Welcome to the Glade

by TheJediFairy

Summary

One shots with you and different male characters of the Glade.
Warning: Possible/minor spoiler! If you haven't read the 3rd book I suggest you should before reading this but if you don't mind then go right ahead.

Newt faded in and out of conscience as he was carried from the wall where he tried to end it all. He couldn’t take it anymore the pain, the suffering, just one jump from those large grey, ivy covered walls could end it all. Allowing him to sleep eternally in peace or that he may pass on to a better world, a world that didn’t involve being trapped behind a maze with monstrous beings that had the ability to make his friends go crazy. Or being watched by those metallic bugs that scuttle across the floor every day.

But he even failed that, now he was even experiencing more pain than before. But the glade leader wasn’t having him leaving anytime soon as he dragged Newts' beaten body towards the med-jacks station.

Noticing Alby heaving Newts lifeless body, many of the Gladers stood rigid in shock believing that he was dead until Alby yelled at them to move and aid him, snapping back to reality they ran, their breaths held as their eyes widened at the sight of Newts twisted leg that was bent at impossible angle. While one or two gladers backed away to throw up their lunch the other hulled Newt up to carry him to a bed in the medical shack.

“okay everyone out!” Clint yelled, shooing every out so that he could attend to his new patient without distraction.

“What the hell happen to him?” the med-jacked asked shocked as he took in Newts appearance.

“Found him at the base of one of the walls” Alby licked his dry lips “he jumped Clint, I never realised…. I never thought… Newt of all people” he shook his head in disbelief of himself couldn’t believe how he didn’t notice any of the signs that Newt displayed.

“I know me either but I’ll do all that I can” Clint sighed, fetching a bowl and filling it with water. Dunking a rag into the fresh water, he wrung it out the excess water before placing on Newts forehead. Praying that he would survive and come to.

************ Few hours later************

Clint sat in one of the stools that was placed throughout the room, exhausted from tending to his charge he decided to take a break. Though Newt was silent throughout the day as he remained unconscious he feared the worse until Newt let out a groan and his brown eyes flicker open.

“Newt?” Clint moved to be at his side in an instant “hey shuck face your up” sighing out a breath of relief as he watched Newt roll his head, furrowed his eyebrows as he was regarding something as he fixed his weak gaze towards the door way of the room.

Confused Clint twisted his head to see what his blonde counterpart was looking at only to see an empty doorway but turning to look back he found a smile on his friend’s lips and tears running down his face.

“(f/n) your back” Newt voice rough from the lack of water. While Clint kept looking back and forwards then around the room in confusion as to what Newt was seeing.
You gave a light laugh but bit your lip as you tried to hold back your tears. Seeing him like this broke your heart “hello Newt” your angelic voice rang out causing his smile to widen. He looks you up and down taking you in. Your bright aura bathing him in a light of comfort.

You (h/l) (h/c) hair was left down to fall in simple waves, a single encrusted pin was what kept the loose strands out of your face. Allowing you (e/c) hues to stand out against your (s/c) clear face. You adorned a simple white flowing dress came to your knees, you remained barefooted but not a spec of dirt could be seen on the soles of your feet or any part of your body for that matter.

“I’m ready to leave” he whispered raising his hand out to you for you to take. “I’m sorry Newt I’m not here to take you, I’m here to convince you to stay” confusion made it way on to his face as he regarded you “I don’t want to stay, I can’t be here any longer!” he yelled before coughing harshly, Clint unable to understand what Newt was talking to but got him a glass of water and help Newt down the contents.

“I know Newt but you have to be here, you hold these boys together if you leave they will fall apart you are the glue that holds this place together” you pleaded him. It wasn’t fair for him you knew that. You knew how much this place has affected him all of them for that matter but they must survive for you saw what one of the outcomes could be if they could escape the maze and the trails ahead.

“Everyone will be fine without me, we survived when you didn’t come back like you promised, they can survive without me!” you looked away in shame of yourself failing to return from the maze. But you watched how they slowly picked themselves back up and continued their lives if they lost another influential member you fear they would crash and give in.

“I’m so sorry Newt, but they need you, things are going to get harder but you will get through it with the others, that what you always told me when I wanted to give up. We can get through it if we have each other!” you recited what he told you on countless of occasions when you felt down. You hoped that he would remember those words for his sake and the others.

“But you’re not here! You didn’t come back, I never got to tell you so many things… I just want to hold you one last time” his voice cracked as fresh tears fell down his dirty cheeks. You felt as if your heart had been ripped out of your chest and then somebody danced on it turning in to dust.

“I know sweetie, but as much as I want to be with you we can’t life and death separates us, you must live Newt then if it’s not for yourself then for the other Gladers. In times of need sacrifices will be given and right now I need you to continue on be there for others” he stared at you with mix emotions, you couldn’t tell what he was thinking from reading his face.

“Please Newt please” you begged quietly as your own tears slipped down your face.

Seeing him like this made you so desperately wished to be there to really be there to hold him. To stroke his hair and tell him everything would be all right but knowing if you did that he wouldn’t stay and you couldn’t take that from him, you would allow him to easily give up.

“If I stay… will you be here?” he quietly asked refocusing his deep dark eyes connecting with your own bright (e/c) eyes.

“I’ve always been here and when the time is right I’ll be there to take your hand and make everything okay” you smile, you prayed with all your heart that he would be free of this maze and that you wouldn’t need to take his hand any time soon. That he could have a life beyond this cage where he and the other flourished and finally be happy.

He gave a small nod “you promise?” he asked in childlike voice. “I promise” you gave an inward sigh of relief. Happy that you where be able to convince to him to take the path of life.

“Then I’ll live for you” he gave a small smile before he closed his eyes sighing in defeat.

“Thank you” you whispered turning to head out of the door knowing what you came to do has
been completed however his voice stopped you “I love you (f/n), I never got the chance then to say it but I love you” you pressed your eyes closed trying to prevent the river of tears that threatened to leave your eyes for the umpteenth time today.

“And I love you my dearest Newt now and forever” you spun and blew a kiss to him before vanishing back into light leaving a sleeping, happier newt and a very confused Clint.

Though he remained in bed to allow him to heal, Newt kept to his word and lived. Helped any Glader who needed it and placed their needs before his own.

He was left with a limp that was his constant reminder of you and convincing him to live, he never once tried to end his life again. Clint kept the whole him seeing you between him, Newt and Alby. Of course none of them thought that he was going crazy but that you really did come back from the dead to see Newt.

