

She nods, having to say nothing further. She hears his chuckle behind her as she grabs her clutch. “Wow, you weren’t wrong.” It was fun because she could remember her early days off when she be waiting for to ring, wanting to her hands dirty, wanting to learn. But now, the magic was long gone and when it rang, it wasn’t welcomed.

“Like I said, busiest night of the year.” She’s shaking her head now as she pulls out her phone ready to call a car. “I gotta go.”

“I can take you.” He’s quick to offer for some strong overcoming reason. The party was mostly a mixture of people Octavia and Lincoln knew from the league, with the exception of their close friends. It wasn’t really his scene to being with, and with Clarke leaving, and the rest of their friends already, there was really no reason to stay.

“You sure? I can call a car.”

“I’m on my way out anyway.”

“Oh, you’re not staying?” She doesn’t know why her tone comes out as concerned, but it catches her by surprise. “I’ll have to come back and pick them all up, but I’m not feeling very celebratory, especially now that the fun is over.”

“Who says the fun is over?” She’s smirking now, listening to his obscure reasonings. Her pager rings once more before he answers and this time she’s quick to turn it off.

“Shit—we gotta go!”

* * 

“Just uh—take a left on Carlson and right on—“ Clarke attempted to explain as she pushes her head through the top of her scrub shirt in the back of the car. “I know where I’m going, Princess.” He smirks, eyes wandering in the rearview mirror as he brought the car to a stop at the light. Street lights illuminate the back of the car as they pass through downtown in a rush so there’s wasn’t much to see, but Bellamy found himself in a teasing mood.

“Right,” Clarke puffed out, struggling.

“Eye’s on the road, Blake.”
“Need some help?” He offers jokingly as the Blonde shoots him a glare. “Yeah, the light is green—it’d be great if you could actually go.” She retorts, striving to pull per scrub pants up. “As you wish.” Bellamy replies, pressing the gas a little too much for it nearly threw her against the back of the seat. “Bellamy Blake, don’t make me regret this—“

The car stops abruptly at another light. He was having too much fun with this.

“Sorry Princess, red light.”

She shoots him another glare as she pulls together her long blonde curls at the top of her head in a messy bun. “Drop me off in the ambulance bay, if it’s not already packed….“ She trails on as she squeezes into the front passenger seat from the space in-between the middle of the car. “You know it’s illegal for a person to move about an operating vehicle without a seatbelt on.”

Clarke rolls her eyes. “Are you going to arrest me now, officer?”

“I’m technically not on duty, so tonight’s your lucky night.” He points out as a matter of fact. She’s chuckling now, whipping the makeup off her face in the mirror. She knew there’d be a chance she’d be standing in surgery tonight and didn’t want her face to melt in the process. It was going to be a long night.

“You can park the car on the—"

"First-floor garage, number 81.” Bellamy finished for her, showing off his observation skills. It wasn’t something he’d learned purposely, just something he’d observed a random day. Clarke gazed at him in mere amusement and confusion. “But I don’t need to do that, seeing that it’s my car.”

She shakes her head as she realizes what he’d just said. She was so used to driving her car around she’d forgotten that Bellamy had driven tonight. “Right sorry—wait—"

"What?” He defines lightly. "How can you expect me, a detective, to not to know the girl I'm….” He suddenly gets stuck on the right word to call Clarke; to call what they're doing. He doesn’t necessarily want to say friends-with-benefits because it doesn't feel right, but then again, that's all they were. He questions why it felt so wrong to say that.

"I think the word you're looking for is fucking…” Clarke suggests with a small smile, hiding the thinly veiled disappointment well.

Bellamy nodded, following along. "Right, fucking."

She smiled.

He smiled.

"What I meant to say is that you're—"

"The gist is, you know where my parking spot is." Clarke cuts him off loudly, wanting to get over that the nearly awkward turbulence that just overtook them. The smile on her face sets in as they chuckle everything off.

"Right."

He didn’t like getting caught off guard like that, and from the looks of it, neither did she.

The car stops right before the entrance to the already loaded ambulance bay. “They need you in
there, Dr. Griffin.” He throws a smirk her way. Clarke finds herself not wanting to leave that wicked
smile of his behind. She bites her lip, debating on what she wanted to do for a second before actually
doing it. She pulls him in by the shirt stealing a kiss which in a matter of second deems to have more
potential, but she pulls away before anything else happens. The rush of that quick moment was all
she needed before she were to take off.

“Thanks for the ride, Bellamy.” The way his name slips off her tongue makes him want to drive off
before she has a chance to even open the door and leave him there.

He smirks. “Take it easy, Princess.”

* *

The night proved unsurprisingly eventful for the ambulance rush never seemed to slow down.
Multiple MVC’s littered the ER, and impaired drunks wandered around in the waiting rooms. It was
a mess, but an expected one, so they were, of course, prepared and after two unsuccessful surgeries,
the night was slowly getting to her.

But relentlessly, she treaded on and the moment she steps foot in the trauma room her colleague
wasted no time catching her up on her third case. A rush of MVC’s was coming in, and the first
wave included a seven-year-old girl and her father. After quickly assessing her young patient and
clearing her, she rolled the girl into the ER bay where she could be in full view of her father who
was now alert and awake awaiting surgery.

“M-Mia?!” He panted, attempting to get out of bed.

“Sir? Sir!” The Clarke immediately took action. “I-I need to see her—I—”

“I understand, but you need to stay in bed.” She tries coaxing him back down. “I-Is she okay? Mia—
honey?—Is she going to be okay?”

“She’s fine. Just a little banged up. Nothing but bruises, okay?” He nodded and Clarke could see the
relief in the exhale of his breath. “She’s gonna be okay…” He mumbled as the Blonde confirmed
once again. The panic and desperation in his eyes reminded her of her own father in a strange,
unwelcoming way.

The man struggled to catch all his thoughts now that he wasn’t alone anymore. The questions started
rolling. “Have you—have you seen my wife. C-Carrie. She was driving, sh-sh…” The Blonde
shook her head trying to focus back on reality. She hadn’t been there when they rolled them in, she’d
only seen the both of them. “I can find out for you, but until then, is there anyone you can call?”

“My mother-in-law, she lives in the city. I told the Nurse. We were on vacation—we-we were
coming back from a the fire—see the Needle tomorrow—we had reservations…” He’s trailing in and out now, but Clarke assesses it’s more from the panic than any
other underlying medical condition.

“Okay, okay. I’m gonna see what I can find about your wife. In the meantime, Mia’s going to be just
fine, okay?” He nods fog clearing from his mind a little.

Her father’s face flashes across her eyes.
No. Not here.
Not now.

She swallows uneasily wanting nothing else than a sweet escape.

“A nurse is gonna come take you into surgery, but you press that button if you need anything, okay?” Her voice wavers, she doesn’t mean it to. She doesn’t want it to, because now is not the time. Now is not the moment she needs for this to happen. Not after that small interaction. She shuts her eyes, “Okay” and walks out of the room before she has the chance to freak out right there and then.

Clarke managed to make it back to the skywalk, and down that stairs to the lobby in search of an empty on-call room, before her father’s face came back in view once again. Her eyes were wild, her heart picking up, the air churring thick. She couldn’t understand why something like that set her off. In her half-cleared mind, she debated maybe because it was the holidays when she missed him the most because his absence—both his and Wells’ deem so prominent amongst the traditions of family. Maybe it was because she knew, like that man, her father would fight just as much for her.

Around her, people turn into blurry blobs, faceless heads and wondering limbs she passed by them just wanting to escape.

She found herself in the staircase and the moment the door shut behind her she collapsed on the first steps, trying to catch her breath.

In.
Out.

In. Out.

She attempted to calm herself through techniques she’d learned over the years, but the air was not reaching her lungs fast enough and she was growing panicked. All she could think about was the last time she saw her father free. The last time she saw his face. The last time she heard his voice. The last time she saw felt his laughter alive in the hall.

She shut her eyes.

“Go find Loretta. It’s okay, sweetie!”

His voice shouted from one ear to the other.

It’s okay, Clarke!”

A sob escaped her throat.

It was a simple Sunday morning the last time she was really with him. The last time he stood in their house a free man. Her mother was paged to the hospital early morning, leaving Clarke and her father playing chess alone in his study. Cartoon’s rang out behind them in the background amongst the empty cereal bowl’s. It was a simpler time. A time she wishes she only appreciated more.

She remembers it being a particularly challenging game until she realized she had him cornered all this time and called out checkmate. He made all attempts to avoid it of course but they both knew she could ultimately close in on his King.
Everything was perfect. Everything was fine.

Then the doorbell rang and reality crept in. She went to answer it finding a team of policemen asking for her father. And the moment her eyes laid on the men before her face fell in horror remembering her mother's threat weeks before—“If you file for divorce I swear to god, Jake I'll show you what powerful really looks like!”

They stated the warrant out for his arrest the moment he came into view in the foyer. He struggled of course, not understanding what was happening.

Clarke could only watch in horror, helplessly a step away as they arrested him.

“Go find Loretta. It’s okay, sweetie! It’s okay, Clarke!”

The slamming of a door snapped her back to reality as a pair of large hands engulfed her. She was sobbing, breathing becoming so humanly impossible to reach. Chest heaving in the wake of the absent air. Her eyes shot open meeting the owner of the hands trying to calm her down.

You’re at work. You’re at the hospital. You’re okay. She endlessly reminded herself before meeting a pair of concern, brown eyes. Bellamy.

"I-I was in the waiting room. I saw you running down the hall—I-I, w-what happened? Clarke, talk to me!” He quickly explained, trying to help any way he could.

What was he doing here?

The limit in her breath was keeping her from voicing anything, but it didn't take him long to realize she was having a panic attack. “Okay, okay. Just take deep breaths—deep breathes, Clarke.” He eased soothingly, cupping the sides of her face, attempting to get her to focus on one thing.

She shut her eyes, gasping for air her lungs couldn't pump in time, the panic was getting to her, her mind raced. She tried to control her breathing by hanging on to his wrists as he tried to breathe with her. “Clarke, look at me…” He spoke softly. “Right at me…” Her eyes swung open, offering the only sort of communication she could at the time.

“Just breathe.”

She shut her eyes once again, trying to focus on the sound of his breathing, hoping hers would follow in its paced suit. And eventually, it does.

Her body's trembling against the stairs, chest aching from the recent episode. She’s exhausted.

"W-What are you doing here?” Clarke asks in confusion. Her voice is raw and broken he barely recognizes it.

“I brought you some food.” He answers as if its the most obvious thing in the world. She leans against his sturdy frame letting the sensation of his arms around her lull her back to normal. "It's been hours, Bellamy." She mumbles so faintly, but he manages to hear her and nod.

“I took everyone home already. A nurse said to wait for you there.”

“Thank you. For thinking of me.”

They stayed like that for a few moments. Letting the air finally reach her sore lungs.
"Do you want to tell me what happened?" His voice is soft and laced with concern. She swallows uneasily knowing she had to give him some explanation. "I-I don't know..." Clarke answers honestly. "I didn't think that would ever trigger me like that—I... it was nothing... it was..."

"What?"

She took a deep breath and stood up out of his arms to settle herself. "I have this little girl a as a patient. She's seven and we can’t find her mom, and I... I managed to get her in a room next to her father, and he just... he freaked out. He just wanted to be there for her, you know? Trying to get out bed, just wanting to be by her side and I have no idea how that triggered me—I just..." She’s at a loss of words. To say the least, worst things have happened and it hadn’t affected her so, but this? This was something else.

"This is about your father." Bellamy mumbled in realization. Clarke nodded. "It wasn't even that bad... it..." She struggled with voicing how much that man reminded her of her own father. "I'm fine, though. Really." She attempted to smile through it all but it was no use in the eyes of Bellamy. He let a moment pass before he spoke. "You don't have to be." Clarke met his gaze, knowing he meant every word.

"It's tough. When you lose a parent—"

"I just don't get it—this happened years ago Bell, I—"

"Doesn't matter." He shook his head in understanding. "A lot of things remind me of my mom." He shrugs. Most days it’s easy, but sometimes... sometimes it throws you off guard—catches you by surprise when you least expect it. The pain is real, and it's always gonna be present, whether subconscious or not."

She smiles, understanding and appreciating the extent of his words. A silence shifts between them as Clarke couldn’t help but realize she was the one sitting there crying, and he was the one who’d lost both parents.

“You’re right.”

“I know.” He nearly chuckles completely relieved she’d calmed down. "There's a few take-out boxes and a cup of coffee waiting for us at the Nurse’s station if you want it."

"Definitely." He gets up as the Blonde falls into his arms again. "Again, I'm sorry."

“Don’t be.” He smirks, his phone buzzing. “It’s almost midnight.” He states as Clarke takes a glance at her phone just to make sure for she swears it’s been longer than that. “Huh, how convenient.” She rolls her eyes, feeling entirely better no realizing only he would set a reminder for something like that.

“Last minute of the year, Clarke. What do you wish for?"

She chuckles, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I don't think it works that way, Bellamy."

In the background, a small chant from the break room across the hallway could be heard from the few staff members crowded around the television during their spare time.

"7... 6... 5..."

Bellamy takes a step closer to her, his hand touching her arm leaving a trail of goosebumps in it's
wake.

She bites her lip, meeting his eyes.

"4… 3… 2… 1!"

Cheers burst out of the room across but all Clarke can focus on is the taste of Bellamy's lips on her's, taking her breath away. She deepens the kiss before he has a chance to retreat and in that moment everything vanishes. The worlds parts, leaving them to bear for themselves.

When they eventually break away she's left with Bellamy's smile before her. "Happy New Year, Clarke."

“Happy New Year.”

**

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 13 playlist:
1. Stubborn Love - The Lumineers
2. Love Like This - Kodaline
3. Draw Your Swords - Angus and Julia Stone
The soft Seattle breeze carried itself across the dimly lit room, curtains dancing in its midst. Clarke shifted uncomfortably in the bed, her mouth suddenly salivating. She frowned attempting to lie as still as possible hoping the awful sensation would just go away. But it doesn't and in the end, she finds herself jumping to her feet for the bathroom, almost forgetting about the other body in her bed.

She made it just in time, for the moment she reached the toilet, everything came up.

She heaved, body resting against the cold tile floor. More vomit came out as she attempted to keep her hair back. Confusion spread across her chest as her mind raced to the possibility of why she was feeling this way. She didn't have that much to drink at the New Year's Party the night before, hell she even went to work after… It could be the Chinese food Bellamy brought. She thinks, feeling another round force up her throat.

Clarke was too distracted to hear the door swing open, but she felt the presence of another person when he guided his fingers through her hair, pulling it back.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Bellamy questioned rubbing the sleep from his eyes. The blond continued to heave, wanting to get everything out of her system. "What the hell was in food last night?" She mumbled against the toilet merely catching her breath.

Bellamy's stomach turned at the mention of food in the presence of what was left of it in Clarke's toilet but decided not to comment. "Uh, not sure. Although, I was trying a new place and…" He trailed off, coming to his knees behind the blond. She let out another round, her stomach finally feeling empty enough. "definitely not going there again…"

"You think?" Clarke whimpered.

Bellamy chuckled at her response then helped her get up. He handed her a few tissues as she went to wash her mouth in the sink. "God, what time is it?" She groaned miserably.

"Five am… and considering we left the hospital at one, we've officially only got fours hours of sleep, Griffin." He added as a matter-of-fact. Clarke groaned, shutting her eyes. Her stomach turned once more and she leaned against her sink trying to make sense of what was happening. It didn't make sense we both had the Chinese, why wasn't he feeling it?

And just like that, her eyes snapped open. A wave of horror crashing upon her.

Bellamy frowned but was quick to offer a hand. "What? What's wrong, Clarke. You're kinda freaking me out here." She swallowed but attempted to look calm as to not alert Bellamy who was obviously oblivious to the reason she could possibly be throwing up at four am in the morning.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Just the thought of it alone made her want to throw up all over again. She felt the nausea creep back up, her eyes lolling in utter realization. She rushed back to the toilet emptying out only acid and water as her mind attempted to calculate the number of days she was late — the number of days she
didn't notice she was late.

Bellamy quickly reprised his role, holding her hair as she heaved.

"Could you… could you get me a change of clothes?" Clarke pleaded wanting him out of the room without him getting suspicious. It was funny, there she was, Clarke Griffin, trying to not make a detective suspicious of her actions. The Blake brother frowned but nodded, not wanting to deny her anything in her time of need.

"Sure…" He handed her a hair tie from the sink then made his exit.

Calm… stay calm, Clarke… She exhaled sharply although her heart was racing violently.

She got up, washed her mouth out again and stared at the tired figure in the mirror before her. She smiled. The red along her eyes and the numbness in her lips; it wasn't genuine, and hopefully Bellamy didn't see through it.

You're fine. You're okay.

But her breath was starting to slip away from her and she could feel the panic setting in the space between her ribs once more. Her hands trembled as she reached for the Listerine.

You're not having another panic attack, Clarke. You're fine. She took a deep breath gaining a little more control and smiled. She counted back, and although her period had a bad habit of being late sometimes, it was never this late… she was supposed to have gotten it Christmas vacation. She didn't understand how she could've overlooked it. I mean sure, the holidays were a bit hectic and hell, her life had a problem being a little manic but she was a doctor. She should've noticed.

Fuck.

A knock on the door snapped her back to reality. "Here," Bellamy mumbled scratching the back of his head as he opened the door after before her.

Clarke smiled, shaking her head. "T-Thanks. Go back to bed, I'll be there in a sec, okay?" She offered quickly. Bellamy sensed something was a little off but didn't mention anything on the count of not wanting to upset her further. "You sure?" Clarke nodded, guiding him back to the bed. "Yeah, totally… I'm fine."

Bellamy gave her a reassuring nod closing the door behind him.

Pull yourself together, Griffin. You're fine. She stated once more to the mirror before changing into another set pajamas.

"You could go home," Clarke mumbled climbing back into the comfort of her warm bed. "if you want…" She added snuggling close to him. Bellamy paused, eyeing her, his brows furrowing together a little. "Now why would I want to do that?"

The blond shut her eyes and chuckled softly into his arm. "I mean, who would want to sleep with puke-y here?"

"You'd be surprised how many shit-faced girls I've shared a bed with." He chuckled wrapping an arm around her. Clarke smiled at the image. She wasn't surprised, definitely not. Amused? Yes.

"I wouldn't doubt it."
"Plus, I happen to like your mattress a lot better." He laughed throwing the comforter around the both of them. Clarke rolled her eyes and jabbed him playfully before allowing herself to fall in the comfort of his arms.

Silence filled the air for a moment as they closed their eyes, attempting to fall back asleep. However, Clarke's mind was racing and her heart wouldn't calm and Bellamy could feel her pulse rising against his skin and Bellamy wanted to say something; ask why she was this anxious, but for the life of him couldn't understand what could be wrong.

"Clarke —"

"I'm okay, Bell. Go back to sleep." And with that, he let her be.

She can't decide whether to buy a pregnancy test and risk someone seeing her, or draw her own blood and risk her mother coming across it.

God.

She ultimately decides going on the other side of town to buy a test is the only solution. Then depending on those results she'll do a blood draw. She messages one of the other residents telling her she'll be late but she'll be there. Then tracks the furthest drug store to the eastern shore.

As she drives she thinks how she certainly doesn't want to find out she's pregnant in the back of some random store bathroom but then again what other choice did she have?

*I could take them at the hospital.* She thought. It seemed to make the most sense considering whether training to be a surgeon herself or just being dragged there by her mother most nights as a child, she's spend half of her life there. It only seemed right. *Ceremonial in a way, right?* But she knew she was just trying to justify not having to take it in the bathroom of some drug store.

Then the whole plan of going across town began to fall apart as well. If she was going straight to the hospital why should she be going in the opposite direction?

Ugh.

She took the nearest exit on the freeway stopping at the light. Her indecisiveness getting the best of her. *Okay Clarke, drug store, pregnancy test, hospital.* She exhaled sharply, repeating the mantra over and over, her blood pressure rising as the thoughts ran away from her.

Her phone buzzed moments later from it's holder snapping her back to reality. A text from Bellamy.

*How you feeling pukey?*

Her hand immediately went to her mouth, chewing on her fingernail. She didn't know what to write back. She didn't know what to tell him in general — if she was even going to tell him something. If —

The car behind her honked and she snapped her attention on the green light in front of her. She signed an apologetic wave to the guy behind her then sped off under the bridge waiting at another
light. "Call, Bellamy Blake." She stated clearly, hoping the voice activation on her phone would work. "Wait no…" She shut her eyes not knowing what to do. Should she call him? Tell him? No, that'll only worry him. And why would she do that? She attempted to fumble with the device but it was too late the call went through, and the light in front of her turned green once again, allowing her access back on the freeway.

He picked up after the second ring. "Hi. Sorry, I'm driving and I didn't want to text and drive and, ugh…"

"You seem… chipper." He chuckled hesitantly making her smile.

"Oh, I am." Her voice was laced with nothing but sarcasm.

"You feeling any better?"

Clarke shrugged. Physically she felt fine, a little sluggish but fine — mentally however, was another story.

"Y-Yeah. I'm all good. Thanks for checking in."

"You on your way to work?" He questioned. Clarke could hear loud honking from the other line. "Are you harassing civilians with your car horn, Bellamy Blake?" She questioned a little amused, and a little attempting to change the subject because she didn't feel like flat out lying to him.

"Oh, you know it."

"You and your excessive road rage, tsk, tsk." She scolded.

"You didn't say goodbye this morning." He then stated out of nowhere making Clarke frown. I wasn't aware I had to. "I woke up and you were gone."

"I'm sorry if I respect other people's need for sleep." She bit her tongue holding in a smile she knew he couldn't see. "Are you implying I don't?" He gasped dramatically making her chuckle.

"Something along the lines of that."

"God, there's so much traffic on the 5. Don't get on it."

"I went the other way today. Took 99 north."

"Smart — Oh hey, before either of us forget, we have that Cupid's Conga reservation tonight with Octavia and Lincoln…"

Clarke shut her eyes. This whole bridesmaid/maid of honor thing was a lot more work than she originally thought I'd be. "Uh, right, what time is that at?"

"7:00pm, and there's another the day after tomorrow at noon." Great. Now she was going to have to take off more time from work. "Super."

"You're telling me."

"I'll be there." The blond reassured with a big sigh. She began swerving over to the right lane, knowing her exit was coming soon. "Listen, Bell. I gotta go. I'm almost there. I'll see you tonight? Or maybe lunch?"

"We'll see. This case has been blowing up in our face ever since we got back."
"Y-Yeah, okay." Clarke nodded.

"But I'll see you tonight."

"Definitely."

She hated herself for not doing any research. About a dozen different types of pregnancy tests stared back at her frozen, horror filled figure, from pink to blue to white to sea-green and she didn't know the difference between any of them. As a doctor she was always taught that blood or urine tests in a doctor's office were the only conclusive form, and although pregnancy tests were usually reliable she had no intel on what brand was best.

She decides to get three. The question now was; Should I buy three of the same brand or different brand or should I just go all out and buy six of them? Three for each two brand? God, why was this so difficult?

She wanted to scream. Not knowing what to do, she was just about to confine to the internet before the older merchant lady stopped before her.

"You have child?" She asked. Her accent thick sounding like something eastern european she couldn't detect. Clarke swallowed but nodded, feeling small in the presence of such a strong-will woman. "I-I don't know."

"E.P.T. is best bet." She guided her hand across, handing her the box. "Most women buy this one, discount for you."

"It's discounted?" The Blond questioned in confusion. The Lady nodded. "Discount." Clarke nodded, her eyes doe and wide, felling as if mother hen was guiding her through the big dark forest. "Oh, okay. Um, thank you." She smiled humbly, grabbing three. The store lady eyed her and Clarke felt a rush of obligation to explain. "Just to be sure."

"I ring you up now."

How Clarke had managed to walk through the hospital, and to the residents lounge bathroom without being stopped once baffled her. But she wasn't complaining because for once she wasn't busy when she didn't need to be and for that she was grateful.

Those two minutes felt eternal. And she forced herself to look away until the time was up, leaving the three sticks laying on the side of the sink as she paced around the small of the one toilet bathroom. She had taken all three consecutively not wanting to wait any longer.

Two minutes. Okay. She breathed out.

She sat on the toilet cradling her head in her arms. She thought about telling him. Telling Bellamy —
telling them all. So tired of the lying and secrets, although recently more and more people had found out. She thought about how he'd react. Bellamy. What they do, would they keep it? They were both financially secure at this point in their lives, that wouldn't really be the problem. The problem would be the forced commitment, the undefined debates that would rise, the —

She sighed, splashing her face with water as her mind began to race without her control.

Bellamy was always the family man, stepping in to take care of them no matter what. Surely he'd want to keep the baby. The problem was she wasn't. She wasn't sure she'd want to keep it — after all wasn't the reason she broke things off with Finn because she wasn't ready for all the things he proposed her with? Family and marriage and the whole growing old thing — she wasn't ready for that. But then again, maybe now she was? She deemed a lot more happier with Bellamy, feeling more connected to him than she ever was with anyone else, or maybe it just felt like that because everything was so new and exciting. And granted she had changed a lot over the last few months, took more of her focus off work and onto better, important things in life. She felt free and new and wonderful and she didn't want it to stop now; she had just gained momentum in life.

Clarke was at a loss.

Bellamy would be good with kids. She decides. She could almost see him — see their future with this child. She could see him running around a playground the little Tyke behind him. She could see the screaming late nights suddenly soothed by his presence. She could see him — them, on a sunny Sunday morning, wrapped around a breakfast table engulfed in giggles and sticky waffles in complete and utter peace.

Tears sprung from her eyes for she was completely conflicted in her nature.

The timer on her phone rang out, snapping her back to reality. She stood, dusting herself off all those fabricated memories of what if's and maybe's. With a deep exhale she picked up the stick staring back at the pink plus before her.

She froze, her mind frosted over in a blanket of white snow.

The test shook in her hand for she couldn't control the trembling in her hands any longer. She reached out for the other two. One positive, the other — negative.

What? She frowned.

Two positive and one negative… She thought upon reading the final results. The chances she was pregnant were high. The sinking feeling returned to her chest and for a moment she felt like she couldn't breathe. But still, as a scientist, this didn't make sense. There was no way she could've gotten two different results, that's impossible.

She was definitely going to have to confirm one or the other with a blood test at the OB. And she made a mental note to take an appointment before her shift ended for tomorrow.

She felt de-sensitized — numb, almost. For she didn't want to wait any longer to know, to confirm.

A sudden sob escaped her lips as she wrapped the sticks in toilet paper and suck them back into one box, shoving that in her bag. She knew she was going to want to obsess over this the following night. She sniffed, avoiding the mirror at all cost, wiping her tears dry for she couldn't be crying at the moment. She had to go to work. She had a surgery an hour after rounds and she had to be perfectly fine — or at least look that way.

She took a moment, taking deep breaths attempting to calm down.
The whole day she's distracted. Rounds were uneventful, thank god. Her first surgery wasn't successful for the patient bleed out on the table before they could really do anything as much as open him up. She spent most of the day praying for an early lunch or small break just wanting to sit down and let her mind wander to its own endeavors.

She ignored Bellamy's texts for lunch knowing if she didn't answer he'd think she was in surgery or busy. She ignored Octavia's voicemail about the dancing lesson at seven that night after pleading the blond get back to her. Clarke was a bad friend, she decided. She fucked her best friends brother for months, and now she's pregnant with his baby. That was considered one of the worst things she could do to the poor Blake sister.

By the time she got home Clarke was exhausted. The nausea wasn't as present as it was the day before but that didn't really mean anything other than she was grateful it wasn't for she could at least try to focus.

The minute she got home she laid the pregnancy tests on her sink vanity. Eyes boring tirelessly into them as blond curls fell before her face. She had made the OB appointment for tomorrow afternoon, right before her lunch. Hopefully she would be busy enough as to skip it, but hopefully she wouldn't be. God, was she conflicted.

Two pinks and a negative stared tentatively back her.

And shortly after she fled the bathroom shutting the door behind her.

It was around six pm, Raven was on shift until tomorrow and Clarke was making dinner when the someone knocked on the door then swung it open. "Hey girly!" Octavia greeted unsurprisingly full of cheer. Clarke managed to smile, amused as to why the Blake sister was there.

"Back so soon?" She chuckled, Octavia trailing a brown paper bag before her.

"Just need to get a few more things." She shrugged, wide smile. The Blake sister took a seat the island before the stove where the blond was cooking, the smell getting to her. "But maybe I'll steal some of whatever it is you're making."

Clarke chuckled. "I'll make you a plate. You get whatever you came here for."

Octavia nodded, jumping out of her seat, making her way to the shelves along the side of the television. Picking out a few books here and there. "Don't take my copy of the *The Thing's They Carried!*" Clarke cried out from the kitchen watching her.

Octavia threw her a look as if saying: *I would never.*

It only took the three minutes of Clarke's attention on the food before her, throwing it on two plates before she noticed Octavia had abandoned her post by the book shelf and had disappeared.

She looked on high alert for she had left the pregnancy tests on plain sight. "Octavia?!" She cried out.
But there wasn't a response. Clarke immediately took off from the kitchen and into her bedroom where Octavia stood in the frame of her bathroom, pregnancy test in hand. "I-I needed my nail clippers…" She mumble incoherently. "Clarke, you-re—you're pregnant?" The Blake sister frowned gazing up at her blond best friend before her.

Clarke froze. Her eyes watering over.

What could she possibly say to Octavia who was currently holding a positive stick in her hand. No? Clarke's posture slacked, body wanting nothing more than to diminish into thin air.

The blond shrugged. "I-I think so." Her voice breaking.

And in that moment everything comes crashing down.

Clarke's suddenly crying, Octavia's arms engulfing her only making the blond feel worse. "No, no… don't cry, Clarke." She pleaded. Nothing was worse than seeing Clarke actually cry for it only meant that something was definitely, seriously, wrong. The Blake sister guided Clarke to the bed, sitting her down.

"Oh God, I'm a mess." Clarke sobbed. But Octavia persistently shook her head. "No… you're not a mess you're…" She tried to help, tried to calm her down. But she too was getting over the shocking fact her best friend might be pregnant.

"How long have you suspected?"

"Not long. This morning."

"Oh." Octavia nodded, a little relieved. "I woke up nauseous, then threw up before I realized I missed my stupid period the week before and didn't even fucking notice!" Clarke mumbled, claiming down a little.

Octavia's hands ran along Clarke's back in a soothing matter.

"I'm guessing the father doesn't know if you—"

The sudden mention of a father in play raised Clarke's blood pressure for a slight moment. She nodded quickly. "He doesn't know, and he won't until I'm sure."

"A-and when will that be?"

"I scheduled an OB appointment for tomorrow."

"God, do you want me to go with you?"

Clarke immediately shook her head. "No… no it's fine. I'm fine." She stood up attempting to show the Blake sister just that. But Octavia wasn't having it. "How could you possibly be fine?" She met her gaze, breathing a little labored. "I mean, you broke things off with him because you didn't want that life and all of a sudden you're pregnant with his child—"

She thinks it's Finn's. Clarke's heart sank, but it made sense for their incident that Halloween night. But the blond didn't confirm or deny this, not wanting to lie to her anymore.

"I don't know what to do, O." She mumbled. Octavia could see the desperation in Clarke's eyes and couldn't help but feel for her. "I think you need to calm down a little." She stated confidently, wanting to offer a calm hand of help. "Then find out for sure, okay?"
Clarke nodded, wiping her tears.

"Then you can tell him. Just," She swallowed, not wanting to say anything wrong. "make sure first, okay?"

The blond nodded.

"Then together… you can go over all your options."

Clarke retook her seat by the brunette and fell completely into her. Octavia wrapped her arms around her and held her for a moment. The blond sniffed, attempting to get rid of her tears for what felt like the millionth time that day letting the silence engulf around them.

"Ughhh... Okay, um… well, since you're sad I'm gonna tell you something no else knows." Octavia spoke, hesitantly. The blond unfolded from her best friend, giving her a strange look. "What is it?"

Octavia shot her small smile. She took a deep breath, biting her lip.

"You're not the only one who's pregnant."

...

Chapter End Notes

Chapter titled after the song Slow it Down - The Lumineers (I've been obsessed with it recently), and inspired by Lying to You - Keaton Henson
The expression on Clarke's face instantly shifts from broken to surprise before revealing a wondrous smile.

"Oh my god." She let out waiting for further confirmation from the Blake sister. Octavia returns the favor and nods. Her hand immediately touching her flat stomach. "Found out a week before the ski trip." She explained, tears welding in her eyes. "That's so great—that's... god Bellamy is going to freak."

Octavia nods excessively in agreement, letting out a little chuckle. "Jeez, it makes so much sense now... why you didn't ski, the ladder incident—hot tubbing!" Clarke continued realizing all of it right there and then.

Octavia laughed. "We didn't want anyone to know, yet. I mean, we still don't, so keep it on the DL —"

"Oh my god," The blond expressed catching her gaze once more. "that's why you guys pushed the wedding." Octavia gave a short, curt nod. "We didn't want Lincoln's parents thinking the only reason we were getting married was because of the baby—we didn't anyone to. So we talked it over and..."

Clarke eyed her, her smile fading as she trailed on.

"But you usually don't care about that stuff... why let it bother you now?"

"It doesn't. I just... I have to think about Lincoln and his family too, you know? I-I just don't want to make this whole process harder than it has to be. I know they're already not big fans of me and our relationship. I just don't want to make it worse."

Clarke nods, for she instantly understands.

Lincoln's parents came from the same social circle her's had. In fact they were good friends long before and after her fathers death. Clarke grew up hearing about their ambitious, active son. But didn't personally meet him long after for he was years older than her and didn't live at home—meaning, didn't get aimlessly dragged to social events and fundraiser parties against his will.

"H-How far along are you? And why the hell hadn't I noticed? I'm a doctor and you're my best friend!" Clarke let out, completely disappointed in herself.

"11 weeks tomorrow." Octavia grinned. And Clarke's face dropped, her eyes snapping to her stomach. But she was having a hard time defining anything for it was wisely hidden by her loose blouse. "Clever." Clarke commented referring to her choice of clothing. "Why, thank you." She responded cheekily raising her shirt, revealing a small little bump forming at the bottom of her belly. "Oh my god, you're starting to show... you know hiding it is going to be a lot harder on your skinny frame!" Clarke chuckled.

Octavia shrugged, letting her shirt fall back down. "That just means I have to get smarter about to wear." Clarke nodded, rolling her eyes. "And it also means, new, comfier wardrobe! Goodbye slacks, hello snacks!"
"God, I'm so happy for you." The blond exhaled, her smile forming into an uncontrollable whimper catching Octavia's undivided attention immediately. "Whoa, Clarke… no no no. No more crying, sweetie…"

"You're baby is the size of a lime!" Clarke cried almost ashamed at her actions. She really didn't mean to, she was just slowly losing control of her emotions. Octavia chuckled but continued to pat her back. "I-I'm sorry. I-I'm so very happy happy for you guys… really," She sniffed, attempting to calm down. "It's just, you have Lincoln. And you guys have it all figured out—you're getting married—not that all women who get pregnant should have to get married—god… what I mean, is that you have someone—a plan—a-a something!" She strived.

"I'm just so happy for you and your lime a-and—"

"I gotta ask, why is my baby suddenly a lime?" Octavia can't help herself any longer.

"Because that's how big your baby is, and how fucking cute is it that you can compare that baby's size to fruit—god!" She answered through a sob. Octavia bit her lip attempting not to laugh at her best friends ramblings for they struck her as random at the moment.

"Aw, Clarke you'll figure it out, sweetie." She encouraged. "Who knows? Maybe this is all for nothing and you're not really pregnant!" The Blake sibling offers. "I took three pregnancy test—two came out positive. Do you know how rare it is to get even one false positive?"

"So, I'm guessing you're pretty pregnant?" Octavia chuckled.

Clarke nodded, somberly. "Yeah." Her face scrunching up again, but this time Octavia wouldn't let her continue for she sat up before the blond, forcing her to look up at her. "Okay. It's going to be a waste of time telling you to not worry about it, so for now I'm just gonna say to stop thinking about it. Okay? Stop panicking because you're not absolutely sure, and I won't have my best friend this emotionally drained for nothing."

Clarke nodded, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Okay. Good. Now, we're going to have dinner…" She quickly checks the time on her phone and it spells out 6:50pm. "after our dance lesson. Shit, we're going to be late." Clarke chuckled somberly, but got up.

"You don't have to come if you don't feel up for it." Octavia revealed in all honestly. "I'm sure you know your way around a dance floor, given the hundreds of parties your family's hauled you too."

But Clarke shook her head. "No, no. It's okay. You're right I should get my mind off of it for a little bit. This will help."

…

The hour period dance lesson felt like days to Clarke. Mostly because her mind was half a world away, Bellamy was somehow dancing circles around her and their exotic dance instructor, who insisted she called Madam Polly, was starting to get on her nerves with the constant shouting of directions. If it was one thing Clarke Griffin knew how to do, it was dance. She didn't need to prove that to some old hippie draped in a series of scarves she probably 'spiritually alluring', whatever that meant.

Her mind was plagued black with the million possible reactions Bellamy could undertake as she felt his touch ease into her body. One hand resting on the back of her hip as he swayed them around, the other latched tight on to her hand against his chest.
She could almost hear his voice. "What do you mean you're pregnant?!" Even in fantom form the tone in his voice scared her.

Blinking, she shut her eyes.

But that didn't help either, for now she just saw him and the hurt and betrayal forever molded into his face. "Fuck Clarke... we're not—we're just having fun, we're not parents... we're not... I never..." The made up words hurt and she forced herself to open her eyes back to reality.

She drew in a breath avoiding Bellamy's longing gaze. She could feel him observing her.

It was her who kept stumbling around in his feet, for she was unable to focus on the simple task of counting steps—something she last learned at the dance rehearsal for her cotillion what felt like a million years ago.

"Count the steps. The steps by dear!" Madam Polly shouted walking circles around them. Bellamy could tell Clarke was not happy. The Blond just nodded and continued, her mind wandering aimlessly once again. She couldn't help herself. The man to whom she was possibly carrying his child, was right there. Right before her. Staring into her eyes, inches away.

The action what a lot harder than she thought it'd be.

Fuck. Pay attention Clarke. She cursed tripping over her own feet. But Bellamy caught her before she fell to the ground.

"Crap." She mumbled, dusting herself off. Octavia eyed her form across the room. And Clarke offered the Blake sibling a small nod of encouragement and carried on. She was fine. A little distracted, but fine. "That's okay!" The instructor stated in her thick foreign accent. "We get up. We shake it off. And we dance!" Madam Poly encouraged with bright smile, her gestures over exaggerated but a little welcoming on Clarke's part. The blond was starting to warm up to her unusual nature.

"Come on, Clarke. What's gotten into you?" Bellamy pulling her in for a spin. The blond threw him a dirty look and managed to turn into him gracefully, one of the first times that day. "Nothing. I'm just tired." She mumbled pulling out. The Blake brother latched one of his hands back on her waist, the other grabbing hold of her hand.

"Right—I forget you'll use anything as an excuse for you poor dancing abilities—"

"Bellamy Blake, do I seriously have to explain the series of fundraiser events and holiday banquets my parents forced me to attend over the period of my very short life?" She tensed a bit, tightening on his grip for she meant business. Yet Bellamy only found this amusing, as he attempted to force back a laugh.

"No, not at all."

"I can dance." She stated confidently.

Bellamy shrugged playing with that wicked Blake smile on his lips. The one both he and his sister knew how to use so effectively to their personal benefit.

"Then show me."

Her eyebrows furrowed, demeanor set. She extended her hand out her leg following in suit. She met his eyes, nothing but utter determination within them as she charged, leading to the left. The soft
music in the background picked up and so did the advancement of their movements.

Clarke never even hesitated as she merely dance circled around the Blake brother. And by the end of the routine, something Raven had taught her before dragging her off to a salsa club, Octavia and Lincoln stopped in their tracks to watch. The instructor turning before them.

"Bride and Groom, you could learn a thing or two from them. Take pointers."

Clarke smiled, feeling a little bit better for her stomach drew in butterflies from the way her body moved. She smiled in Bellamy's embrace as they then swayed. Clarke trying to catch her breath. "Remind me to never challenge you again." Bellamy laughed holding her close. Through her breaths Clarke chuckled.

"That's right."

…

The following day Clarke finds herself alone in a patient room, waiting anxiously for the OB to come. She's found her place upon the cot, her mind once again wondering off into danger zone's. She can't do this anymore: contemplate on then endless possibilities and wait. She just needed to know already.

The door swung open, revealing a small brunette woman with wide eyes and mousy features. "Clarke," She read off the clipboard. "Griffin?" She continued meeting her gaze. Once again Clarke couldn't escape the tidings of her family's name. Then once again, why had she even expected to? Her mother practically owned the hospital.

"You don't happen to be related to—" Clarke quickly nods, wanting to get this over with. "Abby Griffin? She's my mother. I'm a surgical resident here."

"Right. Well," The woman extends her hand, smiling. "I'm Dr. Andrews."

"Nice to meet you." Clarke offered a small smile, watching the young doctor read the chart before her. "It says here the reason you came in was—"

"To confirm possible pregnancy." Clarke nods, cutting her off. She swallows, maintaining eye contact. "Yes."

"Okay, I'm gonna have a nurse get me a blood drawing kit." She pulled out a tablet from under her arm and ordered the kit. "And how late did you say your menstrual cycle has been?"

"A week." Clarke replies to the point. She knew when it came to doctors they hated answers that beat around the bush. Dr. Andrews nodded, scribbling the information down before her. "And would you say it's pretty regular?"

Clarke shrugs. "It's sometimes late, from time to time—but never this late. A few days maybe. Never a week."

"Have you had any early pregnancy related symptoms? Most would include nausea, vomiting, tender or sore breasts…"

"Yesterday, I uh, I woke nauseous—and had to vomit." Clarke confirmed. "Have you taken any form pregnancy test that might have indicated—"

"I took three yesterday." The Blond swallowed, her shoulders sinking. The doctor's eyes snapped to
her in surprise. "Two positives and one negative. That's why I'm here."

"Yeah, okay. That's not normal…" The OB commented writing it down.

"But you should already know that, obviously. It's good you came in." She chuckled a bit attempting to lighten the mood. Clarke smiles, but it's not genuine. She just wanted to doctor to stick a needle in her, draw her blood, and run it to the lab. Nothing more.

"I'm gonna go ahead and assume you're currently sexually active…" Andrews continued small smile presented on her lips. Clarke nodded. "Sorry, just preliminary questions I have to fill out here."

"You don't need to apologize to me, we have to do this all the time in trauma—at least when the patient is responsive." The blond explains light heartily making small talk in hopes of getting over her overall fear and calming her nerves.

"Have you had more than one partner in the period of the last six months?" Dr. Andrews asked off the form she was currently filling out.

Clarke's gaze met her lap. "Yes."

However, there was no judgement in the doctors voice as she continued and Clarke was grateful they stuck her with a younger OB and not the older ones who believed abstinence was the only answer to prevent pregnancy. Believe it or not there were still professionally trained medical ordeals who confined in that practice.

"Have you ever tested positive for any other sexually transmitted diseases?"

"No." Clarke shook her head.

There was a small knock on the door before a nurse walked in pushing a tray in. "You ordered a blood drawing kit, room 505?" She asked, and Dr. Andrews gave her a curt nod. "Thank you."

"You know the drill—" Clarke nodded, folding up her sleeve and extending her arm.

"So, how long?"

"How long?" The doctor questioned not understanding her notion as she sterilized her vein.

"For the results to come back."

"Oh. Well we're actually pretty backed up as of right now. I would say probably three days?"

"Clarke nodded, heart suddenly racing. The words, 'three days' rang in her mind on repeat making her nauseous. She barely noticed as the Andrews stuck the needle in, her mind so clouded.

"Uh… c-could you possibly run this under a different name?" Clarke questioned, her voice unintentionally breaking a little. "I, uh…" Dr. Andrews bit her lip hesitantly. They weren't allowed to do that. Clarke's eyes welded with tears and she ripped her gaze off the doctor, understanding.

"No, it's fine, I get it. It's against protocol. Ignore me…" She struggled out a chuckle, that contrasted her tears. "I just didn't want my mother to find out. But it's fine…" She shook her head. Dr. Andrews watched her tentatively, feeling for the poor girl. She held the needle in place with one hand, the other wrapping gently around her arm in a hidden comfort.

"I-uh… I can't run it under a different last name, but if I happen to misspell it, wouldn't be the worst thing." Dr. Andrews shrugged, sending over a sense of calm of the blond for relief washed over her.
"Thank you." She mumbled faintly.

"What for?" Dr. Andrews shrugged, winking.

…

Lunch? The text stared back at her. She had almost forgotten what time it was.

I haven a surgery in 15 sorry. She replied, lying. She didn't mean to but she simply couldn't sit opposite of Bellamy and drown in guilt. That and well, her stomach honestly couldn't handle food at the moment.

Okay. Dinner tonight?

Dread filled her core upon reading the words spelled neatly before her. And she stopped in her tracks to type back. Her words feeling hollow.

If I make it home on time, yeah

And when has the famous Dr. Griffin ever rejected dinner?

Her breath hitches, for she can tell he's trying hard to brighten her up. "Dr. Griffin there's incoming trauma in the ER. Trauma room 5!" And instantly slips her phone into her coat pocket, life finally providing her the perfect distraction, and might she add, reason as to not answer.

"What have we got!?" She cried, pacing into the trauma bay.

"Female, late-forties, multiple fractures…"

…. By the time she gets home she's completely drained, and wants nothing more than to lay in the comfort of her bed and forget about all the responsibilities present in her life. But that proves difficult for the moment she walks through the door she finds Raven, Monty and Bellamy eating dinner before her.

"Hey! Grab a seat!" Raven shouted pushing one of the empty chairs with her foot. Clarke stands her ground by the front of the door, unloading her belongings. She smiles, watching them all. "I will, what are we having?"

Raven stands, grabbing a plate from a cabinet filling it with food. "Spaghetti and meatballs, courtesy of our very own personal chef, Mr. Bellamy Blake." Raven joked, setting her up beside Monty.

"Right." Clarke grinned.

"Make fun all you want, but my meatballs are delicious." Bellamy comments.

"Thanks." The Blond exhaled, her stomach turning over at the smell of the food—in a good way too, for she felt sick nearly the whole day and had no appetite. "How was your guys' day?" She asked picking her fork up. Then she noticed the deep cut on Ravens forehead and frowned, quickly addressing it. "What happened to you?"

Raven shrugged. "Just a little accident at work."

"She won't talk about it." Monty offered, light hearted smile. The Latina rolled her eyes in annoyance.
"Yeah, she's been avoiding it all dinner—"

"A piece of wood nearly knocked me out during a house call today, that what you want to hear?" She snapped sending the two death glares. But they could tell she wasn't really bothered by it. "Well, did you get it checked out?" Raven nodded. "Yeah. Captain made me ride shotgun to the ER." And Clarke's eyes widened in horror. "You were in today? Why didn't you find me?"

"Because I'm fine." She added, sharply. "They just wanted to rule out concussion so they don' have a lawsuit on their hands." She pointed out honestly.

"Raven!" Clarke's voice raised staring at the Latina before gazing at the other two.

"What? You know as well as I do that's the truth." She shrugged through a mouthful of pasta in her mouth. She wasn't taking this seriously enough, and it honestly scared her. "What'd Shaw say about it?"

"Why does that matter?"

The blond stared blankly at the Latina. "Never mind."

"What about you? I heard about that stitch-less valve replacement you assisted Peters on, how'd that go?" Monty questioned in pure interest. He worked in the pharmacy of the hospital, and apparently word got around. "It went well, patient is still stable. I'm actually on call tonight, so hopefully he stays that way for both our benefit." They chuckle.

Clarke devours the food before her listening to the ramblings about the recent presidential debate. But doesn't have the energy to step in and offer her options because the exhaustion was taking a toll on her.

And by the time she finishes the food before her, her eyes are drooping before her, and she struggles to stay awake.

"Earth to Clarke." Bellamy smiles, snapping her back to reality.

"Yeah?" She exhales through a yawn. "I said, are you done with your food?"

She nods, sitting up straighter. He stands, taking her plate to the sink even through her tiny protest. Raven and Monty help him clear the table and when she attempts to help her guides her to her bedroom door. "Like you said, you're on call tonight. You need all the sleep you can get." She nods completely exhausted.

Raven catches Monty's gaze with a smug expression and the two make faces between each other as they watch both Clarke and Bellamy enter her bedroom, alone.

"Hey, so why didn't you text me back?" Bellamy exhaled, he took a seat on the side of her bed as the blond wiped her makeup off in the bathroom a few feet away. "To the meatballs thing?" Clarke frowned attempting to remember what his last text messages had been about. Her eyes jumped to the pregnancy tests that were displayed so neatly on her counter, her heart rate spikes and she quickly slides them off and into the trash without Bellamy noticing.

"That'd be the one."

"Sorry… uh p-patient got rolled in—I was working the ER all afternoon and—" She shook her head, avoiding his gaze once again. "I thought you had a surgery after lunch?" Bellamy questioned, catching her in the act.
Clarke froze for a second, before continuing to stare at her reflection. "I-I did. It was canceled." She offered hesitantly.

Bellamy stood from his place and went to lean against the frame of her bathroom door. "Is everything okay, Clarke?" He couldn't quite shake the feeling that something wasn't right. The blond had been acting strange—or at least he thought she was. She stops abruptly, turning to face him. "Uhm. Everything's fine." She flashes a smile his way and he peers at her unfazed by the charade he knew she was playing. "Are you sure—Cause?"

"I'm sure." She stated rather confidently cutting him off. She picked up her toothbrush and attempted to focus all of her attention on the menial act. "Work's just been a little stressful—"

"Come on, Clarke…" He exclaimed a little ticked off. He just wanted to know what was going with her. "I mean you're skipping lunch, avoiding texts—"

"I am not. What has gotten into you, Bellamy Blake? I just got busy!" She defends wanting nothing more than to scream, 'Because I think I'm pregnant!' to his face and shut him up. But she doesn't and attempts to restrain the anger currently welding through. "I can't fight about this right now. Can you just go?" She mumbled softly, not meeting his gaze for she doesn't want to provoke him anymore than he already was.

Bellamy swallowed, frowning but nodded. "Yeah." He sounded bothered. And it only added on to the guilt already present within her.

And with one lingering look he left.

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Chapter End Notes

Songs inspired by chapter: In Church by M83, and You're All Alone by John Swihart.
And When It Came to Love (We Were Not Good Enough) / Part III

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

...

Bellamy Blake can't sleep. The shadows of the night dance across his room as he tosses and turns. He's exhausted and drained, but still his body fights sleep. Wanting just a sliver of a moment in the day to where he can think for himself in the silence that provided.

He lays awake blending to the shadows, mind racing away.

He thinks about the case. And their constant run-ins with dead-ends, and misleading information. He thinks about all the the helpless innocent lives on the line, and his Captains constant stress to close it. He thinks about the endless circles they've traced.

He thinks about the job offer. The one that proved so far away in San Fransisco. Thinks about how it was all he wanted. Thinks about how it was almost perfect, almost. He always envisioned being close to family. And considering Octavia was all he really had, other than the other bandits of mischief, he didn't want to distance himself away from her.

He thinks about Octavia. His little sister of only twenty-four already setting her life in motion. She was young—too young in Bellamy's eyes. But he could tell she was sure and ready. It was him who was not ready. He wasn't ready to let her go, to let another man take the place he fought so hard for. It wasn't like he didn't like Lincoln—he was one of his best friends. There was just something he felt like he was missing.

