Summary

"Murphy didn't want to die necessarily, he just never wanted to feel cold, or hated, again."

Winter has turned Camp Jaha into a cold and dreary hell, and Murphy into a solemn outcast. It isn't until Murphy meets an Ark Survivor, Grey, that he begins to see meaning in the brutal world fate has brought him to.

Multi chapter Murphy/Original Female Character fic.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
After hours of working and being generally rude to everyone he saw; Murphy wandered out of the camp and found himself in a cold rush of wind within the trees.

He padded his jacket with fur to protect himself from the harsh winter air that now tormented the ground. Sometimes Murphy thought about how warm it would be to fall into a deep sleep and recede from the ever-present sorrows that plagued him and everyone else who lived in the camp. He wondered how the earth could be so beautiful and so horrid all at once.

He didn’t want to die necessarily, but he never wanted to feel cold, or hated, again.

As his feet wandered through the outskirts of the forest he let his mind wander as well. It floated right back to his pleasant memories aboard the Ark. He was running down forbidden hallways with Mbege by his side, laughing at the sight of their warm breath in the air.

They used to enjoy lurking in frozen corridors where the power and heating had been shut off. For some reason when he thought of winter he always thought of running and laughing with red cheeks and runny noses. He didn’t imagine the oblivion of white he saw now, and the constant longing for warmth deep inside his chest.

Murphy shivered then, as his thoughts shifted to Mbege. He was Murphy’s best friend, through hell or high water, through prisons and hangings; Mbege had always been there.

Now he was pinned to a tree somewhere with a spear through his chest.

Murphy counted him lucky to die so quick, but the thought of his lifeless body made him sick. At least he wasn’t dying painfully slowly like the Murphy was. To him living was just the meaningless space before death, all these thoughts and actions would be insignificant when Murphy died. His only fear was that there would be no one to document his last “fuck you” to the world.

He pushed that thought away when he came to a circular clearing among the trees, cursing under his breath at the sight of small flakes coming down from the sky.

Murphy may have hated the snow, but the way it consumed the forest seemed like something out of long forgotten fairytale.

Despite hating almost everyone and everything in Camp Jaha, Murphy rarely found himself wandering outside its’ boundaries, especially not alone.

He honestly didn’t know what inspired him to leave anyway, but upon remembering this he realized he had no idea where he was or how to get back.

“Fuck,” he muttered, his warm breath creating a cloud in the air, but he didn’t find it the slightest bit amusing.

He glanced around a bit, trying to determine which direction was the best to go, but every way looked the same. With dwindling hope, he sat down on the ground and let the white take over. Apparently freezing to death wasn’t the worst way to die; he had heard it was much like falling asleep, and that sounded quite appetizing to Murphy at the moment.

He closed his eyes and finally gave in, relaxing at each flake that fell onto his skin as if they were cool kisses. His mind wandered far away. Farther than it had ever gone before; until he was in a
new plane entirely. There he saw his mother walking towards him through the white.

“John!” She called as she motioned at Murphy to stand and follow her. But a figure appeared behind her; larger and dark against the bright oblivion that Murphy was so drawn to. He stood over him, but Murphy wasn’t the slightest bit afraid. The figure raised his black hand, pausing as it wound back so Murphy’s eyes could meet his. By the sympathetic brown eyes Murphy could tell it was his father. Murphy closed his eyes to prepare for the blow.

The sharp sound of the slap made Murphy jump up from his resting place. Panting, he groped his cheek as if he could still find his father’s hand there. It wasn’t of course, and neither was the pain. It must have been a dream, Murphy thought.

Standing, Murphy once again looked for direction, and this time his eyes fell upon what looked like crude scratches on the trunk of a tree.

Murphy approached it and saw that the scratches were in fact poorly carved words. He pulled his numb fingers out from the confines of his pockets to trace them across the letters, which read,

*What is love? Tis not hereafter,*

Murphy faintly recognized the old style of writing, possibly Shakespeare, he thought. Murphy looked around in the distance to see another tree with similar scratches. He ran over to see the next verse,

*Present mirth hath present laughter*

He looked around again and realized who ever wrote it must have done it recently because their footprints were still fresh on the snow. Murphy followed the footprints from verse to verse,

*What’s to come is still unsure*

*In delay there lies no plenty*

*So come and kiss me, sweet and twenty*

*Youth’s a stuff we’ll not endure.*

After Murphy read the last line of what had to be a poem, he was able to see a clearing of white in the distance. He came to the edge of the trees, which to his luck bordered the camp.

As he walked through the gates and to his tent he repeated the poem over and over, wondering who the writer had been and whether it had been an act of serendipity or some higher power that had led him to the poem.

Murphy wasn’t sure about God, but after being imprisoned, lynched, tortured, and shunned, he had to wonder what had kept him alive through it all. It definitely wasn’t his strength, and it couldn’t have been luck. Maybe it was fate, but Murphy tried not to dwell on hopeful things like that.

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Grey was lingering around the camp gates, admiring the snow covered land and wondering about
all the possibilities it could hold come springtime.

She had snuck behind Kane’s back this morning by telling him she was working in the smokehouse, which gave her a significant amount time until he came looking for her.

Even in this weather there was probably more to do outside of the fence than within it, and only the stars know how boring it is to look upon something so intriguing but never be a part of it.

Or at least she thought you couldn’t go, until she saw Murphy walk right out of the gates; All by himself, not even with a gun.

Grey didn’t know Murphy very well, but it was hard not to know of people within the small confines of the campsite. Most of the time when Grey saw Murphy he was alone with a stone cold glare on his face, and even though she knew why, she still pitied him.

Ever since the first time she heard his name she felt sympathy towards the outcast.

“I don’t need your help!” she heard a snarling voice vibrate of the metal walls of the Ark. She was sitting in a make shift waiting room separated by a sheet to where Dr. Griffin met with people.

Grey moved forward from where she was sitting so she could see through the opening in the drapes.

“Oh, listen to me-“

“If you wanted to meet informally why can’t you just call me Murphy?” The guy interrupted.

Abby sighed, and said, “Alright Murphy. Well, I’ve received a number of complaints that you’ve been screaming at night and I just wanted to know if you were ok.”

The guy, Murphy, began to grope at his neck, but she couldn’t see his expression since his back was facing her.

“What do you care? Maybe it’s because it’s cold as hell outside and you-“

“Calm down,” Abby said in a remarkably cool tone, “Were working on indoor bunks, hopefully we’ll have them ready before snow fall. Anyway, John… Murphy I mean, does this have anything to do with nightmares or flashbacks.”

Murphy remained silent.

“Hm… I see. You’ve been through a lot, Murphy, you were almost killed a number of times and tortured by Grounders-“

Grey gasped and immediately covered her mouth to look away. Abby didn’t seem to notice, but Murphy turned as if to scowl at the eavesdropper.

“It would be odd if you weren’t traumatized. It’s very difficult to talk about, I know. But, talking about these traumatizing experiences are what help you recover. Maybe if you-“

“Maybe if I what?” Snarled Murphy, “Talk to you? Do you really think talking will change anything? Will fucking talking make my scars go away?” He was practically yelling now, and he pulled down the collar of his shirt to reveal a red scar that wound all the way around his neck.

“You and the council are the reason this happened. And if you really think that’s going to help
Before Abby could interject he was standing up, and Grey averted her eyes so she was staring at a dark stain on the floor, only to realize it was a dark stain of blood.

He ripped open the drapes and stormed out of the room. As he went by where Grey was sitting he stopped to meet my gaze.

Murphy’s eyes were vengeful, but Grey returned the same cold glare with a raised eyebrow. He knew she had heard everything and he sighed at her as if contemplating what to say.

“Murphy!” Abby called. She was standing in front of the drapes now, and when Grey looked back Murphy was already gone.