You didn’t chose to die, the creators made that choice for you. You were a runner meant to be fast but unfortunately you weren’t fast enough to beat the doors and you were trapped for the night but they froze your body in place they made you like a puppet on a string you didn’t make it. You were dragged off by a griever and stung to death not that any of them knew what had happened to you neither did they know of your last fleeting thoughts were of them all and especially newt.

Now you watched them from afar never leaving them just like you promised.
All x Reader, Hugs

Chapter Summary

Little one shot sharing the love of friendship to the Gladers.

It was time before the new greenie would arrive and everyone was bustling about either doing their jobs or using their free time to help prepare for the festivities for tomorrow night where they would light the wooden statue on fire.

You being a med jack meant you only worked when Gally decided to hammer his own fingers rather than the grey nail or when the slicers sliced themselves instead of the animal or in some rare case when a goat gets out and chases after some of the unfortunate Gladers that are close by, then head butts them.

You decided since none was injured at this time that you be an on site medic as the preparations took place in case any accidents did occur. Lifting up some of the sticks to Gally who was currently standing on the ladder building the wooden figure.

You noticed from the corner of you eye Chuck who was standing off to the side watching from afar.

His eyes downcast as another glader approached him, slapping him on the back as he said something to the younger Glader which seem to have bothered him. He looked up to see you giving him a smile which he returns though a weaker version before trudging off to where ever.

Concerned you watched him leave, failing to notice Gally waving his hand in front of your face to get your attention.

“yo earth to (f/h)? you there?” snapping back to attention, you looked at him confused before realising he wanted another piece of wood. “s... sorry own world there” you smile before handing another piece.

“yeah I noticed” he grumbled as he structurally slotted in the wood.

“do you think anything up with Chuck?” you ask, your (e/c) returning to the place he was standing a few moments ago.

“I don’t know why?” Gally asked in such a manner that it seemed as if he was asking why it should matter to him.

“I just saw him standing there, he looked really down” you pointed to where you saw him, Gally flickered his eyes over to where you pointing.

“not my concern and besides you can’t baby everyone, this is a glade where sadness and death happens the best we can do it just keep looking ahead” Gally lectured only for you to shoot him a glare without him noticing, you gave him a playful slap on the back of his bare calves.

“What the hell shuck face?” he asked angrily.

“don’t be mean, Gally everyone needs help once and a while” you scolded him, only for him to shrug it off.

“Well it’s the truth whether you like it or not” he muttered as he descended the ladder.
You only raise an eyebrow at him in disbelief before hearing your name be called by Jeff who needed your assistance back in the hut.

*************** next night***************

You sat on a log that was a bit from the fire as you watched the boys do flips and all sorts of acrobatic things which every time you witnessed it made you impressed as you couldn't believe how flexible they were, you yourself was as about flexible as a stick. On your left you could see the fighting ring that Gally as always was king of.

You watched as he yet again gained another victory as one of the boys walked away earning slaps on the back and mocking comments.

Newt sat on the ground just to the right of your legs, holding a jar of the golden liquid that tasted as rank as it did smell. Thomas was next to Newt both chatting idle chit chat as you watch the celebration commence.

The new greenie was chatting to Zart and a few other Gladers who was teaching the way of life to him.

You turned to see Chuck sitting down away from everyone on the floor underneath the tree. You started to become concerned with his behaviour even more so when he didn’t show when the new greenie arrived.

You called his name whilst waving your hand to get his attention. When he did notice you gestured for him to come over which he did so begrudgingly as he shuffled at a tortoise pace.

Once he came close enough you patted the open spots next to you, as a command for him to sit down.

“you okay?” you asked in a quiet voice keeping the conversation from Newts and Thomas’s ears. Even though the latter would join in and interrogate the young boy in the hopes to find out what was wrong.

“yeah” he replied in a meek voice, scoffing, you that was a straight out lie.

“the truth what’s up?” you pushed, you were determined to have your answer. Whatever his problem was you would sort it.

“nothing much” you face turned stoic listening to his response then quickly softened when you heard a sniffle.

“hey what’s up sweetie” you twisted to face him in doing so booty bashed Newt’s head forward. Ignoring his small outburst from the second in command to turn and give Chuck you full attention.

“hey chuck you okay?” Thomas asked realising that his first friend was actually sitting nearby. Hearing those words Chuck broke down his tears streaming down his face as his hands rubbed his eyes which reminded you of what a young child would do when upset.

You automatically wrapped your arms around him and pulled him a tight hug, which he quickly returned. You stroked his head as you would to calm a small child.

Thomas moved to sit in front of you to become eye level with the young boy. “hey buddy what’s wrong?” he asked in a gentle voice, as he placed a hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“I’m just tired of being here in the glade… will we ever get out?” he quietly asked roughly wiping his face. You just prayed he wasn’t getting snot on your shirt as much as you cared it would just make you feel uncomfortable and dirty.

“yeah of course we will!” Thomas said a bit loudly gaining the attention of some of the Gladers who were sitting down in their own groups talking amongst themselves.
“so in the mean time you will hold on wont you?” Thomas asked as Chuck nodded “we will get out of this Chuck, Minho won’t let us down” you cheered. Earning the gaze of the Keeper of the runners, who simple raised an eyebrow from hearing his name.

“(f/n) that just” Thomas took an audible deep breath before covering his own eyes “I can’t believe you don’t believe in me to solve this… that you think that Minho is the only person who can” Thomas began to fake cry as he placed his head on your leg, he let out a massive wail that indeed drew more heads.

You decided to play along rather than sit there awkwardly. “aww I’m sorry my little baby” you cooed as you patronising patted his head. This earned a chuckling laugh from Chuck.

“oi why the hell is he getting the attention for?” Newt jumped in faking injury with his head. You removed both hands from Thomas and Chuck to slide them around Newts neck pulling his head to rest on the crook of your neck “I’m so sorry Newty, I didn’t mean to hurt you” you cried over dramatically causing you to now have the whole Glades attention.

You removed one arm from Newt so You could pull all three boys towards you and wrapped yours arms around them all. “my poor little babies” your child like voice earned laughter from around the fire and you were sure the boys were going red with embarrassment.

“share the love (f/n)” Gally called earning whooping and cat calls as the boys minds were probably turning with the situations of what could happen tonight since at some point they all had at least try to hit on you and even began to bet on who you were mostly going to end up; Gally was one highly ranked on the board.