He thinks about her, Clarke. And her lose blond curls and her pouty lips and that mole right above her mouth. And sleep fights him further. She'd been acting strange ever since they came back from the snow. Dodging calls, skipping lunches, lashing out. There was obviously something going on she wasn't telling him. There had to be some reason she was distancing herself from him.

Right?

He exhaled sharply and sat up, rubbing his eyes aimlessly.

His gaze turns to the mess above his desk. His own little board of the case presented before him. Pictures of suspects, red string aligning them with other people, case notes, locations, times—the whole deal, sprawled across his wall in an array of organized clutter. Everything on the board tied together by red. The green string wound and sits alone on the top of a few stack books, waiting to be of use.

Bellamy yawns, climbing off the bed. He extends his arms above his head, stretching his muscles away before the window that stared at the dark empty street below.

He liked Clarke. She felt safe… she felt like home in a way. And for a guy who never really had a place to call home it meant a lot. His tired eyes smiled at the thought of her, and he suddenly ached for her presence in the empty bed. Not for the obvious reason, either. It was just easier to sleep with her there. The nightmares and worries didn't plague his mind, at least not as much.

He knew he shouldn't feel that way. He shouldn't like her like that. And knew he had to stop soon because he could the feel the feelings manifesting into something greater. And he didn't know what
to do with that.

But still, he grabbed his phone off the nightstand and checked their chat. The last one delivered and read being: *I'm making my famous meatballs for dinner tonight, excited?*

His fingers itch to type away at the keyboard, and they do.

*You awake?*

And he waited a minute, then two, resting his head against the cold of the window before giving up and climbing back to bed.

…

Clarke's phone buzzed nearby.

*You awake?*

She was. With tired eyes and a tired mind, she stared at the pregnancy test before her. Sitting cross-legged on her made bed a series of books and case notes stretched out around her. Sleep was out of the question for her too for she spent the last few hours eyes researching into old file cases hoping to find one that matched her current patient's strange symptoms. That, and well, her eyes boring into that stick, mind racing away with a million realities.

She didn't answer. She couldn't face him now. She knew if she did she'd give in and tell him. There was just something about the peaceful late night that made her want to spill her deepest secrets.

She stood. No longer being able to look that test in the eye and placed it on her dresser, a white crisp envelope beside it catching her attention.

*Her mothers gift. The plane tickets. The plan. The trip.*

Her heart sank.

*Right.*

The gift was a thoughtful one, she had to give her mother that. Abby was trying and that was all the blond could ask for from someone who was emotionally vacant nearly her whole life. The truth was she was excited. About taking off, about experiencing something different for a change. Different cities, different cases, difference cultures to wrap herself around with. Eight countries, in eight weeks with eight different clinics and people.

Oh, how she wanted to get away.

But she knew that if she was indeed having Bellamy Blake's child this trip would be out of the question. In fact, now that she thought about it, a lot of things would.

…

"So why did you message me this early in the morning to have breakfast?" Octavia questioned in confusion from the kitchen. Bellamy sat at the breakfast table craving that coffee desperately for he slept the total of one hour the night before and basically had no more energy instilled within him.

"Sorry if I woke you." Her brother exhaled gulping down the contents of the cup before him.

"You didn't." She swallowed, her stomach turning. She quickly touched it then retracted in near
panic. "Did Lincoln leave for work... you okay?" He frowned. She nodded staring at him with a blank expression. "Y-Yeah, just a little bug going around, you know... and yes he's usually gone by six am." The brunette shrugs revealing a wide smile. "You hungry?"

"Always."

She smiled pulling out a bag of bagels and cream cheese. "This is basically the only thing we have." And he gracefully takes it, Octavia then sitting across from him.

"So, what's up?" She yawned. Bellamy sighed, not knowing where to start. Her hands curled around a mug, bringing it up to her lips, and when she set it back down he noticed it wasn't coffee. "That's a first." He mumbled under his breath. And her eyes shot to his in question. "What?"

"You, not drinking coffee." He chuckled in disbelief. Alarm washes over her but she plays it off with an amused smile and a quick roll of her eyes.

"Bellamy, you're avoiding the topic." She groaned.

And he shut his eyes and nodded. "Right. Uh, okay. There's a lot I need to tell you."

"Oh?"

His gaze shifted from her to the bagel in his plate not knowing exactly how to come out and say it. "Bell, you're scaring me. What is it?"

He chuckled. Of course she would think of only the worst situation. "I-It's not bad, relax, O. I mean... at least I don't think it is."

"Bellamy, I swear, just—"

"I got a job offer." He spilled out, rubbing the absent feeling present on his wrist from his missing watch.

She frowned, amused. And he met her gaze after a moment wanting to see her reaction when he told her the rest. "to be a Captain. Lead my own intelligence unit..." Her expression perked up, mouth opening in surprise, that was, until he said, "in San Francisco."

Her face fell.

"San Francisco? Wow." She exhaled not really knowing how to take the news. And although she smiled he could tell it wasn't quiet genuine. I mean, sure, It'd be great for her, considering it would mean Bellamy wouldn't be around to meddle in her life as much as he wanted. But then again, she was so used to him constantly being there she simply couldn't imagine anything else.

Her eyes welded over with a fresh coat of tears.

"O..." He mumbled for he could tell she was getting upset over this. He reached his hand across the table attempting to take hers in his hand, but she held it up in surrender, wiping her fallen tears. She shook her head and smiled through the sorrow and Bellamy couldn't be more confused.

Is she happy? Or...?

"Sorry." She sniffed. "That's great, Bell." He handed her a tissue watching in confusion. The pregnancy hormones were getting to Octavia for she couldn't quite control her emotions at the moment, and her first reaction to the news of her brother possibly leaving was bursting out in tears.
"Cool it, O. She told herself. Don't give yourself away.

"God, that's so... great. It's really, so great." She added attempting to sound genuine for in actuality she was very happy for him. It was all he ever wanted, she just didn't think it'd be like this. She always thought it would be Kane who would retire and hand his position to him.

She never thought he'd leave Seattle.

"O, I don't have to—" He tried to calm her down but she shook her head and continued smiling, freaking him out. "I'm fine, really. Just," She exhaled sharply. "Really emotional, you know?"

"Y-Yeah, I know." He doesn't.

"God, that's so great... so, really—great."

"One more and I'll believe you." He added grimly. And his sister chuckled with tears in her eyes. "A-are you thinking of taking it?" Bellamy shrugs. He honestly doesn't know what to think. "I'm not sure, actually... San Francisco's far." He adds. Octavia nods in agreement. "Yeah." They sit in silence for a moment, and Bellamy can't help feeling like maybe he should've waited to tell her until he was sure of a decision and not add to more of her stress before the wedding. "Maybe I should've waited to tell you—"

"No," She shook her head. "I'm glad you told me. Bellamy this is—"

"If you say great one more time I'm not taking it." He joked and she rolled her eyes and continued. "No... I was going to say it was everything you ever wanted. I'm so happy for you, really."

"Thank you." He took a sip of his coffee and had to agree with her. It was indeed everything he ever wanted—or so he thought. He frowned, then shrugged before her.

"What's with that face?" She asked.

"What face?"

"The one you're making right now... Bell, are you sure this is what you want?" Sincerity dripped off her voice. And usually his first reflex was to nod, but he didn't.

"I don't know, actually."

"Okay... explain."

He shrugs once again. "Well, if I can't live in Seattle I'm not sure it's what I want anymore." He explained. The truth was he wanted the job, just didn't want to leave Seattle, leave everyone behind. Leave his sister behind, leave her behind.

"Well you better figure it out. Because no one can make up their mind for you."

"Yeah... yeah I know... I'm actually going to take a few days off and uh, go down there. See what the precinct is like—meet the unit."

"Kane's letting you take the time off?"

Bellamy nodded, chuckling. "He's the one who suggested it. He'll do anything for me to take that job."

"Well, you deserve it." Octavia smiled.
He nodded once more, turning his attention to the bagel. And his sister noticed the hesitance present in his voice, something within her telling her she was missing something, and so she voiced it. "Am I missing something here, Bell?" She voiced watching his sorrow expression linger.

He frowns. "No."

She eyes him suspiciously and he gives in.

"I just don't know if I can leave."

"Why'd you say that?"

He swallowed, biting his lip. "There's just a lot of... loose ends here I haven't tied and—"

"Bellamy." She warned for she could tell he was bullshitting himself out of the question. She needed to let him know she was aware of his tactic and it wasn't working.

"Because of Clarke—" He exhaled, meeting her gaze. He knew the risk he was taking, but that moment he didn't care. He simply needed to get it off his chest. "What about Clarke?" Octavia frowned, not understanding. Bellamy shrugged. "We've... we've grown... uh, close over the few months." He finally revealed. "I've noticed." Shoulders sunk, and heart heavy he continued.

"I just..." He struggled with the wording not wanting to give anything away, but also not wanting to lie. "I care about her and... I don't want—I just—with her father, a-and losing Wells last year then breaking things off with Finn—look, she's lost a lot of people in her life and I just don't want to be the next one, you know?"

"Clarke's a grown woman, she can handle herself—you're not making any sense, Bell. You're not dying. You're moving away."

"I... I don't know." He mumbled honestly.

His sister observed the strain in his voice. "It's just... have you noticed the way she's been acting recently?" Octavia remained silent, eyes drifting off his figure and to the cup of tea before her. "I don't know, I just feel like there's something she's not telling me. Like I'm missing something. You know anything?"

Octavia swallowed, biting her lip. "I-I... uh, maybe?" She revealed. "Look, just talk to her." Octavia insisted.

"So, something is going on...? He insisted. And once again Octavia's backed up into the corner. She doesn't know what to say. So, she doesn't say anything, but you know, a picture is worth a thousand words, and in this case, a gesture. So she nodded.

"I can't say anything, Bell. Please don't make me." She whispered. And instantly Bellamy shook his head. "No, I think I got all I need—" His phone rings breaking the tense atmosphere that created between them. "Sorry." He muttered before answering.

Octavia, stood, taking his plate to the sink.

"We got a lead in on Casey, get your ass over here." Miller stated without as much as a hello, but they both knew it wasn't needed.

"Got it. I'm on my way."
He stood. Rushing over to his sister. "We've developed a new lead, I gotta go."

"Say no more." She smiled as he went to kiss her cheek quickly.

"Thanks for breakfast, O!" He shouted, slipping on his coat. She leaned against the countertop watching him with a small smile. "Stay safe, big brother." But as always it went over his head.

"Oh... and thanks, for the, you know—" He added.

"Go!" She insisted.

"Right." He exhaled with a small amused puff. "Oh and don't forget, you have a tux fitting today at five with the boys and another dance lesson at seven!" She shouted out behind him.

"I'm aware, thank you!"

…

Clarke's attending sends her home.

She's nauseous and a little feverish and she's definitely showing it for even her boss notices. The last thing she needed that day was more time to let her mind wander. But knew it was the right thing for she couldn't go against hospital policy and stay. Her small cold, potentially mixed in with pregnancy side affects, could possibly infect the recovering patients the last thing the hospital needed was more bad rep.

She climbs in her car, wrapping her coat tightly against her body for warmth, and sits there. Letting the car heat up.

She comes to the conclusion she doesn't want to go home. She's just going to obsess over those damn sticks once again and drive herself insane.

Although Raven wasn't on shift. She checked the clock. But she would be in class at the moment. *Okay, yeah, home is definitely out of the question.* She needed to do something that would distract her, take her mind off reality for a while. At least until the bridesmaid dressing shopping later that day with the girls, and of course, another dance lesson, she realized.

She thought about going to the house. Her mothers house, the one she grew up in. The one that stood proudly on the south shore of Mercer Island. She thought about spending the day hiding away in her fathers study, wrapped in a book. Or taking out her art supplies, facing the bay.

She smiled wanting nothing more at the moment.

…

When she gets to the house. She wonders around a little, not having been there in a few months, wanting to see what her mother had changed this time.

She walked across the classic black and white tiled foyer, gazing around the fast open-ness of the high ceilings that cut into the second floor, a bouquet of pastel pink hydrangea's on the table underneath the chandelier that shined proudly in the middle of the room.

Her eyes then shifted to the white grant staircase to the left and remembered all the times her father chased her down those steps. She smiled and shut her eyes attempting to get lost in the memory of it. But instead of seeing her and father, her mind somehow envisions a tall, dark-haired, freckled man
chasing a little girl with her eyes, giggles floating through the air.

Her eyes snapped open, her hand subconsciously touching the flat of her stomach before quickly pacing out of there.

She made her way down the first floor hallway behind the kitchen to where her father's old study lay basically untouched. It was the one place her mother never changed.

The french sliding doors were wide open. A great desk stood facing them almost in the center of the room. Behind a row of windows aligned together but completely covered by the curtains, keeping the light out. On the sides of room, floor to ceiling bookshelves, holding together an impressive collection of books. The right side being her mothers, the left her fathers.

She walked around, running her fingers along the surface of the big wooden desk, sitting in the big leather chair. It was then she noticed the empty glass and the crystal whiskey decanter, barely filled before her. A broken picture frame of the three of them.

She picked up the empty glass, and smelled it, her stomach sinking.

Whiskey.

Her eyes shut, with it the realization of what was going on.

She could almost picture her mother sitting there in the shadows of the night. Haunted by the actions of her weak notions. Drinking her sorrows away. Getting angry, getting sad.

Clarke drew in a deep breath and made a note to talk to her about it before picking up the trash from underneath the desk and sliding the broken glass into it. Disposing of the frame along with it after taking the photo of the three of them out.

She stared at it for a moment. Swallowing.

She was maybe five or six in the photo, and all she remembers was it being one of the best days of her young life. The Griffin trio stood in front of a Disney castle—she can't remember if it was the one in Florida or California, all in Mickey ears, only smiles in simpler times.

She grins, tracing her thumb over the old paper.

The bond stares it a for a moment. Looking the way her mother gazed at her dad in the picture a sense of glint in her eyes she can't remember ever seeing in real life. She reminisces a little before coming back to reality and setting it back down on the desk.

She stands, collecting the decanter and empty glass making her way to the kitchen where she dumps them in the sink and pours the remainder of the whiskey into another, smaller container, knowing her mother would kill her if she threw away the rest of her $2,500 bottle of 50-year-old Glen McKenna*.

"I thought I heard someone come in. It's good to see you, Clarke." Another voice rang out from the doorway. The blond snapped her eyes to the older dark woman and smiled. "Loretta!" She exclaimed and with welcoming arms they embraced each other.

"My god, Child. It's like seeing a ghost!" The woman cried out in a laugh. Clarke shook her head, pulling away. "I haven't seen you in months, girl. Where've you been?" She called the Blond out, hands on hips, attitude like no other. That woman had practically been her second mother to her. Her parents didn't like or hell, want, a full on staff in their home but the moment Abby announced her pregnancy she hired a housekeeper, Loretta, not being able to keep up with the endless chores on top
of work. And when Clarke came they didn't trust anyone but Loretta with her, and so she became a nanny more than anything else.

And it was all diaper changes, afternoon walks to the park, tedious homework bargains, and evening ballet classes until Clarke was old enough to take care of herself, to which the woman would then come twice a week, clean, have a laugh with the girl and be on her way. After her father died, Loretta came back everyday. Watching the Blond slowly fade into the facade her mother created around them.

Clarke grinned, not realizing how much she truly missed the woman until that moment.

"And why aren't you at work? If your mother catches you here at this time of hour, she'll be hauling your ass up and down these stairs…" She warms with a warm chuckle.

"They sent me home." Clarke exhaled somberly.

"Sent you home?"

"I have a fever." The blond shrugged. "Can't get the patients sick."

"So you decided to come, home home?"

Clarke nodded, her smile widening. "Something along the lines of that."

Loretta grinned. "Well it's good to have you back, girl."

"How have you been? How are the kids? An-And Joe, did he finally retire or is he calling it another year?" Clarke questioned wanting to catch up. "Lord, I will let you know when ol' Joe makes up his mind. Kids are good, grown, like you."

"And what about you?"

"Honey, I… I am tired of washing your mother's drawers." The ladies chuckled together.

"H-How is she, my mother?" Clarke questioned, smiling weakly. She didn't know how to ask the question that burdened her mind. Loretta smile slowly faded. "Do you happen to know about the incident in the study?" Clarke mumbled out, the scene she cleaned up was a little frightening, and she just wanted to get to the bottom of it. The woman nodded, pursing her lips in disappointment. 

"Unfortunately, I do."

Clarke eyed her in concern.

"It was a few nights ago. I think she forgot I was here—I got snowed in from the storm. It was pretty late… and she uh… she walked into the study, leaving one door open. Put on one of those Otis Redding records your father kept, poured herself a drink and sat down." She explained meeting the blonds gaze with a sad smile.

Clarke nodded, her arms wrapping themselves around her body in comfort.

"I… I let her be, returning to the guest bedroom, and I was on the last step up the stairs when I heard something shatter and she cried out." Clarke watched Loretta tell the story, her voice laced with the same concern she expressed.

"I rushed back down, and tried to help her. Only a picture frame was broken, but that was all. She just cried and told me to leave. Told me she was okay. That she wanted to be alone." Clarke nodded.
Her mother wasn't a fan of showing her vulnerable side to anyone. And unfortunately the Blond was well aware of this.

"She told me not to clean it. 'Leave it be, Loretta' she said."

Clarke frowned. "H-Has anything like this happened before?" She questioned suddenly feeling a wave of guilt and regret wash over her. She should've been there, she shouldn't have left. Loretta shook her head. "Not that I know of, dear. But I honestly don't think so."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because most nights she's not alone. Most nights she seems happy."

"She's not alone?" Clarke repeated, the housekeeper shook her head, confirming. "A-Are you saying what I think you are?"

"She's seeing someone, Clarke."

The news baffled the blond. And she paused, feeling a little bit better. At least her mother had something—someone, right? "Do you know who? W-What's—"

"His name is Marcus. That's all I know." Loretta revealed, arms in surrender, with a small smile.

"Then why do you suppose she broke the—"

"Isn't it obvious, girl?" Loretta announced smile turning somber once more. The blond shrugged not wanting to guess. "She's feeling guilty. About wanting to start something with someone other than your father."

Clarke stood still, her heart racing in her chest, nearly knocking the breath out of her.

She wanted to believe what she was thinking was true, that maybe there was a chance her mother still loved her father at the time they were fighting over divorce… that maybe it wasn't all about the money, maybe there was another part of it she never realized, until now. Maybe her mother was scared of being alone, losing the one man who she knew truly loved her once. "She still loved him, didn't she? When he was threatening divorce?"

"You're mother is a complicated woman, Clarke."

The blond nodded. "I'm… uh, I'm beginning to realize just how complicated, Loretta." Clarke mumbled with a slight nod.

"Come on, let's have some tea, hu?"

"Y-Yeah. Definitely." Clarke smiled, her mind racing. The woman paused, throwing her a restrained look before she latched arms with the blond and lead her to the kitchen.

"Alright."

...

"Clarke, if I were to ask you a question. Would you answer it truthfully?" Loretta asked, eyeing her. The blond shot her an amused look. "Depends on what you're asking." She joked, but then quickly noticed the seriousness laced to her tone and then nodded. "Of course."

"Are you pregnant?"
Clarke nearly spits out her tea, her stomach turning over in discomfort. "What?"

"You heard me, loud and clear. Now answer the damn question."

The blond froze, not knowing what to say. Her mind raced at the endless possibilities for how she could've known or at least guessed. "I...I'm uh, I'm not sure, exactly. How did you—am I seriously that obvious?" Loretta processed the news, before shaking her head with a soft chuckle.

"You're obvious to me—the rest of the world is pretty much clueless when it comes to you... Child, you came in here, claiming you were sick, and when I offer tea you didn't ask for coffee instead and if that doesn't tell me something, then I must not know you at all." Clarke chuckled nervously, sipping on her tea in agreement.

"So, you're not sure?" Loretta continued.

She nods.

"Do you know the father?"

"Of course I know the father, what kind of woman do you think I am, Loretta?" Clarke almost scoffed playfully at this accusation. But the house keeper shrugged, jokingly. "Well, if I remember back to your teenage years, clearly—"

"I am not the same person."

"And thank the lord, you aren't." Loretta chuckled bring a smile to Clarke's face.

"A-And are you two...?"

"We're friends." Clarke states rather confidently. Loretta nods. "Maybe you haven't changed as much as you think you have. If I recall correctly, that boy Finn was your friend for the first few years, and you two were pretty friendly for just friends." Clarke attempted to hide her face in her hands, the embarrassment finally getting to her.

Of course Loretta knew. She could barely keep anything from the woman.

But still, she shakes her head in disagreement. "It's different. Trust me." She reassures.

"Do you love him?"

"I might." The words escape her lips so faintly they scare her. But that was all Loretta needed to hear to make her final judgement, not that she was going to offer it to the blond. This was something she was to find out herself.

"When do you find out?"

"Tomorrow, hopefully." The blond exhaled, leaning back into the seat. "You'll call and let me know?" Loretta questioned tentatively. Clarke nodded. "Of course."

"Does he know, the father?"

Clarke shakes her head, ripping her eyes from the woman before her. "No. He doesn't." She stares out through the window facing the south shore of the bay, watching the cloudy canvas reflect its grey on the water.

"He has a right to know—"
"If I am pregnant yes, he does." She agreed. "But there's no point in worrying him if I'm not."

"It's a big life changing possibility, Clarke. I wouldn't want to deal with it all by myself." But the blond shakes her head in protest. "I'm fine. I can handle this."

"If you say so, dear."

"It's just one more day, Loretta." The older lady nods, then pauses, gazing up at the blond before her. "True... but what if its a lifetime?"

And the words couldn't ground Clarke any further.

....

"See, I'm still not set on long or short for them, considering I haven't picked out my dress—god. Okay, just bring out anything that screams classy and simple. No bows, no sleeves, and—black! They need to be black." Octavia instructed getting lost in her own train of thought out loud.

The sales lady nodded, getting straight to work, and Octavia turned back to her bridesmaids.

"You want black bridesmaid dresses?" Maya questioned knowing her decision was coming from sort of a left field. The Blake sibling nodded. "Yep. They're going to match the color scheme."

"There's a color scheme...?" Clarke mumbled in confusion.

"Well of course there is!" O grinned bringing them all to laughter.

Another attendee lady came in, bottle of champagne with four glasses. "Complimentary champagne, here you go ladies." Clarke and Octavia snapped eyes on each other in mid panic. "Uh, I-I'm on call tonight." Clarke shot out, coming with the excuse rather quickly.

"And I'm driving so, you two enjoy yourselves." Octavia offered. Raven eyed the bride to be, but nodded. "Okay... well I get pr—"

"Oh hey look, dresses!" Octavia cuts the Latina off before she could say anything. Octavia had a slight suspicion Raven knew what was going on, at least with her, not Clarke and she was gonna try to keep it that way. The lady came back, showing off a few samples asking if Octavia liked any of them or if she wanted any to try on.

"I like this one, but not as much as I'd like to. Can you bring out others, please?" Octavia stated after much debate. The Lady nodded. "Of course." And with that she left.

Clarke fell back against the couch in the large fitting room, wanting nothing more than a sip or five of that champagne to take the edge off, but she quickly came to her senses and pulled out her phone, not knowing what else to do but check her email in hopes of getting distracted Maybe her results had come. Raven sat beside her, watching as Maya and Octavia talked cut style dresses for what seemed like days. "God how did I get here?" The Latina sighed. To say she wasn't looking forward to his appointment was an understatement. A big one.

"You're asking me?" Clarke exhaled. "How're your classes going?" Raven shrugged at the question. "Good, I guess. It's just... a lot of work and with going from shift to class to shift to class—I'm just tired."

"Amen to that." Clarke agrees, knowing exactly what she felt like.
"And then there's Shaw, you know? And sometimes he such a baby—he's so needy, and he wants me to spend the night and go on dates and go ice skating and..." The Latina shakes her in exhaustion. "I don't have time for all that."

"Ice skating?" Clarke questions.

"His words, not mine," Raven offers in surrender.

"You don't ice skate." She states it vaguely, mostly referring to the list of the things Shaw expected out of her. Raven gives her a look. "Yeah. You see what I'm dealing with here?"

"Girl." Clarke mumbles, giving her credit. "What about you?" Raven asks, her voice lowering for Octavia was only on the other side of the room. "How's it going with tall, dark and grumpy—?"

"It's fine." Clarke offers not knowing what else to say.

"Right, because the tone in your voice is totally believable." Clarke glares her way, unamused. But quickly gets over it. "I don't know Raven..."

"Oh, you know. You just don't want to talk about it."

"Maybe I don't."

"That's not fair I shared. It's your turn. That's how friendships work, Griffin." Raven exclaimed making the blond smile. "Fine. Things are a little strained."

"I noticed—"

"What do you mean you noticed—please!"

"What? You don't think I didn't see Bellamy walk out of your room last night shoulders sunk, tail behind his legs—"

"Would you keep your voice down!" Clarke snapped throwing her a warming look. Raven bit her lip, eyeing the Blake sister from afar. She had no idea what was going on.

"We're fine. We had a misunderstanding—"

"What? Did he accidentally try the wrong ho—"

"Raven!" Clarke whispered, voice raising. The Latina chuckled, clearly joking. "I'm busting your balls, relax. What happened?"

Clarke crossed her arms. "It's nothing important."

"Bullshit—"

"Girls! I need you to try this one on!" Octavia shouts from across to room to the both of them, saving Clarke. She held in her hands a long, simple black dress, with modern, sportive cut-outs. The girls immediately shut up, standing. "That was fast."

"Oh shush, you're only trying it on, here." The Blake sister hands them the dresses.

"Let me know if you need help."

...
Clarke needed help. She stared back at the reflection in her mirror. The dress was gorgeous, long and a little snug. It was perfect, except for the fact there was a possibly she wouldn't fit into it in a month. She observes herself, running her hands down her curves, fitting the dress smoothly against her skin.

She takes a deep breath, swallowing. Then tries smiling.

She can instantly detect the fake in it, and worries if she's obvious to everyone else.

There's a knock on the door outside and a muffled "It's me." Revealing Octavia's voice from the other side. "You okay in there?" She questioned. And one last look at her lonesome figure Clarke turned, opening the door.

"I'm fine." She reveals. Octavia joins her in the small of the room, shutting the door behind them.

"It's gorgeous."

Clarke nods in agreement. An overwhelming wave of emotions crashing upon her at the moment the second she glance at the lose blouse on Octavia's figure, reminding herself. She holds a dry sob in, her face not doing a good job of concealing it for the Blake sister immediately notices.

"Clarke, you okay?"

The blond nods, turning away from her reflection. But Octavia doesn't buy it.

"What's wrong?"

"N-Nothing." She sniffs, holding back her tears. She's been so emotional lately it was starting to get on her own nerves. "I'm just having a little freak out. She chuckles trying to play it off as if it was nothing. The truth was a lot was going to change if she was going to have this baby—this possibility. One of those things being Octavia finding out about her and Bellamy. And suddenly she wasn't so much afraid of not fitting into the dress on her best friends wedding day, but if she would be there at all.

"I'm fine, really."

Octavia run her hand along her shoulder in support. "You can talk to me."

Clarke nodded. "I know. I know."

"Are you scared you're not going to fit into it?"

Clarke nods, wanting nothing more than to say 'actually, I'm not sure I'll fit into your life after this'. But she keeps it to herself and continues, wiping the tears that blurred her vision.

"If it helps, I'm in the same boat as you." Octavia offers, making them both chuckle. "Why else do you think I'm putting off wedding dress shopping?" The Blake sister mumbles offering her a tissue from her bag. "I've been like this for a while, made a habit of carrying them with me." Clarke thanks her, wiping her face.

"I'm fine, really. I—"

"Clarke, I think you should tell him, about the baby." Octavia reveals suddenly. The blonds eyes snap to her best friend, waiting for her to continue.

"It's a lot to handle on your own, sweetie."
"It's just until tomorrow, O"

"Your call." Octavia shrugs. Clarke turns back to her reflection, barely recognized there ed-eyed girl standing before her. "I'll be fine. It's one more night."

"Okay." The Blake sister nodded. "I like this dress." Clarke then commented, trying to change the subject.

"Good, 'cause I'm going with this one."

The blond frowns. "You don't want to try any others, this was the first one—?" But the Blake sibling shakes her head. "I guess, when you know you want something, you know."

Clarke's expression softens in realization. "Right."

...

Bellamy rustles through his belongings the minute he gets home. From the junk on his desk to the stuff on his nightstand, but the watch is nowhere to be seen. It had bothered him to the whole day, in fact now that he noticed it, it'd bothered him for the past few days, not having that familiar clock cuff his wrist, having to constantly check his phone for the time.

He sat on his bed, thinking of the last place he saw it. It was New Year's day, with Clarke he had it on his arm when they came home from her shift at the hospital on New Year's.

And instantly he stood, treading to the other apartment, noticing the time on the wall. He had fifteen minutes to get to the other side of town for their dance lesson at Cupids Conga, but not wanting to leave without it. He knocked on the door, knowing Clarke wasn't home, but knowing Raven should be. And when there was no answer, he pulled out his keys in search of that golden piece of metal he had for some reason pushing it through the lock and opening the door.

Walking to Clarke's bedroom, he shoots her a quick text. Have you seen my watch?

To which when he's looking around for it in her room minutes later she replies with a simple. No. Before his phone dies, shutting off. He curses, but continues looking.

Eventually he spots it behind her dresser, on the ground. And as he goes to pick it up he freezes, his eyes landing on the white stick before him, his fingers grabbing into think air. He stands, immediately forgetting about the watch. His mind goes blank. Shock runs through his body, as he process what it all meant.

He reaches out for it. The pink positive staring back at him tentatively, and suddenly everything makes sense.

Her morning sickness, skipping lunches—her whole facade. The reason she was avoiding him.

Bellamy takes a seat sinking on the edge of her bed. Pregnancy test in hand, mind now racing aimlessly, heart caught in his throat. Completely forgetting about all any and further responsibilities.

And that's exactly how Clarke finds him, hours later.

...

Clarke's parking her car when her phone alerts her of an email. And after she finishes, turning the engine off, she sits in the drivers seat, her hands running through the phone in her hand.
She clicks on the email, her heart skipping a beat when she notices it's from the hospital. Her lab results went through early.

She held her breath, reading through the short, concise email.

And when she finally finishes she rests her head against the wheel, sobs echoing through her body on repeat.

....

Her tears are fresh and she's grateful Raven's not home to confront her about it. What she needed at the moment involved no one else but her. But her wishes completely vanished the moment she burst through her door, finding Bellamy sitting on her bed in the darkness of the night, pregnancy test in hand.

She freezes. Horror running through her veins.

"Bellamy—"

"You're pregnant?" He questioned, not letting her answer. "W-When were you going to tell me—h-ho—"

"Bell…” but she stops before she can finish. His eyes are filled with hurt. He swallows shoving the pregnancy test aside and running his hands across his face, trying to gain a better sense of control over the situation.

Clarke's legs feel like jello standing there. But she doesn't dare move an inch.

"W-Why didn't you tell me—w-why—did you think I'd be mad..?" He stares at her almost as if waiting for an answer. And to her he seems mad. But once again he doesn't let her give him one.

"Because I-I'm not… I'm…” He reveals. "I'm not." He confirms. "I mean, hell, I never wanted it to happen like this—I'm sure you feel the same. But if it's happening I-I…” Clarke wants to speak, but doesn't, too intrigued by what he wanted to say for it seemed like he's spent a lot of time thinking it over, planning it all. She lets him go on, heart racing violently in her chest to the point she can feel its energy threaten to burst.

"I want to be there, Clarke. I'm in. All the way, I'm in." And there's not one bone in her body that doesn't believe him. He gets up, standing before her. "We-we'll move in together, raise an awesome kid the way we want—I'm gonna to have to decline the offer in San Francisco, but I don't think I was going to anyway so that doesn't really matter—"

"You got an offer on San Francisco—?" Clarke questions, but once again is cut off.

"I mean it. We can do this—"

"Bellamy!" Clarke finally breaks through. He stops abruptly, panting.

"I'm not pregnant."

Bellamy pauses. Letting the information process through, he frowns in confusion. "B-But the stick —"

"I took a blood test at the hospital. I was waiting on the results. I'm not pregnant."

The atmosphere around them thicken and the only thing that can be heard through the silence is
Bellamy's loud breathing. His face is stone and Clarke has trouble reading it. They don't speak for a moment, not knowing what to say. Not wanting to cut the other off accidentally.

"Did you really mean that?" Clarke mumbles faintly after.

Bellamy nods. "Of course."

She breaks their eye contact, her eyes darting to the ground. "I didn't want to tell you until I was absolutely sure—"

Bellamy turns away from her, a strained hand running through his thick curls. Stress levels bouncing off the charts now that the instant shock of it all began to wear off. "Well you should've." He stated firmly. Clarke frowns, taking a step back. "I'm sorry if I didn't want to unnecessarily scare you—"

"Don't use attempting to protect me as an excuse, Clarke. I'm a grown man I can deal with the reputations of my own actions. I should've known." He let out completely on edge.

Clarke's jaw locks in place, their tender moment over.

"I'm not the only one keeping secrets—you got a job offer in San Francisco?" She mumbled competently unprepared at the thought of possibly losing him. "Don't change the subject. That's completely different and you know it." He growled.

And she knew he was right.

"You know what?" She questions. Her demeanor shaken. Stance lacking all the confidence she previously had.

Bellamy looks up at her. Eyes holding only utter betrayal, and Clarke can't help but hope he was the only Blake sibling to get hurt in this fallout. *It's better this way.* She reminds herself. But still doesn't find the confidence to let the words out. And she lets the silence linger on a little longer.

"We need a break." The words taste bitter on her tongue. But they're necessary. This is one thing she's absolutely sure of in the midst of her their relationship. Bellamy's eyes snap to her's and she can tell he's surprised by her suggestion. And although she get's a hint of hesitance from his part, he nods in agreement.

"Maybe you're right." The words sting more than she prepared herself for.

He stands, offering her a look she can only describe as a mixture of heartbreak and disappointment. Two things that plagued her heart at the very moment as well. "Then I guess I just made your decision about San Francisco a whole lot easier." She adds, her lip quivers in the fear of losing him.

He nods. It's funny how far he's distanced himself in the matter of a few significant moments. He feels like a world away—like a whole other person.

Bellamy hands her the pregnancy test. And she wants nothing more than to speak out and stop this all from happening. But what was she about to say? That she loves him? That she wants more than they've been doing? That she doesn't want to go back to the way it was?

So she stays quiet, and watches him walk out of her room.

*It was better this way, right? Quit while we're ahead.*

So then why did she feel like crap?
Chapter End Notes

End of chapter inspired by the songs Falling Short - Låpsley and Stole the Show - James Parson.
Clarke Griffin couldn't find sleep. Her body fought it aimlessly even though it the one thing she craved more than anything. To pass out and become oblivious to life realities. She tossed, shifting in her bed, before throwing the covers off her, sitting up.

She doesn't bother with the lights. She knows they'll only bother her eyes. So she sits there in the darkness of the night and thinks it all over.

She's glad. Relieved, actually, that she wasn't pregnant. It would've been a disaster—a wonderful disaster, but still a disaster. She attempts to defend. And for some reason now, instead of her emotions rushing to the pit of her stomach, the possibility of it all brings a smile to her face.

She was utterly conflicted.

She didn't want a baby. She didn't want a kid. But the more she thought about it the less it began to bother her. No matter how unprepared she was or unethical it all was, she realized it wouldn't be all bad. Her mind spent so many days only looking at the negative, it almost completely skipped over the good. But no matter what she thought or maybe even wanted she came to the sure conclusion that she wasn't ready.

Bellamy was ready. He was so ready to be a father. She didn't know what made her realize this decision—there was just something about the way he carried himself. She couldn't exactly pin point what it was, but she just knew he'd be present and supportive.

But all that didn't matter. Not anymore.

Bitter plagued her mind at the moment. Her tired eye staring at an empty spot on the wall before her. Boring into the paint. Trying to understand all that had turned into her life.

Clarke wondered how it's going to be from now on. Between them. Was life magically going to go back to the way it was? She doesn't know, and doesn't know which one she'd prefer. On one hand, it'd be completely strange for everything to be okay and go back to the way it was, but on the other, she almost wanted it to. Were they going to have early morning coffee like normal? Were they going to dine over lunch and bicker about politics or random things they couldn't agree over?

She sighed running a hand though her hair.

She was only fooling herself. Of course things wouldn't be the same. Why would they?

God they fucked up.

... 

The following days are a blur. At least to Clarke who attempts to keep herself busy by basically living in the hospital. She hasn't left home for a solid three days, sleeping in on call rooms and and clocking in extra hours. The cafeteria becoming her kitchen, the resident restroom becoming her bathroom. She's exhausted, but in a good, distracting way.
Physically she's fine. It's the emotional aspect that's not there just yet.

And at this point she wonders if it ever will.

But once she finally realizes she can't fix all her life problems by avoiding them, which takes longer than she'd ever want to admit, she gathers her belongings at the end of her last shift and heads home.

*Stop thinking about him.* Clarke tells herself. She gazes to the sixth floor far-left window, eyes searching to see if the light was on or not as she walked from her car to the lobby. And upstairs, walking down the hall from the elevator, they wander to the bottom of their front door. *It's probably Monty or Jasper.* She thinks attempting to rid her mind of the image of the tall brooding Blake.

They hadn't talked since that night. And with everyday it continued to go on it'd eat at her.

But still she took a deep breath and unlocked her front door, knowing well enough it was going to be empty. Raven was on shift, she knew that much. And once again she faced the dark apartment, alone. She stares around it for a moment as if trying to cypher what had changed—what was different because something definitely was. She thinks back to the times this place was filled with the booming echoes of laughter from the people she knew and loved. But now with Octavia moved out, things were different.

Clarke sighed, making her way to her bedroom where she set down her things then proceeded to throw herself on the neatly made bed. She rested her eyes for two minutes. And that was all she got. Two minutes of uninterrupted peace and silence before her stomach grumbled in hunger and the chatter outside her apartment door grew.

Her eyes shot to the open doorway meeting the outside hall, wondering what on earth was happening out there. It could've been Jasper and his work buddies goofing around, and for a moment she actually considered that until she heard that familiar cheery giggle. *Octavia.* And from that moment she knew she was expecting a knock on her door.

She the blond swung her feet off the bed and walked back to the door, opening it the second the knock proceeded to come.

"Clarke, hey I was hoping to catch you!" Octavia's voice boomed as she welcomed herself into the apartment. "Hey, O. What're you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm taking Bell to the airport—"

"Wait—Airport?" Clarke froze, letting the information sink. The Blake sister frowns before her. "He's going to San Francisco—to check it out, see if he likes it there… you didn't know?"

"No… I uh—I think it just slipped my mind." She chuckled through it. Her heart ached at the mention of his name and bitter slid down her throat at the possibility of him actually leaving. He was considering it. That she knew from having talked to Octavia during the last week.

And standing there, she almost felt her body sway with nausea from this new information.

"Clarke?" And just like that she was snapped back to reality.

"Y-Yeah?"

"I asked if you could pick him up when he comes back?"

She blinks. Then nods. "Y-Yeah, sure." Although she knew he wouldn't like that. "Uh… w-why
can't you do it?"

"I'm uh—I have an appointment with the guy who's making the invitations and I can't." She reveals, stumbling through a few words that don't go unnoticed by Clarke. But the blond doesn't say anything on the matter. "Yeah I'll do it, when does he get back?"

"Three days, Flight A309, Seattle-Tacoma airport, at 12:20pm—I was actually hoping you'd take the day off or take an early shift or something because after that I made an appointment at The Dress Theory… for me." She bites her lip and exhales proudly hoping the blond understood what she meant. And she had. Clarke's eyes snapped to hers instantly lighting up.

"We're going wedding dress shopping?" She mumbled through a faint smile. Octavia nodded through a grin. "Yeah and I wanted you to be there and the girls and Bellamy, of course." She stated almost through a sniff for she too was getting emotional just at the thought of it.

"Of course, I'll take the day off." Clarke revealed without a second guess. She'd been working non-stop for a week and she honestly was looking forward to a break that consisted her spending it with other people and not cooped up in her apartment, alone.

Another knock echoes through the girls apartment. The Blond swears her heart actually skips when her eyes land on the figure standing by the door.

Octavia turns, greeting her brother. "You all ready?" He nods, his fingers wrap around the handle of his carry-on tightly. His eyes don't leave the blond's and she can feel the way they weight her down.

He can tell she's tired from the dark circles that threaten to appear under her eyes. Her hair is wild—attempted to be tamed back in a ponytail unsuccessfully. She's dressed in her scrubs which only tells him she recently came back from work. And he wants to ask her if she's okay. He wants to ask where she'd been in the last three days, because he noticed she wasn't coming home and it worried him. He wants suggest she take it easy on herself. But he stays quiet, eyes boring into her's, knowing it was no longer his place. Not that it'd ever been.

"I'm gonna go start the car." Octavia announces, feeling the tension rise between the two. And she made a point to ask her brother about in the car, making her exit.

"I'll uh… I'll be right down." Bellamy offers. And then it's just the two of them and Clarke never remembers it being this awkward.

"So you're going then?" She starts, cutting through the deafening silence.

Bellamy nods. "I think so, yeah."

Clarke nods. "That's great." And he can instantly tell she doesn't mean it.

He doesn't know what to say. What to offer. But he also doesn't want to leave because it's the most he's seen her in a week and it felt so refreshing to finally lay his eyes on her. He swallows, hurt reflecting in his eyes from her. He knows it now, in that moment. He loves her. He does, and this time as he admits it to himself he doesn't deny it, or try to cover it up, he just lets it be.

But he's hurt. Hurt that she didn't feel confident enough to confine him when she thought she was pregnant. Hurt that she didn't feel the need to tell him—hurt she didn't trust him enough. His jaw locks and he swallows once more, standing there in the doorway of her apartment.

"Octavia's waiting." He reveals, slowly easing back to the present.
"Yeah." Clarke responds a little too quickly. She was wanted to say something—to do something other than stand there in that grueling silence.

"Uh, you—you should go." She nods, offering a small smile Bellamy detected was nothing more than false. He suddenly feels the carry-on wrapped around his hand and he clutches it tighter. But they continue to stand there both afraid to make the first move.

She wants to say she's sorry. And apologize for everything that's happened—for everything that got them there. But she stays quiet, her legs jello, heart lodged in her throat.

"Bye, Clarke." His voice is uneven, and his eyes pierce into hers. A look she could never possibly forget.

"Bye, Bellamy." And just like that, she let's him go.

…

When you have the time, please come see me. Clarke reads the text with utter dread, thinking what could her mother possibly want this time? Then she freezes and thinks about the blood tests with her misspelled name on them, and the possibility that she figured it all out. Oh god. The blond swallowed. But then again, she almost expected this calling for Loretta had surely told her about her visit to the house.

I'm free right now. She texts back knowing she had an Appendectomy in forty-five minutes and had an excuse to keep this conversation shorter than it had to be.

Okay. I'm in my office.

…

Clarke gave the door a pleasant knock, before swinging it open. "Clarke, hi." Her mother greeted at the blond took a seat before her. "Hey, mom."

"I heard you went by the house last week." She let out, getting straight to the point. Clarke nodded instantly relaxing upon realizing this wasn't about what she thought it was. "Yeah. I wasn't feeling too well. Dr. Parker told me to go home before I infected all the other patients. So, I went home."

Abby nodded. "You hadn't been home in a while." Clarke could tell her mother was circling around the issue in the study, and having a hard time bringing it up without sounding so direct. "I-I uh, I cleaned up the mess in the study—Loretta didn't—"

"I know." Abby shut her eyes. The last thing she wanted to do was explain to her daughter the mishaps of that night. "Uh, I sorry you had to see that I didn't think you'd—"

"Yeah, I know I'm sorry. I should've called or something before I just showed up there." Clarke shook her head. "I-I don't even live there anymore I—"

"Don't be silly—that's you're home as much as it's mine."

Abby insisted. Clarke nodded, she could tell her mother was having a hard time dealing with the fact she knew what had happened. "Are you okay, mom?" Clarke's voice is so faint and frail Abby almost feels guilty. But she smiles and nods. "I am." She confirms. "I really am, Clarke. I-I so sorry you had to see that." And the blond believed her. She was trained fluently to decode her mothers lies and this was not one of them.

"It's fine, really."
Clarke nods, revealing a soft smile. "Okay, I believe you."

"I actually wanted to talk to you about something." She takes a moment to figure out a way to address the news. And Clarke had a feeling she knew what.

"That you're seeing someone?" Clarke let out with a genuine wide-eyed smile. Abby's eyes shot to her daughter. "Loretta told me." Clarke shrugged biting her lip. And Abby shook her head, her face in her hands. "Remind me to fire that woman..." She exhaled, jokingly.

"You better not." Clarke warned.

And the two chuckled.

"But yes. I am."

"Well... who is he?" Clarke questioned, leaning in. She didn't know why she was so interested in her mother's love-life considering less than a few months ago they were barely on speaking terms. She just guessed with all the change in her life recently she realized it was time to let things go and repair whatever relationship they had left.

"That's the thing." She spoke through her hands. Clarke frowned in amusement. She couldn't remember a time her mother seemed so mortal... so human. "His name is Marcus, Marcus Kane." She revealed dropping her hands. And quickly Clarke realized who that was.

"K-Kane? A-As in Bellamy's boss, Marcus Kane?"

Abby nodded not being able to read her daughter's emotion.

Clarke chuckled in disbelief. Watching her mother's face redden. "Is that okay? I-I know you two are —" But the blond nodded profusely. Of course it was fine, why wouldn't it be okay? "Yeah mom, it's okay." She giggled. "Why would you think it wouldn't be—a-and how did this happen? I'm so confused right now."

"We met at the Christmas fundraiser, actually—I don't know... I just... I like him Clarke. I really do."

The blond nodded, proud of her mother. "I'm glad you found someone." She revealed.

"Thank you... and speaking of Detective Blake, h-how's that going?" Abby questioned. Clarke could sense she wanted to change the subject, not completely ready to tell her everything just yet. And the blond was okay with that.

"Um, actually it's not." Clarke revealed with a small shrug. Abby shot her a look concern. "We're not a thing anymore, it sort of just died out..." She let out not completely honest. But what was she about to tell her mother?

"Oh... I see. And are you okay?"

No.

"Yeah. Definitely." Clarke let out with a forced smile. "Oh no, I know that smile. I taught you that smile." Abby let out. "What happened?"

Clarke swallowed completely unprepared to answer this. "I don't know, really." And this was partially true. For she didn't understand the way Bellamy lashed out that night when he found out she
might be pregnant. He had a right to be mad sure, but not after she told him the reason. It was exactly what she was trying to avoid—worrying him over something that turned out to be nothing.

"Clarke—"

"I guess you could say we had a falling out." Clarke corrects, knowing this was an answer her mother would accept. And she did. "Falling out? Well what happened?"

"An indifference in opinion." She replied not wanting to get anymore specific than that. "I guess we just both realized we weren't right for one another." Abby opened her mouth to speak but her daughter cut her off once more. "It didn't work out mom, that's all. We're friends now, everything’s fine." She lied pulling on a confident expression hoping her mother wouldn't see through it.

The older Griffin nodded, attempting to analyze the expression on her daughters face but getting nowhere. She could tell she was hurt, and didn't want to talk about it. And she knew she was missing something larger than what she was revealing but wasn't about to push it. If Abby knew one thing about her daughter is if she was pushed she would never budge.

"If you say so, Clarke." Abby added, checking her phone. Clarke nodded confidently.

Silence lingered between them for a moment before Abby frowned. "Crap."

"What's wrong?" The blond questioned before her mother opened her mouth. "Uh… I need you to do me a favor." Abby groaned looking up from her phone. "Mayor Newark just invited us to dinner tomorrow."

"Us?" Clarke questioned in complete surprise. "I mentioned something about his son, Brice, remember?" Abby continued not answering her initial question.

"I remember that you were trying to set me up with him, yeah."

"Right. Well I was supposed to have dinner with him tonight—I'm trying to convince him to come to the fundraiser gala Sunday."

"Oh." Clarke understand what this was all about. "But he needs to reschedule for tomorrow, 7pm, and he asked me to bring you." The blond groaned, eyes shutting with dread. "God, are you kidding? Why?"

"I can only imagine he's bringing Brice too."

"Mom—"

"Clarke I can't say no to the man, he funds half the—"

"Fine. One dinner." Clarke agree’s not wanting to hear anymore. "One dinner, and I get to bring a date to the gala." She bargains. "Date, who—?" Abby questions but is cut off by her pager buzzing. Clarke shrugs, crossing her arms. "Those are my terms."

"Fine." Abby let out, reading her page. "I gotta go."

…

When Clarke gets home that night she finds a different view from the one she walked in the night before. Laughter erupted from the living room as Raven, Monty and Jasper lounged around the big comfy couch, handing a bottle of tequila around. She smiled at the sight, setting her things down.
"Whatcha guys doing?" Clarke teased.

"Clarke!" Raven exclaimed immediately standing. She grabbed the blonds hand and dragged her to the couch. "Join us—you have to!" She chuckled and just nodded, knowing this was what she needed. "Fine. Fine, just let me change, okay? I'm sure you guys don't want my grimy scrubs in the mix of all this—"

"Ew, yeah no!" Jasper let out a little tipsy and Clarke dragged her feet to her bedroom.

A shower and a change of clothes and instantly felt better and joined the loud crew outside. "Mandatory two-shot rule for late entry!" Raven called out, nearly throwing the bottle of tequila to Clarke who just sat down on the rug.

"What? Since when was that a rule?!" She asked bewildered. "Since about five seconds ago when you sat down looking too damn sober, Blondie." Raven revealed as a matter of fact. Clarke gazed at the other two in search of back-up but the boys were not on her side.

"I'm afraid she's right, Clarke." Jasper agreed and Monty shrugged. The blond glared at the two of them, but uncapped the tequila and took one swing, the alcohol burning down her throat in a welcoming manner.

"One." Monty mumbled with a dumb smile.

"Two!" Raven exclaimed counting down her last chug before taking back the bottle. "Oka-okay! My turn, full disclosure!" Raven announced. "Oh, so this is what we're playing, I see." Clarke commented blinking a few times in attempt to get a grip. She smiled instantly feeling better.

"Okay, okay!" the Latina started, Clarke could tell they were well into the game for they all seemed a little more loose than usual, but she ran with it, knowing soon enough she'll get there as well.

"Well... Shaw told me loved me!" Clarke's eyes lit up at the mention of that, remembering the car ride up to the cabin and how Kyle had told her knew he loved Raven.

"He did?! The blond questioned with a wide smile. She honestly couldn't be more happier for the two. Raven nodded. "And I told him that I love him back and now we're together and yeah—full disclosure!" She continued taking a swing of the tequila. "Oh my god, Raven why didn't you say anything?!" Clarke let out.

The Latina shrugged. "I don't know—I guess we're not really telling people yet."

Clarke nodded, understanding. "That's awesome, really."

"I know." Raven smiled. "It's so awesome, Clarke. Like, you have no idea the level of awesomeness I'm living right now." And all the blond could do was chuckle in return.

"Okay! My turn!" Jasper shouted, cutting through. Raven capped the bottle, wiped her nose with a sniff then tossed it to him. "I have a really good one!" He added, the amount of alcohol in his body at the moment boosting him enough courage. "I uh... I didn't want to say anything but I honestly can't keep it to myself any longer." He mumbled, his words jumbling together a little.