Something ached in Grey then, she couldn’t know if it was sorrow or pity, but it swelled inside of her every time she saw him. Grey felt guilty for not carrying the burdens the 100 held. She saw their hollow faces everyday and all she wanted to do was to lift the sorrows off their shoulders and place them on her own.

She couldn’t stand being in such a beautiful place when everyone around was either morose or desperately trying not to be. Of course she shouldn’t be one to talk because Grey could be much more than morose sometimes, but at least she could see the hopeful beauty of earth even in its treacherousness.

Grey scanned the tree line for a trace of the pitiful boy, but he had long since disappeared in the trees.

With nothing better to do she walked idly around the camp gates, and allowed herself to reminisce on her previous life on the Ark. Unlike most kids she grew up with sisters. The four of them were never adopted as children, so they grew up together with a guardian. They may not have been sisters by blood, but through living and suffering together they shared an unquantifiable love.

But her sisters were gone now, only living in Grey’s memory and as particles of dust in outer space. She couldn’t dwell on them for too long without being overwhelmed by grief.

They were all Grey had to care for and look up to since their real guardian neglected them and used their supplemented money to gamble and purchase drugs.

He was an asshole, to say the least. But Grey was thankful, because without his neglect she would never have been open to a world of ancient literature and poetry that her teachers showed her too.

She was given the job of filing and recording books at a very young age by her English teacher, Jonah, probably because she adored the ancient classics and her malnourished and beaten appearance likely made him pity her.

That’s probably the only thing Grey missed about the Ark. She would spend her afternoons in the back of the library sorting through the works of Shakespeare and Dickenson, and then bring her favorites back home to her sisters.

She thanked Jonah every goddamn day of her life for showing her to a world of imagination and possibility. The creative mind wasn’t something well appreciated on the Ark, and most people hardly cared about expanding their knowledge or discovering new things.

Those people were happy though; they lived in a blissful world of ignorance that Grey envied from time to time. Once you’ve read stories full of love and nature and family, it makes you realize all the possibilities in the world, so Grey thought, but it also makes you realize that in Ark’s
society those possibilities were unattainable.

That’s probably what drove Grey into moods of depression and indolence; for she could never lead a life like the characters of the Romantic Era. She could never have a family to cherish, or wander through the windy moors of England with a lover. She could never set sail and journey to a new land that she could conquer as her own. Everything in the real world was rigid and metal and so deplorably dull it nearly killed her.

Grey felt as if she was the only person on the ground that truly enjoyed it. Of course it sucked most of the time but at least they were no longer the viewers of a long told story, so distant and profound it seemed like a fairytale. Now they were a part of it.

But to Grey’s dismay it was far from a fairytale. The land she dreamed of may have been beautiful, but it came with brutal consequences. The story had turned into a nightmare, and Grey didn’t know how long she would be able to take it.

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It had been over an hour and Grey wondered why Murphy hadn’t returned yet. She was worried for him, and a sudden burst of courage brought her face to face with Bellamy Blake.

His features had become remarkably sullen in Clarke’s absence, and Grey couldn’t ignore the purple skin under his eyes that only seemed to make his appearance more pitiful.

“Where do you think you’re going?” He said in his usual gruff tone. Bellamy stepped in front of Grey, his gun shaking slightly in his grasp.

“On a walk,” Grey said confidently as she maneuvered around him.

“It’s not safe out there on your own, you can walk within the fence.” Bellamy seemed so worn; she felt bad picking this fight with him but went on anyway.

“It’ll only be a few minutes, Kane recommended it for me,” Grey felt even worse using her reputation as a depressive teenage girl to manipulate her way out of the camp, but it was partially true. Kane had told her to take frequent walks, just not by herself… or in the freezing cold.

Bellamy nodded understandably; he had been there at the time of Grey’s incident a couple months ago. Out of regret and shame Grey pushed the thought deep into the chasm of her memory, so that even if it were referenced it would only appear to her like a vague dream.

The world was bright, ethereal, as Grey stepped through it. Freedom billowed through the cold air in her lungs, and for the first time in days a doted smile crossed her lips that she didn’t even attempt to subdue.

By means of precaution, Grey gripped the hilt of her dagger as she entered the forest. She relaxed after awhile upon seeing the stillness of the trees and returned her hand to the warmth of her pocket.

She was positive that her journey was exactly like Victor Frankenstein’s snowy trek through Chamounix as he pursued the Creature. Well maybe not exactly like it, Grey thought, but it was just like she imagined it in her mind.

Snow began to fall and Grey looked towards the sky gratefully, but when she looked back at the ground she was startled to see another set of footprints alongside hers.
They must have been Murphy’s, and she quickly checked her compass to check the direction they were going in relation the camp.

He was going north, parallel to their new home, and Grey walked on, eager to follow his trail.

She came upon a circular clearing, and was startled to see Murphy lying still on the ground, his skin pale even against the snow.

Grey was relieved as Murphy exhaled a cloud of warm breath, at least he was alive, but the choice to live or die was one’s own so Grey left him to make it himself.

She had to leave a noticeable trail somehow, and Grey knew that if she were lost in the woods she would want to be led home by her favorite poem.

As she headed west towards the camp, Grey stopped every so often to carve a line of a sonnet into one of the trees.

Bellamy nodded at her as she returned through the gates, but Grey wasn’t in the clear yet, because Kane was standing in front of her tent with his arms crossed and expression bitter.

“Fuck,” Grey drew out the syllables inaudibly under her breath.

“Care to explain why you were beyond the gates? All alone I may emphasize.” Kane was like the overprotective parent Grey never wanted, but she could hear the concern through his harsh tone.

“Just getting some fresh air,” She replied coolly, hoping he wouldn’t be persistent.

But, of course he was.

“Just getting fresh air? Were outside all the time, Grey!” his voice was raised now and people around them began to take notice.

“It’s extremely dangerous in these conditions, you need to think of your own well being!”

“I can take care of myself, Marcus,” at the sound of his name Kane reddened in anger.

Murphy came strolling by at that moment - seemingly he followed Grey’s path - and took notice of the dispute going on.

“You know as well as I do that-“ Kane paused to look around, finally aware of the crowd that had gathered, “-that you’re just a kid! You cannot go outside these fences without a guardian because you can’t take care of yourself out there.”

“Oh really!” Grey replied, raising her voice, “You didn’t say they were just kids when you sent the 100 to the ground, did you?”

The crowd gasped, some even commented in approval. Kane was fuming.

“If you think 100 teenagers can survive on a completely new terrain with no guidance, I’m sure you can think it’s possible for me to take a walk outside the camp all by myself.”

Grey caught Murphy’s eye for a split second, he seemed to be smirking in approval. Kane was the opposite.

“You are to be supervised by a guard at all times until further notice,” said Kane in a remarkably flat tone, “To ensure that you do not disobey me again.”
Kane then yelled at the crowd to disperse, and Grey watched solemnly as Murphy sauntered back to his tent. He didn’t look back at her, but if he knew what Grey had just done for him he sure as hell would have.
two grey doors

Chapter Summary

Murphy finally moves inside for the Winter, and he meets a pretty interesting girl.

Chapter Notes

this chapter is a lot shorter than the first, i think chapter length is going to vary a lot throughout this fic bc of POV stuff.
also there some topics in ch. 1 that aren't fully expanded on ( and that is for a reason).
these things (and characters) will come up later in the story so just keep that in mind,
comments and kudos are greatly appreciated! thanks for reading!

The sound of crinkling tents and gruff shouts woke Murphy up significantly earlier than he had hoped.

“What the hell’s going on?” He shouted at the first person he saw outside.

“We’re finally moving into bunks,” the man replied excitedly, “you better pack up your things.”

People had been moving inside the Ark’s wreckage incrementally over the past couple of weeks. Murphy had watched them all be greeted by warmth while he froze his ass off every night.