You simply shook your head as you tutted “I’m sorry Gally but after all I can’t baby everyone” you shouted at him with a smirk on your face. You could see he was looking down at the floor laughing to himself in disbelief, probably never had his own words thrown back at him.

You heard chuck yawn and soon Thomas followed you turned to look at Minho “hey min min” you called, he gave you a smile before raising his eyebrow once again. “seems like these one need their beddy byes” some Gladers were catching on with you were doing and help tease Minho as he was sometimes seen as the father figure of the group. “yeah come on daddy Minho, mummy (f/n) needs a hand with the kiddies” one Glader yelled only to receive a slap around the head this then made others to break out with laughter.

You gave your own grin to the group as you watched the banter fly back and forward between the group. Some of the boys even managed to get a hug off you and eventually they all wanted one whether they even admitted to it. Heck even Alby gave in, Gally was the last to receive one but he was secretly wanting one. Though he quickly brushed it off when the boys teased him thus started the fight circle back again.

Over all it was a good night, one that you all didn’t forget.
Gally X Reader, Merry Christmas

Chapter Summary

This was one I wrote for Christmas that has just been so I thought I still post it up.

The night’s celebration was in full swing, everyone was enjoying themselves reveling in this small imitation of freedom; where no one had to stress about if they would make it out of the maze, who would be next to fall victim to the horrors of their prison.

You stood close to the fighting ring watching Gally beat the other competitors out of the circle usually with his methods of pushing and shoving, his brute strength never ceased to amaze you. You and Gally had been dating for a long time it was beneficial for you all in the end. You calmed him down when he got angry while he just made you happy in general which was just a nice feeling.

You enjoyed observing this traditional event because you got to openly admire Gally’s strength, seeing his muscle contract and relaxed as he grabbed his opponent and wrestled them. In a way it made you giddish it was like he was showing his alpha dominance but you wouldn't tell him that, nope, you in no way was going to add his ego or give him anything to use to tease you with.

The large flickering flames of the fire grew high, you (e/c) eyes became absorbed in the orange glow and it was an instant your mind transported you into another place. The cheers and yells that the boys let out changed into that of mix between feminine and masculine laughter. The thuds of bodies making contact on the floor twisted into a light clinking sound of glasses.

A large fir tree was decorated in different hues of deep blues and shiny silvers, the baubles came in different assortments from large balls, small stars, twirling spirals to large glittery snowflakes. People were dotted around you, their fuzzy outline and blurred faces making it impossible to tell who they were you assumed it was thanks to WICKED and their curse for taking you memories.

“(f/n)” a lady's voice called your name, you turned your head slightly to see a blurred woman approaching you, naturally as if breathing you, without thinking you answered the woman in greeting “Mum” you gave a bright smile. “Ah (f/n) want to pull a cracker with me?” a man had appeared on the other side of your mother “sure but I doubt i’ll win” you said as you grabbed onto the end of light blue cracker, you slid your fingers towards the dipped end closest to you in order to have a better chance of winning “haha no come on (f/n) no cheating!” the man humorously scolded you. “Says you dad you're doing it too!” you pointed out the position of his hand, you mother counted down from three once she reached one you both tugged on the end of the cardboard cracker, a large pop emitted from the inside as the cracker ripped and you held in your hand the larger remains which ultimately crowned you the winner of the match and you let out another cheeky grin.

The man and woman blurred together as if they were holding each other close the woman spoke once more “Merry Christmas (f/n)”

“(f/n) (f/n)!” you were ripped from the festive world as a heavy object came colliding into your front that sent you spinning as you landed on your back, your head connected harshly to hard floor; the heavy object you recognised as a glader landed on top of you crushing your further.

“Shit! (f/n)” you heard someone curse as you were quickly surrounded by the others, Jeff helped you slowly sit back up while a few others scrambled to get whoever landed on you, off. Gally rushed to kneel in front of you. Jeff raised his hand in motion for Gally to back up and not get to close to your face as you felt as if you were in a daze and needed air to breath.
“Why didn't you move out the way?” someone asked, turning your head to see who had spoken to find Clint watching you with concern. You sat still in your sitting position feeling something wet trailing down your face, bringing a hand to wipe away the irritant you realised that it was tears which you assumed were caused by the small faded but powerful memory rather than the pain of you new sustained injury.

“(f/n)” you turned to look back over to Jeff “do you know where you are?” he asked slowly “what? Yes the glade” you groggily answered, pressing your thumb and middle finger to either side of you temples as in a threatening manner daring a headache to show up.

“Okay good there no real visual sign of injury and there don't seem to be any signs of a concussion,” once the medical examine was over he turned into a more joking tone “well damn girl freak us all out standing there like a statue and not moving when someone comes flying at ya” you just chuckled to help lighten the mood though with a quick scan of your eyes at the others it seemed relax them but Gally's face didn't even shift a fraction from his worrying gaze.

“(f/n) I am so sorry, I shouldn't of pushed him that hard but I was getting into it that I-” you placed memory “for some reason I just want to say Merry Christmas” your hand over his mouth to silence him. A large smile slipped onto your face as you recalled the

“Yeah wanna double check that she doesn't have a concussion” someone called out.

“Yep Gally has finally did it, he broke her” another one added, whipping the whole crowed into whispers of further comments about you and how you have finally snapped.

Though you didn't care you felt a swell of happiness, genuine happiness that you just wanted to let out. You decided to fling yourself at Gally, who was not expecting your sudden body weight, which led both of you toppling to the ground. You wrapped your arms around his neck and buried your head into his neck as you squeezed in contentment taking in his warmth and scent which he cautiously but yet happily returned.

You continued to lie there until he finally picked you up to move you away from the fighting ring and towards the logs by the fire where he sat down, legs stretched with you nestled in his lap, his one arm placed securely behind your back while you stared into the fire a second time hoping to slip into the memory once again but no matter how hard you tried nothing happened but you decided to stay cuddle up to main reason for your current happiness.

“Gally?” you quietly called his name, you felt his chin brush again your hair as he let out a “hmmmm?” in response. His other hand held the jar of golden liquid that you quite disliked due to its tangy aftertaste. “Thank you” you smiled as your nuzzled his chest again, before he had time to ask what you had meant by it, Newt came pass draping a blanket over the both of you, shooting him a grin you pulled the blanket up to your neck making you feel even cosier to the point where you drifted off to sleep.
Newt x Reader, Protector

Chapter Summary

A recent one, with Newt and a little bit over protected you.