Everyone gazed his way in a confused, but amused manner.

"Well what is it buddy?!" Monty shouted uncharacteristically. This was the point Clarke made a note to grab a pitcher of water after Jasper's turn and have them play with that for a few rounds so they wouldn't regret it all in the morning.
"You guys—" He burped then laughed. "Uh, you guys know that I love Maya, right?"

"Yes, we're all pretty much aware of this." Monty exclaimed with a goofy smile.

"Ey! I believe it I hold the bottle in my hand, sir, there for it's my turn to speak." This was the part where Jasper talked like an old english man, and Clarke knew just how drunk he really was. Monty held his hands in surrender, letting him finish. "Okay. A-And because my love for Maya is so great…" He stops, getting a little lost in his train of thought. "Jasper!" Raven shouts wanting him to move along.

"I wanted to take our relationship to the next level." He bites his lip waiting for all them to finally get it. But they stare back at him in confusion. "So… I bought a ring the other day." He scratches his head.

Clarke smiles. "My god." She mumbles. "You're gonna propose."

Jasper nods. "That… is correct—full disclosure!" And on that note he takes a swing of the bottle, leaving a goofy smile in its wake. "No way—dude!" Monty shouts giving him a hug. Jasper nods in confirmation.

"That's insane!" Raven let out in shock.

"Way to go, bud." Clarke mumbled with a soft smile.

"Ring's in my nightstand drawer. Just waiting for the right time, you know?" They all nod. "God! That's so awesome, Jas—" Clarke added in a little bit of disbelief. She couldn't believe the adult approach Jasper was taking.

And sitting there Clarke can't help but think back to the first year she moved in, where she remembered on another drunken night like his when the Jordan boy declared he was going to stay and she quotes "young, wild and free from any bounds a relationship would put him in." Granted the Snoop-Dog song was playing in the background and that likely proved inspiration for his declaration.

Clarke laughs, shaking her head. She almost wants to bring it up, but doesn't due to their state of mind at the moment.

"New rule! Mandatory one shot after s—"

"Monty stop making new rules!" Clarke shouted and they both laughed. "No, no he's right! We've gotta take a shot on this—all of us!" Raven announced raising to her wobbly feet.

"I'll get the shot glasses—you stay where you are!" Clarke shook her head making her way to the kitchen.

"Okay, to… uh—"

"What's your uh… guys what does Octavia call them?" Monty question stumbling on the name.

Jaspers head shot his best friend's way in confusion. "Octavia calls us something?" Monty nodded with a wide smile as the girl attempted to dig to the back of their minds to all the conversations Octavia's mentioned them.

"Jaya!" Raven shot up, almost spilling the tray of shot Clarke was pouring.
"Yes!"

"Jaya?" Jasper cried out in contemplation. He wasn't sure he liked that, but the more he thought about the more it grew on him. "Guys… that's fucking brilliant!"

"Okay, okay! To Jaya, on the count of three!" Clarke shouted after handing them each their own shot.

"One…"

Clarke and Raven giggled uncontrollably.

"Two…"

Monty raised his glass, clutching tight to his best friend's arm trying to keep his balance.

"Three! TO JAYA!" The four erupted, glass clinging as they down their shots. "Woohoo!" Jasper cried out, slamming the shot glass down before beating on his chest like a manic.

"—Alright! Alright! Blondie, I believe it's your turn!" Raven burped, grabbing the bottle, handing it to her. Clarke looked up, pursing her lips. Her brain felt as fizzy as the bubbles in a soda machine and she knew it was time to slow it down a bit.

Three shots in the last twenty minutes was definitely not good.

"Okay one more then we're playing with water until we sober up a little—"

"Boo!" Monty shouted in protest, and Raven shot her a sloppy thumbs down to which Clarke couldn't agree more they needed to slow down. But she laughed and continued on, uncapping the bottle.

"Okay… uh…" her brain wasn't working and she couldn't cypher out anything good other than the incidents that just occurred in the past few days. And for whatever reason, three-shot—about to be four-shot Clarke, thought it was a good idea to spill the beans.

"Funny thing," She chuckled, swaying the bottle aimlessly in her hand. "Last week I totally thought I was pregnant!" The word tastes strange on her tongue, but she accepts it with a blink.

"But I'm not! Full disclosure!" She cried out taking a swing. The three stared at her in near shock no knowing what to say. Clarke giggly demur dropped and she shook her head. "No, no, guys you're supposed to laugh—this is freaking funny!" She encouraged, and they offered her small smiles.

"Clarke that—"

"No, seriously guys! It's fine! Everything's so fine. Come on!" She continued attempting to get them on board. And surpassingly get did, a little.

"Holy shit on a stick." Jasper chuckled through a goofy grin. "Guys! Clarke finally screwed up!" He shouted. And the blond stood, not being able to refrain her giggles. "I did!"

"Oh my god, Blondie!" Raven chuckled shaking her head. "W-What did Bellamy say?" The Latina mumbled out without thinking. "Bellamy?" Jasper questioned. Looking to the Clarke who had instantly shut up and taken her seat back. Raven's eyes grew, biting her lip trying to keep the laughter in. She fucked up.

Clarke giggled not really caring. "Whoa, whoa, whoa! What? You and Bellamy?!" Jasper cried out
completely surprised he turned to Monty who nodded in response. "Wait—does everyone know about this other than me?!

Clarke shook her head. "No… Octavia, Lincoln and Maya don't know—a-and can we please, for the love of god, keep it that way!" The blond pleaded going back to the kitchen where she grabbed a pitcher of water.

"We need to sober up a little."

"Hold on a second here—we're not done. No, no!" Jasper continued. "How long has that been going on—I'm so… you and Bellamy? And you were pregnant—what the—"

"I was not pregnant! I think the whole point of my full disclosure was that I am not pregnant." Clarke corrected.

"Right."

"Well at least this was a nice non-graphic way of finding out. I wasn't so lucky." Monty added with a smile, patting the Jordan boy's leg. "W-What do you mean?" Jasper mumbled. And Clarke hide her head in her hands, almost raising her voice in protest before Raven cut her off. "Oh this is good." She leaned in, interested.

"Oh, I walked in on them—"

"No…" The grin on Raven's face grew.

"Technically he was on the other side of the glass!" Clarke added through muffle in her self made hand fort.

"What?!" Jasper questioned.

"That doesn't matter, you were naked and Bellamy was… yeah. Let's just say you guys have a bad habit of closing curtains." Monty added, shyly. Laugher erupted from Raven and Jasper echoing across the apartment in a shrill.

Clarke's face flushed in embarrassment.

"God, this is definitely the confidence boost I need in my life right now!" Jasper added. "I need another drink." Clarke mumbled reaching for the tequila but the Latina slapped her hand away. "Oh, no no no, Blondie. We're drinking water now, remember?" She bit her lip teasing her. And Clarke groaned in amusement.

"Who's grade A idea was that?" She mumbled out with a tease.

…

Dinner the next night is interesting to say the least, for when Clarke arrives and finds just the mayor's son she frowns. "Clarke?" The tall blond man questioned, standing up just as she was about to make a run for it, realizing exactly what her mother had done. This was a set-up. "Hi." She greets, walking over. "Brice, right?"

He nods, taking her hand. "Nice to finally meet you."

"I could say the same—" She smiled but her buzzing phone cut her off. "Excuse me." She sat, pulling out her phone. Got pulled into surgery can’t make dinner. Sorry. Her mother texted, and she
couldn't help but sigh dramatically almost forgetting where she was.

"Is everything alright?" Brice asked snapping her back to reality. She quickly shoved her phone aside and nodded. "Yeah—sorry, uh, update on a patient of mine." She stuttered straightening herself up.

Chris nodded. "Ah, that's right we've got a hot-shot doctor over here." He teased almost making her blush. "You could say that." Clarke chuckled, joking. "Do you want to start with some drinks?" He questioned through a brilliant smile.

"Sure."

The truth was she could've easily gotten out of what turned out to be a blind date set-up by her mother and her array of 'noble' friends, but she felt good. She had gotten dolled up in her nice white silk dress with the modern watercolor fade outs, a nice pair of heels, brilliant red coated lips and hair tousled effortlessly around her, she didn't want to retreat to her empty bedroom alone, again. Clarke deserved a nice night out—even if it wasn't the right place or hell, even the right guy.

"So, how you liking the residency? I imagine it takes up much of your time." Brice stated making Clarke laugh. "You have no idea." She commented. "But other than the fact that it consumes most of my time, its pretty thrilling."

"Thrilling," Brice repeated softly. "I like that."

"Why's that?" Clarke's quick to question that for she's never heard someone respond that way.

The Mayor's son shrugs. "You just don't hear that—that people's jobs are thrilling, you know?" He replied honestly. Clarke shrugged, grabbing her wine glass, leaning back in her chair. "I guess not, hu?"

"So cheer's to that."

Their glasses cling and they both take a sip.

"And what about you?"

The rest of the date went well, if she could really call it that considering she didn't want it. But granted, she stayed so it was a date indeed. They talked about their lives, how Brice had finished up Georgetown a semester early and had moved back in search of a job. How Clarke residency's excited and terrified her all at the same time and how that could be.

He was polite, in a cocky-over confident sense that kind of threw her off. But in the end she came to the conclusion that she liked him as a person. Just didn't know if that could possibly spring into anything else. So when he asked to take her out the next night, although a part of her felt like she was cheating—cheating herself, cheating Brice because her mind was constantly searching for that the tall, dark Blake brother, she found herself saying yes.

…

The next afternoon she's standing in the cavernous airport, in domestic arrivals, clutching to her bag for dear life.

She stands there, a mess of wild tied back hair, in jeans and a pullover, wondering if Bellamy was indeed aware of the fact she was picking him up. Hopefully Octavia had mentioned it to him and he wasn't in search of his shorter, brunette little sister instead of her.
The clock read 12:35pm, his plane had landed fifteen minutes ago. Chills were running up and down her skin. She was nervous, and she didn't know why considering it was Bellamy. But again, that in it's self was a plausible reason, at least with what they've been through recently.

A myriad of colorful people swarmed around her, pushing luggage, strollers and backpacks on their exhausted bodies, and it got to a point where she had to stand on her tippy-toes to see the arrival board.

12:20 A309 San Francisco — Seattle-Tacoma On Time

The plane had arrived. This she knew. So she stepped away from the crowd forming around the board, and gazed around. She walks around a little getting lost before she comes to a stop before the arrival entrance.

She thinks she see's a familiar mop of dark hair from afar, but people are cutting through her vision. She takes a step forward wanting to approach the end. More strangers cut through. But this time she stops, staying put, just waiting for the path to clear.

And through the crowd he's revealed.

He stands there, phone in hand, eyes innocently gazing around until they land on her. She smiles, offering a small wave. And he smiles back, grabbing his carry-on, making his way over.

"Hi." She swallows before him.

"Hey." He responds.

"O-Octavia—"

"Is busy, I know." He exhales with a nod. And Clarke thanks god in that moment he was aware she was coming to get him. "Thanks for picking me up."

"Yeah."

"How was your trip?" She asks once they're in her car, attempting to make polite conversation. "It was good. San Francisco's nice." But it isn't home. He wants to say but keeps to himself. "Glad to hear it." Words were failing her, she didn't know what else to say. He smells of sharp pine and soap and she can't help but miss it. The scent is now embedded in her car just as it was in her sheets that cried in his absence.

They drive in silence more a few moments. Clarke figures is he wants to tell her about his trip he would, not bothering to ask any more questions. "What about you?" He asks. Clarke glances his way before her eyes cut back to the road.

"Oh, I'm good." She offered. "Working nonstop—"

"I've noticed."

She chuckles and thinks maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all. "It's good though, we've gotten some interesting cases—"

"Clarke I asked about you, not your job." He added chuckling. "Right." She pops the word out coming to a halt. "I'm," Alone, sad, conflicted. "fine, Bellamy." He nods, not believing her. "Right."

"Actually, I'm more than fine. I'm…" She doesn't know whether to tell him about her mother's gift.
The trip. Her jaw sets coming to the conclusion. "leaving."

He looks at her. His heart sinking. "leaving?" He questions in confusion. The blood in his body freezes. She nods, biting her lip. Her fingers wrap themselves tighten around the steering wheel. And she wants to sneak a peek at the gaunt expression on his face but doesn’t. She leaves her attention on the road, pretending as if it didn’t bother her at all.

"Yeah, uh, my mom’s sending me off through Europe." She states. And Bellamy blinks, waiting for more information. "It's just eight weeks. Immersing myself in new culture, working at free clinics, you know…"

He doesn’t. But that doesn’t keep him from nodding in agreement. "When, uh… when are you leaving?"

"A week after the wedding."

"That’s… amazing, Clarke. Really." She nods. "Can't wait." But the tone in her voice says something different.

An hour later they're sprawled across a cream couch in the Dress Theory store, glasses of champagne in their hands, waiting for Octavia to come out in her first dress. Raven and Maya sit between them debating what sort of style dress looked better on the Blake sister but shut up the moment she walked back to the room. Giant poof of a dress in tow.

Bellamy froze. Heart suddenly lodged in his throat.

"What do you guys think?" Octavia's voice was faint. And she ran her hands down her sides as if to better fit the dress on her.

"O…” Her brother mumbled. They could tell he was in a little bit of shock. The Blake sister chuckled nervously. She looked exceptionally beautiful in the white tule gown. The fabric was vibrant and playful, just like her. It fit her well.

"It's beautiful." Clarke mumbled coming to her senses. The girls nodded in agreement.

Octavia nodded, turning to face the mirror. She was in a bit of shock as well. Not because she was in love with the dress or even thought it was the one—because it wasn’t, it was the realization that dawned on her as she watched her reflection shine. This was it. This was happening.

Her hand moved along the barely there swell of her stomach before quickly drawing it back. "Oh god." She exhaled sharply through a chuckle. The gang joined her. "Well, it's not my favorite, but I like the tule." She commented attempting to get back to reality. The truth was the dress was a little too fairytale feeling, something Octavia did not envision for her wedding.

"This one's a no, but it's a difficult no." She chuckled revealing her wide brilliant smile.

The rest nodded. Clarke met eyes with Bellamy and the world stopped for a moment. She smiled his way, a small simple thing in hopes to extend some sort of olive branch.

Dimples appeared across his freckled face in return before he tore his eyes back to his sister as she strode to the fitting room.

It took a while—eleven dresses later in fact, before they found the one. Even with Octavia's
extensive online research and list of designers and dresses. But in the end when she stood before them all in a white Vera Wang it was worth it. The tule wrapped dress tousled into waves of roses at the bottom; forming together an effortless unique style.

And the Blake sister was almost in tears when standing before them all. The attendee offered the matching veil upon request and the moment she turned around goosebumps ran along Bellamy's skin. He smiled just gazing at the nervous expression on his sister's face. She looked like a little kid for a moment there, full of uncertainty and disbelief. And he swallowed back tears not wanting to get emotional before them all.

"It's gorgeous." Raven mumbled subconsciously. Octavia bit her lip offering a small smile at the comment. Her fingers played with the sides of the veil nervously.

"How do you feel?" Clarke questioned, grinning.

The Blake sister shook her head. "Please don't ask me that right now." She chuckled through a sniff, and instantly they laughed, standing up to join her.

"I think this is the one guys." Octavia added, her chest expanding to allow all the air necessary. The attendee offered her a tissue as they all surrounded her. "Y-Yeah, it's the one." She confirmed. "I-I'm going to purchase the sample." the Blake sister revealed to the attendee.

"You look stunning, Octavia." Maya grinned sharing a gaze with the bride.

Bellamy's heart swelled barely believing they'd gotten there. He watched the scene unfold around him in complete silence not wanting to disturb the lightheartedness around them all. He took a mental picture—Octavia's laugh midair, and he laughed along with them not remembering a time everything seemed so at peace—so serene.

His baby sister was a bride. And for the life of him he couldn't believe it.

Everything was going well, Octavia had returned to the fitting room for what felt like the millionth time that day to dress back to her normal clothes. And the rest of the gang turned back to finishing the rest of their champagne. Clarke and Bellamy stole a few glance each other's way once again but they were pulled out of their little game the moment the attendee came pacing back into the viewing room with a haste.

"The bride is asking for her brother?"

Bellamy's gaze shot upon the older woman, and he stood, exchanging one last confused look between the blond before retreating with the lady.

"O?" He called out, standing outside the fitting room. The door unlocked and he pushed through closing it behind him upon her request. Inside Octavia sat on a chair sobbing into her hands, still in the Farrah wedding gown. He instantly dropped before her, hand resting on her knee's. "What's wrong, O?" He questioned softly. But his sister continued hiccuping through a few tears.

"O…"

She shook her head. "I-It's stupid a-and I shouldn't even be… I shouldn't even be crying about it." She mumbled. "What is it? Come on you can tell me." He insisted not wanting to see her like this.

She released her hands, revealing her tear soaked face. And Bellamy's heart crumbled before her.

"I was just," She sniffs. "I was just standing there looking in the mirror and I-I uh… I realized that I
don't even have a father to walk me down the isle. And it's stupid a-and—god, I'm sorry."

Bellamy frowns, shaking his head. "Hey, no—"

"A-And then that got me thinking about mom, and how she's not here for this." She sobbed. "And I miss her, Bell. And it's not fair." She cried, and tears swelled in his eyes, his gaze forced upon hers. "I know." He agreed. "I miss her too… and she would give anything in the world to be here, you know that." He continued attempting to reassure her. Octavia nodded, accepting his answer, but it was short lived for then another thought ran through her head.

"W-What happened, Bell? H-How did we get here? Where are our parents?" She cried. Her words hurt him as much as it did her. "I-I don't know, O." He whispered not knowing what to say.

"I-I just can't imagine not being there for my child."

He saw the hurt and pain present in her eyes and it tore him apart. Bellamy then stood, offering his hand. And he lead her back before the mirror, standing behind her, letting her calm down for a moment.

"You Octavia," He begins, straightening the veil on her head. "are the most beautiful bride I've ever seen." He mumbles with a gentle smile.

The Blake sister sniffs.

"Now, you and I both know why mom can't be here and, dad… dad was an deadbeat—we are so much better without him." He offers, stroking the sides of her shoulders. "We don't need him." He let her absorb the words.

She sniffed but nodded.

"We have each other." He smiled kissing her forehead as she wrapped her hand around his back, embracing him. "Okay?"

"Good, cause uh, I need you to do me a favor." She smiled now completely relaxed. And Bellamy nods, "Anything."

"Walk me down the isle?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

…

Hours after shopping, after Octavia had gone home to Lincoln, and Raven got called to shift. Bellamy and Maya sit on the girls couch, sandwiched between Jasper who's hands are occupied by the controller in his hands, eye glued to the TV screen.

_She's brilliant in red._ Bellamy decides upon his gaze meeting Clarke's. She's wearing that maroon dress with the teasing cut-outs looking effortlessly beautiful. His eyes can't keep from staring. He knows she's got a date tonight—a second one as a matter of fact but he's not as bothered by it as he thinks, for he knows her mother had set it up. It was obviously with some rich snotty guy and Clarke was only trying to make him jealous. _Right?

Right. Definitely._

He fumbles with his phone on the couch attempting to listen to Jasper who went off about a new
level on his game. Their TV had blown a fuse and were forced to go next door. But Bellamy was having trouble focusing, especially with the blond strutting all over the apartment in those heels.

"Can you guys make sure to lock up when you leave?" Clarke pleaded, rummaging through her bag.

"Yep." Jasper replied not even looking up from his game. Clarke shot both the boys a look. "But actually." She commented almost wanting to repeat the phrase. Raven went on shift and she didn't want to come home to an unlocked apartment, again.

"Yeah, I'll make sure of it." Maya replied setting ease to the blond. "Thank you." Clarke expressed making her way back to the her bedroom in search of that black blazer she'd spotted previously. Bellamy watched her go. And without noticing it, Maya peered his way in question.

"I-I'm gonna go get some pizza, you guys in?" The Blake sibling questioned at the two sitting beside him. "Dude, yes! Get a meat-lovers." Jasper replied not tearing his eyes from the TV. And usually he would protest, wanting combo and the two would fight it out until one of the girls, in this case, Maya, requested the winner of some silly game she would make up, but this time Bellamy said nothing for the blond came back into the room and he instantly got up.

"Meat-lovers it is." He exhaled making his way to the door, grabbing his coat. "Maya, you have a preference?" The girl shook her head with a smirk. "No, I'm good."

"You're getting pizza?" Clarke questioned in a groan. "Of course you guys pick the only night I'm not here." She grabbed her bag, checking her makeup in the mirror as Bellamy grinned. "Then, maybe you should stick around for a bit." Clarke shot him a look searching for her keys which Bellamy handed to her off the hanger. "Bellamy Blake are you trying to bribe me with pizza?"

"That depends, is it working?" He teased opening the front door.

"Not at all." She replied with a sly smile although her stomach rumbled at thought of a warm gooey food. And they walked down the hall to the elevator, heels clicking against concrete. They stride in a welcomed steamy atmosphere. She walks a step in front of him. His hand lingers to the small of her back, rippling a wave of goosebumps across her skin. It's funny who even the slightest touch leaves her sucking on her breath.

The elevator doors open with a ding and they climb inside.

"You look nice." He comments from behind her. His words trail along her collarbone and down her skin. And her eye's snap off the floor and in front of her with a soft blush.

…

Her dinner goes well. They go to a nice fancy place like the night before and dine outside in the open air. Clarke doesn't know why she's enjoying herself so considering the more Brice opens his mouth the more her mind seems to wonder. Maybe it was the fact she was drinking red-wine like it was cranberry juice or maybe it was the fact that when her mind did wander, it did so to that beautifully sculpted, dark, freckled man.

She smiles. Her glass stained red from lipstick.

Dinner was long over and they were onto drinks now, Clarke on what seemed like her third glass. Brice was going off about his business major and the differences between Georgetown and Seattle. And this, Clarke managed to pay attention to. "I mean the weather change must be insane. Coming from Washington going to Texas then back, I mean—"
"It is, I grew up here with rainy days and moody clouds it was kind of a shock down there, constant sun, heat—man..." He trailed off taking a sip of his scotch. "But I've missed the rain—Seattle in general actually. You should see the view from my apartment. Over looks the whole city."

"Wow." Clarke offers, crossing her legs, leaning back, in attempt to completely relax. But once again her brain wonders off. And suddenly she's back in the elevator. Bellamy behind her breathing his soft mumbles down her exposed skin and she can't breathe. The blond bites her lip, the memory of his hands running down the curves of her body in a welcome manner.

"Clarke?"

She's sucked back to reality with a blink.

"Sorry. Yes?"

"Do you want to see it?"

"Uh, y-yeah." She smiles not really knowing what she agreed to but attempted to be charming to cover up the fact she zoned out for a moment there. "Great." He smiles motioning the waitress for the check. "We can grab a bottle of wine with us." He suggests and Clarke just nods. "Sure."

"My place's pretty empty as of right now—just a bed and a few suitcases, but like I said the view's brilliant."

Her stomach sinks. *This is where he meant. His place. Right.*

"I'll take your word for it." The alarms going off inside her head. This was code. But still she doesn't say anything knowing she didn't need to do anything she didn't want to. "We can take my car."

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Clarke couldn't help but think his place was enormous for just one person but she had to give it to him, the view from the floor to ceiling windows was spectacular. By the time they got to his apartment and the last of the sun was setting and darkness loomed over the sky.

She stood before the view, skin just barely touching the cool glass as he poured them wine in the open kitchen behind her. The city stood proudly in front of her, lights switching on. They were only on the twenty-third floor, but it felt like the top of the world.

He comes to stand before her, handing her a glass. And Clarke thinks she shouldn't because it'd be her fourth one and she was already starting to feel the effects of the alcohol running through her veins.

"This is gorgeous." She admits hesitating on taking a sip. But Brice quickly helps her reach a decision, raising his glass in a small unnecessary toast. "To nights like these." He states, eyes catching hers. She smiles, but its far from genuine—something he can't detect.

"To nights like these." She repeated. Once again their glasses cling.

It wasn't long before Clarke had finished that glass and was now definitely one with slowing herself down. They sat at the island counter in his kitchen—having no where else to lounge upon. The blond glanced at the clock once or twice, watching the time pass. And soon enough it was eleven, and his hand was sloping around the curve of her thigh, and she had to hold her breath from the unwanted situation he was posing.
"Excuse me. I'll be right back." He flashed her his charming smile, disappearing on other side of the apartment. Clarke sighed, pulling out her phone.

_I hope you guys still have pizza._ She texted Bellamy wanting nothing more than to sit in the comfort of her couch, surrounded by the people she knew. But when he didn't reply she gave up, standing from that stool, making her way back to the view.

It was strange—her relationship with Bellamy. It always seemed to change at the drop of a hat. One minute they weren't talking, the next they were having these moments in the elevator, eyes glued to each other in public places—it was utterly confusing but she couldn't stop thinking about him. She crossed her arms leaning her side against the glass, letting the cooling effect wash over her.

And she has a moment or two of peace before a pair of foreign hands slide from behind pressing her against the body behind her. She chuckles nervously, attempting to shift out of it. His head rests in the crock of her shoulder and she can feel his breath along her neck.

"You enjoying the view?" He asks through an exhale. And she nods a little uncomfortable. But he doesn't pick up on it and presses his lips against her skin. "B-Brice..." She mumbles, wanting to let him down easy. The truth was, she wasn't feeling it.

But his hands don't stop searching. and she swallows nervously, eyes blinking from the lull of the wine running through her body. "Brice I-I do—"

"Shh..." He attempts to quiet her, relax her. And his hands groping the side of her breast before he turned her around, sinking his lips into hers, hands wrapped around the back of her waist, fumbling with the zipper. But she pulls back, pushing her hands against his chest. "Brice, stop." She's clear now and when he shows no sign of doing so she gathers as much strength as she can in her state of mind and pushes against him.

He stumbles back, and she attempts the do the back of her zipper and hold all her emotions in.

"God—what fucking part of no, don't you understand?" She snaps words spitting down at him. The glare on his face is deadly, but Clarke's not scared. She's equipped with an array of self defense skills, that and her small can of pepper spray tucked away in the small of her clutch.

"Your such a fucking tease." Brice shouts as she grabs her blazer and bag. Heart racing violently in her head she came to the realization that Brice was indeed just like all the other boys she grew up around. Cocky, confident, breded with the sole purpose of thinking they were the center of the whole world.

Clarke doesn't reply to his—mostly because that amount of adrenaline running through her bones has her in a bit of shock that and, she was terrified if she opened her mouth once again her voice would break with the amount of emotions she was holding in, attempting not to look so weak in his eyes.

She storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

She doesn't want to cry—knowing when she'd start there was a possibility she would never stop.

So she holds it together and climbs inside the elevator. Attempting to ignore the itching feeling that wrapped around her body—she felt dirty—used, played, disgusted. She wanted a cold shower, her warm bed, and maybe some of that pizza the gang ordered before she left.

When she elevator doors trapped her inside her breathing labored, air becoming harder to reach and she knew she was on the verge of a panic attack. One she knew she couldn't handle—not alone. So she tried to calm herself, checking her body over repeating that she was okay over and over in the
back of her mind to the point it became a mantra more than anything else.

And that's when she remembered that she drove to the restaurant—but not to the apartment. And her heart sank to the pit of her stomach mixing with the utter feeling of nausea that rippled through her as she tried to rid herself of the rough ghost hands she felt running along her body.

Clarke pulled out her phone, hands shaking as she fumbled with the letters. But when she came to the realization she couldn't form proper words she just dialed the all familiar number.

He picked up on the second ring. "Clarke?" Bellamy questioned in confusion, but she couldn't form words, the panic was easing its way into her lungs, restricting her breathing. "Clarke?" He could obviously hear her panting and a wave of alarms set off within him.

"I-I uh… I need you to p-pick—pick me up. Ple-ease." She fought through. "M-my car's at the restaurant a-and—"

"What's wrong? What happened?!" He nearly shouted, his heart picking up its pace as he jumping off the couch, Jasper and Maya giving him strange looks. "I-I—sending you my location—c-can you just—"

"I'm on my way."

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She's sitting on a bench by the side walk, cradling her head in her hands when Bellamy pulls up to the curb. He barely puts the car in park before he jumps out of it, coming to her aid.

"Clarke?" He calls out, grabbing her attention. She immediately looks up. Tear stained face, eyes so wide and filled with horror. And instantly his eyes search her body quickly checking over if she was okay. She stands, wiping her eyes. "Thank you." And he leads her to the passenger seat.

"What the hell did that bastard do?" He mumbles out in a low, dangerous voice. And Clarke can tell he's enraged. But she shakes her head, shutting her eyes. "Nothing—"

"Clarke."

She swallows, breathing coming easier. "It's stupid—" But before she could finish Bellamy turns on his heels attempting to make it to the lobby of the residential building. "Bellamy!" Clarke cries out. "Bellamy, stop!" And he does, lingering by the front entrance in full debate, then retreats back to the car, climbing in the drivers seat. If she wasn't sober before, she definitely was now.

"Did he hurt you—touch you?" His nose was flared, jaw locked.

"I-I'm okay, really I—I just want to go home." She revealed softly, placing her hand on his arm in a delicate hold. His other hand covers hers for a moment. And after a second of attempting to cypher the expression on the broken gaze she held, he nods, calming down. "O-Okay. Let's go home."

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They're walking down the hall of their building when she realizes Jasper and Maya were still in the apartment. She stops, arms curled around herself, Bellamy's jacket large upon her shoulders.

"What is it?" He questions softly noticing her frozen stance.

"Uh…" The blond swallowed. "I-I can't go in there." She mumbled softly, eyes darting to her front
And Bellamy instantly understood. "You don't have to." He took a few steps towards her offering his hand. "Come on." And he lead her to his apartment, swinging its unlocked door open. She wanted to comment on this but didn't have the heart to.

He leaves her to change in his room, himself changing too in the bathroom.

"You want to talk about it?" He questions when she's tucked away in his bed. He sits on the edge, by her feet. Clarke shakes her head and in a small, almost defeated voice she says, "No. Not really."

He nods. "D-do you need anything—there's still some pizza—"

"No, I'm fine." She reveals a small smile and Bellamy did the same knowing he'd made her feel a bit better. "Uh… thank you for getting me."

"Clarke." His tone speaks out protest and she shakes her head. "No, really. I know your mad at me, and I'm not yours to take care of or whatever, so thank you." He nods. Thinking about what just came out of her mouth. "I'm not mad Clarke." And she doesn't know how to respond.

"Uh… I-I'll be on the couch." He stands, making his way to the door. Clarke's eyes watch as the Blake brother moves in the dark of the room, mind beginning to panic at the thought of being alone with all her thoughts. He just barely cracks the door open before she hears her voice echo across the room.

"Stay."

It's one word. Four simple letters, but almost powerful enough to shift the dynamic between them. Bellamy freezes. "Are you sure?" His voice is soft and hesitant. He'd think the last thing she needed was to share a bed with a man. But the blond nods and so he shuts the door behind him and climbs in beside her.

Clarke turns to face him, his shirt she's wearing twisting in the process. She extends her hand, resting it on his arm. "Thank you." She repeats closing her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter inspired by the songs: Let Your Heart Hold Fast - The Shins, Heaven - The Walkman, Outside of Love - Nada Surf
"So tell me again what we're doing?" Miller questioned wanting a better explanation for his rude awakening at six am in the morning from Bellamy's cryptic, I need your help, message. "We're picking up Clarke's car—"

"What?" The expression on his partners face was all it took for Bellamy to understand he was not amused by this. But Miller chuckled, attempting to go along with it. "A-And why exactly are we getting her car?"

"Because she left it at the restaurant last night."

His partner peered at him suspiciously. "And that's your job because—?"

"It's not. But she had a rough night—is still sleeping, and has work soon. She doesn't need to be worrying about another thing that can be controlled."

"And this has nothing to do with the fact you like her, right?" Miller slipped it out rather casually. Bellamy's eyes shot to his in mid panic making his partner smirk, rolling his eyes. The Blake remained quiet, tearing his gaze back on the wheel. "What—? No."

"Blake… what guy wakes up at the crack of butt for no other reason than to drive a girls car back—? It makes no fucking sense." Nathan explained as a matter of fact. "You like Doctor Blondie, so what?" Miller exhaled. He had heard of the Griffin daughter, had even seen her once after landing in the ER, but had never made her acquaintance. He remembered her being diligent and focused.

Bellamy remained silent.

"If you can just admi—"

"Can we just drop the subject?" The Blake brother mumbled, attempting to not look so bothered. "Sure…" He shrugged. "But you owe me a breakfast."

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"When I said you owe me a breakfast, this is not what I had in mind." Miller exhaled sharply. He was seated at the small round table in the boy's apartment, boxes of cereal before him. "Oh, really? What'd you have in mind then?" Bellamy teased handing him the carton of milk.

"I don't know… pancakes?" Miller blinked just about ready to shoot back a remark when the sound of a door swinging shut paired with a loud yawn erupted from behind them signaling in Monty's entrance. He rubbed his eyes, sleepy oblivious to the fact there was another person other than the Blake brother present in their kitchen.

"Mornin'!" Bellamy greeted grabbing a few bowls from the cabinets.

"Hey—hey!" Monty mumbled at first before his eyes landed on Miller's smug expression. "Didn't realize we had guests—thanks for the heads up." Monty mumbled, a bit embarrassed considering he
was still in his pajama's that and his hair resembled a nest more than anything else. But he quickly ran his fingers, combing it as neatly as he could and extended his other hand out. "Monty Green, Bellamy's roommate." He introduced. "Nathan Miller—everyone calls me Miller." He took his hand, shaking it.

"Hey, you're Bellamy's partner!" Nathan nods. "That's right."

Monty takes a seat at the table further explaining his exclamation. "It's just, we alway hear these crazy stories—it's funny how we haven't met you yet," He gazes at the spread on the table before him, expression falling short upon landing on the cereal boxes. "What's this, no pancakes?"

Monty and Bellamy exchanged a glance.

"You know… that is funny." Miller goes eying his partner as well. And Bellamy just stands there, more amused than annoyed but it doesn't show, as the boys look to him for explanation. "What? I don't like mixing my personal life with my work life—"

"Morning guys." A fourth voice enters the mix, catching all their attention. Clarke entered the kitchen, Bellamy's t-shirt in tow, attempting to ignore the looks she was getting from the guys considering the way she was dressed. "uh…" She stands there for a moment not knowing if she should address it or not. "I—this is not how it looks, I swear." She explains, biting her lip through an amused chuckle.

"What ever you say." Monty peers her way as Miller basically gives Bellamy a thumbs up with his eyes. "So this is why we had to get your car this morning—"

"You got my car?" Clarke questioned turning to the Blake. He nodded. "Y-Yeah, it's in your parking spot downstairs."

She smiled at this. "You didn't have to… but thanks."

Bellamy shrugged it off, trying not to make a big deal out of nothing. "Coffee makers on—and we have cereal." Bellamy continued. "Aw man, no pancakes?" Clarke pouted a little let down. "Okay, do I have a "I'm making pancakes" sign on my forehead or something?" The Blake brother cried out in confusion.

They all chuckled at his frustration. "I guess I'm making pancake, then?" Bellamy questioned lowly.

"Fuck—" Clarke cursed under her breath after taking a look at the clock. "You guys enjoy—I'm late for work."

"I thought you start at—"

"I took an earlier shift—been doing that, uh, recently…"

Bellamy nods, understanding what she meant. Ever since their… well, break up. Sort of.

"Uh," She stands there, wanting to have a moment alone with him. Thank him, without letting the others in on the situation. God, that was the last thing she needed. "I'll just—I'm gonna… go." She offered making her way back to his room for the rest of her stuff. And Bellamy stood there for a moment contemplating whether to follow her, looking like an idiot before Monty and Miller, who were finding this whole scene rather entertaining.

"I—I'll come with you!" Bellamy quickly offered following in suit.
"I guess I, uh... just wanted to say thanks—for last night." Clarke smiled, her fingers playing with the bottom of the t-shirt, eyes almost scared to meet his. Bellamy nodded. "Ye-Yeah," He scorched his head not really knowing how or what to offer her. "Of course."

She swallowed, standing there before him. "A-And for my car as well, I guess—you really didn't have to do that I could've taken a-a bus o-or..." She was rambling now, lengthening her words and sentences just in hope of staying there a little longer. "It's fine Clarke I mean I was already awake and—did you sleep well?" He questioned quickly changing the subject, he didn't need to hear her apologize for the events the night before for they were completely out of her control.

"Surprisingly, yes." She revealed with a reassuring nod.

Bellamy's eyes nearly light up upon hearing this and she takes notice. "Good."

"Did you?"

This was something he didn't want to answer honestly. And the more he hesitated the clearer it became to the blond what the answer was. "Not, uh—not really but that's okay. It wasn't your doing—I have a lot on my mind—with you know, the case and San Francisco, and... yeah." Her eyes wonder off his figure as she attempts to understand. "How's that going?—the case."

"It's going." He offers with a slight smile. "We're getting there—we nailed down our suspects we just can't seem to pin point a location..." He shrugs not in the mood to talk about his work at the moment when there were too many other pressing issues at hand. He watches as she gathers her clothes on the neatly bad bed. She made the bed. He realizes.

"Are you okay?"

Clarke paused, taking a second before nodding. "Actually, yeah." She revealed. "I mean—I don't really know—but I'll get over it, right?"

"But you shouldn't have to—look, are you sure you don't want to press charg—"

"Bellamy, it's okay, really." She insisted holding his gaze with wide, innocent eyes. But the Blake brother shook his head, in disagreement. It wasn't okay. That jerk shouldn't get off to easily. And Clarke should have to deal with it. Bellamy was enraged. He kept waiting for her to go and attempt to convince him she was fine, but she didn't. She just stood there, demeanor shaken, with that mask she played on her face so well.

"What'd you say his name was, again?" He questioned.

"I didn't." Clarke almost smiled, amused by Bellamy's sense of protectiveness.

"Clarke."

"Brice Newark." She mumbled incoherently. "Bell, don't do anything stupid. Let it go. I know I am." She nearly pleaded in a tone filled with warning. Bellamy just shrugged. "I won't." His voice was far from convincing, but she didn't say anything else on the subject. "I gotta go to work." She exhaled sharply, pushing past the door.

"Right."

"And you, you have a batch of pancakes to make." She pointed out walking past the boys. "Bye, guys."
"So, you're gonna take that job, uh?" Millers quickly asked. Bellamy watched as Clarke makes her exit a whip of blond hair in the rush. He paused for a moment, letting the information run through his brain. His eyes darted from Miller to the front door.

"Actually, I'm not so sure anymore…" Bellamy found himself mumbling.

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Hey. I need to ask you a favor. Clarke's phone buzzed in her coat pocket. A message from Octavia.

What's up? She replied turning her gaze from the large MRI machine on the other side of the glass and to the small little screen in her hand.

I'm upstairs at the OB.

Lincoln is stuck in traffic.

Clarke perks up a little on high alert. Octavia doesn't even have to say it for the message to get across.

I'm in radiology right now with a patient. Give me ten minutes.

The blond smiled a little to herself just at the simple thought that ran through her head at the moment. Octavia as a mother, wide eyed and in a constant but content wary, Lincoln attempting to always calm her down. It was going to be interesting—to see the way it was all going to play out.

It didn't take long before the scan finished and she took her patient back to his room before she found herself on the fifth floor of the hospital. "Which exam room is Octavia Blake in?" She asked the front desk to which she then paved her way.

Octavia's sporting a nervous smile when she entered the room with a knock, but relief is flooded upon seeing her face. "Hey!" Clarke greeted with a calming smile.

"Thank god—" O exhaled then turning to the OB. "Okay you can start now." The Blake sister swallowed as Clarke reached for her hand. "Thank you, thank you, thank you." Octavia couldn't exaggerate enough in the moment squeezing the blonds hand. Clarke just chuckles and tells her to relax.

"I can't believe Lincoln is missing this." Clarke attempts to joke, Octavia nods in agreement. "Oh, he's gonna get a mouthful from me—he knows to leave earlier—and it's jus—"

"O." Clarke warms with an amused smile.

Octavia shuts her eyes, the OB finishing up with the cold gel. "You're right—I need to calm down—it's just… Lincoln's not here and he… he's always here you know? He's done this with me a-and—"

"He'll be here soon, but until then you have me." The Blond watches as the OB runs the wand over the Blake's sisters small bump, searching around for the fetus. Octavia nodded, taking a much needed deep breath. "You're right." Her eyes turn to the small black and white screen as the Doctor locates the baby.

Octavia's eyes light up, shock is ever present from the expression on her face before a smile erupts in it's wake. Clarke smiles, squeezing her hand.

"That's your baby." The OB reveals with an encouraging smile turning to the black and white screen
before them. Tears weld in the Blake sister's eyes as the sound of a faint, but strong heart beat is drumming. "Oh my god…" Octavia exhaled quickly glancing Clarke's way before turning back to the screen. "That's a tiny human… oh god—that's my tiny human…"

"That is so much cooler than anything I've ever made." Clarke fake-pouted making the Blake sister chuckle. "Wow…" Octavia mumbled in a little disbelief. But upon meeting Clarke's encouraging glance her confidence kicked in.

And the Doctor gave the both of them a moment, letting the excitement of it all settle in before she continued on with the exam. "Now, I have a few necessary questions to ask before we finish here." The OB stated bringing their attention back to her. She stopped the ultrasound and pulled out a clipboard.

"It says here you have a history dementia in the family?"

Octavia nods, the sparkle in her eyes dimming a bit that Clarke notices. She squeezes her hand. "Yes, my mother." The OB nods. "And have you been tested for the gene?" She then questions to which Octavia nods. "Yes, negative." She hitches her answer, and Clarke eyes snap to hers. "I didn't know you got tested..?" Clarke mumbled in confusion. "Yeah, uh… B-Bellamy and I both did, last September." Then she frowns, offering the blond the most perplexed confused look.

She didn't like the look Octavia was giving her.

"He didn't tell you?" Her words echo out around Clarke's head. A million questions burned through the back of her mind but before she had the opportunity to speak them, the OB continued. "Now, are you currently taking any prescribed medication?" And standing there Clarke made a note to ask him about it later.

"No."

And the list of questions continued until Lincoln burst through the door in a pant, lifting Octavia's spirits. "I'm here—I'm here!" He announced and the blond quickly jumped out of her seat to give them room. "Thank god, Lincoln!" Octavia nearly shouted, she wanted to scold him right there and there but quickly remembered where they were and just let him be present.

The OB smiled at the two.

"Is that..?" He questions, eyes glued to the frozen picture of the ultrasound the doctor had paused on the screen before. Octavia nods, biting her lip with an emotional smile. "Yeah." She swallows as Clarke stands by the door watching the way they seemed to fold around one another.

Lincoln chuckles out a laugh something Clarke can only detect as both filled with relief and disbelief before he leans in and kisses her. "I'm so sorry—I-I didn't m—"

But Octavia quieted him down loving glance.

"Alright, everything looks good. Your due date is August 7th of this year, congratulations." The OB continued once the moment passed.

And standing there, watching the two interact before her, Clarke never felt more envious of what they had. A little family filled with nothing but hope, love and excitement, and for a moment she wondered what that must've felt like.

But then her phone buzzed distracting her from the two.
Hey. I think we need to talk. Dinner tonight?

Bellamy's text snapped her back to reality. Clarke took one last glance at Octavia and Lincoln, coddled up together, smiles radiating, eyes glazed over with fresh coat of tears. It was such an intimate moment between the two that she herself felt like an intruder. And without a second of hesitance she slid out the door and back out into the hallway, making her way back to the surgical floor.

You're right. Say 8?

Clarke replied agreeing. They did need to talk—about a lot of things. Them, the scare, what happens now... She didn't like the way they've become in a last few weeks. Distant and cold with one another, as if their relationship ever ceased to exist.

Sounds good.

And on that final text she put her phone away and attempted to turn back to her work with a clear head. Of course this failed, considering their dinner was the only thing plaguing her mind at the moment. She was excited but nervous—the way she saw it, it could end up in one of two ways: either bring them closer or tear them further apart.

The night before was something Clarke hardly expected it to be. She had almost forgotten how intimate and secure it felt to share a bed with someone. Especially Bellamy. And although they kept to their respective sides she hadn't felt that close to him since their falling out.

She made a note to make it up to him somehow, for the night before.

...

By the time her shift ended and she had gotten home. Raven was tucked away in the kitchen, busy with dinner, a tall dirty blond standing beside her.

"Hey Blondie." She greeted with a wild smile. "Shaw, hey!"

"Clarke, long time no see." Kyle exclaimed meeting her a quick embrace. "So, what are you two up to tonight?" She questioned with a small teasing tone as she set her things down on the counter stool.

"We're making dinner—then maybe a movie, or something." Raven suggested innocently. Kyle glance her way then shrugged, revealing that brilliant husky smile. "Yeah, something." Clarke chuckled at the small bicker present within them. "You want to join?" He continued.

"Dinner, or something? Cause, I'd be down for both." Clarke teased, playing along. Raven rolled her eyes playfully as the Blond trailed on. "Actually, I'm going to dinner with Bellamy, so maybe another time." And immediately, as if on cue, Raven's eyes snap to her at the mention of Bellamy.

"You and Bellamy?" Shaw questioned turning back to the food that was starting to burn over the stove. "What, are you two a thing now?" Raven shot a quick glare his way and he immediately surrendered. Clarke just stood there frozen, before forcing out a nervous chuckle.

"No. We're just grabbing dinner." Her eyes dart to the Latina. "To talk. No big deal."

'To talk?' Raven mouthed her way. The look on her face ranged from amused to Damn girl. Get some.

'Stop' Clarke mouthed back through a forced smile.
But she didn't and the stupid expressions kept coming her way until the Blond decided to retreat to her the silence of her room. "I have to get ready. But you guy's have fun!"

*Raven and Shaw.* She thought to herself. *It was nice to see them so… domestic.* Clarke smiled, shaking her head. She was happy for them. Raven deserved nothing more than the happiness she knew Kyle brought.

*God, listen to me. What is going on with me today?* She shut her eyes throwing her weight on the cold fresh bed before her. *Two minutes. That's all I need.* She exhaled sharply letting the comfort of her bed coax her into a state of relaxation. And she laid there for a good fifteen minutes before she peeled herself off knowing she had to get ready for dinner. And just as she was about to step into the shower her phone buzzed.

*Bring a jacket.* A text from Bellamy. She stood there both intrigued and confused by his statement.

*Where are you taking me?*

*You'll see.* She smiled, shaking her head for only he could be so cryptic.

*Alright.*

...

"I thought you said we're going out to dinner?" Clarke exclaimed after she climbed in his car and he offered her a to-go bag.

"This is dinner, is it not?" He smiled wickedly as she took the bag, eager to find what contents it held after the smell appealed to her cravings at the moment. "So, I take it we're eating in the car?" She questioned. "Why don't we just go upstairs then?"

But Bellamy just started the car, shaking his head. "Where's your sense of adventure, Clarke?" The blond rolled her eyes taking the burger from the bag, unwrapping it. "Well, After my twelve hour shift today, my sense of adventure is a little absent, Blake." She added, taking a bite. "Are you gonna at least tell me where we're going? Oh, and could we possibly stop for coffee?" She continued through a mouthful of burger. But the Blake brother just smirked, shaking his head.

"Are you through?" He questioned teasingly. Clarke just glared his way in a pout. "Good. Now just eat your burger and relax." One hand on the wheel, the other digging around the bag in her lap for the fries he knew were there.

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And twenty minutes later when Bellamy drove past a park sign, one she knew too well. Her eyes lit up then immediately landed on the smirk present on Bellamy's face.

"What are we doing at *Discovery Park*?" She questioned in amusement. The Blake brother shrugged, eyes trained on the road as the shadows of large bushy tree's passed them. Clarke just sat silently in her seat playing with a small smile on her lips.

*Discovery Park* was something of a therapeutic location for the Blond. Her father would take her there every time they needed a getaway. Just like he used to take Abby back in their time, in fact, it was one of their favorite places. It's significance meaning didn't cease from a specific or significant event. It was just a place, where the water met the shore, the lighthouse stood proudly on the edge of the land and where life's problems seemed to eradicate and fall away.
"How'd you know about this place?" She questioned not having the memory of every telling him about it. Bellamy once again, just shrugged and shot her an amused glance. "I have my ways."

"Octavia?" The blond asked without a doubt. "Octavia." He confirmed. They chuckled. And although it was mid January and the temperature outside ranged between the bitter forty-fifties she realized there was no other place she'd rather be at the end of the day she's had. Plus, she hadn't been there in a while, hadn't had the time.

And as he drove, one hand free, grabbed another paper bag from behind his seat and presented it to Clarke. "Also…" She eyed him, but stuck her hand in the bag taking out a pint of chocolate-chip ice cream. "Hey, you remembered!" She chuckled in a bit of disbelief. Bellamy smiled to himself. "It's more of a gesture than anything else." He offered knowing very well eating it will only make them colder than they already were.

"Nice touch." She peered at him in a playful for in his ungodly handwriting written in black sharpie, spelling nothing other than 'property of Dr. Clarke Griffin'. "You know, just in case anyone ever mistakes it as theirs."

Clarke laughed, shaking her head. "I'll save this for a bad day."

…

The wind picked up along the shore, the tall grassy danced in it's wake as they walked. It was dark, and as their eyes adjusted they strode in a comfortable silence, listening to the waves crash against the sand. It was nice, calming. Being surrounded by the strong elements of nature made Clarke feel small, but in a good way—made her feel as though her problems were small with her. As if there was just more to life than her troubles.

She liked the feeling.

So she wrapped the blanket around her shoulders tighter, something she was grateful Bellamy stored in his car, and continued walking beside him. The silence between them lingered, but it was welcomed for she always felt safe in his presence. However the point of their so called 'dinner' which was technically now a 'trip' wasn't to get away from their problems, but rather to face them.

"I'm sorry." She began. Bellamy instantly glanced her way.

"For not telling you about…” But she didn't have to finish the sentence for him to get it. He offered her a nod. She swallowed, suddenly not in favor of the darkness for the simple fact that she couldn't read the expression on his face at the moment. But still, she charged on blindly. "I really am."

"I know." He revealed with an understanding nod.

"And I know you're still mad, but you have to understand where I'm coming from." She continued, her voice somehow breaking. He notices and stops, guiding them over to a beach that came in view. They sit facing the water.

"I'm not mad, Clarke."

This made the blond scoffed at him. "You walked out, Bellamy. You can't tell me you're—"

"I was mad in the moment, yeah." He shook his head, trying to get her to understand. "Not anymore. I'm just… disappointed, I guess." He offers not really knowing how to put it. "That's fair." Clarke nodded, meeting his gaze. Bellamy just swallowed, attempting to understand the process of it all, but
failing. "So… what happened, exactly? I want to know."

"You kinda already do…" Clarke shrugged not really knowing how to respond. But the expression on Bellamy's face persuaded her to continue. "I don't know, I woke up sick, you were with me that morning…"

"When did you realize, you might be pregnant?"

"About two minutes after I threw up." She chuckled, shaking her head. Because the matter at hand wasn't far from ridiculous. "Then, you know, we went back to sleep, and when I woke up in the morning I went to some drug store on the North side, bought the tests, went to the hospital to take them and that was that…" She simply explained.

"Okay… well just, help me out here, how did you manage to test two positives?