Of course Murphy was one of the last people to be moved inside and he wasted no time packing up his few personal belongings before heading inside the Ark.

It was still cold, but it was a step up from his tarp, which provided little to no protection from the harsh winter gusts.

He made his way down the hall to the door he was assigned to him, and to his surprise two guys were already settled in the room.

It was Lucas and Wade, 2 guys from the 100, and not even Murphy’s fur lined jacket could protect him from the coldness in their glares.

“No way in hell,” exclaimed Wade as Murphy sauntered through doorway.

“I was expecting a warmer welcome but I’ll take it,” said Murphy sarcastically as he threw his stuff on to the last empty cot.

“Dammit, of course we get a room with a psychopath,” Wade spat the at Murphy, who sighed at the predictable insult.

“Don’t bother me too much or I might smother you in your sleep,” Murphy fired back at the guys with his best psychotic grin.
Lucas cowered at the threat but Wade stood up from his cot with a scowl contorting his features.

“Relax Wade,” Murphy sighed, “If you keep to yourself I’ll keep to mine.”

“You better fucking keep to yourself,” growled Wade. Murphy finally realized his muscular build as a threat and turned away from the attacker.

“Keep to yourself, Murphy,” continued Wade to Murphy’s back, “You touch your half of the room and that’s it.”

Murphy began laying his things out on the cot, ignoring the brutish figure behind him.

“You hear me?” Wade hissed in Murphy’s ear, but he kept going through his things like nothing was happening.

“You hear me?” Wade shouted, pushing Murphy’s shoulder for emphasis.

“Watch it!” Murphy replied and returned the push with an aggravated force.

Needless to say, Murphy was thrown out of the room with a bloody lip in a matter of minutes, just in time for Kane to walk by.

“Maybe a single is a better fit for you,” Kane inquired upon seeing the pitiful boy sprawled on the ground.

Murphy stood and followed Kane down to the end of the corridor where a small grey door titled STORAGE waited for him.

“This one is still empty,” said Kane as he opened the door, “It’s a bit… cozy, but it will work.”

Cozy was an overstatement; the room had barely enough space for the cot and metal table that sat in it, and it was about as bleak as a prison cell.

“This is just a closet with a bed in it,” Murphy observed.

“It is technically,” Kane nodded, and paused for a moment to give that silent, all-powerful, chancellor stare that Murphy hated.

“Try to stay out of trouble John,” Kane said finally.

“I try, but trouble seems to be everywhere lately.”

What Kane did next shocked Murphy; his lips curled every so slightly into an amused smile.

“You’re welcome, John,” he said before turning back down the hall.

Murphy finally felt grateful to be inside because when he changed there wasn't a cold breeze sending shivers down his spine. Murphy felt quite at ease in the room as he reclined on the cot, maybe it was because it was so much like a prison cell, and he did spend most of his adolescence in lock up.

Not even five minutes had passed when Murphy’s peace was rudely interrupted.

A girl he recognized from around the campsite stood in his doorway with her arms folded and gaze fixated on him. Her skin must’ve naturally been tan, and her light brown hair was falling loose from a single braid.
She had an air of wiseness to her, and her eyes glimmered mischievously as they traced him.

“What the hell do you want,” Murphy groaned as he sat up from his cot.

“Just looking around,” she replied while entering his room, even though his statement was far from an invitation. “I’m in the single across the hall,” she continued, “guess were neighbors.”

“It’s not really neighborly to barge into someone’s room,” Murphy complained.

“Am I barging?” the girl inquired sarcastically as she sat on the metal table, “Well, it’s not like you’re doing anything anyway.”

Murphy clenched his jaw while he stared at her. She returned the look with even more intensity before breaking the silence.

“You’re Murphy right?”

“It would seem so,” he replied.

“I’m Grey,” she smiled answering his unspoken question.

“Like the color?” Murphy asked.

“No, like the President.”

“There’s no President named Grey.”

“Exactly,” she gave him that mischievous look again, and for the first time since snow fell Murphy smiled, but he coughed it away into his fist.

“It’s remarkably dull in here,” Grey observed as she stood.

“Isn’t everything,” Murphy muttered, mostly to himself. This time Grey grinned, before disappearing across the hall. She returned quickly, clutching a piece of charcoal.

“What’s that for?” Murphy asked.

“Decorating.” There were the mischievous eyes again.

Grey moved to the wall and wrote swiftly in perfect cursive-

Where thou art, that is home.

Murphy stood in awe for a moment, wondering why this girl was welcoming him like this, or even noticing him at all.

“That’s nice, actually,” Murphy said trying to hide the sincerity in his voice, “but why are you doing this, I mean I’m just a stranger to you.”

“Because everyone deserves some comfort,” she smiled sympathetically, “And were both the only two people and single bunks so we probably won’t be strangers for long.” She continued after seeing Murphy’s confused look, “I mean were both outcasts here, might as well stick together.” She held out the charcoal for him and he took it, but he couldn’t take the look of shock of his face.

No one was kind to him out of the blue, no one ever made an effort to be more than strangers with him. Murphy had been ignorant to kindness for so long that he forget what it even felt like or how much he needed it.
“See ya around,” Grey smiled as she closed the door.

Murphy just looked at her and examined the dark charcoal that was now staining his fingers.

He got up and wrote quickly on the back of the door-

What is love? Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What’s to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
So come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth’s a stuff we’ll not endure.

The verses were already etched into his memory like the freckles on the back of his hand or the names of all the Ark’s chancellors. He knew he would never forget the verse, but having it their comforted him more than he could quantify.

His thoughts kept wandering back to Grey that night, Murphy really does hope to see her around.
bad dreams, happy memories

Chapter Summary

Murphy doesn't understand Grey, or his nightmares. Grey is just trying to help.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Murphy was staring at the writing on his wall. Besides what Grey had left there the only other “decoration” was a smudged signature of Murphy’s name. Every time he saw the words “Where thou art, that is home,” it made him feel an odd mixture of anger and hope. Anger, because every place Murphy was supposed to call home turned into a new kind of hell. And hope, because maybe this home wouldn’t be.

What bemused Murphy the most was why Grey had written it there at all. It was clearly an attempt at kindness and generosity, but who in their right mind would be kind to Murphy? He thought she couldn’t have known who he was, and hoped to avoid her so she never had to find out.

Since coming to the ground John realized that he was destined to walk this earth alone; it was the only way to protect himself and those who surrounded him.

But wherever he turned Grey always seemed to be, whether she was lingering in the common area or sitting in her room with her door ajar, she was always in the corner of Murphy’s eye. The excitement she enticed in him truly bothered Murphy. He didn’t like it when his emotions got hopeful like that, so he tried his best to push Grey into the back of his thoughts.

But Grey wasn’t the kind of person to be stuck in the background.

One evening at dinner, Murphy was sitting in his usual place at the end of some table, two or three seats removed from the nearest person, when Grey appeared across from him.

He looked up from his stew momentarily to catch a glimpse of her intriguing brown eyes, and then sneered without looking at her, “What the hell do you want?”

“Damn, no wonder no one sits next you,” she replied, unfazed by Murphy’s rudeness. They stared at each other for a few moments, as if waiting for the other to speak.

Grey broke the silence to answer Murphy’s question, “You always sit by yourself, and I usually sit by assholes so moving to keep you company didn’t seem that bad of an option.”

“You clearly don’t know me very well,” Murphy sighed while keeping his eyes fixated on Grey’s fingers as they tapped delicately on the metal table, “I’m probably the biggest ass here, and I don’t need any company.”

Murphy finally looked up to meet Grey’s sad expression.

“Everyone needs someone,” Grey explained, “what’s the point of everything if you’re alone?” The question seemed rhetorical as Grey muttered it, and by examining her expression Murphy could tell that he wasn’t the only lonely person in the conversation.
“Exactly,” Murphy smirked, “there isn’t one,” he grabbed his tray as he stood but Grey’s glare stopped him.