******WARNING: This has some spoilers about Newts back ground that can be found in Book 3 of the Maze Runner series ******

Pissed. That would be one word that could very easily describe your very core of your being at this time. You sat alone at one of the wooden tables that were set up in front of the kitchen, while one hand propped up you chin your other hand lay on the wooden top as your nails drummed rythmatical on the surface creating a kind of drum roll effect. No one had dared to approach you as you sat in your little grey bubble of anger, however that didn't stop them from casting concerned looks at you.

The reason for your sour mood was the rest of the gladers behaviour towards you. Since last month when the new greenie appeared, Kyle was his name, fights had be cropping up all over the place. The reason why? You had no clue that was information the others were keeping to themselves and anytime you had politely asked they would simply shrug you off and tell you not to worry and then high tailed away from you.

The fights had seem to be with anyone in the glade, first it started off with a few gladers like Eric, Dan then Winston, then Zart, Thomas heck even Minho got into one. Each case Kyle was a 'victim' as he ended up with something being damaged from being punched too hard. Black eye, busted lip or eyebrow. Each time you were called in to heal him due to being a Med-jack and then whoever he ended up in a brawl with ended up in the slammer for a night or two without food. Which raised your curiosity.

Usually you were someone who was relaxed and laid back, it was tough for you to get angry and preferred to be civil with everyone as you had spent a long time here and you guessed you will be here even longer and you really didn't want to spend that time trying doge and avoid people where in reality there was no real chance of avoiding them.

However Kyle was very quickly moving up on dislike list in your personal opinion, quite frankly you found yourself uncomfortable around him, he made comments that you believed were too inappropriate for you to deal with, though once you asked he stopped it. The male had black hair and brown eyes, he was lanky and barely had any muscle and usually dressed in brown baggy trousers and a pale red jumper.

You were jolted out of your thoughts when you heard a yell and noticed everyone beginning to move towards the builders work space, another fight had broken out. Thinking this was your chance to find the cause of the commotion, you quickly rose from the chair and sprinted over to the fight that you had hankering thought that it was another Kyle caused brawl and probably with the short tempered, heavy hitting glader Gally.

Slipping your way past the audience, you managed to get your way through to the front just in time to see Gally's fist connecting with Kyle's jaw that sent the boy flying to the floor. He writhed on the ground and spat out blood turning the green grass crimson. Gally stood like a dominant male daring the intruder to rise in defiance to his power that he had displayed. You natural instinct was to aid Kyle for he suffered the most obvious injury as you knelt down you saw a smirk slip onto his lip as he regarded Gally causing him to lunge forward.
You quickly stood and spun and thrust out your hands, palm up and pushed against Gally's chest. Surprisingly he followed the physical contact and stopped his angered powered advance on the wounded male.

Your (e/c) eyes stared into Gally's grey ones giving a silent order to back up which he reluctantly followed. "Jeff, take care of Kyle" you ordered not looking at anyone else par Gally to ensure he didn't take your distraction as a chance to pummel the boy further.

You grabbed his hand and lead him away to the medical hut to treat his bloodied knuckles. You pointed to one of the cots which he sat himself down upon. "So what was that all about?" you asked as you dunk a cloth into the water bowl and squeezed the contents out to prevent dripping across the floor.

"Nothing" he grumbled out as he nursed his injured hand. You face fell into one annoyance as you approached him. "Didn't seem like nothing" you continued, that was lie, Gally could get set off from pretty much anything but nothing that physically confrontational.

"It's fine, kid couldn't keep his mouth shut running off things that he shouldn't have and he got what he deserved" he angrily growled out but before you could press further Alby walked in with Newt following behind. He stopped in front of him and let out a sigh, poor Alby he had plenty of other tasks that needed completed and here he is sorting out fight after fight, you were surprised that Kyle had not yet received punishment for he was the one clearly starting the fights.

"What happened?" he asked pinching the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger, Gally's eyes flickered to you then back to Alby before repeating the same motion, Alby then turned to face you side on "(f/n) could you give us a minute?" he asked while your mouth dropped open before you threw the towel at Gally's head in anger for being sent out and stormed out of the hut as requested.

And here you were thinking you going to find out some real information and yet again you are denied. You leaned up against a tree, crossing your arms you tried not to act like you were about to throw a tantrum like a small child.

"(f/n)" you inwardly groaned when you recognised the voice calling to you. "Yes?" you plastered on a fake smile and pretended to be interested in what Kyle had to say. "What do you think?" he asked gesturing to his face, he had dark purple splotch beginning to form on jaw that stretched to his cheek. Should've hit him harder Gally you bitterly thought before you smiled to yourself "so Kyle what ya do to get Gally worked up like that?" you asked as you twirled some of your (h/c) strands between your fingers trying not to seem desperate in wanting to know.

"Oh he was as you would say ruffling his feathers up couldn't deal with the truth was all" he played it off will a collective shrug before he placed his arm next to your head as he began to join you leaning against the tree. You subtly shuffled away from him to add in your opinion, most needed distance.

"Well that seems to be happening a lot" you commented as you tilted your head at him, you gave him a once over. In your mind he wasn't physically strong enough to start a physical confrontation, unless he was verbally starting it, saying things that hit a nerve enough for whoever he's terrorising to throw a punch. You didn't think the Kyle was physically attractive there were definitely other better looking gladers, you didn't go out of your way to talk to him the only time you actually spoke is when he came over to you.

"Kyle!" Alby's angry voice resonated from the wooden hut. Your eyes widened when he barrelled his way out, the dark skinned male slowed when he spotted you standing in the way.

"Newt" Alby called for the blonde as he never took his dark eyes off you, when the blonde appeared and stood by waiting for an order "Take (f/n) and go and complete some tasks around the farm" you mouth hung open in disbelief, Alby was now openly removing you "What the hell Alby?" you straightened yourself in a challenging manner this was now taking the piss take.

"What the hell is so important that I need to be kept from?" you pressed only to receive silence
from the male. Newt approached you and grabbed your small hand and tugged you away with a quiet “Let’s go” being removed from what was becoming a very high tension area, majority of it emitting from you.

“Newt!” you planted your feet in the ground and refusing to budge any further from your spot until you get some form of answers from him. You didn't let go of his hand either, you gripped it tighter to ensure he couldn't walk away from you, forcing him to look at you.

“Look (f/n) sorry love but when the time is right Alby will explain everything” he refused to meet your eyes as he pried his hand from yours, he walked over to the growing vegetables and picked up a basket “I’m going to fetch some manure, can you go collect some firewood for later?” he flickered his brown orbs to meet your glaring (e/c) ones before glancing away again and limping off into the woods.