"Right, uh… funny story actually." She bit her lip rolling her eyes at her own stupidity. Because she too, was utterly confused at this until Bellamy had left that night and she had thrown away the rest of the tests, fingers running over a small label on the box. "uh… the tests, they were expired." She reveals realizing just how hilarious it all sounded.

Bellamy blinked for a moment before then smiled back. "And you didn't think to check before you —"

"Hey! I was terrified… I was not in a good-oh god… yeah I didn't check… I," She confirmed. "I don't even understand how I didn't figure it out sooner—but I was at the drug store and didn't know what to buy and that strange lady was all like 'these are good' and, 'discount', and me wanting to get out of there as soon as possible was like, 'okay, I'll buy three of those'."

"Well I guess now you know why they were discounted…" Bellamy chuckled.

"God."

"You got haggled when buying pregnancy tests… of course that would happen to you."

"Shut up." They chuckled, and for one of the first times that night Clarke felt completely at ease with where their conversation—their relationship was drifting forward. She felt as though if everything would be okay between them, as if somehow they were going to get passed all the hardships and finally move on. On to what, she didn't know but as long as they were in a good place it was okay. "What about you, w-what was your take on all this?" Bellamy questioned wanting her take on it. He was quick to offer his opinion on all this when confronting her, but hadn't yet heard her side of things.

"Honestly, Bell, I don't know. And I guess I'm glad I don't have to." She revealed, because the truth was, she was conflicted. Because she was young—too young, and the furthest thing from ready. But yet, on the other hand, it wouldn't be the worst thing, could it? "I don't know." She repeated once more. Because she truly didn't.

"That's okay."

"God, I was so scared." She revealed through a nervous chuckle, feeling a little more relaxed.

"Me too—" Bellamy admitted, rising about a million more questions in Clarke's brain. "What, you? I don't believe that that… you… you had it all planned, Bellamy!" She almost laughs at his ridiculous notion. "You wanted to move in together and raise it and… oh god." She shook her head, burying her face in the comfort of her hands. This situation felt too much like what happened with Finn. He
was ready for all that, she wasn't.

"You were so ready—" She continued, only to be cut off. "Clarke..." Bellamy exhaled attempting to get his point across. "Look, I'm not ready, either." Her hands dropped from cradling her head and she gazed up at him in utter confusion. "What—but—?"

"Will, you just let me talk?" He nearly chuckled at her abrasive nature to state her opinion. And for some reason she nodded, restraining her words. "Sorry. Go on."

"I guess... I guess I was so willing to step up and be the man that my father wasn't, okay? It-It wasn't a matter of if I was ready for it, or not. This wasn't about that for me," He shook his head, eyes piercing into her's. "In my mind, it was happening, you know? It was a set thing in the future and the way I saw it, was I was either going to step up, and take responsibility for my actions or I was just going to end up like my father."

She watched the series of beautiful mixed expressions echo across his face as he spoke. His father was always a sore topic for him. She knew that much. And for once she remained quiet, her opinion not even a voice of matter in the conversation.

"So I sat there—missed that night's stupid dance lesson," He chuckled. "and planned it all out... It was just... better. Calming, actually. Rational." He shrugged. "I don't know if I'm ready or not—I'm in the same boat as you. I just... I guess I just wanted to show that I was going to be there, and support you not matter what and that was the only way I could."

Clarke nodded, eyes almost stunning from the tears that threatened to escape. And for once she wanted them too, because they were tears of joy rather than despair.

"I get that now." She confirmed. And the more she watched him, the more easier it was to come to the conclusion that was forming in the back of her mind all this time. All Bellamy ever did in his life, dropping college to be a guardian to his little sister, taking care of his sick mother, becoming a detective, proving himself over and over again, was for the simple fact of not ending up like his father, drunk, alone, and bitter.

It was funny how much she'd learned in the matter of one conversation.

"So... Uh, Octavia told mention something interesting..." Clarke revealed after a moment, suddenly remembering her conversation at the OB with the Blake sister.

"Oh, really?"

"Yes... Uh, she said you guys got tested for the dementia gene?" She watched the expression on his face suddenly falter and fall, and she couldn't help but feel guilty to address it.

But none-the-less he nodded, confirming.

"I see."

She swallowed, attempting to get him to look at her, but failing for the stoic expression molded to his face, eyes hardened before turning on this fiddling fingers in his lap. She almost didn't have to ask for his results for the look on his face spelled it all. "Bellamy—"

"What do you want me to say, Clarke?" His smile contrasted the tone in his voice. "That I tested positive? That I might get it, that I might end up exactly like my mother?" His voice was soft but steady. The Blond reach out for his arm, offering a gesture of support.
Clarke swallowed. And for one of the first times in her life she doesn't really know who to respond. So she remained silent.

"I suddenly need a drink." Bellamy then offered, changing the tone in his voice. And Clarke couldn't help but agree with him more. "Me too." They chuckled and her grip on his arm tightened as he placed his other hand onto of hers.

"Well, there is one benefit of testing positive for dementia, I'll tell you that…" Bellamy teased, shrugging.

"And what's that?" Clarke questioned, clearly intrigued.

"You learn how to spell it." They laugh. And she swears, as she sits there watching him laugh, she's never heard a more stupid thing come out of that brilliant mind of his.

"What? It's true!" He continues. "I mean, the number of times I've googled it in my life is ridiculous." He adds. And although the situation was serious in its nature the way he presented her only wanted to make her laugh. The irony was brilliant in that moment, and she didn't know whether she was laughing because of it, or the way he said. Because of course he would test positive, it was just his luck. Bellamy Blake the valiant being he was would test positive because life hadn't already kicked the shit out of him.

The moment however faded with time and before she knew it their laughter had died and they were forced to embrace the serious nature of the situation at hand. Because the reality of it was that Bellamy did test positive, and the reality of it was that he could end up exactly like his mother. And that was all she needed in order for the fear to align itself perfectly between her ribs and nestle there. Her eyes grew wide with unease, glazing over with a coat of fresh tears at even the bare thought of losing him while he was still here.

*Of course he tested positive.*

Was the only thing running through her mind at the moment as she stared at him. And suddenly their light-hearted moment turned into something so much more than she could've ever predicted.

And they just continued to sit there, letting the sounds of the water crashing on the shore engulf around them.

A million questions ran through her mind, and before she knew it, she was drawing in a sniff and the moment he heard it his gazed turned to hers. He wrapped his arm around her back, bringing her closer. And in his touch, she felt apart.

"It's okay." He coaxed. A line he was unfortunately too familiar with, himself.

"It's not." She cried. And he held her tighter, trying to keep a straight face.

"I know, but I'm gonna say it is anyway."

…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter inspired by the songs:
Hey guys! So, I apologize dearly for my month-long absence, it will NEVER happen again, I just got caught up in school work. You know, life :P Anyway chapter 14 is up and chapter 15 will be up within the week (And oh my god, chapter 15 has been my favorite to write to date, like I'm so giddy, I just finished writing the first scene and gosh I just want to post it already (but there are still about four more scenes to go before I can)) I hope you guys enjoy and thank you all for reading!
In the end they agree staying just friends was something more beneficial for the both of them than anything else at the moment. It’s a hard truth to accept and Clarke knows there are going to be some rocky moments. This wasn’t a switch they could just flip—their emotions got in the way—something they both realized but didn’t admit to one another. It wasn’t going to be easy, but they were gonna try.

When they get back from the beach it’s late at night, so late in fact, they feel like intruders of the night walking through the hall of their own building. Their words are spoken at a faint giggled, whisper, their steps, small and paced together as if both causing this linger on purpose, not yet wanting to disperse to their own apartments. Clarke’s boots click against concrete, and the smile on Bellamy’s face somehow casts an illuminating bubble around them.

They stop before her door, bodies accidentally too close the tension begins to rise between them. Clarke wonders if he can feel it. And her question is instantly answered upon meeting his gaze. His eyes daring and determined, lips parted almost as if he was meant to say something in the moment. But instead, he just looks at her, watching her every move, and for once, Clarke doesn’t mind.

Oh, he definitely feels it. She decides.

And before either one of them realize what’s happening they’re slowly inclining towards one another, as if testing the waters ahead, carefully ridding of all and any space between their lips.

And just like that his hands are cupping the sides of her face grasping at the root of her hair, and she’s pushing back against his lips as if he was water and she’s gasping for air, and she has to remind herself to keep holding that pint of ice cream in her hands or it’s going to drop and make a mess all over the floor. They’re hungry and breathless but don’t plan to stop anytime soon, consuming one another as if it was their last moment on this earth.

When they break apart abruptly, it’s due to the lack of oxygen reaching their brains. And what’s left in their wake are breathless pants and a sense of delightful shock running through their veins. They both smile, taking a step back, minds racing to explain this incident.

“Sorry—“ She struggles out, biting her lip.

“That—that was the last time—“ Bellamy is quick to offer, attempting to hide the stupid smile on his face.

“L-Last time, right—“ Clarke confirms. She can’t take her eyes off the Blake brother, yet her hands dig around her purse for her keys coming to conclusion that the only logical thing to do at the moment was unlock the front door and place a road block between the space they just stole.

“Good night, Bellamy.” She offers, somehow managing to have opened her front door. He stands between her and the entrance, hesitant to let her go. A second passes and then another and he still hasn’t said anything, and Clarke’s heart is about to burst out of her chest and she’s about to speak when he cuts her off.
“Goodnight, Clarke.” He smiles, taking a step to the back then retreating to the other side of the hallway. She walks in, turning around. Her body is rigid and undecided and she has this unsettling itch to drop that ice cream right then and there and just let him consume her. But she stays put, offering him a soft smile, before closing the door.

“Last time.” She mumbled to herself realizing how screwed they were.

…

The time read 10:27am the next morning when Clarke found herself inside the dimmed lightings of the small, cramped on-call room. She was assisting a long surgery with Dr. Peters at noon, and her mother urged her to take an extended break and allow herself to rest. Something she didn’t know she needed so badly until she lay against the cot, and her bones no longer ached.

*It’s funny.* She thought. *I haven’t actually used an on-call room for it’s intended purpose in a long while.*

For the last time she was there, Bellamy was right there beside her. In fact, the very last time they used an on-call room was the day Finn walked in on them. She shook her head biting away a smile, for she could chuckle at it now, but at the time, it was far from funny. She sighs, shutting her eyes in hope of actually drifting to sleep. And she’s successful, for all of two minutes before the silence around her gets too loud and her mind’s ramblings fill it’s void.

She stares at the small empty space on the bed before her and all she can think of is Bellamy, laying there. Bellamy, and that wicked smile of his lips telling dirty tales. Bellamy, and his that stupid fresh scent of his that’s starting to fade from her sheets at home. Bellamy, who would just lay there and take a deep sigh almost as if he was ridding himself of all his day’s problems, allowing both his mind and body to actually rest.

Bellamy, her… *friend.*

She exhales in a puff, blowing out a strand of hair from her face.

*We’re just friends… Friends don’t think of one another that way.* She corrected, turning over to the other side of the cot.

*Just friends.*

…

They’re playing charades after dinner at Lincoln and Octavia’s place that night. It was the first time they had the whole gang there since the Blake sister’s move, so it was a sort of christening for the new space.

Jasper’s head is thrown against the back of the couch as a jolt of laugher erupts from his throat, and the rest join in suit. Maya’s impression of a chicken, he guessed, was one of the best things he’s ever laid eyes on. “That was brilliant—oh god—do it again!” He cheered, but the look on Maya’s face
was far from amused and as she made her way back to her seat beside him she playfully smacked his arm. “That was an easy one!” She pointed out, trying hard not to laugh along with them. “Who wrote it?”

“Doesn’t matter—who’s next?” Lincoln stated, attempting to get the game moving along. So far team ‘Mighty Falcons’, a name Jasper couldn’t let go of apparently, was gaining strong traction against team ‘Stankilious’ who just finished the chicken dance.

“Raven—I believe that’s you!” Shaw handed her the bowl with the pieces of paper and she carefully picked one out. They were only on the first part of the second round, where they were supposed to be acting out their cards.

It was an interesting game. Not that Bellamy had noticed, for his attention was set on something other than their current activities. He watched the mole above Clarke’s mouth move about to the spread of her lips beside him. And he smiled, just watching the laughter radiate around her. The arm he currently had swinging around the back of her shoulders suddenly weight him down.

And after she takes a moment to think about what she was going to do, Raven began. She started by planting her feet apart, and bending her knee’s, extending her arms out as if she was attempting to balance on something. And her teammates peered at her in suspicion, minds curiously racing about striving to figure out what she was acting out.

“Balancing!” Clarke shout out wanting to start somewhere. The Latina quickly showed the ‘kinda’ sign, but carried on.

“You’re on a board?!” Lincoln cried out. Reyes nodded, eyes wide and open. “Snowboard—you’re snowboarding!” Monty jumped in. But Raven just shook her head once again. The expression on her face getting slightly more annoyed as time went on.

“Surfboard?!” Clarke exclaimed running through a short list of things called ‘board’ you can ride. Raven pointed to Clarke with much exaggeration, but wanting her to keep going to which she pointed at her arm and proceeded to draw a big X before it. “Okay. Arm.”

“…b-but no arm?” The Blond added in confusion.

“Raven you’re losing us here!” Monty groaned. But the Latina went on.

God, what the fuck am I doing? Bellamy cursed to himself. Just friends. Just friends. He repeated the mantra on and on in the back of his mind taking his eyes off the Blond.

Raven continued, now placing her plans together above her head, shaking her body from side to side as she paced around. “D-Dancing?” Clarke offered with a grimace. The Latina shook her head, yet again, and continued on, now exaggerating on the palms above her head.

“Are you some sort of animal?” Lincoln questioned.

Raven shook her head.

“Thirty seconds guys!” Jasper revealed, eyes watching the disaster unfold before him.

“Are you a fish?” Clarke shrugged. But this time Raven eye’s grew and she tilted her head form side to side noticing the Blond was getting closer. The Latina exaggerated the palms above her head once more.

“Uh…fish… whale?—SHARK!” Monty cried out, jumping from his seat, to which Raven then
opened her mouth and pretended to bite her arm.

“Fifteen seconds, guys.” Jasper mumbled, rubbing his hands mischievously.

“Okay… so surfing… shark… arm—Bethany Hamilton! Bethany Hamilton!” Lincoln nearly screamed.

“Oh my god, finally!” A smile erupted on the Latina’s face as she jumped once in her place. This game was slowly making everyone grow anxious. And the gang laughed, watching the Latina’s priceless reaction before them. Raven shook her head taking Shaw by a quick peck to the lips to which Jasper shot out “No sexual inter-mingling between teams, minus one point!”

“Oh, but It was so worth it.” Raven points out deviously as Jasper scribbled on the score card.

Bellamy just chuckled once again attempting to shake his gaze off the Blond but not being able to. There was just something so ethereal observing her without a filter—watching her falter in confusion then continue on laughing at the Latina before them. And he suddenly found his other hand resting on the slope of her inner thigh. She gave him a glance—one, for once he couldn’t cypher, and he quickly retreated his hand, eyes shooting the other way for he was caught.

…

That Saturday, Bellamy finds himself sitting at his desk in the unit. The the phone in his hand reads 12:01pm, and he’s switching between Clarke’s contact and a take-out menu, his mind racing away at the endless possibilities. Should he call her? Should he not? Was she busy? Should he wait for her to call? Then again, it was only lunch. A simple, stupid lunch. Why did it even matter?

He groaned in frustration dropping the phone against his desk. For once he couldn’t understand the terms of their new relationship. What did friend entail to? Friends grab, lunch, right? Of course, he’s gotten lunch with Jasper, and Miller, and Raven—granted he was never sexually attracted to any of them but that didn’t matter, right?

It shouldn’t be this complicated.

“It’s just lunch, Blake. Call her.” Another voice rang out from beside him. And Bellamy instantly looked up, meeting Miller who was now apparently back at his desk. “How long have you been there?”

“Long enough to witness that internal struggle you’re having. Call her.” Miller revealed, eyes running through the endless case files on his desk. “And when you’re done with that, take you’re share of these.”

Bellamy slumped in his chair and let out a deep sigh. It sucked. Being friends—just friends. Then again they were friends before, and they’d gotten lunch together—even when they weren’t sleeping with one another. So it was probably fine. But then why did it feel so weird? “She’s probably busy—you know, resident stuff.” He used as an excuse.

Miller rolled his eyes, but they didn’t leave the case file in his hand. “You don’t know that. Call her.”

“I’m not gonna call her.” Bellamy shook his head.

“Then work—but for the love of god stop sulking—“
“Alright, alright.” The Blake surrendered, making his way over to Nathan’s desk. “What do we have?”

...

With Octavia moved out and Raven on shift, the apartment stood so still it almost bothered her. Now, usually she’d been elbow deep with work, but tonight she finished early for she was exhausted after that surgery and both her mother and Dr. Peter’s insisted on her going home and resting up for the day tomorrow.

But to Clarke there was no such thing.

She knew she should probably study, any sane surgical resident would with this free time. But instead she lounged on the couch, burrito-ed in comfy blankets slowing growing bored of the re-runs playing endlessly on the TV. She’d debated calling Maya, and Octavia and declaring a girls night out in celebration of her successful surgery that afternoon, but then realized tomorrow was the the hospital—or should she say, her mother’s fundraiser gala and would have to get all dressed for that.

She sighed, changing the channel.

Her stomach growled grabbing her attention, as her mind raced at what she was going to wear to the gala. And she made her way over to the fridge while debating scrounging through her closet or going out to buy a new dress.

The fridge was unsurprisingly empty and she almost glared at it as if it was somehow it’s fault.

She then proceeded to the freezer hoping for some leftover pizza rolls and almost froze, her eyes meeting that container. She smiled, the hunger in her stomach suddenly dying down.

‘Property of Dr. Clarke Griffin.’

“You know, just in case anyone ever mistakes it as theirs.” She could almost hear Bellamy’s voice again. She bit her lip and shook her head at the memory of it, and for a moment deliberated if it was a bad day enough for her to crank it out. But ultimately she decided it wasn’t. Her surgery was successful—and she came to the conclusions she was just bored. It would have to wait for another day.

But the smile on her lips wouldn’t fade.

And before her mind even had the chance to think about calling him she shut the freezer door and pulled out her cell phone, doing the only thing she knew would get the Blake brother off her mind, at least, she hoped.

The phone rang twice before a voice cried out on the other end.

“Hi, Clarke.”

“Octavia—hey, listen I need a dress for that gala thing tomorrow night.” Clarke almost blurted out before she was able to stop herself. She didn’t want to spend her free night laying on the couch, basically hung up over one Bellamy Blake—then again she didn’t want to go shopping either, but one was better than the other, right?
“Say no more, I know just the place.”

...
There were three things that ran through Clarke’s head as she rode the elevator up to the sixth floor of her building. The first being whether she made the right call with her latest patient that day, the second, whether Octavia still had the black clutch she wanted to use for the gala that night, and the third, whether that stupid kiss between her and Bellamy the other night meant anything.

Because she knew it did for her.

The blond sighed, and rolled her eyes at her own pathetic thoughts. Stop thinking about it Clarke. You’re only making it worse. And indeed, she was only it making it worse for herself for she’d been dwelling over that kiss since the moment it happened and could barely concentrate on anything else.

The doors slid open with a ding, and she trudged out, making her way to the front door.

She had forty-five minutes to get ready before they had to leave if there were to get there on time, not that she necessarily wanted to, for her mother had only asked for her presence there, didn’t exactly specify a time period in which to do so. But in the end Clarke was aware she was only fooling herself; she knew very well what her mother expected, and although toying with the possibility was quite amusing, showing up late was not a possibility.

The boy’s front door was hanging wide open when she walked by, and by a force of habit she stuck her head inside.

“I swear, you guys are asking to be robbed.”

“Hello to you, too.” Monty greeted from the kitchen, he was rummaging through a drawers like a crazed man. “Your concern is heartwarming, really.” Bellamy teased from the couch making the Blond scoff out a chuckle.

“Watcha you looking for there, Mont?” She continued on leaning on the door frame, noticing Monty’s lack interest. “Bow-tie… I swear if Jasper used it for one of his stupid home-made sling-shots I’m gonna…” He let out a low growl, eyes focused on the rapid movement of his hands. Clarke gazed to Bellamy who looked a little too comfortable for someone who was supposed to be getting ready.

“He can’t find his bow-tie.” He simply stated.

Clarke raised and eyebrow in response. “And he’s looking in the kitchen because?” She questioned in amusement. The Blake brother just shrugged. “Monty just wear a tie—“

“No, this is ridiculous! I’m a grown man, if I want to wear a bow-tie—then I’ll wear a god-damn bow-tie! Everything has to be perfect…” He nearly shouted in frustration. Clarke glanced at Bellamy biting her lip, attempting to refrain from laughing. “Okay… what’s with him?”

“Not sure, but if you ask me his behavior is caused by the mere fact that Miller is going to be joining us tonight.” Bellamy smirks.

“Hmm,” Clarke smiles. “I guess that would explain it.” And the two proceed to snicker until Clarke noticed the time, and quickly surfaced back to reality with a groan. “I should go get ready—you should be doing the same!”
But Bellamy just continued to lounge there, shaking his head. “Man, Kane must be pretty taken with your mom if he’s forcing half of Intelligence to attend this thing.” Clarke chuckled at his comment, but ultimately had to agree. “He just wants to impress her.” She shrugs.

“I guess I can’t blame him though,” The Blake brother exclaims.

“Why’s that?” Clarke questioned not understanding where he was getting at.

“Because I know what it’s like to be taken with a Griffin.” He throws a smirk her way and for the millionth time that conversation she has to roll her eyes at him. She wants to mouth, ‘Stop that’ but then she’d be acknowledging it; the flirting. And his smirk just lingers even as she quickly attempts to change the subject. “I assume we’re still carpooling. So, we’re leaving in forty minutes. Got that?”

“Yes, boss.” Bellamy exhaled. And with that she made her exit.

Her heart raced as her fingers jumbled with the front door lock. And she found herself struggling with it for a long second due to the fact that her mind was now clouded on repeat with that stupid saying, and the shape of Bellamy’s ungodly lips paired with that devilish smirk. Hadn’t we just agreed to being friends? What was going on this all this instructed flirting? She thought, frustration taking a toll on her. And why the fuck does he have to make everything so fucking complicated? She rolled her eyes at the situation even though a part of her was quite satisfied with the their flirtatious bicker.

She finally unlocked her front door, basically falling inside. Okay, Clarke. Gather yourself.

...

The knock on her door rang just as she was struggling with buttoning the top of her dress. Elbows in the air, arms hanging awkwardly followed by the usual grunt. And the boy’s didn’t bother waiting, just barged in, all ready to go.

“We’re picking Miller on the way.” Bellamy let out, fidgeting with his tie but quickly stopping as soon as his eyes landed on the Blond before him. She was striking, the long black maxi dress accented her curves and the cut outs on her sides and thigh high slit were just enough of a peek to make him excited. But the minute he met her eyes, he dropped her gaze. He kept getting caught staring at her, and it had to stop.

“I assume you’re pitching in for gas?” Clarke exhaled completely abandoning the back of her dress and heading for the heels. The blond took a seat on the couch extending her legs out with the help of the slit in her dress. The boys nodded. “You all ready?” Monty questioned, attempting to help Bellamy with the tie.

“Yeah. Just need to get these on.” She grunted once again wondering why it took so much effort to get all dressed up and if it was ever worth it in the first place. The answer was no, but that the moment she was doing anything to lie to herself.

“That’s not—you’re not helping—Monty!” The Blake brother whined, somewhat resembling a five year old as he fought with and at one point slapped Monty’s hands away. Monty rolled his eyes, and took a step back in surrender.

“I’ll do yours if you’ll do mine?” Clarke suggested standing on her heels. “Works for me.” Bellamy
shrugged taking a step behind her. It took a moment, his large calloused hands fumbled with the small black delicate buttons until they went through the loop. His eyes distracted by the tiny moles that formed endless trails of constellations he almost expect to light up, following them to the curve of her back. Until he snapped out of it, and cleared his throat, straightening himself up.

She turned when he finished. He took a seat on the arm of the couch and held his head up, hoping to give her enough room.

“And you trust her with this?” One of Monty’s eyebrows shot up in amusement. “Believe it or not, Mont, she has more experience in this than you do.” Bellamy revealed a husky smile. “Than all of you combined, unfortunately.” Clarke chuckled, shaking her head.

Her eyes focused on the movement of her fingers and the feeling of the soft fabric running across her skin. The smell of his sharp cologne—something between a blend of citrus and wood, was the cause of her shallow inhalation in fear he could feel her deep breath roll down the side of his neck. Clarke bit her lip, and with a slight shake of the head turned back to the patting the beautifully finished tie against his chest.

“There you go.” She swallowed, taking a step back.

Bellamy didn’t even look in the mirror before he said, “It’s perfect.” Dimples appeared on his face and before Clarke could take one more second to admire them, Monty spoke out from his phone. “Guy’s we’re going to be late!”

…

“So… Miller.” Monty nodded, eyes staring out of the window as if trying not to make such a big deal of what he was going to say. Bellamy and Clarke eyed each other playfully in the front of the car, but restrained themselves and just waited for the rest they knew was coming.

“Is he… I don’t know, involved?” Monty continued, clearing his throat.

Bellamy blinked, this being one of the most amusing ways he was asked this. “Involved?” He knew what he was was referring to, but it was simply too fun to give in this quickly. Clarke bit the bottom of her lip and shook her head. “You know… seeing someone?” He clarified uncomfortably.

“Oh.” The Blake brother exhaled, pretending as if he was only getting his question right then. “No, no… he’s single.”

Monty nodded, eyes still glued to the outside world. “Cool.” The two in the front glanced each others way once again, growing anxious and restless with the sudden topic of conversation. “Why’d you ask?” Bellamy questioned attempting to see if he can get Monty to express the attraction all three of them knew he had for Miller.

But instead the Greene boy just shrugged, playing it cool. “No reason.”

“Right.” Bellamy exhaled in a teasing notion.

“What?” Monty defended trying hard to hide the smile on his face. “I’m just trying to get to know him better—you know, make the car ride interesting?”
“Okay—that’s the most pathetic excuse I’ve ever heard, and I’m me.” Clarke chuckled shaking her head. “Seriously, Mont, you like Miller?” She questioned turning around to face him. There was no denying the grin on his face as she met his gaze. “I’ll take your silence as a yes, then.” Before turning back, shooting Bellamy a quick in the drivers seat an amused look.

“Okay, maybe… but god—I can’t believe you’ve been hiding him all these years!” Monty cried out to his defense. “Actually, he’s right.” Clarke pointed out, jabbing Bellamy playfully in the ribs.

“What? I don’t like mixing my work and social life—“

“Okay Mr. Hot-Shot…” Clarke mimicked him, mocking. “Has he said anything?” Monty questioned, leaning forward for the sole reason of wanting to see the expression on Bellamy’s face as he answered. The Blake brother shrugged, playing with a teasing smile on his lips. “He might of asked a thing or two about you the other day—“

“What did he ask?” Monty questioned nervously. “More importantly, what did you say?” Clarke joined in, anxiously. “He asked if you were… if you were seeing anyone.” Bellamy revealed with a pleased grin. “and what did you say?” Clarke repeated, nearly burst out, playfully slapping his arm in excitement.

“Okay, you’ve got to stop with the hitting, I am driving here!” Bellamy let out in chuckled, teasing, manner. Because in all honestly he didn’t mind it, he just liked keeping the two of them on their toes, and found every excuse to keep it that way.

“Bell!” Clarke whined.

“I said, no, obviously!” Bellamy finally let out.

“Holy crap, I ship it.” Clarke immediately declared turning back to Monty in the back seat that sported a fresh coat of blush across his cheeks. “Okay, okay—play it cool there he is.” Bellamy announced, pulling the car to the curb of another building. Monty straightened himself out, attempting to look casual, as Clarke struggled to keep still in the front seat.

Outside Miller raised a hand, a wave in greeting before he opened the door and climbed in next to Monty.

“Hey guys.”

The two in the front snickered, something Miller didn’t catch, but did question for their giggly actions where a bit out of character. “What’s with them?” Miller asked Monty. The Greene, shrugged, once again attempting to hide the smile forever present on his face.

“Beats me.”

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“It’s valet parking, Bellamy.” Clarke pointed out causally, as they arrived in the front of the circular driveway. He raised an eyebrow her way, one she didn’t notice for was she digging around her clutch, as he steered around the curve, eyes on the great house before them all.

“This is where you grew up?” He questioned. He hadn’t expected his words to taste that bitter on
tongue, but they did. And in that moment he realized the different lives they’d come from. He knew their upbringings contrasted, of course—he grew up on the eastern front of Rainier Beach in a two bedroom apartment that was falling apart, and Clarke, she was only across the shore, but a whole other world away it seemed.

In the backseat, Miller whistled, clearly impressed.

“Okay, one rule for tonight. No audible comments about the obvious, please…” Clarke immediately stated addressing the boys in the car. “That’s all I ask, thank you.” She didn’t even have to refer to what she was talking about for it was quite clear to them all.

The large house—mansion really, stood tall and proudly before them. It looked more like it belonged on the shores in the Hamptons than anything else. With it’s sided soft brown shingles, and accented white windows. Shutters lined with planters, and lights that toned the house in the setting sun.

Clarke, however nodded, not making anything of it. She pulled the cash out of her wallet and handed it to Bellamy. “This is for the parking, tip the guy.” Bellamy just turned to her. As if he expected her to remark anything on the nature of his last question. “What?” She defended his way in confusion. “Clarke, this is…” He trailed on stopping the car before the valet booth.

“It’s big, yes.”

“That’s an understatement.” Monty chuckled in the back.

“Ugh. I don’t want to do this.” Clarke sighed, rolling her eyes. “It’s big—unnecessarily so. I’m well aware, can we move on, please?” The Blond insisted not wanting to spend anymore time on the subject than necessary. Her family’s home was enormous, yes, she didn’t have a choice in the decision making for she wasn’t even born before they had bought it. Why her parents, she suspected her mother, wanted a house of this vicinity if they weren’t planning on have in a big family beats her. But she wasn’t about to go on answering for them.

“I don’t take responsibly for my parent’s illogical decision making.” She shut her eyes trying to escape the embarrassing situation, before popping the door open. And as the rest followed in suit, she handed the valet man the tip and thanked him, feeling strange she was doing this at her own home.

“I should’ve been a doctor.” Miller sighed, jokingly, hoping to lighten the mood of the conversation. Clarke chuckled, shaking her head as they approached the front door that was wide open, welcoming guests in. “Trust me, it’s not as glamorous as it sounds.” She commented. Immediately as they walked in a waiter met them with a tray of champagne and each took it’s own.

“What, the lifestyle or the job?” Miller questioned. Another person took their coats, distracting the rest but Bellamy who glanced her way, anxiously waiting for her answer.

“What, the lifestyle or the job?” She exhaled, much to their surprise, bringing the drink to her lips.

…

The party was outside in the back on the lawn that overlooked the southern part of Lake Washington. Twinkling lights streamed across the endless myriad of high-tables and mingling people and for a quick second Clarke found herself asking, \textit{What am I doing here?} But then spotted several employees of the hospital—the advantageous ones, who knew how to put on a show and charm their
pants off, and was instantly reminded why.

The hospital was facing a major lawsuit. *They need the money, right.*

To her left she saw Dr. Parker chatting up a potential investor, with a smile so big and forced she swore the woman would snap any moment. Clarke chuckled to herself, taking another sip of the drink in her hand as she thought what torture Dr. Parker must be undergoing at the moment and how many drinks she must’ve already consumed just to get through the night. The one thing about Dr. Parker was that she didn’t enjoy human interaction—of any form other than for surgical reasons. In fact, she was a *shark*—in the sense that she was a true believer her only reason for existing was to cut. And on some level, Clarke understood that.

To her left a band was softly playing on a leveled staged she’d never seen in her life, as a few people were swiftly dancing. She noticed Finn, looking strikingly handsome, should she add, because she had in fact observed, although she didn’t necessarily want to. He was dancing with Patty, a senior nurse at the hospital who knew exactly how to purge people of their money, a reason Abby had requested her presence in the first place.

Clarke shook her head and brought the drink to her lips once again. She couldn’t possibly get enough of the stuff and knew she was going to need a lot more if she was going to get through the night in the fashionable manner her mother desired. Thank god her friends were there, and she could have a sense of escape.

“Clarke!” Her mother’s voice rang out from a distance. And the Blond turned on her heels in its direction, meeting her face to face. “Mom,” She greeted with a smile, eyeing the strange man on her arm she figured with no one other than Captain Kane.

“Gentlemen,” She welcomed to the boys beside her. “Boys.” Kane acknowledged with a curt nod.

“Sir.” They responded, respectfully.

“I don’t believe we’ve met.” Clarke smiled, extending her hand with a pure radiating smile. Her mother looked so content wrapped around Kane’s arm, and a part of her could be more happy for her. It was rather serene. “I’m Clarke, Abby’s daughter.”

“So, this is the famous daughter I keep hearing about,” Kane smiled back, taking her hand with a firm, respectable shake. “Abby cannot stop gushing about your accomplishments. Marcus, Kane.”

“Oh boy.” Clarke exhaled, shaking her head. “Nice to finally meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“Well, you all look wonderful, thank you for coming in support.” Abby added. “It’s not like we had much choice.” Clarke mumbled taking another drink to which Bellamy subtly elbowed. Monty let out an uncontrollable snicker beside her then quickly gathered himself before the rest could notice. “The bar’s out on the deck, food’s being constantly carried out—it’s free seating, so please, enjoy yourselves, and uh, Clarke, Monty, you two have jobs. You know very well what they are, so make me proud, please.” Abby continued and before they could respond a phone went off cutting the conversation short.

Abby, upon feeling the vibration in her hand immediately picked up the call, excusing herself.

“So, your mother tells me you two know each other?” Marcus suddenly states, referring to Clarke and Bellamy. Clarke nods instantly and is quick to offer the explanation. “Yes, Bellamy and I are good friends, we’ve known each other for many years.”
“Funny, you never mentioned you were acquainted with Abby Griffin’s daughter.” Kane shrugged, amused at the fact Bellamy said anything in the slightest.

“What can I say? I like to keep my work and social life separate—”

“Oh, what’s up with that?” Miller immediately jumped in, voice laced with concerned confusion. “Yeah?” Monty followed. “It makes no sense.” But before he had the chance to reply Abby walked back, cutting him off. “So, I just got an interesting call from Mayor Newark.” She announced a little perplexed.

“Hm?” Clarke frowned, suddenly remembering her mother’s effort in charming the man’s way to the fundraiser. “He’s going to be late to the gala tonight due to the fact he’s dealing with an incident that happened to Brice’s car.” Abby revealed with an upsetting frown. “All his windows got bashed in—you don’t happen to know anything about that, do you?” Her mother questioned attempting to get more information on the matter. The blond shook her head. Beside her, Bellamy nearly bites his lip to keep from laughing. Miller elbows him, but stands his ground.

“God, I wonder what happened?” Abby questioned, shaking her head.

“Well, it doesn’t matter much now—oh look, there’s councilman Jones, we should chat him up.” Kane offered attempting to raise Abby’s spirits. “Okay, you’re right. We have a mission. Kids, you do too.” She mumbled, never letting them forget it, before trudging on, Marcus at her side.

As they watch them walk away Clarke leaned into Bellamy and under her breath, with a light smile she asked, “What did you do?” Bellamy just stood his ground, eyes out on the space before them. “Nothing he didn’t deserve, Princess.” And made his way toward the bar leaving Clarke with a now empty glass and a smug smile.

Clarke’s in the midst of talking up a councilwoman with big bucks about the importance and benefits the ER proves to the community, when her eyes blink on the last person she’d expected to encounter than night, let alone ever again. From the corner of her eye she spotted Thelonious Jaha standing a little too tall beside her mother and Kane who seem more than delighted in his appearance at the party. Of course the Senator was here. Her mother would obviously do anything to drag the attention to the media, and if it wasn’t such a good, beneficial cause, Clarke wouldn’t have thought twice before marching his way and removing that pretty little filter she applied to her mouth before events such as these.

Instead she took a moment, eyes still motioning the councilwoman in front of her although her mind was a million miles away. An unexpected image of Wells crossed her vision. Her heart leaped, tightening her throat. Just smile, Clarke. Nod and smile. She reminded herself remembering she was in the presence of a powerful figurehead.

And she did. She smiled. So much, in fact, her lips began hurting. Because Thelonious was standing fifty feet away, laughing as if nothing ever happened, and the back of her mind was playing a Wells marathon. Time seemed to stand still as a force of emotion weighted her down. She frowned. This all felt like some twisted joke. A trick of some sort.
How she tracked down the waiter holding a tray of champagne in that state, surprised even her. But she managed to sneak a glass off as he passed and smiled reassuringly to the woman before her, as she took a gulp.

*Relax. Everything’s fine.*

She reassured herself although she knew she was far from it. She hadn’t seen Thelonious since that dreadful night, and had not planned to ever again. Yet, there he stood like a bright vision before them all, slowly driving her insane.

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She’s finished her second margarita and about to wave the bartender down for one more when Bellamy noticed the nature of her actions and swiftly joined her. “She’ll have a water, thanks.” He cut her off. Clarke quickly turned to face the Blake, unimpressed. “That,” She began, tone filled with the fueling of a demand, index finger pointed slightly up. “was not what I was going to order.” She stated as a matter of fact.

Bellamy chuckled, sliding the glass of water her way. “Take it easy, tipsy.” She glares at him. “I am not… tipsy. I know very well how to handle myself, thank you.” She pointed out. But he stood his ground and shot her an amused look, as if to say, ‘please.’ And she managed a straight face, for all of three seconds before letting out a chuckle, finally hearing herself.

“Okay, maybe the water was a good call.”

“No kidding.” He teased. “What’s wrong?” Because something obviously was.

She sits there for a moment, not wanting to acknowledge it, but knowing eventually she was going to have to face it. So she draws in a long sigh, avoiding his persistent gaze, and speaks. “Jaha’s here.”

And just like that Bellamy understood what this was about. “Oh.”

Clarke nodded, letting out a surprised smile. “My mother didn’t tell me he was coming.” She sipped on the water before her, pretending it was something else. “I guess she didn’t bother checking with me.” And although Bellamy understood her dilemma, he didn’t know how to respond. “In that case,” He gets a little comfortable in the high chair beside her and waves the bartender down, ordering two shots of tequila. She offers him a somber look. “Thanks.”

“But just this once, then back to water.” He warned, chuckling. Clarke just shook her head, her hand meeting the length of his arm set on the bar and giving it a good squeeze as the bartender poured out the shot before them. He understood. And that was all she needed.

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Three Words (That Became Hard to Say) Part II

..."...now remember, the future of medicine lies in our hands, together!" Another physician finished as the crowd burst into applause. To which Finn stepped in from the side taking over shortly. "And now it's my honor to welcome to the stage our very own chief of surgery, Dr. Abigail Griffin!" He introduced as another round of applause made it's way about.

Abby took her place before the audience, body settling easily behind the podium. Her smile radiated as she cleared her throat to speak.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." She began. "I am Dr. Abby Griffin. And on behalf of the board of Seattle Medical, I want to welcome you here tonight." Cheers sprung our from the crowd, a few coming from Clarke herself.

"Thank you, thank you." Her eyes peered around the small of the crowd scattered about. Clarke held tight to her drink as her and Bellamy turn around, facing the stage.

"As surgeons we face what once was impossible. The threatening's of life is what gets us out of bed in the morning," Her mother continues on. "Your worst days, are our every-days. We step up to that table everyday with the mentality that the word 'defeat' is not in our vocabulary."

Clarke's heart suddenly grows heavy as she spots Thelonious once again and memories of that night come crashing back. She can almost hear the phone ring, his voice dragging on the other end."Clarke, something's happened." She shuts her eyes, trying to escape.

She freezes, taking a second before her eyes snap open, back to her mother.

"We go into medicine because we want to save lives, yet it's our losses that keep us awake at the end of most days." She tries hard to focus on Abby's words. Digest their meaning and make out her own opinions, but it's nearly impossible not to notice his tall figure lingering about.

"Because the truth is, the reality of practicing medicine rarely resembles our initial objective. Still, we march on. And tonight, Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to invite you to march on with us. To help keep the doors of Seattle Med. open, and continue saving lives. Thank You."

Another, final round of applause and cheering erupted to which Abby made her exit, allowing the jazz band back to their positions.

From the corner of his eye Bellamy could see Jaha's tall frame approach the bar, and just as he did, the Blake quickly extended his hand out before the Blond could realize. "Wanna dance?" He questioned, eyes darting to Jaha after receiving a confused look from her.

Instantly, she nodded. "Yes. God, yes." And gracefully accepted his hand as they peeled themselves off the stools, making their way to the dance floor.

"Good one. Thank you." Clarke exhaled in relief as they got away. She quickly fell in step with Bellamy's feet to the soft, slow hum of the Jazz Band. "What can I say? I'm a quick thinker." The Blake brother chuckled, leading with a gentle sway, one Clarke graciously welcomed.

"I like dancing with you." She revealed after a long moment of lingering, but peaceful silence.
"Oh, I'm well aware." Bellamy teased, to which the radiating smile on her face quickly turned sour as she scoffed but corrected with, "I think this is the part where you agree with me, Blake."

Together they chuckled, and the hum of their sound was as simple as it was sweet.

"I like dancing with you too." Bellamy finally disclosed. He gazed down at her, a pleased, smug expression molded to his face. And from the way the bouncing light caught the gleam in her eyes, to the way she pursed those plump rosy lips into that adorable pout, made him question his allegiance to their "just friends" agreement.

"Thanks for coming." Clarke let out, Bellamy closed the already small space between them. Bodies pressing gently into one another, Clarke's head just above his shoulder as they swayed.

"You say that like I had a choice."

Clarke rolled her eyes as they continue dancing. "Please, you and I both know you could've gotten out of this if you really wanted."

"Well, maybe what I really wanted was to see you in the dress?" He mumbled swiftly into her ear. His soft, warm words sending shivers down her spine as he hung on to that smirk on his face. Oh the things he did to her. Clarke just shut her eyes.

"Bellamy." His name on her tongue felt so right although it came with a warning tone.

And this time, even though Bellamy realized he was at fault, he did not defend himself for he simply didn't see a good enough reason to.

"Hm?" He questioned, as if he hadn't just said something a little out of line. But then again, this was Bellamy, she reminded herself. He was a Blake, and the one thing she could count on the Blake's for was breaking the rules, or at the very least, challenging them.

So she just led her head rest against his frame, their feet rocking from side to side to the beat of the music that surround.

..."...they've saved a few buddies of mine from the unit. The amount of value and respect we have for the trauma team there is unbounded." From a distance close enough to hear the conversation, Abby watched as Bellamy, her daughter on his arm, told stories about the countless policemen they've saved over the years to a small group of intrigued spectators.

"I mean, they don't just save lives, they give guys like me a second chance, you know?" Detective Blake continued on. Clarke just nodded, joining in when she could, smile so immaculate Abby couldn't remember a time she looked so content.

"So, explain to me," A voice rang out behind her, an arm suddenly wrapping itself around her waist before slipping away to hand her a drink. "what they are, exactly." Marcus questioned in amusement.

"You mean, my daughter and your detective?" She attempted to confirm taking a sip from the glass. "God, I don't think they even know what they are." She almost laughed, taking a moment to recount the number of glasses she's had that night in fear she maybe acting out in the account of it.

"They're friends." She then cleared her throat wanting to offer a more accurate response. "Or so Clarke says... I for one do not believe it for a moment"
"They don't look like friends…" Marcus pointed out.

"Someone should tell them that, I've had two people come up to me asking who the mysterious man on my daughters arm is tonight."

Kane shrugged, revealing a soft smile. "I was only asking because you were staring."

"I was?"

"You were."

"God, I mean… look how happy she looks."

"They both do." He offers, nodding.

"Yeah."


It was later in the evening when Abby was just about done telling Clarke they've raised the significant amount of funds to meet their intended goal, when the blond was just distracted enough not to notice him coming, that Thelonious Jaha, decided to literally step into their conversation.

"That's wonderful Abby, I'm thrilled to hear it." He spoke, offering a triumphant smile. Instantly, the older Griffin's eyes shot to her daughter who stood there, once again completely taken by surprise.

"Clarke, It's nice to see you. I've heard great things over these last few years."

Clarke nodded, not wanting to stand there mute like an idiot, wanting to show she was just as unaffected by his presence as she was the duration of the whole night. So she stood her ground, biting the inside of her lips so hard it almost caught blood.

"Thelonious," Her mother quickly cut in when she realized Clarke wasn't going to reply. "Yes, she's a resident at Seattle Med, second year now."

Clarke nodded trying to hold the stoic expression on her face just a second longer. And it wasn't until she felt the other presence slide in beside her she finally took a breath. Bellamy took a protective stance next to her, scowl forever present on his face. And from that moment, everything seemed to calm down, however it didn't last long.

"You've taken her under your wing, it's admirable." Jaha continued. "That was always a dream of mine." And in that instant Clarke felt sick. Her stomach dropped, a spell of nausea hitting her from almost nowhere. Her head was shaking at the unfathomable words spilling out of his mouth.

"I-I'm sorry, I can't." She mumbled out before making her escape. And Bellamy was quick to follow, until Abby caught up.

"I got this." The older Griffin stated, rushing after her daughter.

Bellamy just nodded, coming to a stop.

The older Griffin caught her just as she was about to descend the stairs to the lower part of their backyard. Abby knew she was heading for the the casita that faced the open water before them.

"Clarke!" Abby shouted, grabbing a hold of her arm, with so much force, nearly spinning her back around. And the look on her face spelled out exactly what she had feared would happen with Jaha.
being there.

She didn't need to spell out one word for her mother to understand.

"Clarke." Abby cried out, her demeanor shaken. The grip on her arm loosened as she brought her closer. "Come on, baby." She mumbled, guiding her down the remainder of the steps and inside the pool house.

Inside, a few people mingled about, so engulfed in their own conversations they barely noticed the pair rushing to the side bathroom. However, when finding it locked they made their way into the spare room. The french door's were wide open to the outside but they had the confidence no one could hear them.

"Are you alright?" Abby's voice was gentle as she watched her daughter struggle before her. And Clarke nodded for a moment that quickly faltered into a shake. No, she was not okay. "I can't—I can't believe he said that." She mumbled out in disbelief.

Abby stood her ground, the softened expression on her face turning to stone when she realized what this really was about. She of course, understood that Jaha's presence only reminded her of Wells, and before that interaction upstairs Abby had always come to believe that Clarke's distaste for Thelonious had always rooted from her head, but now she could see it. What he said, although she didn't necessarily think was quite as intentional as it came out to be, was malicious—cruel even.

"Wells never wanted that! He—he lost his life because that bastard wouldn't support him, and now… now, he has the audacity to show up here and say that?!!" Clarke erupted, now completely consumed by the uncontrollable anger present within her.

Abby took a step forward placing her hands on the sides of her daughters arms hoping a warming touch would help calm her down, but the Blond retreated and kept on going. "I don't know, mom… I'm just… I'm so done." She shrugged not knowing what other conclusion she could actually reach.

"I'm done." She met her mother's gaze. Her word felt so final that it scared Abby. At that point she didn't know what to say, what to offer to make it all better. It was clear Clarke was pissed.

"I need to get out of here." Clarke mumbled almost making another break for it until, Abby stepped in not wanting to lose her daughter again.

"No," She stood her ground, hands raised off to her sides almost as if she was surrendering. "if anyone's going to be leaving it's going to be him."

"Mom." She shook her head, frowning. She knew how bad it would look to the press of the hospital if Chief Griffin had to kick a Senator out. She wouldn't do that to her.

"No, Clarke. You're right." Abby nodded in realization.

"Mom." The Blond's voice broke mid-word, as tears weld in her eyes. But Abby shook her head. "It's okay. I should've never invited him." The tone in her voice was set so Clarke knew there was no changing her mind now, and she almost couldn't believe it. Her mother reached out for her hand, and this time Clarke let her as she gave a reassuring squeeze. "No one upsets my baby this way and gets away with it." She revealed a small smile through the tears that threatened to fall.

And it was in that moment that Clarke realized how powerful her mother's love actually was. The Blond nodded offering her a thanking smile, so many emotions and thoughts running her that she suddenly had the courage and longing to speak them out. And just as Abby was to make her exit, Clarke caught her hand stopping her.
"We never talked about it." She swallowed.

Abby gazed back at her daughter in slight confusion. "the night Wells died." Clarke clarified, her voice uneasy but stance confident.

Abby nodded, and after a moment of hesitation she spoke, "I know… but then again we don't talk about a lot of things."

Clarke swallowed, agreeing.

And instead of leaving, Abby surprised her by taking a step before her. "There's a lot we need to discuss, a lot I want to know about you." She shrugged. "When I lost your father I lost you too." Her voice broke, as she wiped a few silent tears away. "And I've regretted it ever since."

Clarke nodded, sniffing. "Yeah, I'd like that."

The two took a moment to gather themselves before a smile stretched across Abby's face as her attention fell on the two figures outside the door that were conversing at a distance. And she took a moment to admire them before Clarke caught on. "We found a good pair of boys, hu?" Abby sniffed with a small chuckle.

Marcus and Bellamy stood off to the side attempting to make themselves look busy by talking when it was obvious they were just waiting for the two to finish.

"Bellamy's not my boy, mom." Clarke almost chuckled wiping away all evidence of tears. "We're just friends." And with the suddenly look of disbelief that appeared on Abby's face, the whole atmosphere in the room lifted.

A small bang suddenly erupted from the wall that connected to the bathroom, but the women made nothing of it.

"He's been stealing gazes at you the whole night." Her mother hinted, but the Blond just pursed her lips, glancing toward him. "Clarke, honey," Abby couldn't decide if her daughter was simply unaware of their effect together or just in denial, however, she was guessing the latter. "people who are just friends don't look at each other like that."

"Mom." And with one words Abby came to the conclusion it was indeed denial that struck the Blond.

Clarke bit her lip reopening the raw skin.

Another bang broke out, this time catching their attention.

"All night people have been asking me who my daughter's 'flashy date' was—" Abby trailed off, continuing in a more playful manner that Clarke swore she hadn't seen in years.

"He's not my date—" The Blond corrected. "You sure about that? Because he's been right there beside you, all night."

"Mom."

"Don't, mom, me. I'm right." Abby stood her ground. She watched as Clarke gazed out to the boys, the expression on her face, timid yet contemplating. "And if you ask me, that boy is as in love with you as anyone I've never seen."
Another *bang*, this time followed by a softer *thump* that was now only raising concern to Abby.

Clarke turned to her mother the shock of actually hearing the words aloud taking a toll on her, but before she had a moment to digest it all, her mother knocked on the bathroom door in suspicion.

"Hello?" She questioned hand reaching for the door handle and being surprised when finding it unlocked.

Clarke frowned and shrugged as a series of thumping continued before the door swung open, and out stumbled Monty and Nathan, paired with slight shifted appearances and guilty smiles.

"I-I don't want to know." Abby instantly let out, she blinked once then proceeded to step away as Clarke struggled to hold her snicker in. "W-We were just…" Monty offered but didn't know how to finish that sentence.

"Everything alright here?" Marcus's voice suddenly rang out. He and Bellamy noticed the commotion from outside and decided to investigate. Clarke could barely keep from laughing as Bellamy exchanged glances with her in attempt to get the whole story.

"Miller, your tie is crooked—" Nathan's eyes widen, hands quickly raising to correct it.