“Leave I don’t care,” she said, “but don’t waste your meal, I actually put some effort into that.”

“You work in food prep?” Murphy asked while sitting back down and scooping some more stew into his spoon.

“Sadly,” Grey sighed, “the other guys who work there are the biggest assholes around.”

Murphy raised his eyebrows skeptically.

“Well that guy,” she continued, gesturing to a redhead server, “is such a perv. He won’t stop staring at me and grabbing my ass, it’s so annoying. And whenever I complain about it, the Manager takes his word over mine. So I’m just the lying slut I guess. One day I’m gonna float him, I swear,” Grey laughed at herself and Murphy let a smile pass over his otherwise emotionless façade.

“What makes you such a bad guy? Besides being such a smart ass all the time?” Grey asked.

“Like you don’t already know,” Murphy sassed. Grey did know, but she wanted to hear it from him. She was a firm believer in two sided stories. She decided to play dumb this time, and upon seeing her expression Murphy said, “Seriously? Well, I sort of killed some people, and tried to kill some others.”

He was trying hard to remain emotionless but his face appeared sorrowful, maybe even ashamed.

“Why?” Was Grey’s only response.

Murphy was shocked she didn’t express any hatred or disgust, but he didn’t dare go on, so he just stared down at his stew.

“It doesn’t matter,” Murphy muttered as he stood, “good stew by the way.”

Before Grey could say anything further Murphy was walking out of the canteen and back to his solitude. He slammed the door behind him and rested his forehead on the cold metal wall, replaying the conversation in his mind.

Staring at the black writing on his wall he had to wonder, why did Grey care at all?

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Grey devoted a few minutes every night to pleasant memories before she succumbed to her dreams. She had gotten into bed quite late, as usual, and was now comparing the specks on the ceiling to the one’s on the face of the only boy she ever loved.

*The dust in the air was thicker than usual as Grey slammed open a large Shakespeare Anthology. Yellow lights filled the cloister with a warmth that Grey could find nowhere else, and the heat seemed to expand into Grey’s stomach as Jonah walked into to the small storage room.*

*Their teacher student relationship had grown to something more since he gave her the job of filing and organizing ancient novels. Actually, they had become quite close friends. Maybe too close, Grey thought sometimes. She had an affinity for him that she shared with no one else. And she couldn’t deny it as he knelt down beside her, his freckled cheeks blushing as he smiled.*
“That’s my favorite,” he said, pointing to a sonnet that Grey had never read.

“What is love? Tis not hereafter,” he began to recite it while he reclined against a box of books. Grey didn’t hear the rest of the poem for she was completely engrossed in the flicker of his eyes and the movement of his lips as he spoke. She knew it was wrong to see him in that way, he was 21 and she was only 15. But Grey of all people knew that love knew no bounds, especially when it came to age. She’d read plenty of 19th century romance novels to know age wasn’t that important, at least back then it wasn’t.

“Grey?” He said, looking perplexedly at the smitten girl.

“What?” She said a little too loudly, trying to hide the embarrassment in her expression.

“Do you like the poem?”

“What?” Grey asked as she returned her eyes to the large book on her lap.

“Are you okay? You look kind of red?” Jonah knelt down in front of her and pressed the back of his hand to Grey’s forehead.

“You’re burning up!” He exclaimed.

“I’m fine,” Grey laughed at his worried eyes, but she could feel herself burning as his hand moved down to her cheek.

“You sure?” He asked, caressing his thumb lightly over her skin.

Grey couldn’t find the right string of words in her extensive vocabulary to even try to express how she was feeling. Her breathing stifled as Jonah’s other hand wrapped around the back of her neck.

In that moment Grey could see every freckle and scar on his cheeks, all the ridges in his irises, even the specks of dust in his eyelashes.

His lips pressed into hers, but it was too quick to hold on to.

“Is this wrong?” Jonah whispered.

“No,” Grey whispered, before pulling him back to her.

A pitched scream startled Grey out of her memories, and she quickly threw on her tee shirt and ran to the hall to find the source of the screaming.

There it was again. It was coming from behind Murphy’s door.

Grey peered into his room and through the darkness she could hear him panting for lost air.

“What happened?” She exclaimed as she turned on the light, “Are you hurt?”

Murphy was sitting up in his sheets, breathless and covered in sweat.

“I’m fine,” he muttered, but the way he was grabbing his neck said otherwise.

“You don’t look fine,” exclaimed Grey as she knelt down by his bed.

“Just a dream,” Murphy said while eying Grey, suddenly aware of her partially naked state.
“Sounded like a nightmare,” Grey said, “And yeah, I’m not wearing pants. I thought you were
dying or something.”

Murphy smirked and pulled the sheets over his bare chest.

“You don’t have to wear pants if you don’t want to,”

“Shut up,” Grey laughed for a moment before returning to her senses.

“But seriously Murphy, what’s up? I heard you’ve been doing this a lot.”

“I just see it sometimes,” he muttered, his eyes fixated on something beyond the metal walls, “All
the pain. The bodies sprawled on the ground,” he paused, his words seemingly more difficult than
he anticipated.

“Grounders, sky people, they’re all the same when they’re lying lifeless on the dirt. There are
always people screaming, people I thought were my friends. There rejoicing as they tie it around
my neck and-,” he can barely speak now, and he’s rubbing his forehead in aggravation.

“Those are memories aren’t they?” Grey realized.

Murphy remained panting, hiding his face behind a mess of dark hair.

“That’s horrible, it truly is,” Grey moved to sit on the edge of the bed.

“No one deserves that, I’m really sorry,” Grey finished. Part of her wanted to wrap her arms
around the poor boy but she knew he wouldn’t react well to that.

“They did it because they thought I was a killer,” Murphy finally looked up, “And now I actually
am… I guess they were a little early,” Murphy smirked.

“So that’s why you killed those guys,” asked Grey, “Out of revenge?”

“Yeah,” Murphy grimaced, “I watched them as they put the noose around my neck and I watched
them as they died, but it didn’t make the pain go away. Now I see them everywhere. In my
dreams… even in the creases in my hands… There’s no way out.”

Grey placed her hand on top of Murphy’s, it was warm against his skin and he stared at it for a
whole minute trying to determine whether it was just his imagination. He finally looked up and
asked, “Why are you doing this?”

“Because I feel for you, Murphy.”

“Other people are suffering,” Murphy said as he pulled his hand back from Grey, “There are more
important people to help, people who haven’t done bad things.”

“We’ve all done bad things, and we’re all suffering,” Grey replied, “But seeing someone suffer
and doing nothing about it is the worst thing you can do.”

Murphy just stared at her, watching her brown eyes flicker from her hands and back to him.

“What I do every night is I think of my happiest memory, and I hold onto it for those few languid
minutes before I fall asleep,” Grey explained

“It works,” Grey insisted after seeing Murphy roll his eyes.

“So what’s yours?” She asked.
“What’s yours?” Murphy retorted.

“Shut up and answer me.”

Murphy just laid back down on his bed with his arms behind his head.

“I’m not leaving until you answer,” Grey exclaimed.

Murphy looked up at her indignant expression and contemplated saying nothing so she would stay the whole night. He never realized how lonely he was until that moment.

“My 11th birthday,” he explained, “Dad came home with a copy of Macbeth, by Shakespeare, and a pen so I could circle my favorite parts.”

Grey let a soft smile splay across her lips. Maybe that was why she felt a connection with Murphy, he too had a soft spot for literature and romantics.

“Goodnight Murphy,” she said before turning out his light and walking out of the room.

“Goodnight Grey,” Murphy said it after she had already left, but he truly meant it.

Murphy slept soundly that night, more peaceful than he ever had before. He didn’t haven nightmares for weeks.

Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos are appreciated!!

thanks for reading
Despite Murphy's reluctance, he's making friends, and it isn't all that bad.

The smokehouse was probably the worst place to work in the whole Camp, so of course Murphy was assigned to work there and up chop meat all day. Subsequently he smelled disgusting most of the time, but at least he had the warmth of the fire to keep the brisk air out of his lungs.

It wasn’t all that bad really, as he butchered outside he could distract himself by looking beyond the fence and into the forest and pretending it wasn’t some beautifully disguised death trap. Murphy didn’t hate it all that much, there was something relaxing about getting into a steady rhythm, only focusing on the sound of his knife on the hard wood.

But a distant sound of laughter drew Murphy’s attention away from his work, and he looked over to see Grey approaching with a basket resting on her hips. Wherever Grey went, happiness seemed to linger, and it meant a lot to Murphy to see warmth in a place as dreary as Camp Jaha.

Murphy quickly went back to his work when he realized he had been watching her for a little too long. But his rhythm faltered again when he felt something brush his shoulder.

“Got anything worth cooking?”

Murphy recognized the voice, and he looked up to see Grey leaning against the wood table.

“Oh yeah,” replied Murphy as he slammed his knife against the wood, “Mutant mountain lions, radioactive cougars, all that good stuff.”

“Sounds delicious,” Grey replied, “I’m going to need a lot for dinner tonight.”

“I wonder what were having,” Murphy asked, “I’m gonna go out on a limb and say stew, but I could be wrong.”

“How did you know?” Grey laughed, “Now if you would,” she handed him the basket and Murphy filled it to the brim with fresh meat.

“Thanks,” she said before pulling something out of her bag and slipping into the pocket of Murphy’s jacket.

“Shh,” she said as she walked off with her basket, “You didn’t get that from me.”

Murphy watched her as she walked away, and stared at the roll of bread she had graciously given him and devoured the thing before any of the other workers could notice. Grey stopped by almost every day to pick up meat, and Murphy couldn’t lie and say he didn’t enjoy seeing her. She always gave him a smile, and when she caught him off guard he would even return it slightly. Sometimes Grey would talk to him-only for a moment so the other workers wouldn’t take notice- and slip a piece of bread into his pocket.
He didn’t notice how reliant he had become on Grey’s sly smile and pieces of bread until the day she didn’t come. Murphy assumed she just didn’t have time or something, but when he went to dinner she wasn’t there either (He noticed this because Grey would sit by him from time to time). When he returned to his quarters he noticed that Grey’s door was completely shut, which was odd because it was usually open just enough for him to see her reading the only book he’d seen since coming to the ground.

It proceeded like this for a few days, and Murphy was starting to grow suspicious, but he pushed his worries away with the warmth of the fire and the sound of his knife beating against the cutting board.

One night Murphy’s solemn dinner was interrupted by a sullen Bellamy Blake. The hatred they once harbored towards each other had subdued almost entirely in the past couple months, they weren’t exactly friends, but they weren’t enemies either.

“Have you seen Grey around?” Bellamy asked, while Murphy tried not to look startled by his presence.

“Not for a few days,” Murphy let his voice trail off and his attention wander back to his stew, which seemed to taste worse in Grey’s absence.

“I just thought cause you guys are friends you might know-”

Friends? Thought Murphy, I guess we, are kind of.

“I mean I see her with you at mealtime so I just assumed-“

“Why do you care?” Murphy interrupted.

Bellamy just sighed and answered, “You know she’s had some problems in the past, I just wanted to know if she was okay.”

“What kind of problems?” Murphy dropped his spoon, looking thoroughly confused.

“Well I thought most people knew, but she uh… she uh…”

“Spit it out, Blake.”

“She tried to kill herself.”

“No way,” Murphy shook his head, “She’s not like that at all.”

“Loss changes people,” Bellamy explained, “I mean, were any of us like this before coming to the ground?”

Murphy nodded, but he still couldn’t comprehend how the most lively and sympathetic person he knew could possibly want to end her life. They had much more in common than Murphy originally thought.

He didn’t say anything to Bellamy, just walked away and grabbed an extra bowl of stew, trying to subdue the confusion plaguing his mind. Murphy walked quickly down the hall and made his way towards Grey’s closed door. He tapped on it lightly and muttered, “Grey, you in there?”

“Murphy?” A dry voice replied.

“Yeah… um… are you okay?”
"I’ve just been feeling sick, but I’m fine, really."

“Well, I grabbed you some dinner. It’s not as good as usual but I’m assuming that’s ‘cause you weren’t there to cook it,” Murphy said with a smile in his voice.

“Thanks, but I’m fine,” Grey said meekly through the metal door.

“I’ll just leave it here for you then,” Murphy put down the bowl and lingered by her door a little longer, “Feel better.”

She didn’t reply so Murphy went back to his room to stare at his walls and contemplate what to write on them next. He heard the open and close of Grey’s door, and when he noticed the bowl had disappeared from the hallway he smiled.

X
X
X

Grey felt very much like Atlas; because she had so much on her shoulders it seemed to weigh her down. Most of the time she could move through it by smiling to herself and thinking of all of the books she used to read, but she wasn’t as strong as a character of mythology, or any character for that matter. When Grey felt the weight of her world bearing down on her shoulders, she let it crush her into a state of indolence and self-loathing.

She hadn’t left her room, or even her bed, in days. She was lost in her ghosts; she was lost in the memories of all the beautiful souls who had disappeared into the oblivion of time and space. Sometimes Grey wished she had disappeared too.

The first person she ever lost was Willa, an orphan who she was raised with, and due to her mothers poor health she was constantly battling illness and immune deficiency. Willa was the strongest girl Grey ever knew, and the only person she had ever watched die. She was only 14, and if their guardian had sent her to Medical she probably would’ve lived a little longer, at least Grey hoped.

Then there was Jonah, who was floated when he was 23 for statutory rape. The school had found out about his relationship with Grey and he was executed without any trial because they wanted to keep the whole thing out of public eye.

“Can you grab that book for me, next time you get the chance?” Charlie asked Grey as they walked down the hall, towards the huge window they liked to sit by.

“Which one?” Grey replied, and Charlie just rolled her eyes at her.

“Wuthering Heights, of course!” She exclaimed.

“You’ve read that book too many times,” Grey sighed.

“Hey it’s not my fault Emily Bronte is a heart-breaking bitch, I’ll never get over it.”

Grey loved it when her older sister expressed interest in the classics. It made her happy that she could give Charlie a chance to read such things, because Grey knew that without her job position at the school there was no way they would be allowed to possess books like that.

Grey’s smile faded when she saw Charlie’s worried glare fixated on something down the hall.
“What is it?” Grey asked, and she turned to see Jonah storming towards them.

“Grey,” he said, before pulling her into an embrace.

“What are you doing?” she whispered angrily. “People can see us!”

By people, Grey meant Charlie, who had no idea about their relationship.

“It doesn’t matter right now,” Jonah whispered back, holding Grey’s cheek in his palm, “All that matters is that I love you, and I’m sorry it has to be like this.”

“What do you mean? I don’t understand-“ but Jonah’s lips were pressed against Grey’s before she could utter another word. He kissed her so desperately that Grey finally figured out what was happening. She kissed him back with the same passion before pulling away and whispering, “I love you too.”

Then he was gone, running down the hall, and too soon Grey would understand the meaning of their encounter. It was the last time she ever kissed Jonah, it was the last time she saw him at all.

Grey could feel her heart wrenching, and she had to sit up in her bed so she didn’t choke on her own tears, but even in her depression there was a glimmer of hope. It was only a faint thought in the back of her mind that sounded quite similar to Murphy’s voice whispering from outside her door.

Grey was the only person who cared about John Murphy, she’s seen him angry, she’s seen him on the brink of death, and for some reason all she wanted to do was place a smile over his ever present scowl.