You tapped the top of your machete handle in frustration before stalking into the deadheads to gather the fallen branches. You didn't know how long you went about picking up the various sticks and twigs to add to your growing collection. After you decided that you had a reasonable amount you hefted the load in your arms and began heading out of the woods glancing through the canopy to see the sun beginning to set, you picked up the pace realising you had been gone for quite a while.

Before you breached the treeline you spotted Kyle talking to Newt. Stopping where you were you quickly hid behind a large tree in order to finally find out what this whole thing was about.

“Newt, Newt, Newty boy” Kyle drawled out in a dark tone, “What do you want Kyle” Newt answered sharply. “I was just wondering what you relationship with my (f/n) is?” he questioned caused you to raise a brow at his words, you weren't his anything.

“Your (f/n)? She not something you can own, she's a glader one of us treat her with respect” Newt voice never wavered as he stayed neutral trying not to start anything, but inside you smiled slightly knowing you were now finding the truth out about how the guys thought of you.

“Of course not but still she will be mine though that's only naturally after all I'm new and not broken like the rest of you, by nature she's better off with me” gripping the wood bundle in your arm tighter as you listen in on how Kyle snobbly explained himself.

“She would never want you and what the hell is do you mean broken?” Newt voiced the question you were just mentally thinking about. “Well it's simple really, you all have been here for years, you suffered depression, fear, anger. Heck look at you Newt you were so weak you went and tried to throw yourself off a the wall and even failed to kill yourself that just makes you stupid as well” at those words you dropped you bundle in shock.

You usually calm laid back personality was incinerated in that moment nothing but pure hatred and anger filled fire burned instead. Grabbing your machete, you stormed out of you hiding place, failing to notice that Newt was gripping onto the handle of the shovel so tight his knuckles turned white however you noticed his look of shock on his face as he notice you.

“Heyyyy (f/n)” Kyle cheerfully called as if he hadn't done anything wrong. Once you got in a close enough range of him, you fist the front of his jumper and slammed his back into a tree. His eyes widen in surprise, and once you planted your machete millimeters from his ear into the tree you could smell the ammonia as he pissed himself.

“You fucking dare say that again!” you growled out with so much venom you actually spat in his face. “You ever and I mean ever say something like that to any of these boys again and sweetie I will not only break both of your legs, I will personally castrate you and feed you to the bloody grievers!” You grabbed his throat ensuring your nails digged themselves into his skin not deep enough to break it but enough to leave welts.

“(f/n) calm down” Newt tried to calm you down by holding his hands up in surrender and slowly edging towards you. He himself were nervous and unsure of this side of you.
“No Newt I will not fucking calm down” you hissed at him sparing a glance to shoot him a glare. “(f/n) the hell are you doing?” You turned in the opposite direction to see Alby, Gally, Minho and the other gladers gathering around each whispering to each other.

You simply back away and placed an innocent smile as you held your hands behind your back as you rocked on your feet. “Nothing Alby, I was walking past and saw Kyle almost trip backwards and to prevent further injury I thought pushing him against a tree would be better and since I was holding the machete I had nowhere else to put it so quickly, I’m sorry if I caused a commotion by accident” you bowed your head if you were ashamed of your actions as you spoke in a light soft voice.

“Isn’t that right Newt?” you spun on your heel to see the blonde snap to attention, stutter out an agreement. You quickly skipped over to him and wrapped your arms around his arm and interlocked your fingers together as you rested your head against his shoulders.

“Are you crazy the bitch attacked me, she broke the rules!” Kyle yelled looking around at the gladers in desperation. “She should be punished! She is a psycho” He pointed a finger at you, then to the blade sticking from out the tree in accusation while some gladers spotted the darker patch in front of his trousers which erupted a round of laughter from the boys cause Kyle to go red in the face.

“What? Have I physically harmed you in any way?. If you're referring to the second rule of the glade which is to never hurt another glader then I'm afraid I've never done any such thing to you” you replied knowling. Nothing in the rules said about verbally abusing someone which in your mind was how he was getting around from being in trouble due to not outright breaking the law thus you could not be charged with breaking the rules.

Inwardly you smirked, you had lived in this glade far longer and knew the loopholes. Also being the only girl you had wiggled your place inside the majority of the guys hearts which allows you to get away with many things in the glade. You betted that the boys would take your side on this.

“However if anyone should be punished it's you” you stood straighter while playing with Newts long nimble fingers, your kept eyes down casted before looking up and narrowing your gaze on Kyle's angry ones.

“You verbally attacked Newt and i'm assuming he wasn't the only one you have done this to, considering all the fights that have erupted in the glade. You even used me as a starter topic to work Newt up, I don't appreciate that for the fact I don't belong to you” You glared at him before he hung head back and let out a groan before looking back at you with a roll of his eyes.

“Don't you get it? I was only voicing the same thing they all think. Each of them want to have a trait that makes them stand out, all of them like you. Three years in glade without ever making physical contact with you, the only girl, you mess about everything, groaning when you stretch, the rise of your top when you take off your jumper. Everyone watches” you raised an eyebrow at this, taking a sneak peak of everyone around you as they try to avoid your gaze others turned red.

“Well at least they have manners and self discipline something you clearly have no respect for,” you countered, you felt a little uncomfortable with that fact but surely not all the boys were like that you had assumed that at least some of them may be romantically involved with each other as Kyle said they had been a year and a half before you showed up. But then you were just as guilty for watching the guys do similar things, like when Gally ripped his shirt in that fight and you saw his muscles, or when you happen to pass Minho when he was bending down to tie his shoeless giving an nice view of his rear end. However the best times was went you had almost fallen off a step and Newts hands grabbed your waist to steady you, or when he reached to pass you things and his finger tips brushed yours. Even the time you had misplaced your jumper and were cold and newt offered up his which you happily enjoyed the scent of him as you worked.

“Either way you’re a slinthead who wants attention and who am I to hold back?”He moved to step forward and Newt hastily pulled you back to stand behind him as he went on the defence.
Minho, Thomas heck even Gally came to stand in front Newt acting as barriers to protect you.

“That's enough!” Alby’s deep voice echoed out causing you all to go rigid. “You Kyle will spend four nights in the slammer with only limited food at morning and night, this is a warning to you actually to everyone” Alby gaze locked on with each of the boys before continuing around the circle to ensure that they all were listening to what he had to say.