"And fix your hair, son. Dr. Griffin here is going to think I run a unit of pigs." Kane joked before turning to Abby with an apologetic expression. It was quite clear he had no idea what had just gone down. "Captain Kane, let's see those moves you keep bragging about, hu?" Abby suggests, offering her hand with one warning look toward the gang. As they go off to dance and Monty and Miller breathe out in relief for a moment before the Blond and the Blake step in before them.

"So, what'd you guys do?" Clarke teased playfully.

Miller scratched his head in attempt to hide the expression present on his face, while Monty just stood there with a coy smile, avoiding their gaze.

"We were… uh… t-the tiles in that bathroom—I mean, wow!" Miller let out in a nervous exhale as he butted elbows with Monty, motioning for him to add on. "Y-Yeah, like th-those were… exotic—"

"Oh, give me a break." Bellamy rolled his eyes through a chuckle.

"We were just making out!" Monty exclaimed in a quick reveal not wanting them to form their own idea about what had happened. Nathan shot him a look as if to say *why'd you tell them?!*, that Monty shrugged off. "I'm not good at lying." He continued as a smile erupted on Nathan's face. Clarke and Bellamy chuckled at the two. "Clearly!"

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"That didn't take long, hu?" Bellamy stated approaching the bar Clarke leaned against, referring to Monty and Miller who were enjoying each other's company at their table. The Blond shook her head, chuckling at the two. "Well, when you know what you want, you know what you want." She shrugged repeating Octavia's words, eyes trailing over his figure beside her. She swore that phrase never fit so right.

"Right." Bellamy frowned, stealing a glance her way just as she tore her eyes from him. She spotted her mother and Marcus gliding across the dance floor, smiles as the eye can see, her heart warming to the image before her knowing her mother truly deserved it.

Her eyes then spread across the crowd, finding Finn chatting up another resident by the donation box and waived him a polite smile. He responded with a curt nod, then continued his conversation. "You
want to grab some food? I'm starving." She found herself saying on behalf of the empty contents of her stomach.

Bellamy shot her a confused look to which she knew she had to clarify. "From the kitchen, upstairs—come on." She chuckled grabbing his hand and guiding him back up the stairs to the big house. "I'm sure they have platters on endless platters in that fridge up there."

When they make it to the top, Clarke's sticking her nose in fridge like it's nobody's business as Bellamy takes a moment to gaze around the immensity of the place.

"Well, there's nothing in here—unless you like Artichoke Turnovers and Marinated Olives," Clarke sighed dramatically. "I swear my mother doesn't eat." The Blond puffed out a breath in disappointment. And Bellamy let out a chuckle taking a seat at the island counter.

"You really grew up here, huh?" He commented. One of her eyebrows shot up. "Growing up may be the most appropriate term."

"What do you mean?" He frowned, itching to hear more.

This time she shrugged, turning her back to him to check the freezer. "It just hasn't felt like home in a really long time, Oh—I bet Loretta has a stash here somewhere!" She exclaimed hoping to help guide the topic of conversation away from life in that house.

But Bellamy wouldn't budge. "Why's that?" He was so keen on figuring her out and knew a big part of that was getting her to talk about her past life, her parents, this house, this lifestyle. Something she rarely did that he wished she wouldn't hide away from.

Clarke closed the freezer door, pulling out a tub of ice cream before turning back to face him, expression on her face so conflicted as if she couldn't get the right words out. "After my dad," She shrugged not daring to meet his eyes, hoping Bellamy would understand. And he did, as he encouraged her to go on with a persistent nod.

"everything changed, you know?" She dug a spoon in the carton and played around scooping up the frozen matter.

Bellamy nodded but waited for her to continue.

"And I realized I depended more on my father, you know, emotionally, than I thought I did." She sighed bringing the cold spoon to her lips.

"My mom was always gone—either at work, or some charity event, I barely saw her… I don't know Bellamy," She shook her head, frowning. "when I think of home I think of…" You. She paused, eyes snapping to his before quickly retreating for she realized what the next word on the tip of her tongue was and for the life of her and couldn't let it slip out.

"I-I think of the apartment, and of you guys." She swallowed, her mind wondering off on it's own adventures. Un-welcomed memories of the two of them plagued her mind, debating topics over breakfast and coffee. Lazily laying beneath the cold white sheets the day after. Running around the hospital halls like delinquents.

Her heart ached.

"So to answer your question, yeah, I did a lot of growing up here." She smiled this time, coming to terms with it, not wanting to bring the mood of their conversation down. But there was such pain present in her eyes he couldn't ignore, so he reached across the island counter and placed his hand on
top of hers making her set the ice cream aside and face reality.

And after giving her a quick moment he spoke. "Is it totally taboo of me to say I want to see your room?" He joked, lifting the atmosphere as they chuckled.

"Come on, I'll give you the five minute tour."

... 

"So what'd you think—not too overwhelming for you?" Clarke joked, referring to the tour. In the time being they'd made their way back outside, following the trail down to the dock that stretched before the very bay, engulfed in the darkness of the night and the large black body of water that surrounded them.

"I liked it. It's a beautiful house." Bellamy nodded in all honesty. "However, your room has one too many Justin Timberlake posters than I pictured." He teased as they walked along the floating wood. She playfully smacked his arm but laughs along. "I'm sorry if I was a dedicated fan!"

"Was?" Bellamy questioned, smirk ever present on his face. "With so many relics, I wouldn't be surprised if you still are—tell me, are you hiding his poster behind one of those paintings of yours back at the apartment—?"

"Oh, cry me a river," Clarke rolled her eyes at him. "pun intended." She added, bitting her lower lip to keep from laughing. And Bellamy held his head for a moment to process the epic burn he was blazed with. "You did not just—no…"

But the Blond couldn't contain herself and she laughed out tugging him along as they reached the end of the small dock.

"Thanks for doing all that, you didn't have to." Bellamy let out after the short moment in which their laugher died down. Clarke nodded, eyes glued to the swaying movement of the water the dock followed. She was so temped to hike her dress up and dip her toes in the water forgetting it almost freezing in the January cold.

She shrugged. "It got me out of mingling with all those people up there, so really I should be thanking you." She joked, looking up, no longer wanting to avoid his lingering gaze. She shivers in the cold air around them, and like a gentleman, Bellamy quickly undresses from his blazer, offering it to her.

"Here."

She almost denies, but he's too quick, already wrapping it's large frame around her shoulders.

"Thanks." She blushes.

They stand there side by side, before the bay. He watched her as her eyes studied their surroundings, everything from the water to the stars up above them.

And in that very moment, with the night sky upon them and fairy lights flickering in the distance, Bellamy realized something. He'd found her. The one he loved with his whole heart. And it didn't matter that he never really looked for her to start with, or that their relationship began in the sordid manner it did, or that hell, they we're breaking the rules of their agreement, because he'd done it.

He'd finally found her and he couldn't let her go no matter how hard he tried, and he loved her and he had to tell her right there and then.
"Clarke."

She turns to eyes him for a moment, lips parted. "Do you ever realized how Sirius is—" But before she could even finish the rest of her sentence Bellamy's quick to steal her breath. He catches her lips in his, resting his hand on the slope of her jaw as if to anchor themselves from getting lost in the serendipity of it all.

And even in her confused state she rides it out, not wanting to stop in fear she'll never experience anything so stimulating again. Yet she's the one to break away when the lack of air finally reaches a point of coherency in her brain.

"Bell, you've got to stop kissing me like this—"

And eyes shut, lips still inches from hers, breath panting he speaks. "I love you." He reveals, feeling the release of the weight those words—those emotions that had held him down for so long, eyes opening to meet hers.

Time stands still. She can't breathe. Everything hangs between them as her minds races looking for the three identical words she can't seem to voice. She smiles, resembling that of disbelieve and content.

And for that moment everything is perfect.

And she just wants to stand there, clinging on to this moment forever. And it almost seems like she will until she realizes she hadn't actually voiced the words she felt so strongly for him. She swallows, taking a step closer, hands shaking with a mixture she could only call pure delight and shock.

"I—"

"Clarke?!!" Her voice mother's voice rings out forcing the Blond back to reality. Yet simultaneously, Bellamy's phone rings attaching his attention. The Blond shuts her eyes in annoyance, resting her head against his chest for a quick second before driving space between them.

Clarke shoots him an apologetic glance as he picks up the call, and her mother approaches the two of them.

"Sorry to bother you but the Jamison's are leaving and they wanted to see you before they go." Abby explains, just realizing she'd intruded on a personal moment. Clarke glances at Bellamy who expression fell short on the other line. Something was wrong. "A-Are you sure it's him?" He speaks out.

"Clarke?" Her mother presses. "Y-Yeah, I'll be right there." She states, not leaving the Blake brother's gaze.

"And he's—crap. Okay, yeah. We're coming" He replies into the other line. Tone in his voice low and solemn.

"Blake!" Another voice rings out from the end of the dock. Both Miller and Kane were pacing down, panted breaths as they reach him. "Casey's on the move, they're trying to transport the girls—we have confirmed witnesses." Kane shouts.

"We have to move now." Miller finishes.

"That bastard is moving up the time-line…" Kane mumbles under his breath. "Marcus, what's going on?" Abby questioned stepping in line with her daughter.
Kane approached the older Griffin in a swift move. "Something's come up with the case. We have to go—I apologize for leaving like this." He explains rather vaguely. Abby nods, immediately understanding. "Of course—g-go!" She gives him a quick squeeze as he leans in and kisses her.

Clarke notices Bellamy's eyes on her but mind a million miles away. She rushes to him, not wanting to leave his previous proclamation with nothing, nor wanting to declare her love for him in front of an audience. Instead she slides her hand on the back of his neck, eyes spelling out the words, and pulls him into a kiss.

She tries to ignore the whistle Miller shot out, or the wave of questions she knew her mother was going ask and just in the moment.

"We'll talk tomorrow?" Clarke questions lightly. He nods eagerly. "Be careful." She huffs out, biting her lip, hesitant to let him go.

He smiles, and she so sure he knows. "Of course, Princess." And with that he slips out of her gaze, leaving her there in his blazer, with her mother by her side.

And there were three things that ran through Clarke's head as she stood there, engulfed by the sparkling bay, watching Bellamy pace up the stairs, Kane and Miller in tow.

Correction, there was really only one thing running endlessly on repeat; *He loves me. He loves me. He loves me.*

*Bellamy Blake loves me.*

...
“It’s a $250 a pop at the front door. Our friendly informant, Matt, who's in there with Echo said they heard talks of planning to relocate the girls and shut this space down after the party is over. We can’t interfere until we get eyes on Casey’s partner, he goes by the name Chain. He’s the man in charge of the whole operation. We get him, we weaken down the whole western front.” Kane went over through the radio in the surveillance car. “Car 1, all quiet on Occidental. What do you have?”

“Van 1, South Lander. Party in Progress. Streets still quiet.” Murphy replied turning around to face both Bellamy and Miller who were gearing up for their undercover task.

“Are you sure you’re up for this?” Murphy almost teased.

“How they looking, John?” Kane’s voice radioed in from the speaker.

“Like they’re going to shit themselves.” He chuckles at the joke that lightens the atmosphere, as the two in the back roll their eyes. “They’re ready.” He corrects, the tone in his voice is now steady and strong as he nods their way.

“Copy that.” Kane replied. “We have back-up waiting for your move.”

“Let’s pray we don’t have to use it.” Bellamy mumbled in a gruff, locking his gun on safety, tucking it into his waistband.

“We won’t” Miller replied a little too confidently, making the Blake and Murphy gaze his way with an amused confusion. “And what makes you so sure?” John questioned truly intrigued by Nathan’s sudden confident declaration.

“Well, given Bellamy’s luck tonight, everything should run smoothly.” Miller explained suggestively.

“What’s the hell's he talking about, Blake?”

“No idea.” He shrugged off with a stoic expression, but it was too late for Murphy quickly caught on. “Oh! Did you finally lock down that Blonde?” He took a quick guess to which Nathan nodded eagerly. “I mean, I’m not sure what exactly happened but that kiss… damn —”

“Can we please focus here?” Bellamy groaned hoping to quiet the snickering boys. Was it so hard to understand he didn’t want to discuss this particular personal matter—especially one he didn’t have confirmation of, before the whole units' ears?

“We have a guest, gentlemen,” Kane announced from his end, snapping the three back to their responsibilities. “Large van, blacked-out windows pulling up along the side of the warehouse. Do you have eyes on it?”

“Affirmative,” Murphy replied, turning back to the set-up of computers before him, eyes set on one small screen that fed him images from Kane’s camera. Just watching as the third van stopped. “This may be our guy—Echo do you have Casey’s location? Is he in sight?” Their Captain continued
attempting to get their inside agent’s confirmative.

“Suspect is in sight, he’s making his way toward the east side entrance,” Echo replied after a moment of delay. Her voice was low, and hushed attempting not to draw attention to herself inside the ring. “He’s paying off the middle man?” Miller suggested, taking a step closer to the screen.

“Looks like it. But this one’s empty. It must be for the girls already in there.” Murphy quickly assisted as they watched as Casey pull out a sealed envelope, handing it to the driver of the van. The man discreetly counted it, exchanging a few words before stepping back into the driver's seat.

“Run the plate on that van, Murphy.” Kane quickly asked. “I want to know everyone who’s been in it and everywhere it’s been.”

“On it, Boss.”

“Miller, Blake, wait for Casey to go back inside before you make your move. Now you remember your cover?” Kane questioned wanting to take a moment and ease them into their backgrounds.

“We’re stockbrokers. Buddies of Matt from work.” Miller simply replied. “Good. Now, this isn’t our usual black-bag operation, alright? We have to be especially diligent.” The two eyed each other with a cautious gaze, knowing how true their Captain’s words ran.

“Copy that, Sir.” Bellamy replied.

* * *

Detective Blake’s day, however, was not the only one that started in the early hours of the morning. The last thing Clarke wanted to do after that particularly eventful night, where she needed at least a few hours to digest the news and let everything dwell on her, was to get paged at 3:09 am to the ER. And although she hadn’t found sleep, she was not thrilled to be climbing out of bed at such an hour for exhaustion managed to crawl out of its corner and creep upon her bones. Still, she shut her pager off, let out a relatively larger than necessary yawn, and smiled to herself in utter satisfaction.

The moment ran circles around her head the words “I love you” endlessly threading through her mind as if it had somehow been a dream. And just one moment of pure reality was all it took for her to realize it wasn’t. The Blonde sighed, rubbing her eyes awake as she made a mental note to grab a cup of coffee when she had a chance.

Fifteen minutes later when she found herself at the front of the ER, charged with a shot of espresso and a determined stance, she went to work, meeting the paramedics with the assigned ER attending.

“What do we have?” She exclaimed quickly attempting to assess the situation as she ran along beside the stretcher. “Amber Lee, 29 years old. 33 weeks pregnant. Car accident.” The paramedics explained bringing them up to date.

“We need to get her into CT for that head trauma.” Clarke announced taking note of the large bloody gash along the woman’s forehead, a possible indicator of a major brain injury.

“I-Is my baby going to be okay?!?” The woman cried out, barely coherent, triggering a series of warning signs to Clarke as she then watched the attending grab an ultrasound wand, running it across the curve of the woman’s belly.
“And my husband—Phil?!—W-Where’s my husband, have you seen my husband?!”

“Ma’am, Amber?” She questioned attempting to get her attention, trying to get her to focus on something other than the utter chaos around her. “Ma’am I’m Dr. Griffin, this is Dr. Andrews we’re gonna check your baby right now, okay?” The Blond continued wanting to calm the woman down for her blood pressure was spiking through the roof.

“Baby’s in distress, her brain is hemorrhaging—someone page OB. Tell them to meet us in the OR!” Dr. Andrews shouted as a nurse called the page.

* * *

“The plan is simple.” Miller mumbled out ever-so-faintly. Bellamy swallowed, demeanor set as they straighten themselves up, approaching the side door of the warehouse and exchanging one last cautionary glance before they knocked on the door before them remembering their goal.

“Show them you mean business. They have two VIP girls that we know of in the batch that’s coming in, both of you request them.” Kane presented, going over the plan with them. “We need all the girls out in the open area. We can’t have any get away. We’re waiting for Casey’s confidant to arrive. He’s coming with that new batch so they can transport them together to another disclosed location. We have to wait it out.”

“I don’t like this.” Bellamy exhaled under his breath. “I don’t either.” Nathan corrected, stepping in line beside him. Together they present themselves before the warehouse door; it never got easier, not even with the number of times they’ve gone undercover in their careers.

“No, I mean, I don’t have a good feeling about this.” Bellamy pressed making Miller come to a sudden halt. “Dude, you can’t say shit like that before we go in there. Take it back.” The Blake turned to face him, apology in tow with a smirk. “My bad.”

“That’s right, your bad.” Miller chuckled nervously. “I believe what you meant to say is, we’re gonna bomb this mother-fucking case and catch some bad guys.” He corrected not wanting to walk in there on that last flimsy note Bellamy left them with. Bellamy rolled his eyes even though he knew Miller was right. That wasn’t what they needed. What they needed was the confidence of a thousand bulls instilled within them, or at least Miller saw it that way.

“Now, let’s go.”

* * *

“How’s the baby?” Clarke questioned standing over the attending’s shoulder. They had perviously preformed a crash C-section and successfully delivered the baby as another team of surgeons took care of the mom who was beginning to hemorrhage as well.

“Seven weeks premature, and still critical. Bleeding hasn’t stopped.” The older doctor sighed shaking his head. “Maybe try a FFP transfusion?” The Blond suggested attempting to think around all the ways they could help. “That might just work. Thank you, Dr. Griffin.”

“Yeah. Uh, do you need me here? I have rounds in,” Clarke quickly checked her watch, attempting
to hold back an incoming yawn. “well, ten minutes ago.”

“No, I’ll get started on this. I’ll page you if I need anything.”

**

An hour into the party found Bellamy and Miller lounging on a blood orange torn couch, faces played with the false expression of allurement from the girls stretched upon their laps as a myriad cloud smoke, pounding music and clinging bottles circled around them. Echo kept her stance in the corner with Matt, playing the girlfriend part beautifully as she lingered close to him letting his hands wander around her figure flawlessly, but she didn’t mind. They were a good distraction from the realities of the danger they faced, that and well it was helping keep their cover.

Still no sign of Chain. They knew it would take a while, but their impatience was slowly getting the best of them. The danger they were in posed a threat with every gun Bellamy saw tucked in a waistband and with every holler and howl let out. And although the situation deemed him a welcomed sense of adrenaline he wanted nothing than to get out of there, limbs intact.

So, guiding the girl off his lap he stood, facing Casey, who in his eyes, looked a little too comfortable ordering a group of girls around. “This is getting old, man. We’ve been here an hour when’s the new batch getting in?” He questioned as if he had any sort of social authority over him in that situation.

Both Miller and Echo's eyes, immediately followed his actions in caution, for this wasn’t planned and they had no idea what to expect. But Casey just laughed, extending his gaze to Matt. “Brought a nice group of friends here, Matt. Stockbrokers, always fucking impatient.” He chuckled taking a swing of the beer in his hands. “What? Is my girl Nancy there not giving you a good time?”

“She isn’t what I paid for.” Bellamy stood his ground, eyes narrow and sharp.

Casey sighed, coming to his partial sense and taking his phone out. “Let me call my guy, get an ETA. Sound good?” Kane questioned hoping the news was making its way inside. “Yes.” She replied quickly motioning to Bellamy and Miller on the couch. They gave her a short glance before returning to their roles, demeanors a little more prepared than before.

4:34 am

“Car 1, we have movement on Occidental. Another van pulling up, Murphy do you have eyes on this?” Kane questioned, his attention shifting to the small screen in his lap.

“Affirmative… no plate, hm.” John commented already two steps ahead wanting to run the plate.

“Keep an eye out for the driver.”

“He’s not getting out, so that’s a little hard, boss.” Murphy made an attempt to joke and lighten the situation. “Echo, you getting this?” Kane questioned hoping the news was making its way inside. Provide them with some sort of incoming warning. “Yes.” She replied quickly motioning to Bellamy and Miller on the couch. They gave her a short glance before returning to their roles, demeanors a little more prepared than before.
“Is it him?” John pressed attempting to get a clear picture of the figure in the driver’s seat but was unable to. “I’m too far I can’t get a clear image.”

“The van’s full.” Kane confirmed scanning the slight movement of the vehicle. “Come on… get out… get out…” He mumbled on repeat to himself. “Casey just looked at his phone, guys.” Echo let out burying her face in Matt’s chest away from anyone’s sight. “He’s making his way outside. It’s him.”

“Alright.” Kane swallowed. “Murphy get backup in position. The second they’re are inside I want that van surrounded and secure, you hear me?”

“Got it, Boss.”

With held breaths, they watched as Casey approached the van and another figure climbed out. Chain. They extended hands, performing a quick yet strange handshake in the cold chill of the January night. Chain slide the back door open and hollered at two girls to get out before disappearing into the side door of the warehouse once again.

“On my say.” Kane mumbled, eyes trained on the door almost as if he was waiting for them to run back out. But nothing happened, and after a second, he gave the go. “Alright. Back-up’s outside, surrounding the van as we speak.” Murphy exhaled. “Just a few more minutes till the home stretch.” He announced, to the team inside that the hardest part of their job was about to begin.

“Copy that.” Echo replied under her breath, turning back toward the crowd then to the door where the four walked through.

“Target’s in sight.” She mumbled on a final note.

“Ladies, follow me.” Casey announced as they approached the couch where he made a proud display before the boys. “Is this more like what you were looking for?” He questioned with a sly smile, eyes sharp and set, wanting nothing more than to please the money out of the men before him.

“Now you get it.” Bellamy chuckled standing in interest and dismissing the pervious girl. He observed the what he figured was a strung-out girl before him. And although his stomach churred at the sight of her skinny frame and unfocused gaze, he let his eyes trail down her body remembering the role he had to play. “She’s perfect.” He stated making a play back to the couch but was stopped before he could make another move for Casey’s partner cleared his throat, with a dangerous expression paired to his face.

“There’s another fee I’m afraid we haven’t discussed.” Casey spoke out, making the gaze on Bellamy’s face grow narrower.

“And what’s that?” He almost challenged.

“Transportation fee.” Chain smiled cocking his head to the side as if mocking him. Bellamy scoffed, shaking his head but pulled out a wad of cash from his back pocket not wanting anymore trouble than he knew was about to come.

As Casey and Chain retreated, leaving both Bellamy and Miller with the new girls, Chain turned, eyes digesting the thick dim surrounding around him before catching a glimpse of the tall redhead attached to Matt’s hip, coming to a halt as a speckle of suspicion washed over him.

“She new?” He questioned to his partner beside him.

“That’s Matt’s girl. They're into shit like this.” Casey shrugged, not making anything of it. However,
Chain was not convinced as he kept his stance. Echo swallowed but let herself cling onto Matt’s frame.

“Nah,” Chain shook his head in suspicion. “I don’t think so…”

“Dr. Griffin?” A voice she knew too well, called out behind her as Clarke made her way down the hallway hospital.

“I’m being paged to the ER, Marissa, I don’t have time for this.” She mumbled out not even stopping to address the woman she knew too well as her mother’s administrative assistant. Clarke usually wasn’t cold but, at the current moment she had about a million things to do within a certain time period and didn’t understand what her mother could’ve possibly wanted.

“Dr. Griffin, if you could just give me a moment—” She cried out on a more serious tone. But Clarke was simply too preoccupied. All she knew was she had to get to ER before her attending decided to make an example of her on behalf of her tardiness.

“Clarke, it’s urgent!”

“Then why wasn’t I paged?” She stopped abruptly, turning on her heels to face the woman. The use of her first name erupting out alarms within her. And just like that, she knew something was wrong.

“What is it?” She panted out, eyes rapidly searching over every wrinkle in the woman’s face attempting to read her expression.

“Whoa, whoa, what the fuck man, put that shit away!” Casey cried out attempting to call him down.

“Who the fuck is this bitch?” Chain continues, not recognizing her. “What the fuck’s your problem, man? I told you, she’s my girl!” Matt shouted back, his grip on Echo growing tighter.

Everything after that happened so quickly they could barely comprehend. Chain reached behind his back pulling out a gun, and at the sight of it the girls in the room shrieked, causing a moments chaos before with the use of one syllable, Chain set them all quiet. Both Bellamy and Miller fought the instinct to reach for their’s too.

“Whoa, whoa, what the fuck man, put that shit away!” Casey cried out attempting to call him down. “They paid extra!”

Bellamy glanced at Matt and Echo, who seemed tensed up quickly, then to Miller just waiting for the right moment to jump up. As of that moment he was praying Murphy had eyes on them in the inside.

“You mean to tell me, Matt, who’s been coming here for months, suddenly finds this hot-piece of ass?” He smiles, cocking the gun in their direction. “Look man, we’re just trying to have some fun!” Matt hollered, arm protectively over Echo who attempted to hide her face in his shoulder, paying the victim card perfectly, but from where he was sitting Bellamy could see her hand resting on the gun at
her side. She was prepared.

“Oh yeah? Well fun’s fuckin’ over!” Chain shouted, kicking over a small table, pointing the gun around aimlessly. “Round these bitches up, party’s over!”

“Nah, fuck that man. I paid good money for this!” Matt shook his head not taking it. But Miller and Bellamy realized he was only buying them time.

In Echo’s ear Kane spoke out, hearing everything that was happening through the receiver. “We’re having some difficulties securing the van, there’s another man in the passenger. Echo, keep your positions. I repeat, keep your positions.”

“Let’s just everyone calm the fuck down, okay?!” Miller said, raising his arms from where he sat on the couch. Chain turned to him, his gun following and let out a sick smirk. “And who the fuck allowed you to speak mother-fucker?” This time Casey stepped in blocking the gun. “Just relax, man, everyone here’s cool.”

But Chain wasn’t having it, and before they had a moment’s notice a shot rang out, echoing across the warehouse. A few girls screamed, taking cover as debris from the ceiling fell down before them. “I said, round these bitches up. Party’s over—!”

“SPD-intelligence. Put your hands where I can see them!” Just as Chain turned his towards them, Bellamy and Miller shot up.

But when Chain comes back full circle, his gun is still trained on Miller. Wicked expression twisted into his face. “Well, well, look at this.” He laughs. Bellamy cocks his gun towards him, giving out another warning. “Put your weapon down!”

Casey without a doubt takes the opportunity to grab the nearest girl taking out his own gun. “Nobody move, or she dies!” He shouts out. Bellamy calculates the degree of action, noticing an exit door conveniently feet away from Casey.

The moment Casey makes a break for it, is the moment everything changes.

Spooked by the sudden noise of the door swinging open and hitting the back-wall, resembling a gunshot, Chain pulls the trigger. And four shots echo across the large room. One from Miller’s gun, hitting the metal door Casey just fled from, two from Chain’s making Miller drop to the floor, and another from Bellamy’s impairing Chain.

“Shot’s fired at the police! We have an officer down! I repeat, we have an officer down!” Echo cried out through the microphone on her shirt. She immediately ran to Miller as Bellamy kicked the gun from Chain’s grip, pinning him down.

“Echo, is Miller alive?!” Bellamy cried out, voice hoarse, heart racing blood through his ears.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“I-I don’t know!” She cried out forcing her weight on the bloody wounds. “There’s too much blood — we need imitate back-up! I repeat, we have an officer down and are in need of immediate backup!”

“Matt,” Bellamy shouted, calling him over. “hold him down — do not let him get up, do you hear me?!” He instructed, standing before taking a breath to cock his gun and rush out the same door Casey did. “Bellamy, let him go!” Echo cried out behind him. But for him, there was no turning back now.
“Suspect one escaped from the west exit into the remainder of the warehouse with a hostage,” Echo informed Kane and anyone who was listening on the other side. “Blake is on his tail. We have a possible hostage situation. Calling for backup now!” She cried out amongst the panic as she attempted to stop Miller’s bleeding.

…

It doesn’t take long for Bellamy to catch up to Casey. He’s moving alone and pumped full of adrenaline, unlike his suspect who is dragging a drugged girl with a loaded pistol. He spots him struggling out a door that leads into the alley. He knew backup would be waiting on the other side, and for once Bellamy was glad they managed to make use of the building’s floor plan beforehand.

“Detective Blake here, suspect is in sight, headed for the south-west exit to the back alley, requesting immediate back-up.”

He forces through the closest door to his right, the chill of the early January morning running goosebumps across his skin. And he tries not to think about it; Miller, on the floor. All the blood that followed.

“Drop the girl Casey!” He shouted, now having the man cornered.

Bellamy’s heart raced, creating such destructive havoc it ached in his chest. Miller. Blood rushed to his ears as his panting grows labored. The adrenaline was fading and with it, the blanket of clarity in his mind.

“Come any closer and I shoot!” Casey shouted holding the girl tight in his arms, gun to her temple. Bellamy stood his ground, even as Casey inched towards the clearing of the alley, attempting to get away. The Blake chuckled at his actions, shaking his head. “You go down that alley you’re gonna be meeting a few friends of mine.”

“The only way out is the way we came in, and the only way your doing that is over my dead body —“

“Don’t tempt me!” Casey shook his head pressing the gun further into the girl's temple as she whimpered. Bellamy just rolled his eyes, gun still firmly trained on him.

“Put the gun down, Casey. Show’s over.” Bellamy stated.

“Don’t —! Don’t say my name!” Casey lashed out, eyes darting down the alley in some sort of high hope attempting to calculate a way out, to escape.

“Why?” Bellamy questioned with a slight shrug. “Everyone here knows your name — Casey Dwelling of Eugene, Oregon. But that’s not you’re real name, huh? Leland Morgan seems more fitting, no? Moved to Seattle when you were what? Twenty-one, was it? Hoping to make a few more bucks in the trafficking game. Started dealing… cocaine, heroin—?”

“Shut up!” Casey hollered, enraged by the information being thrown at him.

Bellamy chuckled. “Aw, no. See, I’m just getting started here. I know everything about you Leland Morgan. Drug cartel was getting a little dry for you so you turned to human trafficking hoping to
make a buck or two more… now look where it’s gotten you?” Bellamy smiles, only for the purpose of posing as the upper hand in the situation.

“All backed up in a corner… with nowhere to run.” He finished noticing the layer of sweat lining Casey’s forehead. His body was jittering anxiously and a nervous expression plagued his face, and that meant only one of two things, he was either getting desperate or giving up, and Bellamy prayed for the latter. A desperate suspect was a dangerous one.

“There’s no way out, Casey. Put the gun down, shows over.” He repeated once more.

Behind him, he could hear a few hollers. Backup, making their way down the alley. And for a second in time, he glanced behind him confirming his doubts.

“Nah, man. It’s not over till it’s over,” Casey shakes his head, pushing the girl away. “Run!” He instructs, and she disappears behind the door they entered in a sob. When he turns back, Casey’s gun is pointed at him. There’s a demeanor instilled within his eyes Bellamy can only identify as desperate.

Both men stand their ground, grips turning white against the cold hard metal in their hands.

“If I’m going down, you’re coming with me.” Casey spat.

And with that, two shots rang out.

…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter titled and inspired by Way Down We Go - Kaleo
When It Comes to Dying (I'll Do It On My Own)

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So normally I don't put an author note at the beginning but I felt like this one was super necessary. Okay, the quote I use in the chapter is from Grey's Anatomy and totally NOT MINE. I just borrowed it because it felt really appropriate (Insert a little disclaimer here (all rights to original owners, may it be Shonda Rhimes or ABC, idk)). You've been informed, yay! Now continue reading :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Did you say it?

Bellamy's mind was blank. In one millisecond from the corner of his eye, he saw Casey drop, confirming his doubts. He got him. It was over.

The relief that washed over him in the aftermath was so overwhelming he didn’t hear his gun clatter against the asphalt as it dropped from his hand. He stood there, analyzing the obscure image of the man on the ground in the dark alley. Shock rippling through his bloodstream as the realization that the suspect, Casey, was surely dead. The rapid momentum of his paced breathing began echoing in his ears, drumming on repeat just as the morning sky landed on its axis suddenly appearing in his view.

He didn't even feel the fall. It was simply an all of a sudden sort-of-thing that raptured around his focal point of view. He frowned, drawing in a dry gasp of air through a cough that bubbled at the back of his throat. Hand cradling the force of impact that just tore through him in his chest, fingers stained in warm crimson. He was shot.

The realization was as abrupt as the return of his feeling, and although the adrenaline was in its peak at the moment, Bellamy was well aware it would soon fade. His head grew heavy, falling slack against the pavement. Shock repelled through his system in desperate attempt to make sense of what had just happened.

I love you

I don’t ever wanna live without you

“Can I see you in my office for a quick moment, Reyes?” Kyle questioned attempting to hide the
smirk on his face before the whole team saw it from the breakfast table. However, with the TV playing, they didn’t notice a thing.

“Of course, Lieutenant.” She nearly chuckled, following him to the other side of the firehouse.

The moment the door closed behind them, Shaw closed any and all space between them. “Good morning.” He bit on the bottom half of her lip with a wicked smile. “I missed you in my bed this morning.”

“Is that so?” She questioned raising an eyebrow in a teasing demeanor. “Uhm…” He grunted as she leaned back in for more. “You know, I was thinking tomorrow…” He began, between kisses. “you and me…”

“Hm?”

“dinner, wine, and a movie?”

“Movie?” Raven teased in question. “We never finish movies.”

“You make a good point…” He comments suggestively making her laugh.

“You changed my life

“I don’t wanna,” Maya mumbled lazily as they lounged in bed. Their alarms kept ringing, with the message it was time for them to get up and start the day.

Jasper chuckled, watching her snuggle to his side. “I don’t want to either.” He whispered, glancing at his bedside table for the time. 5:31 am, it read. He sighed, and just as his eyes were about to retract they trailed down to the drawer in his bedroom.

He smiled, thinking about it. The ring, their future.

He glanced back at his girlfriend curled to his side in exhaustion. Sleeping in that mousy position she always did and he couldn’t think of a more perfect moment. “Hey, Maya?” He questioned reaching out for the drawer and pulling the small box out.

“Hm?” She grunted not moving.

“I think I have something that’ll wake you up.” He hinted, rubbing the blue velvet box with his thumb. “I am not pulling your finger right now, Jas!” She mumbled forcing a chuckle out of him. “No, no, it’s not that.”

She stays in her ball for another moment, wanting nothing more than a few more minutes of rest before starting the Monday morning.

“I love you.” He whispered, words so delicate they trailed across the surface of her skin. She smiled and let out a soft exhale. “Open your eyes,” Jasper mumbled, taking the ring out.
She does.

Her gaze froze on the box for a moment, before looking up at him. Eyes pleading to confirm what she thought this was. Maya sat up quickly, smiled followed after for he nodded. “Jasper Jordan, are you proposing to me?”

“Hell yeah.” He confirmed without a doubt.

“Yes—“

“You didn’t even let me ask!” He smiled, tossing the box beneath the sheets. “Well then ask, you dummy!” She cried out sitting up, suddenly awake from the surprise.

“You know I always imagined when I asked a girl to marry me the word dummy would be involved —“ He teases knowing she was growing impatient. “Jasper!” Maya laughed growing a little restless.

“Will you marry me?” It came out through more of a chuckle than anything else, but she couldn’t have pictured it more perfect.

“Yes!”

Did you say it?

“Hey Nathan, I know it’s pretty early—i-in the morning—not in the relationship—” Monty groaned biting his lip. “If there, uh,” He pauses silently cursing at himself. “even is a relationship here at all—and god am I deeply regretting not texting even though I think I wrote like five drafts before I decided to just leave a voicemail,” He chuckled nervously. “and now I’m rambling, oh god…” He sighed shaking his head as he slumped against the kitchen table.

“What I’m trying to say is, do you maybe want to grab a few drinks tonight?” He shut his eyes trying hard to sound casual. “I know it’s a long shot, mostly because it’s the twenty-first century and I’m not entirely sure who still checks their voicemail, but uh, just let me know. Okay… Oh—this is Monty by the way—if you didn’t realize. Okay, bye.”

He hung the phone up, setting it on the kitchen table in utter dread for his Plan B didn’t work so effectively. Granted he woke up this morning already phrasing a text message in his head to send to Bellamy’s partner. However when he couldn’t find the right words he oped to just call and leave a voicemail.

Monty sighed, taking a sip of his coffee knowing the next part of his plan was to forget about what he just did until he got a response because there was no way he was head to work that distracted.

Make a plan
“You were.” Her mother’s assistant simply stated, eyeing Clarke’s pager. “You were paged.” Clarke remained silent, not wanting to speak her suspicions in fear they were real. “A couple officer’s from Unit 9 are being transported here. Undercover case gone wrong. Your mother’s on the phone with their Captain. Wanted me to inform you.”

“What? Where is she?!” Clarke cried out, running steps in front of the assistant, trying to find her mother. “She’s down in the ER, meeting the paramedics—”

That’s what I must have been paged down there for.

“Are you sure it’s unit 9?!” Her breathing labored as she shouted. “Yes I’m sure—Clarke!” The assistant yelled attempting to catch up, but the Blond was already gone. Tears blurred her vision as she ran. Legs somehow still carrying her as the information sunk. Terror traveled up and down her veins.

A couple officer’s from unit 9 are being transported here. Undercover case gone wrong. Undercover case gone wrong.

Bellamy.

She took her phone out from her coat pocket dialing the number she knew so well as she ran. It rang once, twice…

“You’ve reached Bellamy Blake, you know what to do—BEEP.”

She called again as panic formed a bubble beneath her chest expanding with every ring, with every call. “Come on, pick up. Pick up.” She mumbled trying to stay calm and collected, but the walls of the elevator seemed to double, caving in around her. She couldn’t get down to the ER fast enough.

“You’ve reached Bellamy Blake, you know what to do—BEEP.”

“Babe,” Octavia mumbled through a sleepy groan in the bed beside her fiancé. The blaring ring of a cell phone seemed to bounce off the walls of their bedroom in a deafening loop, growing louder by the second. “get it.”
“It’s your phone. You get it.” Lincoln frowned in reply.

“Nuh-uh.” She groaned once more pulling the covers above her head, proving her incompetence. “O,” Lincoln yawned but complied, reaching over to her nightstand. “who the hell is calling you at five in the morning?” He sighed, sitting up just as he answered.

“Hello?”

And after a second, the Blake felt his body stiffen beside her. “Yes… she’s right here.”

“Who is it?” She mumbled coming out of her hiding place to meet his worried gaze.

“It’s uh, it’s for you… a representative from Seattle Medical.”

But every now and then, look around

Drink it in

“Detective Blake?!” A voice suddenly called out surging him back to reality. His eye sprung open with a gasp for the sudden light hitting his vision nearly blinded him.

His head started spinning in an attempt to pinpoint his location as he stared at the stranger that hovered in the cloud of blur above him.

“Detective Blake, can you hear me?!” Even though the source of his voice was right above him, it sounded so distant Bellamy could barely hear it.

Yes. I can hear you. He found himself thinking but somehow not able to voice.

He was cold—freezing actually, and it seemed the more he attempted to make sense of what was happening, the more prominent a blank his mind drew. Still, he managed to nod in communication slowly piecing together the details he noticed. His eyes wandered around the small compartment. Medical equipment hung around all around him and they seemed to be moving at a high speed.

Ambulance. I’m in an ambulance.

“You’re being transported to Seattle Med. You’ve been shot.” The paramedic explains, hands working fast below him. That explained the siren.

Okay. Stay calm.

“Can you tell me your name?” The paramedic questioned on high alert.
Yes. Bellamy, my name is Bellamy Blake. I am a senior detective at unit 9 for Seattle-PD. I have one sister. He quickly thought. But struggled to slip the vital information off his lips. “Belh—Bellamy.” He let out in a gasp realizing the sudden lack of air in his lungs.

“Oh, Bellamy, you’re in good hands here.” The man stated attempting to instill some confidence in him.

Fear rippled through his veins, but still, he nodded once more, understanding. He tried to stay calm, tried to add logic to the situation, but the panic was slowly seeping through the doubts in his mind along with the pain. His heart raced against his chest working overtime in the wake of its trauma, echoing in the drums of his ears. Nausea swept through him without warning doubling his vision into a messy blur of figures.


*Stay calm.*

“Oxygen’s dropping!” The man continued aloud noticing the drop in his level of consciousness. He grabbed a mask securing it on his face. “Breathe—just breathe, okay?”

Bellamy tried to comply, shutting his eyes in attempt to get a handle on the lightheadedness drifting through his head.

*Stay calm.*

“Detective Blake, you need to stay with me!” The paramedic’s voice rang out once more looking up for a quick moment in time to make contact with the driver. “What’s our ETA?!”

“Three minutes!” She shouted back.

“His BP is 70/40, he’s losing too much blood—“ Another alarm rang out beside them. “Damn it—he’s going into hypovolemic shock!”

Bellamy pried his eyes open, his vision somewhat clearer, observing the man. The paramedic was working fast, gloves covered in blood, adrenaline running through his eyes.

*Stay calm. He knows what he’s doing.* But no matter how hard Bellamy fought it, his vision was falling. He was growing tired. “Detective Blake, you need to stay with me! Keep those eyes open, alright?!” Bellamy struggled to nod. He couldn’t feel much below his shoulder but traces except for the thundering race of his heart, beating like a racehorse.

The paramedic mumbled something much to his dismay. And although Bellamy could physically hear him he simply couldn’t cipher the meaning of his words. His body was too focused trying to stay awake, stay alert. “Bellamy?!” The man yelled. A series of alarms went off around him as he attempted to stay conscious but reality was slipping from the tips of his fingers and he couldn’t do anything about it. His eyes dropped, strength subsuming to nothing as reality faded from his mind.

*Cause,*
By the time Finn made it down, Abby and Clarke were already in the ambulance bay, waiting. He wasn’t sure what exactly happened, or who was injured, Abby had just paged him 9-1-1 to the ER. He could hear the sirens around the corner. “What’s going on?!” He noticed the cellphone in Clarke’s hand paired with state of shock across her face she wore so well. Something definitely wasn’t right. “Who is it?” He then questioned, pressing. Clarke held his gaze, eyes wide in confusion glazed, but couldn’t bring herself to voice it.

In the distance, the sirens grew.

“It’s Bellamy and his partner, Miller.” Abby answered much to her dismay, “GSW’s. We’re not sure the extent of their injuries.” She added. It took a moment for him to register the news and properly prepare himself or so he thought until the familiar red and white lights flashed across his vision before him in no time.

It was a strange moment for everything was so still and quiet. The Seattle breeze picked up for a moment rushing through his lab coat, and although the rain didn’t pour, it’s presence was known as it sprinkled around them. The sirens wailed closer and closer.

Clarke who stood idle and quiet beside him shut her eyes, hanging on to this moment because she knew the ones that followed after would prove to change her life forever.

And in the blink of an eye, everything changed.

The ambulance doors open with a smack followed by the welcoming rush of adrenaline. “I’ll take over from here!” Finn shouted, mostly to Abby who nodded in approval. It was the reason she initially paged him down. “What do we have?” He continued, running out to meet them. Two ambulances unloaded. His eyes search for the Blake brother, hands gripping tight to the edge of the gurney.

For once Clarke stands aside, small and uncertain. Her eye’s search for his face but distracted by red as they passed.

She paced behind them as they approached the trauma room inside, adjusting his body from the gurney. Her bones itched, instincts only wanting to run through those doors and help, but her mother held her with a gentle hold. Pleading for her to stay put, she would only add to the chaos if she stepped in.

“I’ll help. Stay here and wait for Marcus. Understood?” Abby declared. Clarke stared at her mother, her voice wallowing through the shock and confusion, but couldn’t respond.

“Detective Blake, involved in an undercover sting gone wrong, estimated late-twenties, one GSW to the upper left chest cavity.” The moment Finn tore his eyes from the two medics they landed on the body before him in horror.

“BP 70/40 and falling—”
“I’m gonna need access. Starting a subclavian line!” Finn shouted getting straight to work. “Get respiratory down here, and call the blood bank, give me two of O-neg and two of plasma!”

“Dr. Collins, what can I do?” Abby shouted among the chaos stretching a pair of gloves on. She gazed down at the Blake catching his face in her view, and for the first time, she realized Bellamy was awake. The look in his eyes, however, was distant. He was in shock.

“Dr. Collins, he’s conscious!” Abby alerted before bringing her attention to the Blake. “Bellamy?” She questions hoping to get some sort of response. “Bellamy, can you hear me?!” Her hand rests on the slope of his arm, hoping somehow to guide him back to her, back to reality. And for a moment, it works for he meets her gaze in confusion. “We got you.” Abby reassures grabbing a little flashlight from her coat pocket to check his pupils.

“Blood’s filling the chest cavity. He needs bilateral tubes—betadine!” Finn shouted completely focused on his task at hand.

“Bellamy,” Abby started once more squeezing his arm in attempt to get him to focus on her and only her. “this is gonna hurt, but you have to stay with me, Okay?” After a second of nonvocal understanding between the two.

She watched as Finn made a small incision in his chest. Bellamy released a loud groan, not lasting long before losing consciousness. “Bellamy?!” Abby cried but there simply wasn’t enough time to worry about his state of awareness at the time as another wave of alarms went off. “Oxygen level dropped significantly!” She shouts, using a stethoscope to give his lungs a quick listen. “How’re we with those tubes Dr. Collins?”

“I’m having trouble getting through!”

Abby shook her head knowing what she had to do next but not wanting too. In the end, she knew it was no use, and if she didn’t act now there could be greater consequences afterward. “Damn—it!” She cursed under her breath before continuing. “Nurse, clear his airway. Prepare to intubate!” The Chief proceeded, grabbing the laryngoscope a nurse handed to her and making her way behind his head.

Clarke couldn’t look away. She watched in defeat from the window outside as they worked around him. She couldn’t see much, there were simply too many people in the room among the chaos. Yet, through the madness, she spotted a hand. Bellamy’s hand. Laying still against the cot, pulse oximeter clipped to one of his fingers, but never-the-less his hand. His large, gentle, calloused hand, and somehow her panic came to a sudden halt. She knew that hand—she knew those hands. They comforted her on cold nights, grazed softly across her skin, combed through her hair when they kissed, held her own when she was scared... she knew those hands, and for a moment in time, she found her breath again.

“Clarke?” The voice of the Police Captain called out from behind her. She spun on her heels looking for any given excuse to keep from watching.

“Yes?” She didn’t realize she was crying until she spoke and almost found herself apologizing before the man. “M-My mother’s in there.” She began, noticing his sudden lack of words. Horror ran through his eyes as he watched the scene unfold through the window behind her.
“OR 2 is prepped and ready!” A nurse shouted out from the phone inside the trauma room. “Alright, railing’s up—preparing for transfer!” Finn announced as the nurses swung open the door.

Out in the hallway, amongst the havoc for a second in time, he caught Clarke’s broken gaze. Her eyes were red, check stained with the trails of tears. Locking eyes, they exchanged a silent agreement.

*I got him.* Finn’s eyes seemed to translate.

*It might all be gone tomorrow.*

…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 23 Playlist:

1. That Home - Cinematic Orchestra
2. Breaking Hearts - James Vincent McMorrow (After Chapter Title)
3. Run - Snow Patrol
“Put him under, quickly!” Finn shouted to the anesthesiologist as a nurse helped tie the surgical garment at his back, he slid a sterile tray, examining the instruments. To say he was not nervous, would be ridiculous, because, by all definition, Finn Collins was utterly terrified. But he knew this was something he had to do and that was the only thing he needed to solidify his confidence.

As the lights rose, illuminating the surgical field, a sense of calm washed over him from the familiarity it presented.

Abby was about to approach her side after being properly kept, but her hesitance paved her way by Bellamy’s head as the nurses hung a teal dividing drape. She couldn't carry many words due to the simple fact she had to have a clear head to function properly. But still, with the thought in mind that her daughter—whether she admitted it or not, loved this man she stopped for a moment, finding her words. "Stay with us, Bellamy." She swallowed before retreating, eyes meeting Finns who replied with a nod.

“Ready, Chief Griffin?”

Abby nodded.

“Good, scalpel.”

“Clarke?” Kane questioned snapping her back to reality.

“Y-Yes?” They had somehow been seated in a private conference room, joined by the other detectives and officers from the unit. “You have clearance here, can you get me any information on Miller? We don’t know anything about him.“

“Nathan?” The Blond questioned, frowning. She met his pleading eyes only confirming her doubts.

“Yes, Nathan Miller—Bellamy’s partner. He was brought in too.” Kane explained not understand how she hadn’t noticed for he was rolled in right behind Bellamy. “He was?” She swallowed, standing. "Right, he was—yes. I’ll see what I can do.” Before she could even realize it, she was standing before the nurse's station too scared to check the trauma rooms herself. “Nancy?” She called out to a nearby Nurse. “Dear, you alright?” Apparently, the gaunt expression on her face was noticeable. And that wasn’t a question she was prepared to answer just yet. “Can you check the status of patient Nathan Miller, please?”

“Isn’t that one of the police officer’s who was just brought in?”
Clarke nodded. “Their Captain is asking.”

“Jackson just took him up to surgery,” She stated, running his name through the computer for her sake. “But nothing’s in the system yet, hon. Sorry.”

Clarke nodded. “No, no… that’s—uh… h-has anyone called their families?” She questioned suddenly realizing Octavia’s absence. Her heart sank, stomach turning.

“They were contacted, yes.”

“Okay,” Clarke nodded. “Thank you.” Her hand immediately slipped into her coat pocket, dialing the number she knew by heart as she walked down the long now empty corridor to the front entrance where she knew she had a better chance of finding the Blake sister.

Octavia picked up on the second ring. “Clarke?!” She shouted on high alert. “H-Have you seen him —i-is he okay? They didn’t tell me anything, just told me to get down there—” She sobbed, a breath so labored and panicked it made the Blond stop short in her tracks leaning her weight against a bare wall. She bit her lip trying to hold in a sob she knew was coming. She had struggled so hard to keep calm, but the moment she heard Octavia’s voice she couldn’t hold in it any longer. The Blond shut her eyes holding so tightly to the phone to her ear it was the only thing tying her down to the earth. She sniffed, shaking her head not wanting to say the words.

“Clarke?” Octavia cried out on the other end.

“He was shot.” Her voice was raw, and the three words nearly threw her out into a spell. The line remained silent so she continued before she simply couldn’t anymore. “My mother and Finn are in surgery with him right now… th-that’s all I know. W-Where—uh, where are you?”

“We’re on our way…” Octavia mumbled. And although the Blake sister calmed, Clarke could still sense the destructive tension present through the line.

She knew Octavia never liked the idea of him being a cop—much less a detective. Clarke remembered celebrating the night he got his promotion years ago. They were crowded in a booth at O-Malley’s, dunking shots and acting stupid. And although a smile was present on the young Blake’s face she could tell Octavia wasn’t in a celebratory mood. So, when the rest of the gang decided they couldn’t waste an opportunity to drunkenly dance to *Bennie and the Jets*, Clarke made her move;

“What’s wrong, O?” Clarke questioned, through the nearly deafening song playing in the background.

*Octavia’s eyebrows drew closer as she took a sip of her drink. “Nothing.” She insisted but this one was not getting past the Griffin. She could read her like a book.*

*“Don’t think I haven’t noticed something was up. Come’on, talk to me.” The Blond nudged. She watched as the Blake sister played with the straw in her drink., avoiding the interaction. “Octavia —”*

*I don’t know, Clarke…” She shrugged, eye’s glued to the glass wrapped around her hand. “don’t get me wrong or anything, I’m happy for him—he’ll get a raise, won’t have to wear that stupid uniform, be on the streets as much… but I can’t help thinking that he won’t be dealing with reckless*
“I don’t want to get that call telling me he’s—” She can’t even finish the sentence for her voice breaks, eyes glazing over with a fresh coat of tears. And Clarke can’t help but really think of how small she looks in that moment, those big eyes staring at her with nothing but paralyzing fear.

