"Annie watched Gale sleeping for a long time. This wasn't the first night she'd had trouble sleeping lately. Ever since Finn's call the week before."

Inspired by the Adele song Remedy.

This one shot was inspired by Remedy by Adele. Please go listen to that before you read this. It's a great song. Let me know what you think.

Happy reading.

Annie watched Gale sleeping for a long time. This wasn't the first night she'd had trouble sleeping lately. Ever since Finn's call the week before.

Annie sighed and rolled out of the bed. Maybe some tea would help. She tried to be quiet, but every sound she made seemed to be magnified ten times in the silent, sleeping house. She cursed under her breath when the pot slipped from her hand a little too hard and banged on the counter.

"Annie?" Gale asked softly from the door of the kitchen.
With a small noise of apology, Annie slid the tea kettle aside. "I'm sorry, you have work in the morning. I didn't mean to be so loud."

He wrapped his arms around her from behind and kissed her cheek. "You've been restless all week." He said softly.

"I have been. And when I sleep, I have those nightmares again." She leaned back into him. "I'm sorry."

"There's no need to be sorry, Annie." He assured her. "I know what's going on. It's fine."

She shook her head, refusing to look at him. "Fifteen years we've been together, Gale. I shouldn't think about Finnick anymore."

He kissed the top of her head. "He's about to be a grandfather." Gale said softly. "It's natural for you to think like that. What if he were here? How would he act?"

Annie sniffed and turned in his arms. "He'd be ecstatic." She pressed her eyes into his neck. "He'd be telling anyone who would stop for five minutes, same as you." She let out a sob and clung to him as the tears finally flowed. "It's not fair, Gale. It's not fair to any of us." She cried.

He rubbed her back and said softly, "Not in the least. And if I could find a way to get him back to you, I would in a heartbeat."

"But the girls and Brendan." She said, looking up with desperation in her eyes. "There would be no them."

"We wouldn't know the difference." He kissed her forehead.

"And you'd still be so sad." She said forlornly.

He kissed her lips. "I'm sure I'd figure out something."

With another soft hiccup, Annie pressed her eyes into Gale's shoulder. "You would. But it wouldn't be the same, would it?"

He gently scratched her back. "Get your tea and come back to bed and we'll talk it out."

"Do you want one?" She asked as she stepped away.

"I'd love one." He kissed her cheek. "I'll check on the kids."

"I love you, Gale." She called after him.

He turned at the door and smiled. "I love you, too. You'll be okay. You always are. It's just another storm."

"You hate storms." She commented.

He smiled. "You've got a good anchor keeping you moored. I promise."

She nodded and went back to the tea as he took the stairs two at a time. Annie would be fine. Gale would see to it. He always did.
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