“Anyone who tries to force themselves on (f/n) will spend time in the slammer any other attempt you will be thrown off the side of the cliff! For you will be breaking the rules of the glade. If we have to adapt the second rule so be it. Rule two Never hurt another glader physically or verbally!” The leader took a threatening step forward to Kyle forcing him to back up into the tree you had him pinned moments ago.

“Have I made myself clear?” Kyle nodded, you watched as sweat dripped from the side of his face. Alby pulled his arm back as if to punch the glader who had shut his eyes for the incoming impact but instead reached for the machetes handle “good”.

“Throw him in the slammer” with Alby's command the boys moved forward and dragged Kyle to away to the concrete prison cell. Still behind Newt you peered around him to properly look at Alby who held your machete out for you to take.

Smiling you slid it back into its sheath, “You both okay?” You look to Newt who gave a small nod, you felt bad Newt was the kindest glader and most understanding for someone to say such nasty things to try and bring him down it infuriated you.

“Alby, if anything like this happens again because of me I want to be informed, I cant be left out, why did you do it?” you asked earnestly sure you weren't entirely sure what you could do to prevent it perhaps stretch and change outfits privately, or just be more noticing of your surroundings.

“I didn't want to tell you because I believed that you may view the rest of the glade as if it was against you, that it might make you scared of going places alone with the others” you simply nodded in understanding, true it may scare you if you thought the guys at any moment would turn on you but they weren't animals and you were confident there were many other things to worry about like getting out of the glade rather than trying to get with you.

“Thanks Alby for the thought, sorry for being the cause of this whole thing” you apologised, while he just gave you a knowing look “where you aiming for the ear or the actual tree? And you dropped your firewood” he then let out a huff of air as if the weight of the problem was finally lifted from his shoulders before heading back to the homestead with your own smile. *Yep no one gets to screw around with my boys and gets to laugh about it.*
Minho x Reader, Nightmare

Chapter Summary

A small oneshot with our beloved Minho.

You were jostled awake in the night when your bed companion tossed and turned enough to pull off the quilt, that did cover you both before you were shoved off the edge of the thin mattress and onto the cold wooden floor of the homestead.

You groggily sat up and shifted your eyes onto the constant moving black silhouette on the makeshift bed as he let out deep moans and breathy “Nos”. You let out a quiet sigh as you took your place back on the bed. You grabbed Minho’s shoulders in hopes to prevent him from thrashing his arms as his legs kicked out, further pushing the blanket off on to the floor.

“Minho” you whispered as you gave a gentle shake in hopes to rouse him from his nightmare. “Minho” you tried again only to receive a foot in your gut, you clenched your lips shut in order to muffle the yell into a quiet grunt. His legs kicked out as if he was running from what you could guess was a griever, since that's the only monster you knew that roamed the stone prison you were entrapped in.

“Minho” you gave him a harder shove, with that he shot up in a sitting position. His chest heaved in the cold air of the room. Letting go of his shoulders your small hands trailed up to his face and rested on either of his cheeks and turned him to face you.

“You’re okay, it was just another nightmare” you reassured him, pressing your forehead to his as he nodded breathlessly in response. Backing up a bit, you gave him a once over. Feeling your hands and notice they had become wet from the runners sweat that he worked up in the dream. You wiped your hand onto your trousers grimacing at the slimy feel.

“It's okay” you cooed as his arms embraced you tightly, his head buried in the crook of your shoulder. You softly ran your fingers in his ebony hair whilst rubbing his back, you hated this, seeing him like this. The nightmares were often and you feared one day that this method of soothing him would one night failed to work, for it began to become longer, staying awake with him. While it didn't bother you in the slightest but for him who runs everyday sleep is necessary.

You worried enough when he was gone but to have the constant fear that he's so tired he may pass out from exhaustion or the lack of sleep had dimmed his reflexes that a griever could get him. You knew no matter what he would continue running, everyday he tries to go into the maze with hope that something would be different that it would lead to an exit but each day you could see that hope in his eyes fading.
You decided that if you could show that this predicament didn't affect you too much and that if you pretending to smile and that everything was okay that he too would find a will to continue. If the weight was too much to bear like it was tonight then you would take some of it and bear it yourself, he was not alone in this but sometimes you think he felt alone, afraid of what to come, you all were but now it wasn't thoughts of the future you needed to dwell on. It was the runner that's trembling in your arms.

You lay back down, lightly tugging him with you. Stretching for the blanket you draped it back over the two of you. He rested his head on your chest, you continued the comforting movements in his hair and back in hopes that he would fall back to sleep "(f/n)?" Minho whispered, "hmm!?" you quietly answered.

“I love you” you gave a small smile that he could not see, yet those small words made you feel happy.

“And I love you, my darling” you felt him clutch onto you tighter, his head pressed firmly to your chest as if you were his sense of reality and safety.

Once you heard the even breaths and the loosened grip you knew he had fallen back to sleep. It was only then, did you allow yourself to fall back to sleep.
Agony

Chapter Summary

Girls usually (me included) will always through themselves or female characters into the Glade filled with boys, but lets be honest its not going to be as fun as it seems when Mother Nature calls. So this one piece is you the reader dealing with such a time.
There is no real pairing in this but it can be seen with Gally x Reader.
Warning: Mature language

Two years you had been in the glade, two, that was just over twenty four months. Never in your life that you could remember have you felt the nauseating, brutal pain of mother nature's wrath so badly before.

Agony, wouldn't even come close to describing it. Before they were never this bad, sure some were worse than others but today you just wished for it end, for death. Even if it was slightly dramatic and insensitive due to the past others taking their lives due to the torment of the maze you could and would only care for yourself from this point on, even if it sounded selfish.

It began when you rolled out of bed, you felt the wetness, the gravity working against you and the instant pain that began as a deep throb turned excruciating like a knife had been rammed straight into the base of your spinal cord and been left wedged there. You lower abdomen, you began to question if you truly needed it, it wasn't like you were going to get out of the maze anytime soon.

You stumbled to the shower block, your head feeling light whilst your vision began to slowly spin. "Oh no do not pass out right here", I can do it you chanted in your head, keeping your focus on the increasing closeness of the metal door. "Once I’m in I can just sit down and take deep breathes" you prayed as your vision began to surge more violently as you battled to stay up right, your body wanting to stop and collapse in a heap right then and there.