That’s when she heard her door creep open, and Kane appeared like a giant as he loomed over the side of her bed.

“You’ve been in here for four days, Grey,” Kane said it like she didn’t already know, “We need you working.”

“Ugh!” Grey muffled a groan into her bed sheets. She wanted to be needed for more than her expert stew making skills, but she understood what Kane meant.

“Come on, stand up,” Kane demanded lightly tugging at her sheets.

Grey felt disgusting as she swung her legs over the side of her bed, she hadn’t changed in days and she could feel every particle of sweat and dirt caked onto her skin. Her usually shining hair was now knotted and greasy, and she suddenly felt a stab of shame for letting herself get like this.

“I brought you a bucket and soap so you can wash up,” Kane gripped Grey’s arm, “Look at me, Grey,” and she did, reluctantly, “You’re strong and you have to persevere. If not for yourself then for the people who need you and the people that died for you….” He paused and looked at the sullen girl with pity, “Wash up and head to the kitchens ok?”

Grey nodded and he released his grasp on her arms and said, “We decided to throw a party to celebrate Christmas,” he explained, “to boost morale and get everyone into good spirits. It’s in a few days and I need you to plan the meal for everyone.”

“Got it,” Grey said with a meek smile, a distraction was just what she needed right now, “And Marcus,” she called as he went out the door.

“Yes?”
Once she was washed up she put on her other set of clothes, which was a long sleeve black thermal and dark green pants, and walked across the hall without even bothering to do her hair.

She waltzed in without knocking, as usual, and caught Murphy shirtless and whistling idly on the ground.

“Having a good time?” Grey joked while raising an eyebrow.

“I’m having a shit time actually,” Murphy said without moving off the floor, “Well it’s less shitty now that you’re alive.” Murphy didn’t seem to mind being shirtless until he caught Grey looking at his slim and bare chest for a bit too long.

He returned the look as he watched her wet hair fall carelessly around her face, leaving droplets of water on her cheek. He liked the way she looked, Murphy had to admit, especially the way she raised her eyebrows and glared.

“Well prepare to feel a lot more shitty,” Grey said whilst dropping a decent sized book on Murphy’s exposed chest, “This book is a heartbreaker.”

“Ugh,” he moaned as he rubbed his stomach and stood up, finally, “You didn’t have to drop it on me…” he let his voice trail off as he examined the green hardback book, tracing his finger over the gold decals.

“Wuthering Heights,” he read, “Where did you find this?” Murphy finally asked. Grey smiled at the curiosity in his eyes.

“I was lucky,” she explained, “I had it with me when we crashed.”

“This is probably the first book I’ve seen since coming to the ground,” Murphy was still looking at the thing, flipping through the pages like it was enchanted.

“That’s why I’m so lucky,” Grey went on, “I’ve read it about 20 times, so I thought I could share it with someone with someone who can really appreciate it.” Murphy choked back his excitement and fluttered his gaze between the book and Grey, “Wow… Um… Thanks.”

Grey grinned at him and said, “Come on let’s go to dinner.”

Murphy shrugged and followed her out the door, it wasn’t until they were halfway down the hall that Murphy realized he was still shirtless, and he left Grey in a fit of laughter as he ran back to his room and got his clothes.

Bellamy was right; despite Murphy’s reluctance he and Grey were just natural friends. It scared him, but he thought it was time he stopped surviving and started living his life. And like Grey said, there’s no point to living if you’re doing it alone.
if you're reading this i love you. I'm really enjoying writing this, comments and kudos are really appreciated!
Chapter Summary

Murphy takes a bath (finally) and Grey is a human dictionary with a knife.

Yes more Wuthering Heights references, Heathcliff is the main character just so you know and he and Murphy share some interesting commonalities. (more will be elaborated on next chapter).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Against every instinct in his body, Murphy took his time reading Grey’s pride and joy, Wuthering Heights. All he wanted was to devour every single word as fast as possible, swallow every analogy and metaphor and let it digest in his mind until he understood the story upside down and backwards.

But this was survival, he had to be smart and savor every sentence like it was the last one he’d ever read. It’s not like he’ll be seeing any more books soon, and there’s nothing like experiencing a story for the first time.

The novel was written in a language far different from Shakespeare, and was filled with plenty of 19th century pompous words he couldn’t pronounce if he tried. Upon reading a description of Heathcliff’s dirty appearance Murphy began to notice the grease in his dreading hair and the dirt caked onto his skin. Murphy was indifferent to bathing, but he thought it would be a good distraction from his eagerness to swallow Grey’s book whole.

Bucket, warm water, towel (dirty cloth), soap.

Soap.

Well shit, that’s kind of important, Murphy thought. It was past curfew for the Arkers, but the guards never came all the way down the hall anyway. He pushed Grey’s partially open door in a little further, and saw her sitting on the bed sharpening a grounder made knife.

“Sup,” she said in his general direction while she rubbed a stone in light circles on the blade, loose hair falling around her neck in concentration.

“Got any soap?” Murphy asked stepping into the room with his hands in his pockets, feeling a little awkward surrounded Grey’s cursive writing all over the walls.

“It’s about time,” Grey sniggered, finally looking up at him. Murphy’s pretty sure it’s the first time a tough girl bearing a knife has ever smiled at him.

Murphy scowled.

“What? Did Heathcliff inspire you?”

“Yeah, actually,” Murphy almost laughed, and Grey rustled through her duffel and pulled out a deformed square of soap.
“How far are you?” Grey asked while handing it to Murphy. He tried not to notice when the her fingertips grazed his.

“50 pages give or take.”

“You’ve had it for two days!” Grey shouted loud enough for every guard in the corridor to hear, “I thought you’d be almost done!”

“Well I’m not a fucking genius Grey,” Murphy deadpans, but Grey can see the sarcasm in his eyes, “I’m trying to read it slowly, enjoy it you know.”

“Good thinking.” She stepped closer, “Make sure to get behind your ears…. and your hair… and your whole face actually,” Grey smirked.

“Fuck you,” Murphy chuckled as he crossed the hall.

“You’re fucking welcome!” Grey called after him.

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X

Murphy rubbed his hands and arms before putting on his shirt, feeling the smoothness of his clean skin and examining every cut and scrape that stained him. He ran a hand through his damp hair, wondering if he should cut it, as well as why personal hygiene wasn’t one of his top priorities.

He crossed the hall, book and soap in hand, but was stopped in his tracks by a stern exclamation from Bellamy.

“It’s past curfew Murphy.”

“Why do you give a shit Blake?” Murphy hissed back.

“I’m a guard, it’s my duty-“

“Shut up,” Murphy interrupted, he’s never in the mood for Bellamy’s prideful soliloquies.

“I’m literally going two feet.”

Bellamy stared at Murphy in a way that made him shove his hands deep into his pockets,

“So you and Grey,” Bellamy inquired as if it were some secret.

“What?”

“Are you guys… friends,” Bellamy said in an elusory tone that Murphy didn’t seem to pick up on.

“She’s ok,” Murphy sighed.

“Ok?” Mocked Bellamy, “You either like someone or you don’t Murphy. Who am I kidding, it’s more like you love someone or you hate them, and I’d say most of the time it’s the latter.”

Murphy gave a small smile and glanced from Grey’s door to Bellamy, “I like her.”

Bellamy nodded even though the thought of Murphy having any sort of friend confused him thoroughly.
“You may proceed,” he said, returning to his monotonous guard tone before turning back down the hall.

When Murphy opened Grey’s door she was perched on her cot, humming away with a knife in one hand and an antler in the other.

“What are you doing,” he asked, startling her.

“God don’t you know better than to sneak up on a girl with a knife?” She pointed the blade at him and laughed when he flinched away.

“I’m making a whistle.”

“Why,” scoffed Murphy.