“So yeah, I’m happy for him. But he’s my brother. My only family.” She swallow’s, shaking her head. Clarke reached out for her, wrapping her arm around her shoulder’s and bringing her close.

“Bellamy’s a big-boy, he can handle himself, O, you of all people should know that. And look, I don’t doubt for a moment that if something goes wrong he’ll go through hell to come home to you, okay?” Octavia nodded, knowing Clarke’s words were true but also noting that life had a way of kicking them around, no matter how careful.

“God, why couldn’t he have been something mundane… like an accountant?” She puffed out through a somber chuckle. Clarke rolled her eyes playfully untangling herself from the Blake, and offering her a hand as she slid out from the booth. “Come’on, I think you need another drink.”

“Don’t you know it.”

…

“There’s too much blood—I can’t find the source!” Finn cried out gaze focused on the surgical field before him, burrowed frown present on his face.

Abby stood opposite of him holding tightly onto the suction, attempting to excavate as much red as she possibly could. But she knew Finn was right, there was too much. “BP 60/30 and dropping—what can I do!” She cried out, feeling useless at the moment. the couldn’t keep doing what they were, it was working anymore. “Abandon suction—use laps—I need to get a clear view here or he’s gonna bleed out.” Finn shook his head suddenly gaining a sense of uninvited deja vu. He’d been here before, many times in fact, and now he just had to find a way out. An answer, a solution.

…

An hour later found Clarke back in the room with the rest of Bellamy’s team, except now, Octavia, Lincoln and Miller’s father, David, had joined them. They sat around the table, gazes fallen, minds blank, the occasional machine, nurse, or voice over the intercom would echo off the walls of the room but other than that, the lingering silence so deafening the clock’s tick in the corner was beginning to slowly drive them mad.
But no one said a word, no one moved an inch, no one drew a breath.

Another hour passed and the crowd grew with the addition of Monty, Jasper, and Maya who clung to each other like a lifeline. Clarke had found Monty, who was down the hall in the east wing pharmacy and told him the news to which he called Jasper and Maya. And when they finally got hold of Raven and Shaw, the trio announced they were going to wait for them at the entrance of the hospital.

Jackson was the first to come with news. Clarke watched through the one glass wall the blinds weren’t drawn as he walked towards the door, Kane rising to his feet as he entered. “I have news on Nathan Miller. I’m Dr. Jackson.” And suddenly David too stood. “I’m his father.” He reached for his hand. “How—How’s my boy, Doc?” He asked with a voice so fragile.

“He’s doing well. We managed to keep the bleeding under control and remove the bullet from his shoulder successfully. However, the bullet nick a major artery so he has undergone dramatic blood loss and is still receiving transfusion.” He explained confidently. “Now, prior to no infections or complications he should be released within the week, possibly sooner. Nathan’s father drew a breath of relief and needed to sit upon hearing the news. “Thank you,” He let out suddenly overwhelmed by the news. Kane patted his shoulder before extending a hand to the doctor as well. The two men shook hands. “Thank you so much.” He repeated not knowing what else to say.

“He’s in recovery, I’ll have a nurse escort you to his room when they move him.”

“And the other officer?” Kane questioned, wondering if the man had any word on Bellamy. Clarke caught Dr. Jackson’s gaze she already knew the answer. He didn’t. Because she knew upon hearing that a room full of police officers and family was waiting on the news of his patient he immediately changed out of his surgical scrubs and came here.

“Bellamy Blake, do you have any update on him?” Kane clarified.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t.” Dr. Jackson revealed. “I’ll have a nurse get an update for you—“

“They’re still in surgery.” Clarke voiced, and suddenly a dozen eyes turned to her in confusion, for how could she possibly know if she’d been there in that room with them?

“They’re in OR 2.” She began, pointing through the glass to the opposite wall where a whiteboard stood tall and proud. “The Surgical Board is still clear under that room, that means they aren’t scheduling any patients because they don’t know when they’ll be done, which means they’re still in there.” She explained without emotion.

Kane nodded. “We don’t need an update, Dr. Jackson. They’re still in there.” She repeated, standing. All of a sudden she couldn’t bare being in that room with a dozen heavy gazes weighting her down. “I uh, I need some air, I’ll be back soon.” She announced before making her exit.

…

The walk from the OR to the room is a relatively short one. It consists of two code-assess doors and a wide hallway, yet it feels like the longest walk Abby had yet to take.
They change out of their surgical scrubs on the way there, knowing they had a dozen people awaiting the news they held so heavily on their tongues.

“I don’t understand.” Octavia shakes her head in confusion, for the mess of medical words Abby just slipped out flew right over her head. She was missing Clarke’s absence more than ever in that moment. “W-What are you saying exactly?” She continued, eyes glazing over with a fresh coat of tears. Lincoln held tight to her hand in support and looking at the situation at hand for he realized she still didn’t quite understand if her brother was alive or not.

“We got the bullet out and did our best to minimize the bleeding.” Finn began, simply. He met her gaze with such graceful caution she hung off his every word.

“Unfortunately, there was excessive damage and we ran into some complications during surgery—“

“Complications—?” Octavia frowned cutting him off. “is my brother alive, or not?”

“He is,” Finn confirmed setting a wave of relief through the room that set before he had the time to continue. “however,” He swallows, stealing a quick glance at Abby before addressing the small crowd before him. “he’s still on the vent.”

Octavia digests their words, confused by the word and how it applies to her brother, but desperately attempting to make sense of it. “Okay, and wh-what does that mean?”

“It means he’s not breathing on his own.” Abby reply’s giving Finn a short break for she could tell half of his mind was calculating the very question she had, that being where he daughter was at the moment. “Okay…” Octavia frowns, not accepting her quick realization. “so what, like… he’s not gonna wake up?” She poses the question as if it’s completely and totally wrong. However when she doesn’t get the reaction she’s looking for out of them, her face drops in denial nearly blocking out the words Abby speaks.

Abby starts to speak again but Octavia drowns her voice out, getting lost in a maze of her own terrifying thoughts. “O?” Lincoln attempts to help her sit, but the Blake doesn’t budge. She stands her ground, unable to move. Her heart aches in her chest, and she never knew it could to such extent.

“So, uh… what—what now?” She cut him off once again not wanting to hear any more. Silent tears stain her cheeks raw, but she doesn’t seem to care.

“We wait. His brain may simply need a few days to recover if at all.” Abby swallows, facing the whole crowd before them.

“Okay.” The Blake sibling nods, releasing a shaky breath. “Wh-Where is he? I need to, uh, I need to see him. I need to be with him.” She stated wanting to get out of that room before they delivered any more bad news. She had the sudden urge to surrender herself in Bellamy’s shielding touch; in one of those hugs his strong, protective arms provided.

“They’re setting him up in ICU. I’ll take you guys there when they’re ready, okay?” Abby announced clearing her throat.

“Oh, where’s Clarke?” Finn then voiced what he had wondered from the start.

“She took off.” Lincoln responded, this time, easing Octavia back down in her chair before the panic settled in too quickly for her to manage.

“Said she needed air?” Kane spoke for the first time that conversation, hoping to be of some help. And with only those four words, Finn knew exactly where she was.
“I thought I’d find you here.” Finn exhaled, taking in the scene before his eyes. Clarke sat preached on the emergency stairs of the hospital, eyes red, demeanor broken.

What can I say? I’m predictable.” She shrugged stoically.

Finn took a seat beside her, arms stretched and resting on his knee’s before him. “It’s also our spot.” He shrugged.

“Our spot?” Clarke questioned tiptoeing around the subject at hand.

“Yeah—our spot, well really your spot. We just happened to have a lot of life-changing moments here.”

“They’re just stairs, Finn.”

“Right.” He sighed gathering his thoughts.

“Don’t-Don’t tell me.” Clarke swallowed shutting her eyes. “I don’t wanna know yet.” Her voice broke and she almost cursed at herself because she had just begun to calm down.

Finn nodded, respecting her decision.

And with his presence there, reminding her of all the other times they’d been there, wrapped in misery, desperate and emotionally exhausted she began to cry once more. And for once he just wrapped an arm around her shoulders bringing her close and let her. Because her life was falling to pieces and she was allowed to break down if she wanted. “When does it get easy? When does it become enough, Finn?” She sobs, trying to make sense of it all. For two days ago her only problem was obsessing over and denying the fact that she loved Bellamy Blake and today he was cut open in her OR.

“I wish I knew, Clarke.” And he means it.

“I’m sorry.” She cried, attempting to gather herself. “I’m sorry.” She repeated, pulling away from his hold wiping her eyes. “I just can’t do this anymore, Finn.” Her voice is calm and serious and he wants to understand her pain more than anything in the world. And even though he’s been there through it all, and endured the pain, he can’t begin to even measure hers, let alone contrast his.

Because it’s incomparable.

And when she calms herself down from the sudden panic that overcame her, Finn speaks. “Are you ready now?”

She nods leaning to his side.

“He’s alive. We removed the bullet and stopped the bleeding.” He first reveals giving her a moment to relinquish the immediate relief that followed before he continued.

“But he’s unresponsive and still on the vent.” The tone of his voice tells her everything she needs to
know. “Okay… th-that could change.” She exhaled sharply trying to make the best out of the situation. And Finn nodded. “It could, yes. They're gonna page me when they finish setting him up in the ICU.”

Clarke nods suddenly grabbing hold of his hand, gathering the courage to voice what she was about to say.

“Thank you.” Her voice deemed stable but small, and soft as if she meant it with every ounce of her being.

“Thank you for doing this. I know you didn’t have to.” Her voice breaks, heart wanting to speak a thousand words but not having the capacity to do so. His lips part, about to cut her off but she doesn’t let him. “We’ve been terrible and I miss you. I miss that boy I grew up with, and it’s been hard, and we’ve been terrible and it’s not fair.” She declares hating the space their breakup created before them.

They were distant and cold afterward as if they had somehow forgotten the scared, vulnerable people they shared then hid so well beneath those angry expressions.

“You’re right,” Finn admits. “but we needed to time apart… But we’ll fix it. Plus, I was your friend before your boyfriend.” He adds hoping to lighten the mood a little when his pager suddenly rings.

“Not for long, if I recall.” She mumbles out a small with a minute smile, not realizing how much she missed her friend.

“Come’on.” He stands, offering her hand. “They’re ready for us.”

…”

Bellamy’s laying there. And her whole world feels like its crumbling at her feet. Because he’s not moving. Because he’s not breathing. Because he’s not really there.

Octavia’s weeping silently at his side, holding tight to limp hand. And Clarke just stands there trying so hard not to let the emotions rush to her face all at once.

She should’ve told him. She should’ve said it back.

She should’ve.

It was so simple. Too simple. Three simple words and eight simple letters.

She wanted to throw up.
Finn had somehow managed to calm her down, but that had only lasted the extent of the short walk from the stairwell to the ICU. And upon laying her eyes on Bellamy the panic hit her like a force field.

Because somehow he’d ended up in the ICU unit of her hospital; because somehow she was still standing there attempting to digest it all. Because somehow, the back of her mind was racing to explain this unfaulted phenomenon.

“I’m not afraid. I’m not afraid.” Octavia repeated on end not realizing she was voicing her thoughts. Her hands itching to touch every part of his damaged and exposed skin, wanting nothing but to feel his lifeline running underneath it. But scared to make a move, in fear she’d only hurt him.

Clarke recognized it as the mantra Bellamy installed in her that she repeated after many of their mother’s episodes.

The fact she was saying it now for Bellamy made her sick to her stomach.

“I’m not afraid.”

_I am. I am afraid. I am so afraid._ Clarke thinks. And she realized Octavia obviously was too, that she was only repeating the phrase he taught her so well in hopes of tricking herself to believe it. _Too bad it doesn’t work like that._ Clarke thought, peeling her eyes off the distraught Octavia and the ghost of Bellamy.

Lincoln stood to her side, expression stoic, but eyes filled with such utter emotion she was almost scared of maintaining further contact in fear she’d break down once again right there. Because she was so close to.

She turned her gaze back to the Blake siblings, another wave of nausea hitting her as a flash of Wells laying there just like Bellamy did now, tubbed and still as if stuffed and gutted like some sort of captured animal. And before her legs had the chance to give out, they led her out of the room and into the hallway away from it all.

This cannot be happening again. No.

_No._

The gang was grouped and waiting with Abby and Monty who kept insisting they go back to the private waiting room they carved out for them. And they almost succeeded until Raven spotted Clarke, paired with that called gaze on her face and pushed through.

“Clarke!” Her eyes are rimmed red, checks stained.

Jasper and Maya follow quickly behind, hand entangled. The blond doesn’t even have the time to process what the shiny new ring on Maya’s hand means before she’s engulfed in a new wave of suffocating questions.
“H-How is he? I-Is he okay—?”

“How bad is it—?”

“They won’t tell us anything—!”

The blond froze in place. Almost everything running over her head, and before she could stop herself her lips parted but out came nothing, for a moment, then two. Monty stepped forward and took a hold of her hand in support.

She knew she had to face them. She was a fool for believing she could just walk past their broken gazes without a word.

“Guys just—give her some space.” Abby warned, pleadingly.

But their questions hung in the air around her as she stepped before them all. “We—uh, we don’t know.” The words felt raw and forced off her tongue and it took her a minute to recognize it was her own voice. Raven frowned. “What—what do you mean you don’t know?”

_We don’t know. We’re doctor’s and we don’t know how to fix him. We don’t have a fucking clue. We don’t know. We don’t know._ Clarke stared back at the Latina, a frown now present upon her face as well, as if she was somehow attempting to cipher the meaning behind everything at the same time.

“He’s stable. But he’s, uh, he’s still critical.” She nodded, remembering the lines the nurse fed her as well minutes before.

“What does _that_ mean?”

“It means…” She shuts her eyes for a moment attempting to get a better picture of the whole ordeal. It means he’s touch and go. He’s on a vent right now. Bre—Breathing for him.” She takes a labored breath, eyes blurring into the blank wall behind them all. “He…” She shook her head, voice unintentionally breaking beside her best efforts to stay calm and collected. “He lost a lot of blood…” Clarke paused, swallowing. “All we can do now is wait.” She responded, almost allowing herself to break apart right there and then. But she didn’t. And although she kept her stance straight and strong, her eyes were filled with sorrow, voice faltering.

“Wait?” Jasper questioned in confusion.

Clarke nodded, meeting his gaze. The last thing she wanted to do was actually voice the realities of Bellamy’s injuries out loud for the world to hear. Yet there she stood before them all, not knowing how to put in the words what she was so effortlessly trained to deliver over the last few years.

“Yes,” She takes a deep breath. “we’ve done everything we can, and now we wait for him to get better.”

“We wait?” Maya adds.

Nausea creeps upon her once more as she listens to her mother spell out the words. “Oh my god.”
Was the first cry spelled out from nonother than the Latina. She hadn’t realized how bad it was. She leaned against Shaw’s tall frame as he supported her. Clarke peeled her eyes off the wall for a moment to meet the shock and confusion present on all her friends before her.

She never wanted to give out a sense of false comfort more than ever before. She never wanted to say the words “It’s okay” more than in the moment in her life because she herself so desperately needed to hear it.

But it’s not okay. This could never be okay.

Instead, she stood her ground and trying hard to keep the tears and panic at bay.

“Can we see him?” Jasper spoke out. She nodded. “‘course.” The words tasted bitter as the image of him laying there plagued her mind once more until she locked eyes with her mother, motioning for her to guide them through.

“Let’s get you guys back to the private room. You can take turns from there.” She heard her mother say in the background. “I’m gonna—Uh, I-I gotta go.” Clarke mumbled at the same time, wanting nothing than to slip away aimlessly.

“Clarke?” Raven called out noticing her attempts. But the Blond didn’t stop and her legs continued to carry her off down the hallway.

Carry her away from this nightmare.

...  

Chapter End Notes

Songs I listen to/that inspired me when writing this chapter: Good Man by Casey Shea (the chapter was titled by this song), and Normal Song by Perfume Genius.
Clarke didn't get far. Her legs simply couldn't carry her. And she couldn't find the will to leave the premises of the hospital even though her every instinct begged her to take off and never look back. She just couldn't bear to be in that room anymore.

Because she'd seen that picture before. Octavia crying. Repeating those words on end until she came to believe them. Lincoln standing there in a pair of house slippers—something that must've slipped his mind when they got the call.

Instead, the first time this ever happened, Octavia was her, and Lincoln was her mother, and Bellamy was her father and the whole world spun on such a destructive axis it terrified her.

Then the second time came around, creating this vantablack chasm in the middle of her existence she learned to live around until it slowly and only with time disappeared. And that time she was still Octavia, except Lincoln was Jaha, and Bellamy was Wells, and the interminable cycle continued on and on until it managed its way back around and found her there in the present.

It never ended.

She couldn't be in there and listen to the sound of the ventilator that breathed for him, or watch blood run through the tubes and into his skin.

Clarke itched to run to the apartment a few blocks down and bang on his front door with the slight hope he'd answer, flash that wicked smile of his and settle all her worries. But instead, she replayed the dream over and over in her head until she became sick to her stomach from the pain it caused and forced herself to stop.

For some reason, Clarke found herself in the small of the chapel the hospital provided on the first floor.

She wasn't particularly religious or hand any justified opinion on God, the space simply deemed quiet and far enough away for her to clear the fog from her mind.

She sat in the last row of the four small benches the room offered, scraping the nonexistent dirt from under her fingernails until she gathered the courage to confront her questions. She didn't voice them, of course. Just contemplated the endless affair on end until it made a split sense in her mind. Because the reality of it could be spelled in three simple steps; Bellamy told her loved her, Bellamy left for work, Bellamy got rolled in her ER.

And as she sat there she somehow came to the conclusion she couldn't run away, no matter how prominent her desire to flee presented.

And it presented with every breath she drew.

After awhile her mother had found her, yet instead of coming with a million questions about her whereabouts and actions, she simply took a seat beside her daughter. In fact, Clarke was the first of the two to speak. It took a few moments, but she finally let out what she thought her mother came to say.
"I should be up there, uh?" Her voice is shaky and lacking confidence and so un-Clarke-like it scared her. Yet to her surprise Abby just shrugged, pausing for a moment before asking, "How you holding up?" The Blond turned away from her gaze, shaking her head for of course she didn't answer the only question she couldn't. "I don't—I don't know." She struggled. "I'm sitting in a chapel, mom."

"I noticed," She offered an understanding nod before continuing. "Octavia's asking about you." She revealed to which Clarke's eyebrows immediately perked.

"She is?"

Her mother nods, carefully. "She trusts you…" She offers in a shrug. "and she needs you right now, they both do."

"I should be up there, uh?" The younger Griffin repeated once more. However, this it sounded like a statement as if she had already made her mind up on the matter and was now just in search of any sort of confirmation. "When you're done doing whatever it is you came here for, then yes, you should probably go up there." Abby advised reaching for her hand before making a move to stand and leave. But Clarke held tight to her grip, not quite ready to let go just yet. And as she stared off into the distance, in the smallest, most fragile voice she spoke.

Tears streaming down her face in desperation she mumbles, "I don't want to lose him." And as her mother, not wanting to install any false within her yet also not wanting to leave her daughter with nothing she nodded, gripping tight to her hand. "I know."

…

"Hey," Clarke's quiet voice rang out in question as she lightly tapped lightly on the glass door. Lincoln's gaze instantly shot up in alarm as he shook his head, gesturing to Octavia. She had passed out in the lounge chair, hand resting against her brothers. Clarke quickly threw him an apologetic glance and wormed her way into the room, taking a seat beside Lincoln on the space beneath the window. "How's it going?" She whispers, not knowing what else to say. Her gaze purposely avoids the obvious in the room as she sets her eyes on her best friend's fiancee before her. He swallows, not knowing how to answer exactly, but tries his best to stay positive for their sake. She can sense that in the tone of his voice.

"Better now that she's passed out."

Clarke nods in agreement shooting a quick glance to Octavia. "She was wondering where you disappeared."

"Oh," The Blond let out before she could register. "I just…"

"Needed some fresh air?" Lincoln finished for her, remembering her last excuse in the conference room. And Clarke, not knowing how else to explain, nods. "I get that." Lincoln expresses. She doesn't know what else to say. To offer, so she's relieved he continues. "I uh, I heard you were one of the people to meet the ambulances." His voice was low but steady not knowing how she'd react.
"Yeah." It was a quick and short fed answer. One she didn't necessarily want to be reminded of, but one she knew she'd have to face eventually.

"My mother—she had me called immediately." The Blond continued, eyes now resting on the foot of the hospital bed, blurring themselves into the thick white plastic. She's trying hard not to visualize the memories from the trauma room, until Lincoln speaks out once more and she snaps back to reality.

"How are you holding up, with all of this?" He asks, his hand suddenly on top of hers. And doesn't even have a moment to compose herself before turning back to him, attempting to swallow back the tears that threaten to come out.

"I uh," Her voice breaks and she shakes her head. She doesn't feel good. Her vision turns blurry for a moment. She doesn't want to lie. "I'm not sure…"

"Clarke."

She doesn't reply in an attempt to gather her wild and scattered thoughts. "Bellamy, uh…" Her heart aches at the sound of his name off her tongue. Her shoulders rise once more and she can't bring herself to finish the sentence. Lincoln's hand smooths against her skin in support as she attempts not to look so vulnerable in his eyes.

"I just—I..." She shakes her head trying to make sense of it all, mind drawing a blank. She can't finish, but she knows from the look on Lincoln's face she doesn't need to. He knows. It was a ridiculous question after all.

"Did, uh, did the rest of the gang come... uh, come see him?" She clarifies quickly, hoping to move on. Lincoln nods. "Yeah, they came. They just didn't want to be in our hair. I sent them home, for now, told them to at least get breakfast or lunch or whatever time it is now then come back or, I don't even know. To be honest, I-I didn't know what to tell them—Octavia was just barely getting through the shock and I…" He shakes his head attempting to recall everything that went on. "I-I don't know what to do, or what to say or how to make this all okay…" He trails off in confusion. He was at loss, for once the answer wasn't clear, if there even was one.

"There isn't anything. This," Clarke shakes her head. "is…" She exhales, this time allowing herself to set her focus on a still Bellamy. Her stomach turns—a nasty feeling erupting in its wake, but now that she braved meeting his figure, she can't look away.

"I'm in way over my head here." Lincoln exhales.

"We all are." Clarke agrees's.

And before she knows it, Lincoln's gone. Back to the apartment for thicker clothes, actual shoes and food for he knows the girls should eat something, especially Octavia. This he didn't say when he left Clarke therefor he knew her answer would be one he didn't particularly like.

And once he was gone, the blond pulled up another chair opposite of his sister, and for the first time, observed the nature of Bellamy's state up close.

That thick tube that snaked its way through his parted lips and down his throat, hissed with every motion it took, gathering air at a constant. Yet somehow in all the destruction of tubes, tape, and wires that surrounded him, he managed looked at peace. Her exhale almost ended in sob as disbelief washed over her, but she controlled herself, not wanting to wake nor further scare Octavia beside her.
"Bell?" It wasn't a question, she wasn't expecting a reply, his name just rolled off her tongue effortlessly. And with a slow hair-tuck behind her ear, she laced her hand around just trying to hold it together. "Okay." She inhaled sharply, running her thumb gently across the top of his hand careful as to not disturb anything. "I'm here." She whispered after a moment. "And I am not letting you go anywhere." She warned because there was no way Bellamy Blake was going to be the one to do this to her again. She wasn't going to let him.

"So you just..." She swallows, frowning to a conclusion. "you take the time you need, okay?"

…

Octavia had woken up before Lincoln was back, and by the time Clarke had realized it she didn't have the time to gather herself and not look so panicked.

"Hey." She whispered softly, offering a somber smile. "Clarke." Octavia frowns in confusion, eyes in search of her soon-to-be husband. "Lincoln went to the apartment to get a few things. He should be back soon." The Blond quickly explained.

"How long was I out?" The Blake sibling then asks, eyes falling on her brother, the light in them dimming significantly.

"A few hours give or take." The Blond shrugged.

"No changes?" She only glances at the Blond, and Clarke can't help but notice the glint of hope trailed along in her voice that comes crashing down when she shakes her head a no. To which Octavia nods, as if she's somehow accepting this news. But Clarke knows better.

"It's okay. He's gonna be fine." The Blake sister attempts to reassure, the tone in her voice so convincing, that is, until she repeats herself and the Blond realizes she's trying to convince herself more than anything else. "I'm sure of it." Octavia adds, beginning to feel the panic rush to the tips of her fingers, with the realization she suddenly wanted her brother's embrace. Her only basic sense of paternal protection and the conclusion that that wasn't within her reach only presented more panic within her.

"Clarke?" Her voice called out, small and fragile as she met her best friends gaze, teary eyes and all.

"O," Clarke's won voice tore upon watching her best friend shattering before her. Yet somehow she managed to retain herself and keep calm, instilling the confidence within the brunette. "Where'd you go? E-Earlier? You just disappeared." She then moved on.

"Oh, yeah." The Blond cleared her throat not really knowing what to say. Should she reveal the truth? Say, 'Oh, you know, I was about to flee and distance myself as much as possible but yet I only made it to the downstairs chapel', or offer something vague and none expressive?

"I uh, I needed some air." She reveals, feeding her the same line she exchanged with Lincoln just a few hours ago.

Octavia nodded watching the Blonds every move. "Right." She commented, eyes trained on the soft and sweet movement of Clarke's thumb running gently against Bellamy's hand. And after a slight
moment of what looked to be nothing but utter confirmation to the Blake, Octavia spoke. "So, you and my brother, how long has that been happening?"

Clarke immediately looked up, surprised by the words that she, for a moment though she heard incorrectly.

The Blond almost expected her to mad, raged with anger, but instead what she faced was nothing like it. Octavia was calm, tone like a statement, simple and purely factual as if she'd known this whole time.

"Come on, don't give me that look. I know—the whole world knows."

"You know?" Clarke bites back her breath, heart racing in her chest for this was the last thing she thought to discuss with Octavia at the time.

"H-How? How do you—how—"

Octavia revealed a smile. It was small and barely even there at all, but ever-so significant.

"I don't want to burst your bubble here, but I've had my suspicions for a while—I think what really confirmed it for me was the cabin trip, though." Clarke sat there, dumbfounded expression molded into her face, almost making the Blake sister chuckle, almost.

"I mean, you two couldn't have been more obvious. Sharing a bed, that day at lunch when you came back minutes apart—and don't deny it because it was more obvious than you thought…" Octavia warned.

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"If I remember correctly, I asked you about it that same day." She reminded, her spirit perking up just a bit by talking about it.

Clarke bit her lip, but nodded, feeling a tad embarrassed. Their relationship had lasted for so long she was almost ashamed in how she had managed to keep it from her best friend.

"I just figured you weren't ready to talk about it, so I let you guys be hoping when you were ready you'd tell me." The Blake sister explained.

"So you knew?"

"No, I didn't know know—I had my suspicions." Octavia shrugged. Clarke nodded accepting the fact his sister basically knew—everyone knew, now that she realized it. "I'm sorry—" Clarke attempted to explain not wanting to leave her best friend with nothing.

"For what?"

"I don't know… I never meant to keep it from you, not really. It just," She shrugged not really knowing where to start. "it came out of nowhere."

"So, are you going to tell me everything now that you know that I know?"

"Of course." Clarke exhaled, eyes turning back to Bellamy before them, stomach suddenly turning remembering the reality of their situation. And Octavia observed the slight panic presented in her eyes and insisted she continue, talking was making them feel better, there was no denying that.

"It didn't start the way you'd think…"
"His blood pressure is low," Abby shakes her head in disappointment reading the chart as both Octavia and Clarke sit on the edge of their seats, the anticipation of any news getting to them. "Okay," Abby closed the chart coming to a conclusion. "I don't want to take any risks. Clarke get a nurse in here. I want to want him under electrocardiogram observation for the next twenty-four hours."

"On it." The Blond paced her way out of the room leaving a confused Octavia in her mother's wake.

"Is something wrong?" She questioned on high alert. "There are some irregularities presented with the function of your brother's heart, but we'll figure it out, okay?" Abby explained to the best of her knowledge at the moment just as Clarke came back with a nurse. And this time as Abby re-read the chart, Clarke joined in, gazing over its meticulous notes attempting to figure out what was going on.

"Chief Griffin?" The nurse called out grabbing both Griffin's attention. When they looked up they immediately knew what was wrong. His chest had presented a yellow, purple color. "Myocardial contusion." Clarke bluntly stated, blood rushing to her face.

"Okay, scrap the electrocardiogram and page Dr. Collin's, tell him to meet us in the OR!" Abby shouted to the nurse. "We gotta get him to surgery, now."

"Hey—hey, what's happening?!" Octavia shot up in concern for suddenly a team of people rushed in setting up for transportation and the Blake sister was just standing there left without an explanation.

"The blunt trauma from the force of the bullet must have caused a late onset." Abby continued trying to make sense of the situation at hand. "Octavia, your brother needs emergency surgery—we need to get in there and repair the damaged blood vessels in his heart. I need your consent."

"Of-Of course." The Blake sister nodded, paralyzed in her stance.

"Clarke stay with her!" Abby cried out when she noticed her daughter attempts to follow them.

The conference room stood at a solid still. Normally, a person wouldn't notice or even being to objectify the stillness of a room, that is until factoring the number of people in said room. In this case, with the exception of herself, seven, and now, with the addition of Octavia and Lincoln, nine.

Nine people, and the room stood still.
It was a strange sight to see. The clock on the wall ticked like a canon. The commotion from the other side of the thin glass blaring through the silence that carried through the room, and Clarke couldn't remember ever witnessing such a somber ambiance held together by such a unified solace.

All eyes turned on their movement the moment they entered. And as Octavia and Lincoln took their seats, Clarke kept her stance, having to pronounce the news. "They took Bellamy in for emergency surgery." She announced stoically, eyes purposely lingering on the augmenting emotion present on Kane's face.

"Again?" He questioned. Confusion dripping from every syllable.

Clarke fed them a quick short nod, continuing. "He presented with a myocardial contusion." She offered. "My mother and Finn are in there right now."

"I don't understand, the last time we spoke he was stable," Marcus commented. Like everyone else, he was trying to make sense of everything going on and Clarke couldn't blame him for she too was in search of answers. "It's a complication from the blunt trauma force of the bullet. It's not common GSW complication but definitely possible."

The Captain nodded, eyes intensifying with every piece of information thrown his way. Clarke glanced over everyone's exhausted gazes coming to the realization that since that morning, most of the intelligence team remained, too stubborn to leave. "You guys should head out." She stated. "Get some rest, eat some food. You've been here all day." She suggested not wanting to see their tormented faces sitting in anticipation. Waiting, no matter how placid it deemed, was a stressful, difficult task, especially in this case.

"Really, I'll be here—keep you updated." She insisted.

"We're not going anywhere." Murphy was the first to disagree, and although he and Clarke had never been introduced she took his forwardness as a sign of compassion. And for a pure moment, the Blond experienced that sense of unity Bellamy had praised so highly in his unit.

"Guys, listen. It's going to be a few more hours—at the least. Go home, change, shower, whatever. You've been up since last night. We all have... I promise the moment Bellamy's out of surgery I will notify the team." She attempted at one more time knowing the last thing Bellamy would want is a room full of anxious, tired people awaiting news of his well-being.

"Dr. Griffin here has a point." Kane sighed, coming to his senses. "Go home. It's been a long day. I'll send updates through the group chat. We'll reconfigure sometime soon." And once he finished his word was final.

…

By the time Clarke had managed to slip out of that room, and make her way to the OR floor she had already formulated a plan. She had read the Surgical Board and noted they had cleared OR five then proceed to pave her way to the observation room above, and hide there hoping her mother and Finn wouldn't spot her.
It almost worked for she had managed to sit in the back row, keeping her eyes glued to the hands in her lap, not brave enough to look up yet, but satisfied with the audio offered from below. She went unnoticed for about ten minutes before she was caught. The room was fairly full due to the interest of the surgery among the staff, yet somehow her mother had noticed her presence and requested the intercom be switched on.

"Can someone please get my daughter the hell out of there?!" She shouted, ignoring Clarke's civil protests that she was indeed fine where she was. Still, a surgeon beside her offered their hand, and Clarke couldn't do anything else but comply. She stood outside the observation room for the rest of the time, having the same woman who led her out, feed her updates every thirty minutes. Clarke felt crazy. A sort of crazy she didn't know how to quite justify just yet, but she didn't know what to do. She certainly couldn't go back to that room.

"How it go?" She questioned the moment her mother and Finn walked out of the OR.

"Good. We managed to repair the blood vessels without complications, but you already know that."

Abby stated firmly. The Blond took a moment attempting to come up with a perfect excuse as to why she was prying but knew it was no use.

"We need to talk, Clarke." Her mother suddenly declared, stopping before an empty lounge room. The tone in her voice so cold and serious the Blond actually listened, shooting Finn a confused gaze before following Abby's guidance inside.

"Dr. Collin's this will only take a moment."

He nodded, and gracefully stood outside.

"You can not keep doing this. You're not permitted. You are not on this case." She declares rubbing her temples, gaze purposefully avoiding her daughter's. Clarke can tell she's exhausted from the hours of strain on her feet and that the last thing she wanted to deal with was this topic of conversation.

"This is not your case. You are not his doctor. Right now, you are family. And I know it doesn't feel like that because this is your hospital—your workplace, and you're usually used to being permitted around here—and I know it's confusing for this to be happening here, but there are rules, Clarke! There are rules. You know that. I know that. And you are breaking every single one!" She shouts unintentionally, attempting to get her point across.

The young Griffin just stands there, taking it all in. In the end, her mother was right, she knew it. Yet, however, justified, the position she was deemed it didn't seem fair.

"I can't just sit there, mom." Clarke defended almost blindly. "I can't." She argued, because for once she felt like she has some control of the situation, and her mother was suddenly ripping that away from here without a warning.

"You aren't doing 'nothing' Clarke, you're here. You're here in support of Octavia, in support of Bellamy. You're here and that's all that matters." Abby explains understanding her daughter's feelings of uselessness. "But sneaking into OR observation rooms—having another surgeon explain to you my every move during said surgery isn't how this is gonna work!" She declared loudly.

Clarke nodded. "I know… I-I don't know what that was." She offers. "I'm sorry—you're completely right. It won't happen again." The Blond finished wanting nothing more than to be done with the conversation. "Good." Abby exhaled, gathering the rest of her thoughts. "Finn's waiting. We should go tell the rest." She sighed, hoping she had successfully created a fine line between what was
acceptable from her daughter at this time.
"I brought coffee." Finn suddenly emerged into the room, a holder of cups in his wake making the three perk up. "Oh, thank you, Finn." Octavia exhaled, gratefully as he handed her one before she quickly realized she couldn't drink it. "You really didn't have to." Clarke let out in an appreciative tone.

"Nonsense. Unlike me, you've been here all night. Now, the next thing I prescribe is a hearty breakfast—for everyone." He stated, eyeing them all with a warning before grabbing Bellamy's chart from the foot of the bed.

"How was he last night, any changes?" He asked, reading the material before him. The question was more-or-less targeted at Clarke who just sat there attempting to remember if there was anything noteworthy to tell. In the end, she simply shook her head a no. "He's been the same."

Finn nods. "Well, I like what I'm seeing here. Looks like his oxygen stats are up so that's a step in the right direction."

"What does that mean?" Octavia quickly inquired. She and Lincoln weren't able to cipher it's meaning and come to a conclusion based on such little information like Clarke and Finn due to the lack of their medical knowledge. And she did not hesitate when it came to understanding.

"Now, this is not a guaranteed thing—we'll run tests to confirm, but it seems that he's beginning to breathe on his own." Finn revealed with a lighter tone. He didn't want to raise the Blake sisters hopes, so there was still an edge of warning to the expression on his face, but he at least wanted to offer her some good news in the wake of everything else.

And as Finn deliberately looked over the rest of the chart, Clarke itched to jump up and join him. Wanting nothing than to offer her concerns and present her conclusions. But fought the urge and continued sitting there, the lack of air to her brain helping more than she thought. Her mother had asked her to step back. Said that this was not her case. That Bellamy was family and nothing more right now. Yet no matter how well she understood the concept, delivering it was a lot harder than it sounded. It was borderline torturous. And an unsettling presence took host in the pit of her stomach, presenting with a dull ache every time her eyes landed upon Bellamy's still figure laying there.

Yet when the sunset and exhaustion finally took a toll on her, she remained there with Octavia and Lincoln, Knowing the comforts of her bed that night would pair with the nightmares that would surely come.

She slept four hours total, maybe. Octavia even less.

Clarke worried about her. Octavia was under a lot of stress already with the wedding and the pregnancy and now this. She was worried because she knew her. She knew her desire to stay by her brother's side would overcome her own basic necessities. And she also knew she couldn't help it. Octavia cared about everyone and everything, but especially her brother, there was no doubt that. It was like another basic law of physics; the sky was blue, the earth was round and Octavia would do anything to protect her brother, and likewise.
Clarke could already see the way it was affecting her. She was exhausted beyond control, eyes lacking that usual bright, energetic spark that characterized her, and she hadn't eaten since that morning—if you didn't count the three crackers Lincoln basically forced her to consume the night before.

"Okay, everything looks good." Finn announced, flipping the chart closed and placing back where it belonged.

"Now, how about that breakfast I offered?" He asked, throwing the question around a little too lightly as if attempting to make it sound more appealing than it really was. But after sharing a quick glance with Clarke who offered a curt nod of approval, subtly gesturing to Octavia who's eyes were still glued to her brother, there was no way he was going to take no for an answer.

"That's not a bad idea, Finn." Lincoln joined in, joining in. "What do you say, babe?" He cautiously suggested. "You should eat something—we all should."

"There's no way you gonna let me refuse, uh?" Octavia exhaled, quickly catching on to what they were attempting to do. Lincoln just shook his head, confirming her doubts with a small smile. "Not when you're eating for two I'm not." He let out before he could catch himself. Lincoln froze, mentally cursing at himself. Clarke let out a smile, biting her lip as the Blake sister shot him a 'really' look, before turning to Finn who just stood there, confused.

"So, I guess we're telling people now, uh? I'm pregnant." She revealed to Finn, abruptly. "The coffee was a nice gesture, but I can't drink it." She explained before continuing to voice her concerns. "I just," She turned back to Bellamy with such uncertainty. "I don't w—I don't want him to be alone."

"He won't be," Clarke immediately added. "I'll stay. We can take turns." She offered, not wanting to leave her any room for excuses. "Uh, okay." Octavia shifted in her seat, hesitance now like a second nature to her.

"We'll be back in a half hour, tops." Lincoln insisted offering his fiancée a hand she ultimately took. "A half hour."

"Take your time, really." Clarke expressed watching them make their unruly exit. And when they were finally alone, Finn brought the topic back up.

"If I knew she was pregnant I would've barged in here quicker." He reveals. The Blond nods. "Trust me I tried all night to get them to go home, sleep in a real bed, eat food, shower—whatever, but she wasn't having it."

"I mean I don't blame her." Finn shrugged to which Clarke agreed to, nodding. He swiftly took a seat beside her, lips parted as if he urged to say something but didn't, yet it was Clarke who gathered the courage to speak first.

"So, just between us? How is he?"

Finn eyes her for a moment, holding on to her desperate, lingering, gaze before ultimately coming to the conclusion he didn't want to keep anything from her.

"He's feverish." He reveals to which Clarke nods because it was something she noticed but didn't accept until he confirmed it right then.

"But you already knew that."

The blond nods. "Yeah. He's really warm."
"I just-I don't understand. Does he have some sort of underlining infection or something—why is he feverish?"

"His body is undergoing a lot. This is to be expected—you know that Clarke." He expressed, attempting to calm her down. He could sense the hint of panic within her tone and didn't want it to escalate any further.

Clarke nodded, realizing he was right. "I do, yeah."

"Want my professional opinion?" Finn inquired wanting to ease her worries. The Blond, nodded, peeling her gaze off of Bellamy and to Finn. "It's going to take a while. But I think he's going to be fine."

"You can't know that. He's still unresponsive, almost acidotic." She shook her head, not wanting to accept the news. "I don't." He admitted. "It's just feeling. And sometimes that's more than enough proof." He offered with a slight shrug. He was well aware of the way Clarke worked—she was a logical person, always depending on reason, facts and her gut last when it came to stuff like this, and for once he wished she thought differently because he could see that it was leaving her with no hope; draining her whole.

"You think?" She swallowed.

"Oh, I know."

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She makes it back to the apartment during her 'turn'. Her desire to shower and change out of those ungodly scrubs beats fulfilling that nonexistent appetite she built up. The gang was home, most of them at least with the exception of Monty who was currently visiting a recovering Miller.

They were unusually quiet, their movements delicate and filled with caution. It was strange to see them in such state. They were known for being loud on the block, their neighbor's had contested to that too many times to count. But what she faced now was completely different. They sat on the couch, the TV was on yet no-one seemed invested, and the moment she burst through that door they looked up to her with big, desperate eyes, mimicking that of Octavia's.

"Hey, guys." She greeted softly.

"Clarke—hi. We didn't expect you to be back so—"

"Did something happen—?"

"Any changes—?"

They spoke in such unison she barely got most of what they were trying to say. The Blond just swallowed, listening to their concerns as she hung her jacket and keys away, just waiting for them to finish.

"Everything's fine. I'm just here to change and shower, see what you guys are up to." She explained, eyeing the state of her living room at the moment, boxes of pizza scattered around, half eaten and old. "There is some news—it's not exactly confirmed yet, but that's more like a formality than anything else." She explained, taking a seat on the couch beside Jasper. "It looks as if he's breathing on his own, So they might take him off the vent soon." She revealed with a triumphant smile.

"Hey, that's great!" Jasper let out as Clarke encouragingly nodded. "It's more than great… yeah" She
exhaled. "I think… I think everything's gonna be okay—I think he's gonna be fine." She continued remembering Finn's words earlier that day. 'It's just feeling. And sometimes that's more than enough proof.'

"I'm gonna go get out of these clothes. Oh, do some of you maybe want to come back with me? O-or at least pop by throughout the day? Octavia's been really down lately and I don't know, it could help." Clarke suggested. At the moment she would do anything to get the Blake sister out of that state.

"Yeah, yeah definitely. We didn't want to be in the way, but that's not a bad idea." Maya explained looking to the others encouragingly. "Okay, good." Clark nodded, thinking it over. "I'm gonna shower, maybe grab a bite—looks like there's some leftover pizza in these things." She quickly made notice. "We'll save you some." Raven shouted out behind her as Clarke popped out of her seat, making her way to her room.

It felt nice to get out of those scrubs. She'd been wearing them for the better half of the last forty-eight hours and now, peeling them off her skin was nothing short of therapeutic. And after a much needed hot shower, and a fresh pair of clothes, she took a moment to unwind, reclining out on her bed.

It was nice to stretch her bones, her back gladly thanked her. And she almost enjoyed it, almost. But the moment her brain wasn't occupied with the doings of something mundane, the moment it plagued her mind with the events of the last few days.


The more she laid there the longer the panic had to settle in, and she couldn't take it any longer. Yet even when she sat up and stared at her surroundings, the bitter brick wall, the shelves with endless medical books and epics, the pile of clothes stack aimlessly on her desk chair, she somehow still managed to find a piece of him.

His blazer; black and pressed. A simple, cavalier gesture, landed upon the top of that pile. He'd offered her it the night of the Gala before she even had the time to refuse. She stood slowly, limbs aching from the delight and annoy of moving again. And making her way to the chair she picked it up, fingers running the smooth inner lining.

She smiled, admiring it for only a short moment before carefully laying it back down, her desire to transport back to that night suddenly outweighing the realistic possibilities at play.

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She heads back to the hospital alone, with the gangs promise they'll visit later throughout the day. And when she arrives, to her surprise, Clarke runs into Monty and Miller on the elevator. "Hey, guys—Miller, looking good." She greeted making note of the current situation at hand. Miller sat perched on a wheelchair, IV pole in place, arm wrapped in a tight sling around his frame as Monty steered behind him.

"Hey." Nathan returned the favor. She eyed them both in confusion taking note of the guilt-ridden expression Monty was attempting to hide. "Why do I get the slightest suspicion you're not allowed out of bed yet?"

"It's been two days, I need to see him, Clarke." Miller explained attempting to not make a big deal out of it. "Just for the reference, I had nothing to do with this—I couldn't say no when he asked."

Monty spilled out in defense when Clarke looked to him for a further explanation. "I'm fine, trust me.
If I wasn't up for the task I wouldn't be doing this." Nathan tried to reassure the Blond but she knew better. Yet she didn't do anything to stop them, her mother made it clear it was no longer her place. Instead, she just continued to stand there, patiently waiting for the elevator to come to a halt. "You're not gonna do or say anything?" Monty questioned in confusion surprised by Clarke's calm demeanor.

The Blond shrugged, yet decided to in fact say something. "Has anyone talked to you about Bellamy?" She asks wondering just how much of the Blake brother's state Miller's aware of. Nathan nodded. "Kane said he lost a lot of blood… something about heart problems I didn't quite get, just that they're keeping him up in ICU until he gets better?" He retraced looking to her for confirmation. "Is that true?" Clarke noticed the sudden change in his tone of voice.

"You're not gonna do or say anything?" Monty questioned in confusion surprised by Clarke's calm demeanor.

The Blond shrugged, yet decided to in fact say something. "Has anyone talked to you about Bellamy?" She asks wondering just how much of the Blake brother's state Miller's aware of. Nathan nodded. "Kane said he lost a lot of blood… something about heart problems I didn't quite get, just that they're keeping him up in ICU until he gets better?" He retraced looking to her for confirmation. "Is that true?" Clarke noticed the sudden change in his tone of voice.

"Y-Yeah."

"How is he? I mean other than like physical aspects—I imagine he's quite bored of being stuck here," Nathan trails on in with a faint chuckle. "I know I am."

Clarke frowns, eyeing Monty in response. "He's actually not awake."

"Right now, Or..?" He's not quick to follow and much to her dismay Clarke's the one to tell him. "He uh... he actually hasn't woken up yet. He's unconscious—there's a uh, a vent breathing for him." She struggles with the sentence, but it's necessary to paint a clearer picture of his partner. "Oh, I see." Miller nodded completely stumped by the turn of events, trying to accept the news but having a hard time with it. And Clarke attempted to rack her brain for any other information she should reveal before he went in there but before she had a chance to say anything else the elevator doors swung open with a ding, cutting her off.

They give Miller some time alone with Bellamy after noticing the shock present on his face when he finally sees him. And with Lincoln sitting out in the hallway for support, Clarke used the opportunity to encourage the Blake sister up on her feet, taking a much-needed walk around the hospital, ultimately finding themselves in the maternity ward.

Clarke didn't know if it was their current location or just curiosity lingering around the top of Octavia's head but she began to ask questions around the same nature.

"So, that pregnancy scare of yours… I take it wasn't Finn's?" The question came out more along the lines of a statement than anything else, and the Blake sister eyed her best friend in a playful nature as Clarke just stood there not knowing exactly how to respond. Yet she does, blindly, for she only has herself to blame for putting herself in this position.

"Bellamy's… yes." She reveals slowly, her eyes set intensity on the myriad of small babies displayed before them, it took her by complete surprise when the Octavia sharply nudged her. "Hey, what was that for?"

"That was for not telling me of my potential niece or nephew!"

And Clarke immediately jumping to her own defense for she had a pretty strong one. "Hey, technically I did tell you! You were the one who assumed it was Finn's—I just didn't correct you!"

"That's lying by omission!" Octavia continued, the atmosphere around them suddenly lifting, as a both let out a quick chuckle. "Yeah, yeah, I know." Yet it lasted as quick as if came and before they knew it, it had already died down.

"How's baby?" Clarke asked turning to face her best friend. This time, it was Octavia who couldn't
take her eyes off the newborns in behind the glass. That once long-gone sparkle in her eye returning as she placed her hand on the barely-there swell of her stomach. "Baby is fine." She smiled sweetly. "Baby is kicking my ass in the morning and depriving me of coffee, but baby is fine."

"I've noticed," Clarke stated confidently, remembering waking up that morning, neck stiff from sleeping in that chair and ears engulfed with the sound of Octavia dumping the contents of her stomach in the adjacent bathroom.

"Being pregnant is not fun." The Blake sister exhaled sharply. "Oh, I'll take your word for it." The Blond nodded encouragingly for she didn't want to find out how 'fun' it was for quite some time. "So how'd he take it? My brother?" Octavia continued wanting to get the full story, and although Clarke had told more than enough of their complicated history these last few months it wasn't grated with details, not about the scare at least, and she wanted more.

"Oh, like you'd expect him to," Clarke revealed biting her lip. Bellamy's promising words ringing through her head. 'I want to be there, Clarke. I'm in. All the way, I'm in.'

"He was oddly gracefully about the whole thing—upset that I didn't tell him sooner, don't get me wrong." The Blond swallowed, attempting to get lost in what once was one of the worst nights of her life. She remembers his strong demeanor, the conviction in his stance, the utter confidence presented within his tone. He was so sure, so prepared for the challenge—so ready to right what his own father wronged with him.

"Thing is… I didn't exactly tell him." Clarke revealed somberly. And to this day she regrets it.

"What do you mean?"

"I wasn't sure if I was—and obviously, I wasn't. But I don't know, I just didn't want to worry him if it was nothing. And it ended up being just that, nothing…" She shakes her head in the memory of it all. "But he found one of the tests and…" Clarke shrugged. "he just cornered me, standing there talking about moving in together, raising it—basically putting his life on hold—and I couldn't remember the last time felt so grateful and shitty all at once."

"Yeah, that's Bellamy for you." Octavia added.

"It didn't surprise me as much as I thought." Clarke suddenly reveals. She remembers being shocked in the manner of this maturity at the moment but then as he continued to talk and talk, it just made more sense.

"And now, the more I think about it the more I realize it wouldn't have been the end of the world. Having a kid." Clarke shrugged optimistically. Octavia smiles. A smile so radiant Clarke swears it's actually genuine, and she feels a sense of pride for making her feel better in this time, but she doesn't exactly know why.

"What?" The Blond shoot her a suspicious gaze. This time, Octavia shrugs, turning back to the babies in the window before mumbling, "You guys would make pretty cute babies."

"Octavia…"

"What? You asked!" She quickly defended. Clarke could hardly keep from rolling her eyes, and after the moment died down Octavia came to the confident conclusion her best friend was right. "It's not." She stated with such determination in her eyes it nearly inspired Clarke.

"Hm?"
"Having a kid. It's not the end of the world." Octavia Clarified. It felt good to finally be able to talk to her best friend about all of this. Even under their current circumstances Clarke could feel herself gain a better grasp of control.

"I didn't tell him." Octavia revealed out of the blue. Clarke shot her a confused look, but the Blake sister couldn't meet her eyes. "I didn't tell him he was going to be an uncle I…" She shook her head feeling the pressure begin to pile on once more. "O…" Clarke ran a hand along her arm in support, hoping to get her to look up at her.