You noted that it was still dark out and that from the silence around you, none of the boys had yet arisen from their sleep. Thank god no need for them to yet know of your suffering, nor to find your passed out body covered in blood.

Once you made it to the tiled floor, you collapsed onto your hands and knees and then began to drag yourself into one of the cubicles. You sat there heaving in heavy breathes of the cold morning air, your swirling vision correcting itself back to normal. You kicked off your boots that you hadn't properly put on due to the rush of getting here. You sat in a white tank top and black shorts.

You tried to reach the buttons and the tap to turn on the shower from your position on the floor but failed to reach. Grunting out in pain you managed to twist the water on. Feeling the water splatter harshly on your skin you began to slowly strip off your clothes and knickers, you saw the dark stain on the light coloured fabric and you only left them next to you, best try to clean them here then send them off to the poor sloppers to be washed.

You had sat under the shower for what felt like hours but was probably be nothing more that thirty minutes. You reluctantly turned the water off and forced yourself up and to grab a towel. You had a small chest that held some spare underwear and feminine products for let's be honest you had many times where you forgot to bring underwear with you, or it's just lucky to have when you menstrual cycle hits, you liked to be prepared.

Well on the bright side you felt clean, you were lucky that the only boys that, were the runners
would only begin to wake up. You continued your hobbled return to your small hut and tried your best to find the darkest clothes you owned.

Once you were at least looking the part of being functional, internally you were still in so much pain. Your hands clenched your stomach and you tried not to cry, you could do this, after all exercise was supposed to help along with some high powered drugs.

You had tried your best not to stumble towards the med jack hut. You hoped that no one was in only to find Clint in there taking mental notes on their inventory.

“Hey (f/n) how are you?” he asked, sparing a glance over to you, his eyebrows furrowing at you holding onto the wall with your head resting against your forearm with your eyes squeezed shut.

“Could be better, Painkillers please” you stated sharply, you really couldn’t deal with pleasantries at this point you could apologize afterwards when you sound of mind.

“Excuse me?” you sighed, whilst you held yourself back, you didn’t need to get in trouble for tearing the place apart looking for those damn painkillers. A night in the slammer would be a living hell.

“Painkiller please” you tried focusing on your breathing, you cracked one eye open to stare at him whilst he did his visual assessment of you.

“Why do you need them?” he questioned, you too if in his shoes would question where your valuable medication was going but you weren’t in his shoes, you felt on fire. You just wanted to sleep, so you didn’t have to feel the pain.

“To feed the fuckin beetle blades” you snapped harshly, the boy flinched at you words but was quickly replaced by growing concern. You tried then to reign in your temper and asked again hopefully in what was a sincere tone “please painkillers”. He looked at war with himself to give medicine away on what he could see it as a waste, but he reached for the white bottle and shook, two little round cylinder tablets fell onto his hand.

“Thank you so much, do you have any water?” he didn’t answer but only complied and reached for a wooden cup and topped it with water from canister. You down both tablets at once and chugged the water so fast it hurt your throat. Almost slamming the cup back on the table you gave him a small smile in thanks before walking back out.

You looked at your food, while you only asked for a small bowl of porridge the amount given seemed like a lot. You brought the pale mixture to your mouth the moment it touched your tongue a wave of nausea hit you, you dishearteningly placed the spoon back into the bowl and pushed your breakfast from your sight. Without your knowledge this has stirred odd glances from your fellow gladers, for you were a very strong lover for breakfast and could easily eat more than some of the guys in here.

You swiftly stood and tried to rush for the toilets, a hand slammed over your mouth trying to hold back the vomit whilst you could feel your stomach contracting. Luckily no one else was in and you then threw up remains of last nights dinner and what you would assume to was the painkillers too much to your dismay.

Clutching the toilet bowl with one hand while the other held back your hair, you dry heaved, trying to spit out anything that didn’t make it out. You felt your eyes red and wet, the burning sensation in your throat only adding to the onslaught of pain that you currently felt.

You rose shakily, fearing any sudden movement would cause another vomiting session even though there was nothing left to vomit up. You brushed your teeth carefully ensuring that the smell and any small parts that may caught onto your teeth was removed. You patted your eyes down reducing the redness and tried to look the part of normal before returning back outside.
You had arrived at work earlier before the other builders, yet all day you were remarkably behind on your work. You were convinced you had spent the last five minutes hammering in the one steel nail in front of you, you debating whether or not to turn the hammer on yourself, to try and remove those bloody ovaries or knock yourself out so you wouldn't have to feel the pain.

The day was ridiculously hot, enough to cause you to sweat. Which in turn raised your paranoia, the fear of anyone to be able to smell you. It spiked increasingly high when one of the boys questioned “what that smell was?” your body was rigid in fear and you refuse to turn around in case their eyes would be on you. It then turned out to be one of the boys farting quietly was the source of the smell.

You had tried to focus on other things, ran through a list of things you needed to do, heck you even thought what guy would make a decent boyfriend. But alas the pain did not cease, making you want to cry. You even suffered shooting pains that started at the base of your spine and sky rocketed up leaving a searing sharp pain, you could only grit your teeth and clench the hammer so tightly in your had your knuckles turned white, in hopes to avoid screaming in pain.

You just wanted to lie down, curl up and sleep. But unfortunately the pain would never allow you to sleep. It hurt every time you hammered it in, you felt hungry but feared of throwing up again that it prevented you from going to get any. You were right on the painkillers being thrown up before they had time to work their magic. But knew you could not go an ask again for Clint would refuse and he would’ve no doubt told Jeff about you showing up earlier that day and you would not steal, to be thrown in the slammer, just the thought of it triggered the urge to cry.

“Yo (f/n)” Gally called as he stood behind you “Look I don't understand, you here earlier than anyone else yet you barely got any of your work done. I would like this building to be half way completed today, you got it shank? So anyway can just speed up please as you still got hell of a lot more to do and I don't have time to be dealing with time wasters” all of a sudden you launched the hammer you had been using into a pile of metal tools causing them to collapse and clatter on top of each other, the other builders and others passing by stopped what they were doing and looked up watching the scene unfold them.

“You (f/n)” he softly called “are you okay?” he asked.

“No Gally, I can’t fuckin pick up the pace okay?! I just want some Fuckin pain killers and sleep or die at this point, okay?!” you yelled at him, as you clutched your stomach. Tears streamed down your face as you sat there on your knees sobbing. The usually angry boy was taken back from your outburst. His eyes wide as he watched you flop over onto your side where you proceed to curl up into a foetal position and cry even more.