“Why not? It’s not like I have anything better to do,” she said before returning to her work, “Put the soap on the table and stay if you want.”

It’s more of a command than an option, and Murphy is more than glad to sit on the floor with the book in his lap, silently listening to Grey’s humming. The silence between the two friends isn’t awkward; it’s more comforting than Murphy would like to admit.

He sighed when his eyes fell upon another word he didn’t know, and the sound of Grey’s carving ceased.

“What is it?” she asked.

“These words are so dumb,” he complained, “like countenance and pious, what do they even mean?”

“Countenance is like your facial expression and pious is being devout and religious, I think.”

Murphy nodded and continued on with the book, slightly angered that he never focused in school and got put in lock up before he could even finish. Soon there’s another word, lachrymose, that Murphy didn’t even try to pronounce. He just held up the page for Grey and she explained what it was. They had a good system going, Grey was the human dictionary and Murphy was the avid reader with a limited vocabulary.

The word meant sad to the point of tears, and it reminded Murphy of everything he’d ever known. Like starving children on the Ark, his mother sprawled on the metal floor, a gag thrust between his lips, burying the innocents of Mount Weather.

Lachrymose, it was such a beautifully disguised word, and to Murphy it was the perfect arrangement of letters to describe life on the ground.

X
X
X

The next day Murphy got so lost in the words of Emily Bronte he showed up to dinner late, and by the time he got to the canteen his usually empty seats by Caspian and Harris are taken.

Fuck.

He had two options really, either grab food and go or sit next to Grey… Who also happened to be sitting besides Bellamy Blake, Raven, Wick, Miller and Monty. Murphy wanted to avoid that, but
Grey saw his lost expression and waved him over.

Murphy took a seat on the end of the table beside Grey, and looked up to meet the faces of the delinquents. Bellamy just stared at him emotionless, Raven glared, and Wick, Miller, and Monty shared a general look of what the fuck?

“No way in hell,” Raven muttered just loud enough for Murphy to hear as he scowled at his stew. Grey inhaled as if she could suck all the tension from the air with her breath.

Bellamy gave the group a look, and they immediately became engrossed in their meals, and Wick started talking about the heating system or something. At least no one said anything to him, thought Murphy. Even Raven, who had shown him the most distaste, didn’t budge from her seat.

Grey smiled at Murphy like he was one of them, like he belonged. And when he looked at her peaceful expression he truly believed that he was, but only for a moment.

“Wait isn’t Christmas tomorrow?” asked Monty to the table, interrupting whatever engineering shit Raven and Wick were talking about.

“It’s in two days I think,” replied Miller.

“Oh I know,” said Raven, leaning past Bellamy, “Grey won’t shut up about all the kitchen drama.”

Grey rolled her eyes into her spoonful of stew, “You have no idea. The Manager, who’s supposedly in charge of everything, never shows up, so I’m stuck organizing everything while everyone else is just incompetent.”

“Like the ginger?” Bellamy inserted.

“Oh god, don’t even get me started on the ginger! I swear he is the spawn of satan!” That got a laugh from the table, and Murphy was just grateful that no one was looking at him.

“There’s so much to do with Christmas coming up, but at least the most important part is being taken care of,” she smirked across the table at Monty.

“What?” Smiled Wick.

“Moonshine,” Monty grinned in reply.

The whole table gasped, and for the first time Murphy actually looked up from his stew.

“Oh yeah,” nodded Monty enthusiastically, “We have gallons.”

“Christmas is gonna be better than I thought,” Raven said.

“Well with the amount of fresh meat were getting I wouldn’t get your hopes up,” Said Grey looking crestfallen, “I have no idea what were going to do tomorrow for food.”

“Even worse than the food shortage is the heating system,” sighed Raven, “it’s blasted. We’re working day and night just to keep it going,” she nudged Wick with her elbow and he nudged her back. They were so gross, Murphy thought.

“You do more than work,” muttered Monty.

“I mean she did say day and night,” smirked Miller.
Raven’s jaw dropped as she reached across the table to slap Monty in the head. They barely noticed Murphy, the guy who had been a complete ass to them two months ago, the guy who almost killed them. But then again, they tied the noose around Murphy’s neck too.

The only person to even acknowledged him was Grey, who spoke softly to him the whole dinner about Christmas plans and Wuthering Heights. She didn’t care that Raven glared at her every time she laughed with Murphy, she didn’t care that he had done unspeakable things, because haven’t they all?

A few days later Murphy awoke to the sound of his cot creaking and the feeling of a pillow being pressed playfully against his face. When it was pulled away all he saw was darkness and the outline of Grey as she sat over him.

Her eyes glowed with excitement as she yelled in his ear, “Merry Christmas!”

Chapter End Notes

dr this took so long to write, and i thought i had to include my other favs sometime. i hope you enjoyed a little minty/ravick. also a hint of murphamy (friendship tho, FRIENDSHIP). also im sry i like wuthering heights so much im literally writing a bellarke au write now for it lol! so there's that to look forward too! pls keep reading and commenting and kudosing lol <3
	p.s "the ginger" referenced too by bellamy is the guy grey pointed out to murphy as a perv a few chapters ago.
christmas part I

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas at Camp Jaha and the 100 is... happy?? Oh yeah... and drunk... and its not even an AU... who knew that was possible.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Which one do you think?” Grey asked Murphy, holding up two equally large tee shirts that she could probably wear as dresses. Kane, Abby and whoever else was in charge decided that the newly embraced earth holiday was a perfect excuse to redistribute clothing salvaged from The Ark and Mount Weather. According to Grey the only reason the celebration was happening was because of all the supplies they took from the Mountain after the War; including food, utensils, clothing, and even music.

“I don’t give a shit Grey,” he replied while rummaging through a pile of pants. Murphy had been wearing the same pair for months now and they were starting to deteriorate.

Grey sighed and settled on a vintage looking Unity Day shirt, while Murphy’s fingers came across something incredibly soft in the pile. It was a baggy pair of sweatpants and immediately Murphy grabbed them and swung them over his shoulder.

“Shouldn’t you get some real pants,” Grey asked, staring up at him, “I mean we only get to pick one item.”

“Feel,” Murphy held them out to her and after touching the sweats she held them to her face.

“Holy shit,” she moaned, “Good decision.”

Murphy smirked down at her, and for a moment she just looked at him placidly, with a careless smile on her face. Murphy barely knew what Christmas was, but he assumed it had a lot to do with the warm feeling that graced his whole body at that moment.

“Oh, gotta go,” exclaimed Grey after looking at the time, “I have a shit ton of work to do!” She threw the sweatpants back at him and practically ran out of the Redistribution Center.

The rest of the afternoon consisted of Murphy dawdling around until the Christmas Party. Most jobs had cancelled, but it’s not like Murphy would’ve been working anyway since they hadn’t had fresh meat in a week. It seemed like winter had driven away all the animals with its gusts.

He settled on the floor of his room and lingered on the last few pages of Wuthering Heights before finally closing it. The ending was melancholy to him; almost all the characters introduced at the beginning of the story had solidified into stone markers on foothills. The story did end with love, but it ended with death as well.

Murphy felt very much like Heathcliff, like he had had all the love beaten out of him. Well, maybe not all, but definitely most. Heathcliff craved vengeance the same way Murphy did, it consumed him in a way that could not be stopped, but his life was treacherous and full of everything Murphy
feared.

“Fuck this,” Murphy exclaimed, throwing the book at the far wall with a hollow clang. He wanted to leave it there, open with its pages splayed out on the floor, but he sighed and picked it up, closing it delicately before placing it back on his cot.

“What the fuck is this?” Gagged Grey, after downing a shot of Monty’s famous moonshine. The delinquent just grinned at her as he set another pitcher out on a table.

“It’s not supposed to taste good,” Monty insisted, “But it does good, trust me.”