"I didn't." Octavia inhaled sharply turning to catch as much air as could in such a limited panic. "I should've told him. We were gonna wait." She explained, gathering enough courage to meet Clarke's pleading expression. "We were gonna and tell everyone after the wedding we…" A sudden sob escapes her. "I don't even remember why…"

And oddly, Clarke knows exactly how she feels.

"Hey, hey… it's okay. It's okay. You can tell him now. Okay? Just tell him now—"

"What if he doesn't wake up Clarke?" She presses a hand against her mouth at the utter realization that that was a realistic possibility. "What if I lose him?" She's upset now, her words turning into blobs of nonsense that somehow the Blond can still cipher as she wraps her in her arms.

"O…"

"I have to cancel the wedding." Octavia suddenly voices making Clarke stop short of her protests. "What are you talking about?" She questions in confusion. "No way."

"I can't get married right now. I can't get married without my brother." Octavia simply states, shaking her head as if she's already made up her mind. "Whoa—Okay, okay. And I get that, O. But we're not there yet—we're not even close… so let's just…" Clarke attempts to calm her down with reason. "let's… take one day at a time, okay?"

And to her surprise, Octavia nods in agreement. "Y—Yeah." She exhales sharply coming to her senses. "You're right. I'm sorry… I've been a little all over the place recently." She apologizes rubbing her temples in a sense to clear her mind.

"It's okay, we all have."

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They somehow convince Octavia to go home for the night—it was easier than they'd originally thought for when the suggestion came up she barely fought it. There was a definite hesistance present within her, one Clarke eased by saying she'll call the moment anything happens.

"I'll be fine, Octavia. You, you guys need a good nights rest—and I'm used to sleeping on my feet, let alone these chairs," She added, attempting to lighten the mood. "Go home, shower, sleep, then come back in the morning."

The Blake sister stood there nodded, not daring to take her eyes off Bellamy.

"You'll call if anything happens?"

"Of course."

Her mother comes to check on Bellamy not long after Lincoln and Octavia turned in for the night,
surprised to see her daughter and daughter only in what was once a crowded room.

"Is it just you tonight? Abby asks noticing the lack of Bellamy's sister.

"Yeah."

"How'd you manage that?"

"Persuasion, bribery—that, and well, a little luck." She exhaled jokingly, attempting to find a more comfortable position in that chair. She watched as her mother read his chart, eyes tentative and calculating.

"Something wrong?" Clarke asked, sitting up a little straighter.

"His temperature still hasn't dropped from his morning, in fact, it rose…” Abby mumbles disappointingly. "We'll just have to keep eye on it for the night and make sure it doesn't escalate." Clarke nods, understanding.

"Miller saw him earlier." The blond suddenly revealed, attempting to make small talk as her mother checked a the reportings of a few machines.

"Hm, Dr. Jackson let him out move around, so soon?"

"I don't exactly think Dr. Jackson's approval was a factor of that decision making." Abby shook her look of disapproval but she couldn't tempt the smile on her face. "Stubborn. Everyone in that unit—Kane even." She expresses shaking her head as she marked a few things on the chart.

"Yeah I got the gist." Clarke sighs for she's experienced her fair share of Bellamy's headstrong opinions throughout the years. She almost wonders if it's some sort to of preliminary character trait the precinct requires. "Anyway, did, uh, did anyone talk to him?"

"To who?"

"Nathan… about Bellamy."

"I believe Marcus did, yes. Why?" Abby exhaled, taking a seat beside her daughter in a much-needed break from her day.

"Well, he just seemed a little… uniformed." Clarke mumbled not really knowing what she was getting herself into. It was just something she noticed that bothered her more than she imagined it would. Miller was Bellamy's partner, no matter what circumstances he had a right to know about his condition.

"I'm just confused. I mean, Nathan didn't even know he hadn't woken up yet."

"Honey, I'm sure Marcus just didn't want to overwhelm him." Abby suggested searching through her clipboard for a few papers. "You're probably right… I don't know, he just seemed so shaken up by the whole thing." She shrugged trying to forget the fazed expression on Nathan's face when he saw his partner.

"I'm sure it was just shock." Abby continued noticing Clarke sudden interest in this. "You know, he's just not used to seeing him like this." Her mother clarified. And Clarke nodded, ripping her gaze of Bellamy before her to her lap for she could feel the emotions just bottling up inside her once again.

"It's just, he's tall. He's a tall guy, you know? A-and… he doesn't look tall, right now." She struggles
out through the hands that now cover her face, not know how else to express what she was feeling.

"Clarke, honey..." The older Griffin attempts to comfort her, running a hand along her arm, a nice, warm gesture on her behalf. "He's been through a lot... Gunshot wound to the chest, lost a lot of blood, two surgeries in one day... and the list goes on. It's gonna take a while for him to recover, his body is going through a lot of trauma." She spells out, piece by piece, little by little, hating to see her daughter in such state of confliction.

"You know this a much as I do..." She exhaled in realization. And through her hands, Clarke nodded, finally looking up. "I know, I know..." She attempted to shake off easily.

"Listen, his stats are up, it looks like he's breathing over the vent, and besides the fever, signs point to him waking up soon." Abby encouraged meeting her daughter with the only thing she knew would make her feel better, the facts.

Clarke swallowed, looking up at her mother for further confirmation. "But you knew that too." Abby nearly chuckles, offering her a smile.

The younger Griffin nodded, for she did know because she noticed. She noticed everything, and that signs were indicating it was true, she just didn't allow herself to believe in fear she'd get her hopes up once again only to feel them crashing down later.

"Now, I should get back. Have loads to do. Do you want me to call anyone to be with you?"

"No, no... I'm fine. Plus, uh, Ravens swinging by later with Dinner." Clarke explained wiping her eyes dry.

"Alright."

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Raven brings dinner and stays for a while, not wanting to leave the Blond alone. They chat endlessly as the sunsets behind them, avoiding the obvious lingering topic, opting for something more light-hearted. They talk about Raven's schooling and Shaw and her job and everything else in-between until exhaustion takes a toll on them both.

Raven, of course, insists she stay with her, not wanting to leave her alone for the night, but Clarke knows better. She has a class in the morning and then a later shift that afternoon and the last thing the Latina needs is to sleep on a hard couch or an uncomfortable chair as a way to start her day. When she finally convinces Raven to go home and sleep, Clarke finds peace herself. She dims the harsh fluorescent lights and settles back into that chair in a way that she hopes won't hurt her back. And with the occasional glance Bellamy's way, takes out a medical textbook she brought from home and reads.

It's somewhere between three to four am when the heightened consistency of the heart monitor jolts her awake in confusion. She'd fallen asleep, back straight, head on the bed, hand laced with Bellamy's. And as she quickly came to her senses she realizes something was off.

The heart monitor was racing, it's loud beeps echoing off the walls intensely. And she quickly sits up, pushing the soft haze of exhaustion away. Blood running ice-cold through her veins. Her mind attempting to put together what was happening.

Then suddenly and without warning, she felt the slightest pressure push against her hand, her eyes immediately following the movement.
And her heart skipped with the realization that Bellamy had just squeezed her hand.

"B-Bellamy?" She finds her voice is raw with emotion, but could careless in the moment. She quickly stands, hovering over him. Eyes searching for any other remote movement. Clarke squeezes his hand back, wishing more than anything he'd do it once more.

His eyes flutter, something she almost misses from the utter anticipation building up inside her. He squeezes back, and she can practically hear the deep breath he exhales as his hand then relaxes still once more.

"Bellamy, can you hear me?" She tries, swallowing.

Nothing happens.

"Bellamy?"

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“Bellamy, can you hear me?” She tries, swallowing.

Nothing happens.

“Bellamy?”

Her voice trembles with uncertainty in the dark night. She just stands there trying hard to keep her patience. But when nothing follows, the hope she built up inside her begins to fade into desperation. “Bell?” She tries once more not wanting to give up. If she could just get him to wake up—even for a moment, it would be the biggest, little step forward.

His eyes flutter once more as he strives to open them. Yet, before she has time to even register it, he’s staring back up at her.

There’s a certain confusion presented in his eyes and Clarke scrambles for a second, not knowing where to begin. “Hi,” she sniffs through a teary gaze for the combination shock and utter relief running through her at the moment was nothing short of euphoric. “You’re awake.” She mumbles in disbelief, eyes widening with a radiant smile.

Bellamy attempts to speak, parting his lips to say something but before he could she quickly cuts him off. “Do-Don’t talk.” She states cautiously. “You have a tube down your throat… I-I should get a nurse…” And she attempts to leave and flag an orderly down wanting nothing more than to hear his voice, but he grabs her hand, holding her back.

And deciding to give him a minute before wisking off anywhere, she takes a seat upon his bed.
tracing the outline of the expression on his face. “You’re okay.” She nods confidently. “You’re in the hospital. But you’re okay.” The tears were coming easy now as she struggles to maintain her breathing and not lose complete control of her emotions. But she can’t help it, the feeling was simply too overwhelming to ignore.

She took a second, admiring the vivid brown in his eyes—remembering how scared she was that she’d never see them again. And after a moment, when she couldn’t hold it in any longer she simply let it all out, crying into her hand out of utter relief because the possibility that she could’ve lost him was simply too real to disregard.

“Y-You’re okay.” She sobbed softly. The tight, wound up ball that formed in the pit of her stomach now unraveling beyond her control. Bellamy simply stared back at her, his own eyes glazing, holding tight to her hand.

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As they prepare to take the ventilator out Clarke takes a step outside to call Octavia. It’s early in the morning, so early the staff on hand were at the near end of their graveyard shifts, most of them tucked away in their respective corners leaving the hallway empty and quiet.

And phone to her ear, light footsteps echoing off the linen floor, she calls.

Octavia answers on the first ring almost as if she expected the call, but it comes with no surprise to Clarke as she delivers the news. Her voice is steady yet soft with such uplifting promise she surprises herself.

“He’s awake. Bellamy’s awake.”

Clarke can pinpoint the exact moment the news registers for she hears the abrupt movements on the other line as Octavia attempts to get out of bed and wake Lincoln beside her.

“W-We’re on our way!”

“They’re preparing to take the vent out right now, I’m gotta get back inside.” She reassures, and with Octavia’s approval hangs up.

The extubation process isn’t fun but when it’s over and there’s no longer a machine breathing for him, the world starts to become recognizable again.

“Hey.” Clarke exhales softly, with a smile so genuine she almost forgot what it felt like. She took a seat on the edge of his bed once more, careful as to not disturb him.

“Hi.” His voice is broken and rough but none-the-less there. “Your throat’s gonna be a little sore for a few days.” She explains presenting the cup of ice chips in her hand. “Ice-chip? It’ll help.” He nods willingly.

And sitting there right now, gazing over his brilliant eyes, she wanted nothing more than to say it back, those three words, eight letters—one single meaning before she the chance slipped away. But for some strange reason she couldn’t bring herself to voice them, and before she could give it another thought he spoke cutting off her train of thought.
“Wh-What happened?”

Clarke hesitated for a moment, not wanting to overwhelm him, but realizing he indeed needed some sort of explanation. “You got called into work from the Fundraiser Gala, remember?” She began treading cautiously, wondering exactly what he managed to recall. He gazed at her in confusion, waiting for the rest.

“No?”

He nods after a second, slowly piecing it back together. “Vaguely.”

“Kane and Miller, too. Something about the timeline of the case being moved up o-or… I’m not exactly sure.” She shrugs, attempting to make it as clear as possible. “I don’t know what happened after,” She glances his way, focusing the core of her attention on the green plastic cup in her hand, fingers running smoothly over its rim as she continues. “You guys went undercover… but it didn’t go as planned. You were shot—b-both you and Miller.” She swallows, meeting the sudden panic in his eyes. “Nathan is fine. He’s okay. “ She quickly adds as to not scare him. “They’re discharging him tomorrow, actually.” The piece of information suddenly instilling a sense of ease upon him.

“Do you remember any of this, Bellamy?” She questions, her voice suddenly falling a decibel smaller for she knew there was a real possibility he’d repressed most of everything that had happened.

It takes him a moment as he humbly nods. “In bits and pieces, yeah…” He struggles to recall everything Clarke had just explained, but there were definite moments he did remember. “Am I gonna be okay?” He asks, swallowing her hand in his. She knew the basis of his question sprouted from the way he was feeling and so the Blond nodded, her chest tightening with the answer.

“You’re gonna be fine.” She smiles sweetly.

“Okay, good.” He exhaled, gratefully. Clarke can almost detect the relief running through him as his body relaxes against the bed. “because I think Octavia would kill me if I didn’t walk her down the isle.” He mumbles through a small reassuring smile making Clarke nearly snort at his reply. Finally, there was the Bellamy she knew (and loved).

…”

Clarke takes a step back when Octavia and Lincoln arrive, making time to send a text to both her mother and Finn who she knew would want to know immediately. They’d tell the rest of the gang at another, waking hour, so, for now, it was just the four of them in the haze of the early morning sun.

She watches from a distance as the Blake siblings interact, Octavia going through several different emotions at a time, joyous tears in her eyes. She doesn’t dare let go of him. And then she cries, and the tears don’t stop for awhile because she’s so damn relieved it’s a shock to her system.

“I thought I was going to lose you…” Octavia swallows, shuttering at just the thought.

“Oh, you can’t get rid of me that easily.” Bellamy jokes, going through all and any attempts to make her feel better. “You really scared me.” She mumbles hesitantly. She doesn’t voice the rest of her fears, only addresses she merely had them.

She doesn’t divulge in the fact for a moment she thought it was the end, that she’d never hear his voice or share his goofy gaze again. That she’d have to bury him next to their mother on Oak Hill, that he’d leave her to be the single living Blake. She keeps those thoughts to herself, the only thing she wants to do now, is forget.
“I know.” There’s a noble, contrite look to the gaze he strongly holds with his sister as if to apologize for everything without really voicing it. Octavia’s reaction is nothing short of a simple kiss to his cheek, knowing well enough words wouldn’t express the utter grateful way she was feeling.

When she breaks away, a brilliant smile is paired to those teary eyes, knowing what came next. “I—we,” She quickly corrects glancing Lincoln’s way. “have something to tell you.”

“Please don’t tell me you two eloped because I don’t know how much more I can take right now.” Bellamy jokes, making the three chuckle in delight. He was growing tired, fighting to stay awake, Clarke could tell.

“No, no…” Octavia shakes her head setting ease to him. “What is it?” He asks so softly, trying hard to read the expression on his sisters face because for once it seems he couldn’t.

“Uh, we’re having a baby… I’m, uh, I’m pregnant.” She reveals. It takes a moment for Bellamy to register the news, and a bright smile unfolds as he does. “A-Are you serious?” The news catching his attention, eyes growing wide as he quickly looks to Clarke for further confirmation. She nods eagerly.

“You’re gonna be an uncle.” Octavia adds sweetly.

“Holy shit…” He nearly laughs at the idea of it all, eyelids drooping in his wake. “I’m gonna be an uncle…” He mumbles trying to grip on to this new and wonderful idea. “God, I’m so glad I didn’t die.” Bellamy exhales joking. Octavia nods in agreement, remembering just how close he came to, tears sprouting once again. “Us too, big brother.” She plays along.

“You should get some rest.” Clarke encouraged, shooting Octavia and Lincoln a lingering gaze. They quickly understand her notion, agreeing.

“Yeah, I’m… I’m gonna close my eyes for a minute.” He exhales, exhaustion taking a toll on him.

Clarke excuses herself back to the apartment shortly after, not being able to sleep any longer. When she gets home, the sun is barely coming up shining on three of delinquents passed out in the living room, TV still running mute in the background.

Jasper and Maya cuddled together in a binding sleep on the couch, Monty’s hanging mouth and feet perch in the air as he dozed off perpendicular to the comforter. She admires their zealous nature from a distance, for without their support this simply wouldn’t have deemed bearable. And she wants nothing more than to wake them up with the good news, yet she lets them be for now and retreats to her room.

The Blond changes out of her clothes, taking a seat on the edge of her bed before flopping down upon it. Bones finally falling to a resting pause against the soft mattress underneath her. She closes her eyes taking a second to simply breathe and clear her mind, yet the smile on her face doesn’t recede. Because Bellamy was awake, because he was going to be fine, and that was all she wanted. It didn’t matter if that there was a chance he’d forgotten his pervious declarement, or that he still had a long recovery ahead of him—what mattered was that he was okay.

A knock echo’s around as Raven appears in her doorway with a sleepy confused expression. “Hey,” She yawns coming in to take a seat by the Blond. “Hey, what’re you doing awake? It’s early.” Clarke comments curiously. When she had decided to come home she didn’t expect to find anyone awake.
“Can’t sleep. What’re you doing home?” Raven frowns in exhaustion noticing the slight smile on the Blond face before coming to an awaken realization that something had happened.

“Bellamy’s awake.” Clarke reveals watching the expression on Raven’s face lighten with the news. “A-Are you serious?” She inclined in denial.

“He woke up this morning—O and Lincoln are with him right now—they all passed out, so I thought I’d make the trip home and relax for a few hours.” She explains all at once, plopping back against her bed, Raven following suit.

“Holy shit.” She chuckles in pure delight, turning to face the Blond.

“Yeah…” Clarke mumbles taking a small appreciative moment before continuing. “He told me he loved me.” She speaks to the ceiling, avoid Raven’s lingering gaze. “Before everything,” she clarifies. “the night at the fundraiser gala, actually.”

“Holy shit.” The Latina repeats forcing a chuckle out of Clarke.

“Yeah… Of course with my luck, we were interrupted before I got a chance to react.”

“Of course.” Raven agrees, shaking her head in amusement.

“I’m just…” Clarke swallows, gathering enough courage to meet Raven’s lingering look. “I’m just glad I have a chance to say it back now, you know?”

“Yeah. You’re damn lucky, Griffin.”

…

Bellamy’s still asleep when Clarke arrives in the afternoon. Nasal channel wrapped around the back of his ears and under his nose, EKG wires and IV tubes peeking out of his gown, body resting from its exhaustion. And she stands there by that door for a solid moment just watching him, relief flooding at her gates for it wasn’t even a day ago, there was something else breathing in his place.

Her glance then shifts to Octavia who lounges upon a chair by his bedside, elbow propped up on the armrest, holding her head. Legs that Clarke imagines ached to stretch, tucked underneath her weight on the chair. The Blond just reveals a somber smile at the sight, then gently shakes her shoulder, jolting her awake.

“Hey, O?” Clarke greets with a smile.

“You awake?” No answer. The Blake sister simply shifts in her seat. “I take that as a yes?” It takes a second but O nods, not wanting to voice her answer. “Alright, go home. Sleep in a real bed.” She instructs. “Last night didn’t count—and you can’t say no because Lincoln’s downstairs waiting for you—“

“But, Bellamy—“

“is fine.” Clarke quickly ties her sentence off, “It’s not him I’m worried about right now, okay? You’ve been sleeping in a chair for the past few days, have barely eaten anything—you need to take care of yourself. Go home, change, eat, sleep, plan your wedding—have celebratory sex with
Lincoln for all I care!”

“She’s right, you know.” A third voice rings out instantly grabbing both the girls attention.

“Except for the having sex with Lincoln part, that… I’m gonna pretend I didn’t hear…” Bellamy adds slowly peeling his eyes awake. Clarke notices his weary state from the way he holds his gaze. It was distant and small, and he found himself in a constant battle to stay awake.

“Even Bellamy agrees with me.” Clarke continues attempting to push down that jolt in her stomach every time she lays eyes on him.

“How you feeling, big brother?” Octavia asks, ignoring both of them.

“Okay.” He reveals a smile in the process. Clarke watched his reaction and noticed a grimace in the way he spoke. He was definitely not okay. He’d been shot, had two different surgeries over the course of three days, and was most likely strung out from all the painkillers. But still, Octavia grins. “Good.”

Clarke just forces a quick smile, playing along.

“But seriously, O. I'm okay.” He nods. “You go home for a bit. I’m probably just gonna pass out again.”

His little sister eyes him for a moment, debating if it was a good idea at all but ultimately comes to the conclusion that it would be fine. “Fine…” She sighs unwillingly. “I’ll go, but I’ll be back in a few hours.” And before she makes her hesitant exit, Octavia turns back to Clarke seeking confirmation. “Call me, if anything changes?”

“Of course.”

It’s when the Blake Sister finally makes her exit that Clarke finds herself in her seat, hands playing with the lose bedsheets by his arm until he catches her hand in his and stills her.

“Did you sleep?” Bellamy asks voice laced with concern.

She nods, lying, forcing such a quick smile she hopes he doesn’t notice. He does, but before he has the chance to respond she’s already there. “Did you sleep?”

He almost laughs at the question repeated back to him. “If you want to call it that, then sure.” He jokes attempting to raise her spirits. “What else would you call it?” She insists playing along. “Try, drug-induced coma?” He teases. “I don’t know what you guys are giving me, but it’s seriously messing with my head.”

She chuckles, shaking her head his way.

“No scrubs?” He notices after a moment.

“Not today. It has been made clear to me—by mother, might I add, that I should not treat any patient in this state of mine.” She expresses in a joking matter.

“And what state would that be?” Bellamy questions curiously.

“Oh you know, the desperate, emotional one I’m currently in right now.” She jokes, rolling her eyes at the proclamation but continues on in explanation. “I’m on leave for the time being, and when I do come back to work I have to be cleared for surgery before I even think to hold a scalpel.” Abby
Griffin had done a lot of things in Clarke’s life she found particularly annoying, recently stripping her of her surgical abilities almost topping the list.

Yet, Bellamy shrugs, attempting to understand her mother’s intentions. “She might have a point there, Clarke.”

“Oh, look at you agreeing with my mother.” The Blond perks up making him chuckle.

“So, how you really feeling?” She questions noticing the way he attempted to keep his eyes from drooping. “Tired,” He reveals lightly avoiding the pleading look in her gaze. “like shit…” He spills not wanting to fabricate anything.

Clarke nods. “Yeah, I thought so.”

“Oh, look at you Ms. Know-It-All.” He teases her the same way she did him. “Dr.” She corrects with a smirk, sticking with the lightened conversation. Clarke has this urge to lean in and just kiss him—just hold his lips in hers and forget about everything else. But she just sits there words once again failing her because she doesn’t know what page they’re on. If he remembers, if he still feels the same.

“What’s on your mind?” He questions softly.

Clarke replies with a quick shrug, avoiding his gaze. “Lots of things.” She admits.

“Enlighten me, Princess.” His nickname for her sending a warm feeling to her stomach. “I’m just really glad you’re okay.” She explains vaguely, shaking her head. And Bellamy almost believes that that’s all but at the last moment, he catches the glint look in her avoiding eyes, and quickly makes the assumption before she manages to change the subject again.

“I love you.” He voices taking her by complete surprise.

Clarke’s head shoots up from their intertwined hands, eyes wide and welcoming, smile contrasting the teary look in her eyes. “I was hoping you’d say that again.” Her voice trembles, relief flooding through her veins as she stands to take a seat on the side of his bed, wanting nothing more than to fill the space between them.

Bellamy smirks sending shivers down her spine. And she just gazes down at him in utter contemplation.

“I love you back.” She reveals with a dumbfounding smile, leaning in to seal the words with a kiss.

…

Chapter End Notes

Hi, there guys! Hope you're enjoying it! Only a few more short chapters to go before the end, so stick around! As always, here are the songs that inspired this chapter:

1. Talk - Kodaline
2. Only - RY X
3. Certain Things - James Arthur
“How’s he doing?” Abby questions softly, as to not wake a sleeping Bellamy, pulling a chair beside her daughter. “Better.” Clarke confirms in a deepening sigh. “He’s been sleeping a lot.” She mumbles off not knowing what else to offer.

“Are you spending the night here again?” Her mother inquires, Clarke could almost hear the disappointment laced in the tone of her voice. A disappointment she knew came from her stubborn nature to leave the hospital, nothing else. “You’re just as bad as his sister.” Abby shakes her head taking a seat beside her careful to be quiet as to not wake Bellamy before them. “You should go home—sleep in a real bed.”

“I’m fine, mom.” Clarke denies rather quickly. “That’s not what I asked.” Abby challenge hoping to instill some sense in her daughter.

“I don’t want to go home without him.” Clarke shrugs, offering nothing. “Plus I practically live here already, anyway—“

“And that’s my point exactly!”

“Mom.”

“Fine, fine. I give up.” The older Griffin surrenders not wanting to get make a big deal of this. “That’s not what I even came here to talk about…” She continues, moving on. “I came to discuss your trip.”

Clarke eyes immediately snap to her mothers. In all that chaos for the recent days, she had almost forgotten. “The trip, right.” She swallows uneasily not knowing what she wanted to do exactly. She left a week after the wedding for two long months, and with Bellamy recovering, there was no way she was about to leave him. There was no question.

“You’re set to leave soon. I wanted to know if that was still your plan.”

“Right, uh…” The Blond struggled for a moment attempting to find the best solution at hand. “I-I can’t go anywhere right now. Just uh, cancel it. I’ll go another time.” She states without any further hesitation. Abby nods, understanding, but there’s no denying the present frown on her face. She holds her daughters gaze for a moment before glancing Bellamy’s way, part of her finally beginning to understand the nature of their complicated relationship.

“Honey, are you sure?”

“Absolutely.” Clarke smiles, hoping to offer her mother some sort of reassuring gesture. Her eyes linger to Bellamy’s still, sleeping figure there before them. And she’s completely content with her decision, knowing she’s made the right choice. For once she was happy to stay behind in the crisis.
“What you feel like watching?” The hours had flown by and Bellamy had woken up restless and bored. “Doesn’t matter, anything really.” Clarke shrugs in a heavy yawn.

“They have Celebrities Underwater.” Bellamy jokes making the Blond chuckle, remembering all those time Jasper hogged the TV with that show, as she attempted to ease herself back into the uncomfortable chair beside the bed. If she could just adjust her legs in a position where they wouldn’t fall asleep, it’d be great.

Bellamy, of course, notices and in a few unregistered moments, manages to scoot over, making room on the bed. “Come’ere.” He exhales sharply from a dull ache that rippled through his side as he moved. “Bellamy…” Clarke warns softly. “You shouldn’t be moving—I’m fine right here.” She adds coolly trying not to look so tense in her place.

“Right.” The Blake quickly retorts completely unfazed by her courteous statement. He knew she planned on staying another restless night there and he sure as hell wasn’t about to let her spend it in that chair. Not again.

“Oh, Come on. I want to sleep with my girlfriend.” He groans in protest, hoping his sudden diction helped change her mind.

“So, I’m your girlfriend, now?” Clarke teases, yet she’s caught completely by surprise by his rather bold statement. And although her actions reeked with hesitation, she perched herself on the edge of his bed. “What, am I mistaken?” Bellamy’s quick to challenge, smirk paired to that goofy irresistible expression on his face. “Absolutely not.” Clarke confirms for she couldn’t deny the euphoric smile present on her face. Her heart danced, her stomach soared. “It’s just the first time I’ve heard it out aloud.” She smiles sweetly, indicating at the excitement residing in the tone of her voice.

“Yeah, you’d think I’d get some sort of reward…” He hints suggestively, making the Blond shake her head in endearment. “Bellamy Blake, how’d you learn to play me so easily?” She questions with a quick kiss.

“Lay with me…” He whispers in a soft plead. And with a sigh, she ultimately complies, swinging her legs up on the bed before carefully lowering herself there beside him.

“You good?” She mumbles after a moment fighting the exhaustion in her bones.

“Perfect.” He exhales with utter satisfaction. And Clarke has to agree. She hadn’t felt so safe and secure in a long time she nearly melted at his touch. “Alright, now the questions begs… what to watch…” Bellamy continues filling through the numerous Netflix titles before them. “I don’t know about you, but I have been eyeballing this history section here…” Yet when he finally looks down her tucked figure there beside him, eyes’s closed, lips parted in wavering sleep, he smiles in satisfaction for his plan had worked.

“Documentary it is then.”
“Rise and shine everybody!” Octavia’s booming voice suddenly overpowers the room, waking both Clarke and Bellamy in an annoyed gruff.

“O… it’s early….” The blond groans, shifting in her place beside Bellamy. The Blake brother simply attempts to ignore his sister, but he’s no match for her. “We have lots to do today—the wedding is in ten days. We’re in the home stretch baby!” She exclaims ushering the Blond out of the bed.

“Octavia,” Clarke stretches her bones in an exhausting yawn. “We have time… relax—”

“No we don’t—In fact, you are meeting with the florist on third street in thirty minutes to confirm the order—now I’ve already emailed you the details so you know what to look for.” The Blake sister went on quickly before Clarke could even try to protest, chipper smile present on her face.

“I have final fitting at noon today and you’re coming with me—don’t worry Bell, Miller’s gonna swing by while we’re out so you’re not alone….”

“Right now, I wish I was.” He mumbles jokingly. The Blond shoots him a playful glare but is quick to peck his lip a good morning before Octavia had the chance to cut her off again. “You guys need anything? Water—breakfast? And when they decline she makes her way out of the ICU and down the hall to where she knew the nurses hid the good stuff. According to the Blake sister, they had a long day ahead of them and she would be crazy not to start it without coffee.

“Hey—what do you think you’re doing?” The familiar sound of Finn’s voice echoes across the hallway, making his way towards her. She was pouring coffee in a cup quickly, and although she knew they wouldn't mind because they knew her, she was trying not to get caught by any nurses out of courtesy.

“Shh!” She scolds playfully, pressing the lid on with a tight-lipped smile.

“Couldn’t help yourself, uh?” He’s quick to accuse in a teasing matter. And Clarke couldn't help but like the way things had shifted between in the recent turn of events. Everything is was so uncomplicated—friendly even. Just the way they needed to be.

“Guilty.”

“I’m just on my way to check up on Bellamy.” Collin’s explains as they walk back down the hall. “How’re you holding up?” He asks, eyes tentatively watching every movement in her face.

The Blond shrugs. “Actually,” She takes a moment to really dwell on his question. “I’m fine.” For once he believes her.

Finn nods. “And Bellamy?”

“You’re the doctor. I was hoping you’d tell me—“
“Come on, Clarke. You don’t have to do that with me. I’m not your mother.”

“He’s good, stable. Still running a fever and his post-op vitals are a little low but that’s not really abnormal especially after what he’s been through…” She trails on having the information available at the tip of her tongue. The cup of coffee wrapped around her hand offering a delighted warming reassurance.

“Any underlining concerns to run by?”

She shakes her head a no. Confident in the answer for she’s silently stressed and obsessed over it since the moment he woke up. “Okay. Well you know as well as you’ve stated, the fever is normal and most likely due to common ISS. And low blood pressure could be an effect from hypovolemic shock.” Clarke nods, for it’s already ran through her mind a million times. Still, it was nice to actually hear it from someone other than the consuming voice in her head. She just wasn’t used to seeing Bellamy in that ailing state, it was a strange sight, one she knew she’d never get used to.

“Any pain?”

Bellamy shakes his head.

“Alright—well, I’m gonna get you on some stronger antibiotics see if that’ll help, and we’ll keep an eye on that LBP. In the meantime, you’re in very capable hands,” He gestures to Clarke behind him. “so there’s nothing to worry about.”

Bellamy nods as Dr. Collin’s finishes up. “I’ll be back later.”

“Clarke you’re meeting the florist in twenty minutes!” Octave warns the moment Finn exits, taking a seat on the chair before her, feet resting on the edge of the bed. The Blond shares an amused glance between Bellamy before turning to his sister who looked way too comfortable sitting there. “Twenty minutes?”

“Oh, don’t worry. He’s a block down on third street—you have time.”

“And tell me again why you aren’t going instead?” Clarke questions intrigued. “This seems like a very important detail, O. You wouldn’t want me to mess it up.” She hints, attempting to somehow get out of it. But the expression on Octavia’s face is set and there’s no doubt she wasn’t going to get up from her spot. Clarke grabs her bag and coat, slipping it on.

“Let me enlighten you with this little detail—I spent half of my night over a toilet bowl.” She grinned sheepishly eyes searching for the remote. “Then I finally got a peaceful morning to myself, and if I go down there, smelling all those flowers—who know’s how my nose is gonna handle it?” She tries
to justify but Clarke can see right through her.

Bellamy watches the both interact in simple amusement, fighting the sleep in his eyes. “Plus, it’s my turn with Bellamy since you all banished me from spending the night here…” She mumbles throwing the guilt around without any hesitation.

“All right. Alright, enough excuses. I’ll be back soon.” Clarke chuckles exiting with a wave goodbye.

…

“The nurse said you wanted to talk to me, alone?” Abby questions curiously entering the room with a curt knock. Bellamy nods, attempting to rid the exhaustion from his eyes and look alert, but the truth was he wasn’t feeling too good at the moment. With Clarke still on her little errand for his sister and Octavia down to the cafeteria, Bellamy finally found an opportunity to talk to Abby—one he didn’t hesitate to take.

“Don’t cancel the trip.” He exhales skipping any pleasantries. His sister would be there any minute, he had to make every word count.

Abby shoots him a questionable look, surprising her. When she had gotten word from the nurse he wanted to speak with her she thought it would be on the lines of another topic. “I heard you and Clarke talking last night.” He further explains, slowly adjusting his position. “Don’t cancel the trip.”

“Bellamy, this…” Abby’s quick to shake her head but doesn’t know how to finish that sentence. There weren’t a lot of things she knew about Bellamy other than he was a detective who worked under Kane, and loved her daughter, but in that moment as he met her with pleading, desperate eyes, she felt as if he was an old friend.

“All she talked about these last few weeks is that trip, getting out of town, going on an adventure…” Bellamy trailed on to the best of his ability. There was such urgency in the tone of his voice, one Abby couldn’t ignore. “She needs this and I can’t have what happened with me get in the way of that. You have to convince her somehow.” He pleads not knowing how else to get her on board.

“If you think she’s gonna listen to me you have another thing coming…” The older Griffin shakes her head, amused yet completely taken by surprise in his actions. “I want her to go as much as you, believe me,” She offers knowing very well the stubbornness her daughter attained. “but the only person who can convince her is you.”

In the end, it’s a simple solution, one Bellamy knew he was eventually going to come to, but one he needed help to get to.

He nods confidently coming to terms with her answer, quickly formulating a plan in his mind. “Okay. Just don’t cancel it yet.”

“I won’t,” Abby promises.

“Thank you.”
And the older Griffin lingers there for a moment, wanting to spill a million grateful words to him for
she understood the position Clarke was being forced far too clearly. Having to choose between her
career and love does something to a person. Struggling on the fine-line between yourself and others
was a difficult thing to do, especially a person you’d give your life for. Abby’s whole life seemed to
revolve and come back to that choice. Career or love? Job for family? In the end, she choose work,
she choose to have a career because she thought she could do it all and have it all. However, reality
is far different than she thought it too be. And she found herself on a dark unrecognizable path she
couldn’t defer from, and there was no way in hell she wanted that for her daughter.

“No,” She meets his eyes with a soft smile. “Thank you.”
"He's losing a lot of blood — Clarke get control of that!" Abby cries out from the other side of the surgical table. The Blond was determined, eyes peered into the surgical field before her. Hands delicate and trained around the instruments as she worked away on the trauma. Feet at a steady stance, shoulders tensed and arched as the tantalizing voice of her mother combined with the raging roar of alarming machines around her.

Sweat pooled at her forehead with every huffed breath beneath the mask on her face. Her heart raced as she attempted to stay calm. She would not let this patient get away.

"Dr. Griffin — he's in a v-tac!" She could hear her mother's muffled voice before her, but it felt so far away — so distant. She needed to focus. "Internal defibrillator!" She cried out attempting to bury her Abby's voice from beside her. If she could just focus. If she could just — "Charge to 200. Hands out of the field!"

Her thoughts were getting away from her, and she couldn't remember a time she struggled this hard in a surgery. Maybe it was because she was just so used to repairing gallbladders that she forgot how the rush of trauma ran through her veins keeping her on this raging charge of high adrenaline.

She found herself almost understanding why people took drugs.

"Clear!"

Nothing.

"Push to 300 — clear!"
Her heart surged, thrashing inside her chest like something she's never experienced before. "Charge to 360!" She ordered, eyes glued on the field before her. There as just something about this patient… something she couldn't quite place her finger on, she just knew she had to save him.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

"Clear!"

The body jolted in the wake of the shock and after a few seconds of complete silence other than the series of alarms that raged on in the background. The abominable silence lingered around the room from person to person as if somehow carrying an internal message.

It was over. There was nothing more they could do.

But Clarke continued standing there. Shock repelling through her system like the shock she'd just delivered, if not worse. "It's over, Clarke." Her mother's voice rang out in almost a sob. She snapped her gaze up, meeting the older Griffin in confusion. "We did everything we could…" She mumbled out, tears running down her face.

The Blond dropped the defibrillator on the tray hands shaking in their wake for she's never seen her mother get so emotional over a patient. "Mom, i-it's okay…" She found herself offering the meaningless, comforting words. But it was as if she was missing something — a piece of the puzzle — as if somehow her mother knew something she didn't.

"It's not." Abby cried shaking her head.

"Mom?" Clarke tore the mask off her face trying so hard to read the expression on her face.

And it wasn't until the nurses began to take the drapes down and her eyes drifted to his face, she finally registered what was wrong. "No…" She swallowed, thinking somehow, someway her eyes were defying her. The man on the table simply couldn't be… she took a step back, attempting to suffocate in a wrenching sob that threatened to rip her composure to shreds. Bellamy.
Breathe in.

Breathe out.

But she couldn't. She couldn't breathe. It was almost as if she somehow in those hapless seconds, she'd forgotten how. Because two minutes ago she had her hands in his chest and now he was — “Clarke!” Her mind went blank. Eyes blurring into the picture before her as confusion ripped through her system. No. This couldn't be right.

"Clarke!" She closed her eyes wanting nothing more than to drift way from this nightmare.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

"Clarke!"

When she opened her eyes, the hospital wall stared back at her in its unalloyed nature. She woke up in a pant. The echo of her name sharply fading as the realization of reality snuck upon her. Sweat dripped down her back, panic eased into her chest as her gaze snapped to a peaceful, sleeping Bellamy on the bed beside where she sat.

Relief shook her. And she took a deep breath, attempting to ease the storm running through her system. You're okay. She ran a shaky hand through her hair in reassurance.

But it felt so real, almost as if somewhere, somehow, it had actually happened — leaving her nothing but this deadweight in her chest, she couldn't cease to lift. Of course, Clarke knew it was absurd. First, Bellamy was fine. Second, there was no way anyone was going to let her operate on him — let alone anyone else at this point. And third, it was clearly a manifestation of the fear she'd suddenly materialized after everything.

She sighed, lowering herself back into the armchair. The time read somewhere after four am, she couldn't cipher out specifics from across the room in the dark light.

…

"And did they set a bail?" Bellamy questions sliding the file back to Kane and Miller who stood before him in triumph. "No bail." Kane offers, wide smile. "There's no way the DA would risk letting someone like that back on the streets until the trial." Nathan comments in a near snicker. It felt good finally put that case behind them.

"Any idea on a trial date?"
Two knocks sprung, cutting the Captain off as Clarke made her way into the room. "Nathan, Kane didn't know you two were dropping by today." Clarke smiles their way but offers nothing more. Their presence was usually welcomed, especially after everything that'd happened, but one glance at the file on the table before them changed it all. She knew part of their visit was for business and even though she accepted the fact that Bellamy's job deemed dangerous, the reality of it all was starting to get to her.

"Clarke, good to see you."

"I brought you some clothes, figured you'd be more comfortable…" She continues on, setting down the large bag in her hands. "Bellamy here was just updating us on his recovery time." Miller attempts to hold conversation yet notices the hesitance on the Blonds behalf.

"Six long weeks." The Blake brother sighs shifting uncomfortably in the bed. And Clarke can't help but think, six short weeks.

"However long — your job is waiting for you when you're ready." Kane reassures paired with a proud smile. "We better get going. We have a meeting with the DA." He explains and with their best wishes, make their exit.

"So what'd you bring me?"

"More like what Octavia brought you," She chuckles rolling her eyes at the bag the Blake sister had nearly filled to the top with things she thought he'd need. "Some t-shirts, sweatpants, books…" She shrugs attempting to get over that file that lay on the table only moments ago. "Thank god, I can't stand these things anymore…" He sighs referring to the hospital gowns. Clarke offers a smile in response as she digs through the bag.

"I didn't know you were thinking of going back to work so early?" Clarke mentions subtly. And Bellamy pauses, taking a moment after noticing insinuating the tone in her voice. "Yeah… I mean, that's six weeks away. It's not really that early…" He presents it without much doubt carefully watching her reaction. Clarke, of course, realizes this and pulls on a smile, shrugging at the matter and attempting to not make such a big deal out of what she prevailed as nothing.

"I'm just saying that's… that's pretty early considering…" The way she bounces around the topic as if not really wanting to go deeper, just skim the surface. "Considering what?" He questions although he knew exactly what. He just wanted to hear her say it. She didn't like the idea of him going back to work.

She shakes her head, hands rummaging through the bag pulling out clothes. "Do you want to change or not?"

"Clarke?" He cuts her off noticing her sudden change in topic. Why was she being so reserved about this all of a sudden? He catches hold of her hand, pulling her closer to him in a deepening frown.

"What's wrong?"

The Blond swallows, wanting nothing more than to tell him but not wanting to upset him in some way. "I just figured…" She shrugs attempting to get at the topic. "that you were going to take some time off after everything…"

"Is six weeks not enough?"
She shakes her head hesitantly. "Enough to heal, physically, maybe…" But she's honest, and that's all she can be in that moment. Her voice is sincere; filled with such a fear only he can hear. "Clarke, I love my job…" He simply states, not knowing what else to offer. "Officers get injured every day on the job a—and they bounce right back…" He attempts to bargain with her in some way, help her ease her worries about the subject but it doesn't seem to be working for she just nods, pulling away from his touch.

"Clarke…" Her name tastes sweet off his tongue.

"Yeah?" Her voice is broken as she tries to hide the panic within her.

"I'm bouncing back." He smiles sweetly as her eyes meet his gaze once again. She nods, swallowing, wanting nothing more than to speak her presented mind. "I know…" Thank god. She wants to add but keeps that part to herself. "How bout this?" He shifts, not wanting to drop the matter without somehow easing her worries. "How about we take it day by day… okay?" She smiles, because she can tell he's trying so hard to make her feel better, and ultimately nods. "Easier said than done," She sighs yet ultimately complies. "but okay."

"So," There a hint of playfulness in his voice. "did you hear the good news?" He beams up at her. Clarke shakes her head but there's no denying the smile on her face as she remembers what her mother had said when she ran into her on the way out that morning. "Would that news have anything to do with you possibly being discharged tomorrow?" She hints, suddenly lightening the mood.

"So you do know."

"My mom might have mentioned something." She shrugs, pulling out the remainder of the contents of the bag. "Are you excited?"

"To finally be getting out of here? Hell yeah." There's not an ounce of hesitance in his voice. Clarke chuckles, quietly tucking away her fears about the subject, not wanting to ruin his moment. The truth of the matter was they were discharging him early because they knew under Clarke's care he'd be perfectly able at home. However, this only created a series of absurd personal doubts in her ability to do so. In the end, though, she realized they were only doubts. However, that didn't stop them from plaguing her mind to the point where she almost believed them. Never-the-less the smile on Bellamy's face in realization that he was finally going home was enough to counteract any uncertainty she may have had.

"I can't wait to sleep in my own bed." He sighs almost daydreaming at the matter making the Blond chuckle. "Me too —"

"Hey, no one's making you spend every night here…" Bellamy teases, dragging her closer to him by her hand. The Blond rolls her eyes keeping the playful nature intact. "I know, but my bed is so empty without you in it." It's a joke he takes well for his smile grows wider.

"Come on, you want to change?"

…

As the day dragged on it brought its own adventures. The gang visits one by one in their own spare time, popping in through random parts of the day in hopes to cure the 'boredom spell' Bellamy was supposed cast under. Clarke studies — or tries to when she's not busy running errands for Octavia's wedding. The day is long and at some point seems to be dragging on endlessly until the sun falls
beneath the Pacific and night takes over once more bringing it to a welcoming close.

"Movie?" Bellamy questions lazily. It's late now, and visiting hours are long over and it's just the two of them for the night, again. He'd tried to get her to go home, "think of it like I'm in a hotel..." He so blindly suggested with such a goofy smile on his face she couldn't help but chuckle. "hospital? What hospital, I'm staying at the Grand Hilton Hotel."

"Wow, really, The Grand Hilton?" Clarke teases realizing what he was trying to do.

"Yeah, and they have the best service..." He mumbles on. Clarke rolls her eyes and sighs. "Come on, you should go home — sleep in a real bed for one night." He continues on for he can see the toll that's taken over her from spending the night in that chair.

But the Blond wasn't having it. In fact, the moment she heard his insistent nature, fear ran through her system as the memory of the nightmares that plagued her sleep came back. "You're going home tomorrow, I'll sleep in a real bed soon." She smiled trying to ignore her thoughts.

"Clarke, you look exhausted."

"That's not because I'm sleeping in a chair.' She wants to voice but keeps to herself. It was because she wasn't sleeping — at least not well, and that had nothing to do with the chair. "So do you?" She tried to justify with a small credible smile. Bellamy shook his head as she took a seat on the bed beside him. "I'm serious."

"And I'm not?" She questions lightly, fingers delicately playing with a loose string from the bottom of his t-shirt. But she can tell he's not quite satisfied with her response and wants nothing more than to do so, so she continues knowing she has to at least reveal a bit of the truth for him to let the subject go. "I'll sleep better here than at home, trust me."

However, her answer only rises more questions as Bellamy shoots her a look, not really knowing what to make of it. "Clarke I've seen you at three, four in the morning, studying, reading, on your laptop..." He admits. And at this point, Clarke thinks she's been caught.

"I'm a surgeon in training — that's not uncommon." She chuckles, shaking her head at his worried demeanor. "I'm clearly not gonna win this one, huh?"

"Not a chance, Blake." She laughs completely revealed the conversation didn't dwell into something more serious. She was tired of serious, she wanted lighthearted happy moments for a change, but realized of course, that that wouldn't be the case for a while.

"And I don't always study..." She mumbles jokingly.

"Really? Enlighten me, Princess, what else do you do?" She doesn't speak in response. Instead, she turns, grabbing her bag from the chair, pulling out a sketch book. "I draw."

"You draw?" Bellamy can't help the smile on his face as she flips through the pages in search for the single piece she wanted to show him. "Well, I had to put those charcoal's you got me to use." She shrugs, presenting him with the notebook.

"I took a stab at drawing hands a few nights ago — my brain was fried from studying and I needed to relax so," She bites her lips as Bellamy observes the drawing. A series of dark, wide strikes overtook the page somehow compiling into hand resting upon a surface. "I also needed a reference, and you were sleeping — the perfect still subject."

Bellamy smiles looking it over, again and again, discovering dark expressive emotions underneath
each stroke. It was funny, the drawing almost said more about Clarke’s state in the current moment than she did herself. He knew she was going through a lot, she’d lost her father and Wells before this in quite a familiar circumstance. God knew what must be going through her mind at the moment now that she’s had time to unravel and let the trauma really affect her. But of course, Clarke being the person she is isn’t the type to necessarily share this, especially with him at the point in his recovery because the last thing he needed was to be worried about her. However, what she didn't know was it was too late, he was already concerned.

"I love it." And he really does. He wanted to say more, start a new conversation expressing his worry about her, but he keeps quite knowing she would only deny it if he were to insist. She would come to him eventually, when she really needed it, he had faith in that.

"Tell me again why you didn't pursue this?" The question tickles her skin, and as she sets the sketch book aside and falls carefully beside him she sighs. "With a mother like mine?" She almost chuckles — they both do because for a moment in time he almost forgot about the force of nature her mother was. "Don't get me wrong, I wasn't shy about my passion for art, I drew on everything everywhere… napkins, coffee cups, even paper table clothes at those stupid events she dragged me to," She explains lowering herself beside Bellamy. His hand slowly wrapping around her her figure.

"But I like my job." She states. "I really do." This was something Bellamy hadn't come to realize just yet for he always thought somewhere deep inside Clarke wasn't particularly content with her career choice, mainly because he knew it was rather forced upon her by her mother. "I'm saving people, I'm saving lives. It makes me feel like I'm in control — most of the time." They chuckle.

"I didn't know that." He mumbled, although know, that he had a moment to really think about it. It made complete sense that it would be in Clarke nature to want to save people. "Yeah…” She sighs feeling absolutely satisfied there in the embrace of his arms. "I'm not hurting you am I?" She whispers incoherently for she almost doesn't want him to hear her. "No, you're absolutely fine." He whispers through her hair planting a kiss against her head.

"Did you still want to watch a movie?" She mumbles, closing her eyes.

"No. I just want to lay here with you."

…

The sky bled red upon her as Clarke walked through the snowy streets. The air was a crisp cold that burned her lungs with every breath she drew. But there was nothing she could do but shove her hands deeper into her coat pockets and pick her pace up. She was walking home, she knew that much. But she didn't recognize her surroundings, in fact, she was sure she'd never been to this side of Seattle before. Clarke frowned, stopping short in confusion for when she tried to remember where she was coming from she was drawing a blank.

Snow fell lightly all around her. It was a beautiful sight — a strange one none-the-less with the large warehouse around her, but the snow had a way of decorating even the blandest objects. From what she could tell, she had to be in the industrial side of Seattle, why, she had no idea.

A van pulled up by a warehouse, and a tall skinny man climbed out in a hurried gruff so she kept moving not wanting to accidentally get caught up in whatever he was up to. Everything was fine, or rather, seemed fine for a while after that. Clarke simply kept walking not knowing what else to do.

Everything was fine, and then the crippling sound of a gunshot shot rang out — two, one right after
the other and she froze in horror, adrenaline just barely running through her as she mindlessly debated whether she was to stay behind and offer her assistance or flee.

However, before she could decide her legs had already made up their mind for her, running in the direction of the shots knowing whoever it was, with her experience she would be able to help them. The shots had been a least to blocks away but in the silence of the night they were torn like wildfire. And in the blinding moment she turned the corner into the alley, her vision blurred, heart overcoming with this overwhelming feeling she couldn't quite describe.

From the distance, a figure laying in the snow. Her legs shaky legs wanted to buckle at the sight — in fact she could feel them starting to, but before they could collapse underneath her weight, they took flight, running towards the figure.

"BELLAMY!" Her scream pierced through the silence of the peaceful snow as she came to the realization that it was him laying there. For some strange reason, she felt as if she already knew that. Clarke skidded to a stop on her knees when she finally reached him, hands already applying pressure to the gushing wound that presented in his chest. Blood poured, seeping through her fingers, staining the snow pure white snow a maroon red.

"Bellamy?! H-Hey — you have to stay with me!" She cried out hoping she was loud enough to make him conscious. Hot tears ran down her face, thawing her skin as she barely grasped onto the reality before her.

His eyes were closed, lips parted in an oblivious peace she couldn't quite place.

"HELP!" She screamed through the needle-pinned air in hopes someone, somewhere would hear her.

A mixture of shock and terror ran through her system almost leaving her helpless in the situation. But she wouldn't have it. This wasn't going to happen. Clarke pressed her fingers against his neck finding a racing pulse in the wake of all that destruction. That was not good. She knew he was most likely going through shock from the blood loss. If she could just get him to open his eyes, keep him conscious until help arrived.

"Bell — Bellamy, please?!!" She cried out hovering her cheek against his mouth and nose, hoping he was still somehow breathing. And he was. But she knew it wouldn't last with his body going through his much havoc. She had to stop the bleeding, at this rate he was going to bleed out before anyone could come.