Some of the other boys were unsure to what to do. He only raised his hands in surrender and stepped back when Newt and some of the track hoes starting running over. “I didn't do nothin” Gally defended himself as he looked unsure on what had happen.

Newt only sparred him accusing look before kneeling down beside you “(f/n)” he softly called “are you okay?” he asked.

“Do I fuckin look okay?, I am in agony, I want painkillers, I want food, I want to sleep so much” you snapped at him before erupting into another wail. While the position didn't help much, you just didn't care anymore, you wanted anything that made the pain go away.

“Can you stand?” Newt asked again, if he felt hurt you never saw on his face. “No just leave me here to die” you moaned. Newt made some ‘come here’ motion with his hand to someone behind you. You felt strong arms pick up you carrying you bridal style. Your only concern was that you could leak and he would notice. You then realised it was Gally carrying you.

When you made it to the med hut, Newt had thinned the following herd of boys to allow you some privacy. Clint and Jeff both looked up in concern. “(f/n) are you okay?” Clint rushed to your side as you were placed on the bed. You only glared at him, at what point do any of them think you feeling okay?

“She really wants painkillers” Gally said, pointing to you small form and looking distressed.
“Painkillers? She can’t she already had some earlier” Clint informed them, he placed a the back of his hand on your head “she’s hot” he commented to himself.

“I threw them up by accident I need more” you groaned out. “You’ve been sick? When was this?” Newt asked, “After breakfast” you told them. Clint nodded to Jeff who gingerly took the same bottle of the shelf and gave them to you with a cup of water. Helping you sit up you once again downed them.

“I heard (f/n) collapsed what happened?” Alby’s commanding voice echoed around the room as he strode in with confidence.

“I asked her to pick up the pace then she just threw a hammer and then burst out crying then rolled into a ball, that's it I swear, I didn't touch her” Gally explained quickly, hating having this attention on him. And being a possible suspect in a crime he didn't commit for it could quite easily lead him to banishment.

“I don't see any external injuries, perhaps she ate something funny?” Jeff talked quietly to Clint who only nodded. Alby decided to sit himself down next to you, “(f/n) has anyone harmed you in any way that would of caused this pain?” his dark eyes serious and you thought you could see a storm roaring behind them.

“Mother nature” you answered before shifting position. The other boys only glanced at each other in confusion to your answer, while Jeff face lit up like he had an idea “um (f/n) are you um dealing with a monthly cycle?”

“Well no shit shank, took you long enough, someone give them a medal for being captain fuckin obvious” you growled out harshly.

“No still confused here” Gally said looking at Newt who’s in agreement. “Well she is a girl and her body um goes through changes like - “ you cut him off before he could finish “blood is trickling out of my vagina like a bloody leaky tap as my ovaries are trying to murder me from the inside out so someone please knock me out!” you answered loudly causing the boys to become extremely awkward and tried to look at anywhere than you.

“Okay Clint, Jeff look after her, someone get Frypan to feed her and Gally sort out what needs to get done” the other quickly nodded and scrammed out of the room as quick as they could, while Alby only wish you better before he too disappeared fast.

**************Later that day***************

“So (f/n) how you feelin’?” Gally asked, he interlocked his fingers as he wasn’t sure whether or not to look you in the eyes or stare at a wall. Currently Frypan had pulled up a seat next to your bed and refused to leave until you had eaten every piece of vegetable on the plate. You had taken to eating lying down on your side which gratefully stopped the feeling of nausea.

“Still painful as shit, I just want to sleep but I can’t, apparently we don't have the medication to knock me out and apparently cutting my oxygen levels off until I'm unconscious is not safe nor healthy. I would even welcome you punching my lights out at least then I would be asleep for a long time” you mumbled softly while munching on a carrot.

“Girrrrl you have a problem” Frypan commented sitting there his own face masked with shock at your clear plan of self demise.

“I didn't realise how painful it could be, I mean you never showed pain before is this just a one time thing?” Gally asked as he tried to recall you ever being in this much discomfort before.

“Pass me a knife and I'll show ya” you offered, your fingers wiggling limply at the blade that sat on the side behind Frypan.
“I’m good thanks” Gally told you whilst shaking his head, you only grumbled out a complaint of not taking one for the team. When you had turned your attention to food that Frypan had offered out to you, Gally reached for the knife and moved it out of your sight and possible reach.

“What time is it?” You asked, debating whether or not to rise from the cot even though you desperately wanted to shower, the whole time you lay here you believed the worse that had leaked onto the white fabric of that cot. They would then even fail to clean it out and it forever stained and you would die of embarrassment.

“It has just turned 6:30” Gally answered looking at his digital watch that all keepers were given in order to stay on time. “oh time for me to serve dinner, watch her, make she eats everything” Frypan instructed Gally before he turned a bowed to you “Best to your health Lady ([f/n])” you only cracked a smile “Ah thank you sir pan of much frying” he only wiggled his eyebrows before stepping into the light that was cascading in from sun.

“I got the others covering your work load for the next few days so you just focusing on rest” Gally sat down the on the end of the cot, his attention drawn to his fingers.

“You didn’t say anything? Like I would of understood and could of done something to help or lightened the load or something” you just closed your eyes and heaved out a sigh.

“I don’t want to be a pain everyone has to pull their weight that’s one of the rules and I understood that and it would annoy me if every month someone was lying around for a week doing nothing” you sighed before groaning as you rose to sit up.

“But if you want to help could you walk me over to the shower and check it if it’s clear and keep anyone out, hopefully most of them will be at dinner but there’s always an odd one that seems eat like an animal and then goes to shower so that they don’t end up getting pranked on” the amount of times you heard the screams of anger from those poor unfortunate boys and then saw Chuck or another boy laughing as they ran out.

While you were giving allotted time in the showers that no one else was to enter for no reason what so ever, you going early would cause screw up for the others but you didn’t want to much lie here any longer in what you felt was dirty. Gally nodded in agreement and offered hand to you which you happily accepted.

“You peep in at all and I’ll show you the pain that I’m in got it shank?” You shot him a hard glare with you arms crossed, your hip jutting out.

“Loud and clear!” He nodded, his hands held up in surrender before gesturing you out first, his eyes still flickering back up to the knife that still sat where he had placed it earlier good.

While everyone still treated you like China doll and refused to give you too much heavy work they failed to believe you have fully gotten better until a week later when you decided to rugby tackle Gally just to prove your point. It was nice to know the boys were help you when you truly need it.

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