"Bellamy!" She sobbed, breathing was becoming significantly harder as the panic invaded her system.

"Bellamy please, please open your eyes... please..." She pleaded helplessly. She didn't know what else to do. "BELLAMY!" The echoes of her sobs bounced off the surrounding brick walls.

Clarke's eyes popped open, body jolting in alarm. The underlining panic easing as she realized it was just another dream. Relief flooded her until the dread overcame her with the realization Bellamy had shifted awake in the bed beside her.

"Clarke?" His groggy voice mumbled in confusion. Her head was pounding with the rush of blood, and she took a moment to rub her eyes awake until she responded.

"You okay?"

The question almost bothered her because she didn't really know how to answer it without feeling
faulty, without making him further worry about her. "Yeah, sorry. I just had a bad dream..." She attempts to laugh it off and keep the topic of the subject light-hearted — as if somehow she wasn't bothered by these nightmares at all.

"You sure?" His runs his fingers across her arm as she sits up. He's awake now too, and she feels guilty because at the moment he needs sleep more than anything. "Yeah, yeah. It's early, go back to sleep." Clarke climbs out of the bed, grabbing her cardigan off a near by chair and wrapping herself in its familiarity.

"Come back to bed." Bellamy almost pleads suddenly missing her warm beside him. The Blond smiles, shaking her head. "I'm gonna step out for a second, just go back to sleep, okay?"

"Okay..." She hears the hesitance in his voice along with the exhaustion, and immediately she knows he's worried but also knows the that in that particular moment, sleep took a deeming dominance. "I'll be right back." She offers with a small smile before slipping out of the room.

She makes it to the coffee machine at the nurses station grabbing a cup before turning to the surgical board. Patients weren't normally scheduled at such early hours in the morning so most of the surgeries going on were all emergent or trauma cases. At the moment there were two; Dr. Kailing was doing an ex-lap on an incoming MVC patient in OR five, and Dr. Collins was performing an emergency thoracotomy in OR three.

Sleep was out of the question at this point so she decided observing a surgery was a way to keep her occupied and distracted for a time being. And that's how Clarke found herself in the observatory room at five am in the morning sipping on her coffee, and taking meticulous notes. It wasn't until the surgery was almost done that Octavia's face popped on her phone screen. "Hey, where are you?" The Blake asks in confusion on end of the line.

"Observing a surgery, what's up?"

"Nothing, I was just wondering since you weren't here."

"Yeah, I couldn't sleep." She states casually once again. And she can hear the contemplative nature in Octavia's silence, yet before she has a chance to respond, Clarke begins again. "But I'll be up soon, okay?"

"That's something I keep hearing." Another voice cuts through the moment she ends the call. Clarke suddenly finds herself whipping in its direction finding non-other than Finn standing in the frame of the door, smirk on his face.

"You finished your surgery?" She questions looking down in the room before them pretending she had no idea what he's talking about because the last thing she wanted to do was comfort this problem right now.

"I did." There's a sense of suspicion in his voice for he knows she attempting to bury something. "You said you couldn't sleep." He insists, not wanting to obliterate the topic of conversation so quickly. Clarke chuckles. She hopes by letting this rather casual reaction slip out, the sharpness in his eyes would soften. She was wrong.

"Clarke..." He exhorts once more coming to take a seat beside her.

"Everyone needs to stop worrying about me..." The blond lets out in yet another chuckle trying so hard to convince him she was fine. "I'm not the one who was almost shot to death!" Yet her choice of words only worries him more.
"I know." His voice is soft for he's attempting to show her that he's not accusing her of anything here. He only wants to help. "And I also know how hard this must be for you, considering everything." Clarke frowns suddenly, the frustration within her growing.

"Finn." She almost scoffs because she's so tried of having the whole world worry about her and her choices. For once she wished they'd stick to their own agenda's and concerns and leave her out of it. She also, of course, realized this confrontation was in no way malicious on Finn's part and he was truly concerned for he'd seen the way exhaustion built against her the last few days.

"This can't be easy for you — "

"Easy for me?" She almost snaps. "You want to know who this is not easy for? A pregnant Octavia who almost lost her only living family, her brother — Bellamy who has to cope with this for the rest of his life — this is butterflies and cupcakes for me compared to them, Finn!" She stands, the willing nature in her wanting nothing but to flee in the moment.

"Look!" Finn too stands, voice booming off the walls, for he wants nothing but to get his message across. "I'm not saying talk to me…" His voice falters as it comes to a low. The Blond turns away as he desperately attempts to hold her gaze. "I'm saying talk to someone, okay?"

And this time she nods, because she knows if she sits there and agrees with him it'll be the easiest way out. But a part of her recognized Finn was right. She would have to find a way to battle the constant insomnia and nightmares that followed, because simply ignoring them was going to do anything.

…

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guys! I'm back! I apologize for the long wait my life suddenly got really busy but I won't bore you with the details :) Alright, some news for ya:

1. I have finally broken down the next few chapters and came to the conclusion that I will be ending this story at chapter 33 (if all goes according to plan, haha. 'Cause we all know how that goes!)
2. I figured out the perfect ending! (Although this is not news to me because I've known how to ends this for month (the execution part, however, has been little elusive, haha)).
3. I am actually going back and revising a few chapters, not major plot changes, maybe a few details and definitely GRAMMER! Haha, so when I finish if ya'll
4. Um, I think that's it? Just a little thanks for having patience and reading, you guys are truly awesome :)

(PS: I still can't believe this is over 100,000 words, I literally just realized that a few weeks ago-AHHH!)

(PPS: Also, this is more a personal question, I guess, but I've been really hesitant to share this story with my family and friends - they know I write (I am an English major in college and basically spend all my time in Starbucks, writing) and they're always asking to read something of mine. Have you authors ever dealt with this issue? I don't know
why I'm so hesitant to share this with them, maybe because it's a fanfiction and usually they aren't taken seriously, maybe it's because I feel like maybe they'll judge me based on the topics I talk about - Idk, I'd really appreciate some feedback because I'm a little lost here :P)

Thanks again
“Hey, you ready?” Clarke calls in question approaching the figure sitting on the side of the bed. Bellamy, looking up from the copy of his discharge papers in his hands, nods. The width of a smile widening across his face, however, the Blond quickly notices the absence of warmth in his eyes that usually paired. And the shaky, uncertain way his hands run across the folder he placed the papers in, told her something wasn’t right.

“Yeah, just about.” He keeps his focus on the folder, not wanting to meet her gaze as she reaches out to him in concern. “I thought you’d be excited to finally leave this place. You okay?” She doesn’t make much of the question asked until she realizes Bellamy’s hesitance to respond.

“I asked if could get a copy of my medical records, you know to give to the board when the time comes to reinstate me and…” He sighs, struggling to find the right words to describe the overwhelming feeling of fear in utter realization. “Octavia signed life support papers?”

Clarke swallowed coming to a mental stop. “Y-Yeah, I guess she did.” The blond met his distraught gaze not knowing what else to provide. And now that she had time to think about it, there much of been a moment where either her mother or Finn approached the younger Blake with the papers.

“It got that bad?” He voice was barely a whisper.

Outside the rain pours heavy.

“Bellamy,” Clarke frowns trying to form the sentence in her head in some way he’d comprehend. “you were unresponsive for almost three days.” she quickly clarified hoping to present some sort of logic that would calm him. He nodded, desperately attempting to understand what those words really meant. “No, right.” He exhaled deeply. “I just… I think the realization that I almost died just hit me.”

“But you didn’t.” She reaches for his hand, holding it tight in support. She doesn’t want to relive all the heart-wrenching moments of the past week but the memories come unwanted with a force so utterly overwhelming she doesn’t stand a chance.

The confusion came first as she remembers her mothers assistant come to find her with the news, followed by the desperation to get to the ER as she called him, praying he’d answer, praying he was sitting somewhere in the back of the undercover bus with a smirk on his face. But then they roll him in a blur of red and the silence takes over. Her mind draws a blank, her blood runs cold as everything around her comes to a halting stop —

“You didn’t.” She repeats somehow stopping the uncontrollable train of unwanted memories. “And I’m so sorry this happened to you.” Her voice falters through a sniff, because although she’s sure the he knows everyone already feels that way, she’s not sure he’s actually heard it aloud.

His eyes are swelled up as she rests her hand against the side of his face bringing him close. She plants a soft kiss on his cheek before tucking her head in the crook of his neck. “But you’re okay now. Alright?” And Bellamy nods, thinking how could he not be okay there in the comfort of her warmth?
“Don’t cancel your trip.” The words catch her off guard as her eyes tear themselves away from the book in her hand.

It’s been a day since Bellamy got home now, and as he rested in the comfort of his bed with some sort of documentary playing on low in the background, Clarke sat nearby, feet perched upon the side of his bed, indulged a series of medical files. The words crash into her without warning, and as she meets his gaze she realizes he’s taken a while to gather the courage to say something.

“What… what are you talking about?” She attempts to clarify. Bellamy swallows using the little strength he has to straighten up but doesn’t prevail. “Your trip. I heard you and your mom talking. Don’t cancel it.”

“And why not?” Her voice is low with uncertainty and she swears she can feel her defense mechanisms start to build up for she doesn’t know how to take the news or what Bellamy means by it. “You shouldn’t lose out on an opportunity this big because of me — because of what happened to me.” He tries to reason although he can tell from Clarke’s hesitant nature, she wasn’t taking the news as well as he intended.

“Bellamy, you got shot. Of course, I’m not going to whisk off across the world for eight weeks!” The confusion swells in her throat and she wants nothing more than to keep calm and collected in the moment, but she can’t help and let the emotions run rabid through her.

“I know what this is doing to you…” He reveals softly. His eyes hold the desperation present in his voice for he knew this wasn’t something that was easy to bring up. Her silence only confirms his doubts.

“You’re having trouble sleeping.”

“Bellamy…” She shakes her head, voice drags in suit for she doesn’t like where this is leading.

“Come on, Clarke…” He pleads for her to not ignore this. “Don’t think I didn’t notice.” His words break her, for the last thing she wanted him to do was carry that guilt around as well.

“I’m fine.”

Bellamy shuts his eyes in a soft sigh. “Are you?” The question stings, but there’s nothing she can do but sit there and take it. Still, the Blond nods. What else was she to do? But one look at the expression on Bellamy's face was all it took for her to realize he wasn’t convinced.

“Okay,” She swallows falling to the confrontation. “so I had a couple nightmares.” She attempts to shrug off, it’s hard to be scared during the day. “It’s happened before, after my dad, after Wells…” She trails off hoping to instill some sort of confidence with him because she was not the one they needed to worry about. “They went away eventually.”

“It’ll be good for you to distance yourself from all this…” He pleads.

Clarke suddenly stands, not wanting to hear any more. “I’m not going on the trip, Bellamy.” She declares wanting nothing more than to move past this conversation. “And the nightmares, they’ll go away.” She continues on knowing he wasn’t convinced, knowing he wouldn’t take her answer
lightly.

“Clarke—"

“I have some stuff to help Octavia with.”

“Clarke…” He tries again, attempting to hold her back, make her listen, but he doesn’t stand a chance in the moment.

“I’ll be back later.” She quickly hurries off.

…

“So, what do you think?” Octavia proudly declares as they girls stand on the dock, a white, shiny, elaborate ship before them.

“It’s a yacht.”

The Blake sister chuckled, shaking her head. “No. It’s a ferry boat.” And there’s no denying the excitement in her voice. However, that giddy smile on her face falls short the moment Clarke shoots her a look. “Okay, it’s a classy ferry boat.” Octavia bargains.

“It’s a yacht.” The blond states once more, raising the sunglasses from her eyes as to get a clearer view of the enormity before them. “In fact, that might just quite literally qualify for a small cruise ship.” She shouldn’t be surprised, not really, Octavia was known to pull stuff like this. “Please tell me Lincoln knows about this…” But before she had a chance to reply, Octavia had already taken off in another direction. “Come on, let’s go inside!”

By the time they were on their own inside, Octavia already had a game plan in motion. “… and I was thinking about stringing up the lights just straight under those beams… or maybe hanging down? What do you think?” The Blake trailed off, pointing out picking spots. “Also — remind me to get the measurements of this place, we’re definitely going to need those — Clarke, earth to Clarke?”

The Blond snapped back to reality with a reassuring smile. Although she wasn’t necessarily listening didn’t mean she was obvious to the whole conversation. “Yes. Sorry. Measurements, you’ll need measurements. I’ll get those from… someone.”

“What’s wrong with you?”

“What? Nothing.” Yet another statement by a member of the Blake family to throw her off guard that day. “Clarke.” The blond smiled once more, hoping the hesitant look in her eyes wouldn’t give her away.

It did.

“I wasn’t born yesterday — what is it? Is it Bellamy?” She sighed. “Not even two days home and he’s causing trouble. What did he do, now?” If it was one thing Octavia knew, it was her brother and his compelling nature to wallow trouble no matter what.

“Nothing.” Clarke now chuckles hoping her best friend would just drop the subject. She wasn’t ready to talk about what happened earlier that day. She was confused, and hurt, and that was most
likely due to her suborn disposition and inability to continue to hear him out, he had a point to this all, that she knew. She just didn’t know if she was ready to hear it just yet. The idea of leaving, after the events of the week before seemed so rattling and strange that she herself couldn’t picture it.

“We only have an hour on the ship. Use your time wisely Octavia.”

The Blake sibling eyed her, spelling out defeat. And although Clarke was relieved she wasn’t about the dwell on the meanings of Bellamy’s words right there and then as Octavia probably would’ve made her do if it weren’t for their limited time, she knew the Blake wasn’t going to let this slide.

After the trip to the ship — Clarke was keen on calling it that because there was no way she about to call that monstrosity a boat, Octavia had somehow managed to gather the girls for lunch downtown before their final bridesmaid fittings right after. She was all smiles and giggles the whole time yet somehow managing to keep a concerned eye on her Blond best friend.

Octavia was right. Something was definitely up with Clarke, and after some time, even she herself recognized it and attempted to will herself to at least try. So she smiled, and after a moment of immersing herself in the light and airy conversation before her, she realized it wasn’t quite so bad.

“So, how did he do it?” Raven asked carrying the conversation on. Maya blushed beside her, yet shrugged, admiring the ring on her finger that seemed to weight more than it really did in that moment.

“Yeah, we wanna know!”

“It was nothing crazy… or anything…” She began. “Surprisingly.” She quickly added, the rest of the girls laughed in suit. Jasper was known for his wacky, spontaneous nature so it was quite strange to hear that when he proposed to his girlfriend he didn’t do in such a manner. “I don’t know… we were just in bed on morning and didn’t want to get up and get on with the day… he just asked me to open my eyes and when I did, he was holding the ring.” She grins. “It was kinda perfect.”

“That’s really sweet — unexpected coming from Jasper, himself, but really sweet… I can’t wait for wedding number two!” Octavia joked as the table erupted in laughter.

“And speaking of the unexpected, Clarke, you and Bellamy — I mean how long has that been happening?” Maya questioned turning the attention onto the rather quiet Blond. “For the record, I want to point out that I was well aware of that relationship!” Raven quickly called out as if taking credit for something in the making.

“You knew?” Octavia jumped in shock, the smile on her face widening. “She did not know —“ Clarke was quick to justify. “N-Not at first at least — and I just want to clear the fact that we were not in any sort of relationship at the time —“

“Ohh, right, if a relationship doesn’t entail you two screwing around like that!” Raven cut the blond off before she had the chance to make everything PG-13 like she always had a way of doing. “We were just friends… with benefits — I think that precisely defeats the purpose of any ‘relationship’.” Clarke attempted to clarify, but it was no use.
“Okay, okay, wait!” Maya cut through the chatter. “how exactly did Raven find out?”

“That’s easy,” The Latina shrugs with a sly smile for she was going to enjoy this. Clarke froze, just remembering. “Finn told me.”

“Finn knew!?” Octavia almost choked on her drink. At this point in the conversation, no one was longer eating for the enactment of it all was too pure to miss. Raven nodded encouragingly, she was having too much fun with this. “Yeah. He walked in on them in an on-call room. In the middle of the day.”

Clarke shut her eyes in embarrassment, however, there was no denying the coy smile on her lips. This all deemed so ridiculous, she couldn’t help but not laugh along. “Oh my god!” The Blake sister exclaimed in response.

“Okay so, Raven and Finn… who else knew?”

“Well, there’s Monty who found out at the cabin when Clarke was giving Bellamy a strip tease…” Raven trailed on causally. ‘I’m pretty sure Bellamy’s partner knew… oh and probably just about every nurse and doctor up at Seattle Med.” The Latina finished. Clarke took this time to basically dive into her drink before realizing it wasn’t an alcoholic one.

“I had my suspicions!” Octavia quickly inputted not wanting to be forgotten in the process. “I just want to add that before any other conclusions are drawn — in fact, I asked her about it on the cabin trip.”

“Okay, okay — so the majority of you guys eventually figured it out… and now that you all know I can finally breathe.” The blond chuckled. “I mean, do you know how exhausting it is having to hide that day after day…” She professed.

“Sweet. So now that we all know I guess you wouldn’t mind telling us what you guy are…”

This question took Clarke my surprise. “Oh.” She stumbled in trying to find the right words. Did they agree to tell everyone, did Bellamy want them to know? None of them were there the night of the gala, none of them saw the moment the Blake brother basically professed his love for her out on that cold dock before being torn away from her life in the next.

“Yeah,” She took a deep breath nodding. “You can say we’re together, now.” However, that statement was lacking its usual confidence for after that argument she actually didn’t really know what they were. He wanted her to leave, to go off on her trip and distance herself from what happened and she had no idea what he meant by that.

“So, friends-with-benefits turned to love, who would’ve thought?” Maya sweetly stated. Clarke smiled, letting herself absorb the true meaning of the words and indulge in them before they were ripped away form her like everything else in her life. “Yeah, it did.” She but her lip at the anticipation building in her chest from simply not knowing.

…

When she gets back to Bellamy that night she feels as if she’s worked a 48-hour shift at the hospital when in reality she was woken up in her own bed at half past ten and had basically sat home with him before making an outing with Octavia and the girls. It was a simple, easy day — physically, that
is. Emotionally, was a whole different story.

“Clarke?” His gruff voice calls out in the darkness.

She doesn’t know why she came back to his room, she just knew she didn’t want to be alone that night.

“Did I wake you?” She replies with a question before he has the chance to fire one at her. “No… not really.” He shifts in the bed as she climbs in beside him. His bed is bigger than the hospital one and so she has plenty of room without bothering him on the empty side beside him.

“What are you doing?”

“Sleeping. What’s it look like?” Her answer is short and concise and phrased almost as if she had somehow gotten past their pervious conversation that ended with her walking out. She didn’t though. That was something she feared she would never forget.

“You should do that in your own bed —”

“No, I shouldn’t.” She corrects, turning to face him. Her face is raw and completely stripped of bullshit. “You’re hurt, and you’re my boyfriend, and I can’t sleep, especially not alone — not tonight. So no, I shouldn’t be in my own bed.”

He smiles. He likes the authority she presents.

“You can’t do that.”

“What?” He sounds genuinely concerned but knows exactly what she’s talking about. “Smile. After that — after everything. You’re not allowed to.”

“Oh, my bad.” He nods, dropping the smile on his face. It’s hard, but he manages to do so the please her. “Better?” He offers her a goofy moody face, and even with the dark of the night surrounding them, she can see it. And she can’t help but smile.

“Bellamy.” She nearly whines, trying to stay serious, but struggling due to his silliness in the moment. “Okay, okay… I’m sorry.” He mumbles, reaching out for her warmth. But Clarke stays still on her side, distancing herself from his touch.

“Clarke…” He groans. “Stop moving, you’ll pull out your stitches.” She states softly wrapping the covers around her shoulders and snuggling herself in the warmth of the blankets. “Come here.” He whispers. The soft pleading tone in his voice does the trick and she’s quick to comply, carefully snuggling herself to his side, careful as to not somehow bump into him.

And they settle there for a moment, two, maybe, Bellamy soothingly running her fingertips through her hair before he parts his lips once more. “Clarke, we need to talk about it.”

She doesn’t answer for a moment for she knows he’s right. “We will, tomorrow. Right now, we sleep.”

…
Sorry for the long wait and the short chapter, life easily get's in the way and I was it wouldn't! Anyway, quicker updates are coming, as well as the end of this LOONGG story, haha. Thanks for the love!
In the morning Clarke slips out before Bellamy wakes. She’s not yet cleared for surgery, although she thinks enough time had passed. Her body still automatically wakes at five in the morning every day and usually, she’d go right back to bed and reap the benefits of the sleep she wasn’t used to getting. Today, however, was different. The morning sun peeking through the blinds sparked her inspiration fueling her with a familiar boost of energy. And for a moment as she laid there letting the bit of sunshine that managed to streak through, soak into her skin, she let her mind blank.

Bellamy was sound asleep tucked between the blankets beside her, and she smiled at the image but it only lasted a moment before the doubts filled her mind pushing themselves to the surface and she was left with no other option but to face them. The smile on her face faltered as guilt riddled her veins from the memory of their previous conversation.

Clarke sat up, swinging her feet off the side of the bed. Legs stretched, toes curled, and before she realized it, she’d grabbed her slip and walked out of his bedroom.

Her room was cold and paired with a strong feeling of an absence. Her absence, for it’d been a while now that she truly and actually lived in that room. Her nights were now spent in Bellamy’s bed, day’s hauling last minute wedding details with Octavia all over the city, so the only thing she really used her bedroom recently was as a place of storage.

She really just wanted to relax, put her mind at ease for one second yet the moment she closed her eyes, the overwhelming thoughts filled with doubt and uncertainty overcame her. At first, it was Bellamy — *was he going to wake up? Will he have impairments?* And the worry that came with it. But then he woke up, and all seemed right in the world for a moment before the next problem just piled on.

She really should be used to it by now. But the truth was, it wasn’t something she wanted to get accustomed to no not matter how many time she found herself there.

The only question that seemed to plague her mind now was why Bellamy wanted her gone. Okay, She knew he didn’t mean it like that, but it definitely felt that way. It felt like, slowly but surely, he was aiming at pushing her away. The Blond sighed. It was so early she almost didn’t know what to do with her new-found freedom. Coffee seemed like a great idea, especially when a yawn overcame her, then she remembered the noise of the machine would only wake Raven who was home and still asleep at this ungodly hour. So, in the end, she deiced to join the bustling city outside, and with her laptop and headphones in tow, she made the trip to the coffee joint adjacent to their apartment building, leaving a note on the island for the Latina so someone knew where she’d gone.

She researched her trip for the first time. It wasn’t usually like her not to dwell in the details, especially in important events like this trip, but the reality is that with everything going on recently, she simply didn’t find the time.

Eight weeks in eight different countries, with eight different clinics. It was a dream really. One not many residents were offered, but her mother was acquainted with doctors all over the world granting her with this, at the time, unfeasible opportunity.
She, of course, was hesitant to go given the recent events surrounding Bellamy. And for once she couldn’t let herself be guided by what was right, because she couldn’t tell the difference between wrong and right, at least not in her predicament. Clarke was torn between leaving to expand her training as a doctor and staying behind to focus on her blooming relationship. And somehow, just like that, she’d turned into her mother, something she swore she’d never let herself attain to.

As a child, Clarke was very much aware of her mother’s choices. Abby always found herself between choosing between her career and her personal life, and most often than not, chose wrong. Clarke had always thought it was because her love for the job out-ranked the love she had for her and her father. That Abby was simply happier living in scrubs. But now as an adult, the Blond realized it was definitely more complicated than that, and in no way true. It was always easier to choose wrong. Always easier to take on the tasks that came with her job then to deal with the sentiments of her family and that was what ultimately tore the Griffin family apart.

Again, Clarke’s situation was different, but yet somehow, the same. She found herself asking a myriad of open-ended questions; Career or family? Family or career? And when was it amicable to chose on over the other?

The blond sighed deeply, resting her head against the window of the coffee shop beside her, hands fidgeting the rim of her coffee staring into the dark remains of the empty mug.

The trip was all planned out. Plane tickets bought, hotels booked, arrangements with the clinics — everything, and she’d be lying if she said she didn’t want to go. The chance to get out of Seattle for a while, out of the somber weather and immerse herself in something new. But no amount of desire was able to mask the guilt that paired to wanting to go.

She realized that’s what Bellamy meant in their previous conversation. All he wanted to do was let her know she still had that option open and that if she were to take it, by all means, he would support her.

Clarke smiled.

“Bell — Bellamy.” Clarke shook him gently till he woke. “Hm?” His eyes were still shut but there was a coy smile on his lips inviting her to keep trying.

“Thank you.”

“For?” He mumbled, finally meeting her gaze in confusion. “For giving me an option.” She swallowed suddenly growing sentimental in his presence. “For not holding me back.” She continued already feeling the pressure in her chest fading away. Bellamy smiled. He didn’t need verbal confirmation of what she was talking about, he knew. “I haven’t made up my mind yet.” Clarke starts once more not letting him breathe a word in until she was sure she’d said everything.

“And it wasn’t right of me to lash out the other day,” She swallowed, and he reached for her hand. “I guess I kinda took it the wrong way.”

“No kidding, Princess.” Bellamy chuckled.

“I’m sorry — ”
“No need.” He cut her off before she were to finish. “What time is it?” He asked through a yawn not a moment later. “A little past eight-thirty.”

“It’s early...” He fought settling back down in bed. The Blond laughed shaking her head, but still, kicked her shoes off and climbed in beside him.

“How you feeling?” She mumbled into his side.

“You smell like coffee.” Bellamy noitced, avoiding the question. Clarke shut her eyes, allowing her body to get comfortable in his warmth. “I was at the coffeehouse downstairs now answer the question.”

“I’m okay, Clarke.” And the tone in is voice was so reassuring, for the first time in a while she truly believed him.

…
The rehearsal dinner is nothing big. It consists of just their immediate friends and family sharing a
meal, rehearsing the walk through and whatever proceeded afterward. But it comes to no surprise to the gang when they walk into the seaside restaurant and find it completely reversed for them. The warm dim lighting reflects the seascape beside them wonderfully, and the long endless table welcomes their presence.

“So what’s the story for tonight shin-dig, O?” Jaspers quick to ask in benefit of his own amusement. “Story?” The Blake sister frowns not following. “Yeah, I mean Lincoln’s parents are here. I’m assuming there’s a story we’re aiming at with Bellamy, am I wrong?” The conversation generates a majority of the gang’s attention, including that of Bellamy’s.

“He’s right, are we what’s the angle?” Bellamy’s quick to add, just about ready for anything.

“Actually, he’s wrong,” Octavia states settling back into her chair. “There’s no angle, no story, nothing.” She shrugs. But the lost look on Jasper and Bellamy’s face only implies she needs to further elaborate.

“He’s my brother.” O begins with such confidence. In the midst of all their troubles, she’d come to the realization the only thing Bellamy ever needed to be for her was just that; her brother. Clarke squeezes tight to Bellamy’s hand beside her, hearing this. “That’s all the story he needs.”

“What’s the fun in that?” Jasper whines, but the smile on Bellamy’s face is undeniable. “Jasper. Cool it.” Maya warns throwing him a look.

The Blake brother takes a moment to himself, not really understanding how much it meant to him for her to say that until she did.

“I can be your super-secret spy girlfriend,” Clarke whispers into his ear, teasing. “How ‘bout just my girlfriend?” He’s quick to reply, smirk in tow before pressing a kiss on the side of her temple. The Blond chuckles, smile just about as wide as can be. “I’ll take what I can get.”

The sound of a knife tapping gently against the body of a wine glass grabs the attention of everyone at the table. Octavia and Lincoln both stand. “I wanted to make a quick toast of appreciation to all of you before the big day tomorrow.” Octavia begins radiant smile in tow. “I know since day one, this whole wedding planning process hasn’t been easy.” A few chuckle before them, knowing the hilarity of the honest truth behind her comment. “You’ve all been really helpful, offering your time, expertise, and more importantly your endless support,” Lincoln adds knowingly for he’d had to drag the boys out for various projects Octavia demanded they make and waste money on.

“We finally made it!” Octavia exhales jokingly as if the process had been grueling. And it had been at times, especially at the end when they were all tested with the possibility of losing Bellamy.

“And I can honestly say we wouldn’t have made it to his day, successfully, without you guys.” The Blake recognizes for they’d managed to pull off a rather successful wedding in the matter of a few short weeks since announcing they were moving it up. “So, we thank you.” Lincoln ends, raising his the glass in his hand.

“To life-long friends.” Octavia toasts, waiting as everyone follows in suit. “To life-long friends!” The table cheers on, and as the toast comes to end, Octavia and Lincoln still stand, anxious smiles in tow. “There’s actually one more thing Lincoln and I want to let you guys in on.” They stand together,
ready as ever. “We are, uh…” Octavia glances at Lincoln, sharing one last look together before it becomes a widely known fact. Her eyes water for the joy she feels in that very moment can’t amount to anything else she’s felt before. “We’re having a baby.” She reveals, biting her lip.

The table almost implodes in a cheerful response. “I knew it!” Raven calls out amongst the noise. “I so called it!” She laughs shaking her head inevitably. The couple chuckle along, feeling so relieved they didn’t have to hide it any longer.

Finally, everything felt as if it was falling into place.

…”

“You know…” Clarke mumbles softly into the night. They’re off to the side of the celebration by the floor to ceiling windows that overlook the stretch of the bay before them. “I was thinking…” She hints, swinging the remainder of her wine around in the glass.

“Yes?” Bellamy plays along, completely content in the moment.

“You’re right.” She sighs, swallowing. He can tell she’d spent a while dwelling over this. “About the trip. I have to go.” He pauses, meeting her gaze in an attempt to digest her words. To say her statement didn’t at least sadden him on some level would be a lie. Still, he smiled.

“Good.”

“And I’m going to go,” She adds as a matter of fact a little winded from the amount of wine she ingested to get to her conclusion. “under one condition.”

“Which is?” He questions in amusement.

“Come with me.” She whispers tenderly. And he knows she means it for the look in her eye is nothing short of dead serious.

…”
Previously…

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“You don’t have to answer right now. I’m saying think about it.” Clarke’s quick to add so there’s no confusion present. She doesn’t want there to be with this. She was hesitant to ask him at first but standing there with him, she came to the simple realization she couldn’t imagine being apart from him for that long. She wants him to come and she had finally said it.

Now, it was his move.

“I will… think about it.” He quickly clarifies, because there’s a lot on the table at the moment and he has to weigh out all the options. They’re serious now, which means the decisions they make together have to be as well.

Still, she smiles. A smile so brilliantly knitted together he almost can’t conceive how lucky he is. “Also, not trying to pressure you or anything, but you’ve got eight days to decide before that plane takes off.” She adds ever-so-subtly, and together, they chuckle at the Wittiness of her remark.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” And it’s something he definitely does, along with the rest of options he has to weight out for there’re a lot of things he has to consider. He needs time to recover, prepare himself both mentally and physically before getting back on the job. He has to think about Clarke and what it would mean for him to join her. This was supposed to be her trip, her opportunity to travel and immerse herself in the things she knew best; medicine and art. Would her perspective change if he was present? Then again, would it somehow make it better? There was simply no way to know.
Still, the appreciation he felt that she gave him a say, was beyond overwhelming. The fact that she thought to include him in the process was the exact reason in that moment he was certain she was the real thing — they were the real thing, and no matter the distance or heartache, they would be just fine.

The next morning is nothing short of hectic as Clarke, with Octavia’s plans in hand, takes charge of the final set up. The gang shows up in the early hours of the morning, with the exclusion of the Bride who they leave behind to sleep in and prep for her upcoming day.

About a million things go wrong or so, it seems that way. The boys misplace the rings for a hot second, the ship had accidentally been docked on the opposite end of the pier, the flower delivery had sent the wrong truck, and the caterers were running late. Everything that could go wrong felt as if it did that morning, Clarke just hoped Octavia was having better luck than her at the moment.

Yet however large, the problems were ultimately fixed in their own timely matter; the boys found the rings in the glove box of Bellamy’s car, after a small talk with the Captain the ship was relocated back to its original spot, she’d sent the flower truck back hoping to get them to bring the right one, and they had nothing to do but wait for the caterers to show up. The final set-up did indeed take longer than they imagined, but in the end, everything worked it’s self out, and before the gang knew it, it was time to head back to the apartments and get dressed, this for Clarke meant, take the quickest, longest nap possible before it was go-time again.

The wedding prep almost felt like a war. Tackling down obstacles left and right, and sometimes even head-on and completely blind. So when Clarke stood before her bed when they got home, she crashed upon it with no restraints.

“Tired?” Bellamy teased in a chuckle behind her.

“Uhhh.” Clarke groans back through the covers. “The thought of putting on a dress, heels and then proceeding to dance the night away does not seem appealing in any way right now.” She adds, turning over. Bellamy nods in agreement grabbing his tux from the hanger on the door. “Really? Because I’ve got my dancing shoes.”

“Oh well, in that case!” She laughs turning around with full force for his amusement.

“But I’m seriously taking a nap. Wake me up in twenty minutes when you need someone to tie that tie.” She teases making herself a little more comfortable. Sadly, it’s not long before she hears the thudding footsteps across the hall and back into her room. “Incoming…” Bellamy warns from the mirror just as his sister bursts through.

“Clarke we have a situation — are you seriously sleeping right now?!?”

Somehow, by some force of miracle Clarke concludes, they made it. Through the chaos of getting the wedding party dressed and ready, which, with their group wasn’t necessarily the easiest thing to do successfully. To helping Octavia and keeping her calm through the whole process, something that naturally Clarke would’ve expected to be difficult. But for some reason, wasn’t necessary at all.

It was strange she expected her Octavia to freak out, at least once — and granted her first “situation” that stole the blond out of a nap was merely that the ribbon tying her bouquet together had come undone and she couldn’t fashion it back. However, after the simple fix, Octavia was nothing but calm through it all.
For once, she didn’t seem to feed off the chaos around her but remain calm and reserved, something Clarke found curious at first. But as the morning trudged on, she came to a subtle realization in terms of Octavia’s behavior.

It must’ve been because was sure. She was sure of Lincoln, sure of herself. Sure of their future together.

The music was playing softly in the background through the double doors of the ship where, on the other side Lincoln stood at the alter waiting with a goofy, dumbstruck smile, ready to receive his bride. The weather had turned around at this point, and the usual Seattle winter gloom faded as the sun peaked through its clouds in rarity.

“You guys are up.” One of the coordinators instructed. Raven and Monty walked the aisle first.

“Last chance to flee.” Clarke teased the Blake sister. Octavia easily laughed on her brother’s arm. “I’m well aware.”

“No cold feet? Because I mean, this thing has emergency lifeboats. You could easily run away on one of those things.” Bellamy adds ever-so-subtly making her laughter grow. “I’m pretty sure those are for actual emergencies.”

“And what? My baby sister not wanting to get married isn’t an emergency?” He continues, teasing. “Oh, stop it, Bell.”

Together they all laugh.

Jasper and Maya make their way down.

“I’m up.” Clarke swallows, getting nervous for some reason. She feels as if somehow, it’s the end of something, and it is. It’s the end of her and Octavia’s single crazy twenties. And even though they were still in their twenties, and definitely not single anymore, things were changing. It was quite funny actually, Octavia, in spite of being a few years younger than her was moving at a rate of such maturity, Clarke couldn’t see the difference anymore.

“Clarke?” The coordinator indicated. The blond nodded, smiling back at her best friend. “Good luck up there.” She exhaled, meeting Bellamy’s eyes for a brief moment in reassurance before positioning herself before the doors onto the deck of the ship.

The doors open, and at the same moment, her smile widens. An almost overwhelming amount of white flowers contrast the aged oak wood of the benches around the room. She spots Lincoln at the end of the isle, grin as wide as can be, waiting anxiously but yet somehow completely relaxed as if he’s prepared for this moment his whole life. See’s her mother, who after everything, Octavia insisted nothing shorter than she attend the wedding, sitting next to Finn and Kane, eyes so bright as if they could smile themselves.

And even if it’s the end of that stage in her life, Clarke thinks as she walks, she couldn’t welcome it with warmer arms. Their friendship was no way ending, it was merely evolving as they grow up, grow older. And nothing was better than doing so with life-long friends.

“You two are up.” The coordinator states turning to the Bride and her brother.
“Remember; lifeboats.” Bellamy teases. “Really? That’s your last piece of advice to your sister before she gets married?” She jokes, playing along. “I’m merely laying out your options.” He smirks offering his hand. “Plus, I’m not married so I think that automatically disqualifies me of offering any sound advice on marriage.” He’s quick to add in his timely fashion.

“Speaking of which. I know you saw it.” She mumbles. The coordinator gives them the go, but Octavia holds a hand up, telling her to wait suddenly falling out of position to turn to him wanting this confrontation to be face to face.

“Saw what?” He knows exactly what she’s referring to, but doesn’t want to dive into the topic at this exact moment, there simply wasn’t time for it. “Don’t play games with me, Bellamy. Mom’s ring.” She clarifies. “I put it on your bed before you guys came back this morning.”

“And?”

“And, are you going to use it?”

“O, I’m literally supposed to be walking you down the isle right now.” He points out in a nervous chuckle. “I’m aware. Answer the question.” Of course, only his sister would choose that particular moment the get the answer out of him. She knew him too well.

“Guys, you have to go, now.” The coordinator states, bringing them back into position.

“Bellamy…” Octavia whispers, not knowing why she was desperate for his answer. The doors swing open, there is no more time. He pats the outside of blazer jacket when the doors open, and in a mere whisper, he says, “I brought it for good luck, today. But when the time comes, one day. Definitely. Can I give you away now?”

She nods, smile radiating across the room. Together, they take a step.

And what Bellamy thought was going to be a hard day, turned out to be surprisingly easy due to the strong reassurance and trust he had in Lincoln to carry Octavia through the next stages of their lives. The act was simple, the mentality behind it — letting go, was still in its own way a difficult trek to pass. She didn’t need him any longer, not in the way she had for so long and it was going to take some time to get used to. But seeing her so content, marrying her best friend, someone he had no doubt would be there for her in ways from this point on in her life he himself couldn’t, was more then he could ask.

The ceremony is short and sweet, yet somehow their guests still leave with the impression they’ve witnessed love in it’s finest form. They stick to traditional vows, repeating the words after the Captain with such tender certainty as if they somehow hold a lifeline between them. And in a sense of way, they do.

“I, Lincoln, take thee, Octavia, to be my lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold…” Lincoln starts. Through the ceremony Clarke notices Bellamy gazing her way and she finds herself mouthing ‘pay attention’ in his direction, coy smile and all.

But he can’t, not really. And it’s not because she’s standing there, looking like that, although the view before him doesn’t hurt — it’s merely her presence that distracts him. The realization of how lucky and fortunate he’s come to be that somehow, someway through the chaos of the world combined, they’d found a respite in each another.

“To have and to hold, from this day forward…”

For some reason he’s transported back in a memory, to the last wedding they attended years before
They deemed anything too significant to one another.

Go a couple years back and Clarke’s lying lazily in the comfort of his warmth on the bed. Outside heavy snow falls and there’s a fire crackling in the fireplace of her hotel room, bouncing luminous reflections off her bare skin. She’s awake, they both are. Minds, wrapping around the fathom of what’d had happened.

They lay confused but comfortable. But that was no different than before, they’d always been comfortable. This time, though, felt different. He’d never seen her in such an exposed nature before, physically, of course, but mentally as well, for he could tell he mind was turning like clockwork.

“I-I should go.” He lets out noticing her quiet nature. But she’s merely thinking, nothing more. “No.” The tone in her voice is so raw, so honest that it catches his attention. ”Stay.” Yet, he’s hesitant to because he knows they probably shouldn’t have done what they did. Her breakup with Finn was fresh so he has every doubt in his mind they’re thinking different things.

Still, he found her honesty refreshing, now it was his move. “Are you sure?” He doesn’t want to leave. He’s surprisingly enjoying her company there. She nods, turning to face him. “We’re friends right?”

He nods. His heart suddenly feeling heavy in his chest as her eyes piece into his. Of course, they were friends, he found himself thinking.

“Good.” She swallows a smile, laying back down. And he holds her, he could tell she needed someone in her corner. In the recent weeks, she felt as if no one was, partly due to her mother’s disdain following the aftermath of Finn’s proposal, and everyone’s shock.

He too was shocked. He was sure the two of them would end up together and he’d spend the rest of his life being dragged to their life-changing events by Octavia. But he underestimated Clarke’s sense of direction. When first heard Finn was planning to propose he had no doubt in his mind she’d say yes, surprise to him and everyone else when she didn’t.

“Are you okay?” He found himself asking.

“Yeah.” She replies as if she herself was surprised by the answer. They lay so open and intimate with one another he doesn’t feel out of place when he asks her what he does next. “Do you regret it? Not saying yes?”

“Not one day.” He can tell it’s what she’s been thinking about as well. “Are you going to regret this?” She takes no time shaking her head. “No.” And he believes her. “Why so many questions?” She questions softly. Bellamy shrugs having nothing else to offer. He’s attempting to figure her out, but failing miserably and there was no way he was about to let her know. “Just wondering.” He exhales, his thumb running up and down along the slope of her bare shoulder.

“Well, quit wondering.” Clarke chuckles, bringing a smile to his face. She turns once again resting her head in the crook his shoulder, arm laying lazily across his chest. “And sleep.” She mumbles, closing her eyes.

But he can’t sleep. He tries because he’s exhausted from spending the day with members of the extended Griffin family, but it’s a lost endeavor. Instead, his mind wonders. He thinks about the woman in his arms ultimately coming to the realization she was different. They were different. This felt different. Not bad different mind you, for there simply isn’t anything so, but a welcoming.
refreshing different. Most of the women he’d spend the night with weren’t like this; didn’t feel like this.

She was honest in her words, in her actions even if they weren’t what he wanted to hear and that was something he found a true value in.

“For better or worse, for richer or poorer. In sickness and in health. To love and to cherish, till death do us part.”

“And now, by the power invested in me by the state of Washington,” The Captain announces before them all bringing them to the moment they were all here for. “I pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.” The two took no time coming together for a quick kiss as the guests cheered.

...
May We Meet Again (Somewhere Along the End)

Luck doesn’t even begin to explain the cause of Clarke’s happiness. The whole night feels like a cotton-candy infested daydream, something made out of pure magic in fairy tales. She can’t even remember a time her heart held so heavy in her chest.

The wedding is surprisingly small, or smaller than what she first imagined, but its private nature is just what she loves about it. Sure, there are people she doesn’t quite know, but its just enough that the intimate feeling still resides. They’re there, celebrating Octavia and Lincoln’s devotion for one another surrounded by the most important people in their lives and each other. And through the haze of strung-up fairy lights, and slightly buzzed embarrassing toasts, that’s the only thing that matters, family. She finds herself wanting to hold onto every sweet moment of absolute certainty. Doesn’t think about the fact that in six days she’s leaving on a plane, doesn’t think about the hellish weeks they’d all been through, instead, she resides in the fact of how lucky she was to be surrounded by the people she loves most in this world.

“What?” Bellamy’s voice suddenly ventures her back to reality. There’s a deeming smile present on his face paired with a questioning glance of surprise. “What is it?” He’s smiling now as they’re swaying on the dance floor to the tunings of some somber, sweet song.

Clarke finds herself shrugging, not knowing what he was talking about exactly. “Nothing.”

Maybe it was that stupid look on her face she tried to hide so well. And noticing the playfulness in her tone of voice, he wasn’t taking that for an answer. “I’m just really happy.” Her reply is nothing short of endearing and once again, Bellamy reminds himself how lucky he was. He grins taking in a deep breath. His eyes scanning the room, finding his sister engulfed by an echo of laughter as Lincoln spun her around the floor, and back to Clarke before him. He takes a moment to properly capture her in his view, the lights bounce around playing off the features on her face.

“Me too.”

They sway for a moment or two in the comfortable lingering silence around them. She closes her eyes, resting her head in the space against his chest. Steps falling to place, fingers brushing against skin in the soft rock of their movements remembering the series of moments that took place that night. “I loved your speech…” She whispers softly into his shoulder.

She watches as Bellamy comes in view, graciously taking the mic, making his way back to the bridal table. He shoots her a look, winking, waiting as everyone gathered back to their seats in anticipation of his speech. Clarke can’t help but chuckle in response to the look paired on his face.

“Now for me, I’m in a very tough spot here.” He begins staring out into the crowd before him. “As many of you know the bride just happens to be my little sister.”

Light chuckles enlighten around the room.

“So when Lincoln approached me with the intent to make me his best man, I was like; ‘Me? Really?’ now it’s clear he was just trying to get me on his good side so his intentions were good. Clear, but good.” Laughter ensues as he turns to face the groom. “But uh, all in all, I’ve known Lincoln a long time — long before he and Octavia were a thing and long before we caught them falling around behind our backs.” Octavia blushes in her seat, remembering the simpler times years
before when they snuck around in fear of Bellamy’s disapproval. Funny how the tables had turned.

“He’s a stand-up guy and has been a good friend to me all these years.” He takes a moment before continuing. “I-I thought today was going to be hard and granted it was at times. I’ve never had an easy time letting go, especially when it comes to my sister. But seeing the two of them together, I have no doubt he’ll love and care for her more than I ever could.”

He raises his glass in the air waiting for everyone to follow suit. “So, here’s to a lifetime of happiness. Congratulations man, I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

She doesn’t open them until she hears the familiar chuckle that can only register has her mothers. She’s dancing with Kane not too far away, smile overpowering every emotion on her face. Watching Abby dance around like that she can’t help but think of her father. It’s strange how he can pop up like that, out of nowhere and unannounced like as he’s somehow stepped in front of an alternate universe. The image of him is clearer now than ever, especially here in the element of happiness.

“My father would’ve liked you.” She decides aloud, looking up at Bellamy. “What makes you say that?” He’s both amused and surprised by her sudden declarement. Clarke shrugs. “Maybe not at first, he would’ve liked his little girl to be hanging around with someone with such a reputation.”

“Such a reputation, huh?” He teases, repeating her words. “And how would he know about that?”

“You’re charm gives it all away… but he would’ve definitely come around.” She jokingly reassures. “Does it now?” She nods, unable to bring the words to her lips anymore. “And tell me, what caused this sudden proclaiming?”

“Nothing, he just crossed my mind is all.”

“I see.” And before he has the chance to continue his train of thought, Clarke’s quick to cut it off. “It’s so strange, everything changed so much…” She mumbles out the almost overwhelming thought. Octavia and Lincoln were starting their lives together, her mother was moving on, Finn was on talking terms with her, she’d found someone who made her feel a way she never thought possible.

“Good, I happen to like exactly where I am now.”

…

They’re staring the giant entrance of the Seattle-Tacoma Airport a week later. The smell of wet asphalt is in the air, car tires slush through the gathered puddles in the streets. There’s a lingering, guilty feeling in the pit of Clarke’s stomach which she’d spent the whole morning trying to shake off.

“Come on.” Bellamy smiles, encouraging her along.

A sea of people across along the open terminals around them. “Got all the bags?” Octavia calls out behind them in a rushed gruff. “Yes, we’re good.” Her brother replies, his eyes, however, don’t leave the meandering Blond before him. She’s overwhelmed and hesitant and it was his job to relieve her of all that.
“Alright, Seattle to Munich, terminal 4, gate 3.” The Blake sister declares catching up to them, “Please tell me where relatively close to that.” She questions, looking up from the tickets in her hand. “We are,” Bellamy replies calmly. Clarke's eyes scan the crowd around, it seems as though everyone’s anxious to get to where they’re going and she doesn’t blame them for airports are as close to hell as they come, but for once, she doesn’t share their apprehension.

“And we grabbed everything?” She tugs Bellamy’s arm, holding them in place, concern wielding her eyes. “Yes, you grabbed everything.”

She nods, uncertainly but finds her footing and continues.

When they approach the terminal she finds herself once again, completely and utterly unconvinced. “I don’t want to go.” She pleads. Bellamy chuckles, holding her gaze in his. His arms around wrapped around her, in the midst of the havoc around them.

They’re exhausted, to say the least. The wedding had been a long, fun but a grueling process and they’re grateful to have a bed to catch them that night. “Did you have fun?” Bellamy mumbles out subconsciously. He’s undressing at the foot of her bed, taking his time with the buttons. “What kind of question is that, Bellamy Blake?” She laughs, helping him along. She turns right after, letting him help with the high zipper on her back.

“You’re right. It was awful.” He teases through a chuckle. “I’m so tired.” Clarke exhales, slipping into a random t-shirt before crashing to the bed before them. When he joins in beside her, her limbs carefully warp themselves around the warmth of his comfort. She’s tucked in the cork of his shoulder, cozy and content.

She finds her hand tracing the deep scar across his chest that almost cost him his life when Bellamy whispers that he can’t go with her, “let me finish.” He continues quickly, noticing the sudden shift in her demeanor. Because this is something she was intended to do alone, and he needed the time to recover completely before embarking on something like that. She knew this already, just needed to hear it, and he, well, he was just struggling with putting that in words. “But I’m willing to come to a compromise.”

“I don’t want to leave you alone here.” She stops, raising on her elbows to look at him. “You’re not leaving me alone — I don’t think that term will ever apply to me anymore.” He laughs, attempting to illustrate that this was indeed, okay. “Not after what you put us through, and no, that’s not an invitation for you to apologize again.” Bellamy laughs, planting a kiss against her temple. “Don’t worry about me.”

“Easier said than done, Blake.” She sighs, getting back in her position beside him. “I’m serious. I’m okay now, Clarke.” She shrugs, hesitant for she doesn’t like the idea of leaving for that long, especially after everything they’ve endured but finds herself entertaining the idea. “I want to hear about this compromise.”

“Well, I was thinking of joining you, somewhere along the end.”

“That’s a nice thought.” She inhales, focusing on the movement of his thumb running up and down her the length of her arm. “I still don’t like leaving, after everything. It almost feels like I’m running away from my problems...”
“And what problems might those be?” He almost teases her, trying to raise her spirits up.

“And what’s just so unresolved here, Bell.”

“And what? You waking up to make coffee and take me to physical therapy every morning for the next eight weeks is going to resolve all that? That’s what Monty and Jasper are there for.” She can’t help but chuckle at the sudden image of Jasper and Monty playing the role of housewife, apron and all, that pops into her mind and Bellamy know’s he’s succeeded.

“I guess you’re right…” Clarke signs, giving in. There wasn’t much on her side to argue anymore. “Clarke, it’s okay.” He whispers, holding her tight. “Then why doesn’t it feel like it is?” She mumbles into the darkness. “Because you’re scared, and have a right to be.”

“You’ll be back before you know it.” He replies, taking her in. She nods, knowing he’s wrong, knowing she’ll be counting the days until she’s back in the city — or better yet, until he’s there with her. Under normal circumstances, she’d be the first on the flight — no boyfriend or man was going to hold her back, but this was different, and Bellamy was not just any man. Not anymore.

“God, you’re so wrong.” She smiles, reaching into a deep kiss.

“Well, thank god I have you to correct me.”

And the more she thought about it, the more it dawned on her how far away from ‘normal circumstances’ she really was. What did she even consider as such a thing, anymore? Before Bellamy? Before that night in October? Before she second guessed herself for getting on a plane? Nothing was normal anymore if it had ever been. The pretense of the whole idea was now laughable because there was a time — a long time, when it was just her and her job in her apartment, and her whole world revolved around her delicate work. And now, having someone — someone to come back to, someone there to fill the overwhelming void that everyday reality creates, was truly something meaningful.
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