Grey found it hard not to trust his adorable smile and wondered why she hadn’t talked to Monty before. They were almost done setting up the room where the celebration was to be held. All the food and drinks had been set out, and there was enough open space for everyone to dance. In the front was a huge radio like thing (that Grey had no understanding of) that filled the entire room with music when discs were put into it.

She walked into the kitchen that morning and was (finally) titled as Head Manager of the department by Kane. Grey spent the whole day doing her usual thing, directing everyone around and avoiding catastrophes (like when someone confused sugar and salt) and finally getting something to roast (by forcing Bellamy to go on an overnight hunting trip). All the work paid off; they had two huge panthers roasted to perfection, enough alcohol for an army, and a dozen cakes courtesy of Mt. Weather.

Monty handed Grey another glass when he saw her slumped down at one of the tables. She was about to pass out and the party hadn’t even started.

It was more than Grey could hope for. 7:30 and everyone was on there feet swaying to the impossible music surrounding them. And most importantly everyone was drunk.

Kane was right about boosting morale, never since touching the ground had the Ark Survivor’s been so lively, so joyous. It was almost surreal. But Grey was still sitting in the back of the room, talking idly to Raven and glancing ever so often at the door.

She felt all the moonshine rush to her head as she stood, dancing circles around the mechanic before pulling Monty off of Miller so they could dance. Everything seemed to sparkle in Grey’s eyes; the once dull metal walls were now lively as they reverberated ancient music through her ears. She wasn’t thinking about the cold or the Grounders or the graveyards, there was only her body spinning through it’s own moment in time and space.

But Monty stopped twirling her and Grey was brought back to stillness to see Murphy leaning against the wall.

“Where have you been?” Grey sang, leaving Monty for Miller as she wrapped her arms around Murphy’s neck.

“Around,” he smirked down at her, returning Grey’s gesture ever so slightly by resting one hand on the small of her back.
“I didn’t want to come until I knew it was a party.”

“Oh it’s definitely a party,” she took his hand and twirled underneath it, giggling as she went.

“You’re drunk,” he stated the obvious, trying his best not to move his body to the music.

“And you’re not!” Grey pulled him to the nearest table and thrust a cup into his hand, “You need to be on my level Murph, I haven’t felt this good in my entire life, like ever.”

He laughed into his drink, “Have you even drank before?”

Grey shook her head but it soon turned into a dance and she was off on the floor again, leaving Murphy smirking in her wake.

X
X
X

It was weird seeing everyone happy, Bellamy and Octavia laughing, Miller and Monty grinning, it was like they were fresh off the dropship again. But Murphy still wasn’t in the mood, so he sat up against the wall drinking away by himself while the rest of the Ark Survivor’s danced like idiots to centuries old Christmas songs.

Suddenly the music changed, it wasn’t a Christmas song, it was something more full. Murphy had trouble keeping still to the powerful melody but the way Grey was twirling and swaying her hips made Murphy wish he were dancing beside her. Instead there was Bellamy, who grabbed her arms and spun her around and made her laugh in delight.

It made Murphy angry, jealous even, and he took another hateful swig of moonshine. Why was it upsetting him so much? Grey was just a friend, of course she would dance with other guys, but why did it infuriate him the way it did?

The song ended and the Arkers shouted until it was replayed, while Murphy laughed at all the drunken adults letting loose together on the dance floor. He was soon pulled away from his seat by Grey, who he gladly let drag him to dance.

Murphy probably looked more idiotic than the adults, but he figured everyone was too drunk to care anyway. The moonshine seemed to glow through him as Grey pulled him into her, laughing with her brown hair flying around her face. Her cheeks were flushed from all the alcohol and dancing.

They were waltzing and spinning and laughing like the teenagers they were. Murphy had forgotten what it felt like to be happy, to be normal. This is how life should be, he thought.

The song was replayed again, and again, and on the fourth replay Murphy and Grey collapsed at the nearest table.

“You were right,” Murphy said, “I haven’t felt this good before.”

“Then Christmas was a success,” Grey grinned, “It was really just a plot to make you actually smile,” she joked.

Murphy crossed his arms and returned to his usual straight face.

“I feel like I’m floating and spinning but I’m also on the ground,” Grey slurred, laying her head on
the table. Murphy began to laugh but scowled when he saw the redhead guy Grey hated approaching the table.

“Hey Head Manager,” he said while taking a seat beside Grey, “Can we still hang out now that you’re my boss.”

“No Ryan,” she sighed, lifting her head slightly off the table, “Shouldn’t you be doing dishes?”

“I took a little break if that’s okay?”

Grey sat up completely, looking confused, “No it’s not-“

“Come dance with me,” he insisted, putting a sleazy hand on her thigh.

“Not right now,” Grey moaned, looking at Murphy.

“Oh Grey,” Ryan sighed, “Just dance with me, I know you want to.”

He didn’t even try to hide the fact that he was staring at her breasts, and Murphy could feel his knuckles turning white from clenching them so hard.

“Not right now, I’m tired,” Grey emphasized by putting her head back down on the table.

“Ok babe,” he grinned before coming behind Murphy’s chair.

“Don’t even try,” Ryan hissed in his ear, “She’s mine.”

Before Murphy could tell him to go fuck himself Ryan was already stalking away towards the moonshine.

“Do you really let him talk to you like that?” exclaimed Murphy, “What a piece of shit!”

“I know,” sighed Grey, “It’s whatever, I just try to ignore him.”

The song ended, and flowed into something softer, it was slow and all the people on the dance floor began to sway in each other’s arms. Grey looked at Murphy hopefully and he raised an eyebrow in return.

“Really?” Murphy joked.

“Please!” Grey insisted, “I’ve always wanted to slow dance!”

Murphy rolled his eyes and let Grey pull him yet again towards the dance floor. It was impossible to take his eyes off of her as she wrapped her arms around his neck, and she grinned at him when his hands found the small of her back.

“Isn’t this nice?” Grey joked.

*It’s really nice*, Murphy thought.

“Um, I guess.”

Grey responded by pulling him closer and resting her head in his chest.

*Holy shit*, Murphy thought.

They were swaying, spinning ever so slowly, and Murphy saw everyone else doing the same. He
made a point to smirk at Ryan who was glaring at them from the wall, but it ended all to soon. The music became fast paced again and Grey was dancing harder than ever with Miller and Wick, so Murphy made his way back to his chair and moonshine.

“Did you warm her up for me?” Sneered an inebriated Ryan at Murphy.

“You stay the fuck away from her,” Murphy said as he stood to meet Ryan’s glare.

“Do you really think a psycho like you can get a girl like Grey,” he laughed, “I mean come on.”

“And what makes you think she likes you?” sneered Murphy, “From what Grey’s said about you, you sound like a complete ass, but it’s not like she needs to tell me that.”

“She’s just playing hard to get,” Ryan explained stubbornly.

“Or,” Murphy cocked his head sarcastically, “She hates you cause you’re an asshole pervert who can’t keep his hands to himself.”

“Like you’re any better,” Ryan snickered as he turned his attention back to Grey on the dance floor, “I mean look at that ass! She’s like-”

The rest of Ryan’s words were lost, brutally shoved back down his throat by Murphy’s fists. He had his grip on Ryan’s collar as he threw him down on the ground and tackled him. It felt good to beat his knuckles against Ryan’s jaw, it felt good to see him bleed.

The only music was the sound of Murphy’s own heartbeat in his ears as he fought. He had clearly won the battle but he couldn’t seem to stop. The party had dissolved around him and it was just Murphy’s fist and Ryan’s bloody face, but the face was contorting and changing, until the person Murphy was beating was his own father.

A firm hand wrapped around his wrists and pulled him off the ground. The party had dissolved back into place, but Murphy couldn’t hear anything besides the dry voice of his mother shouting, 

*You killed him John! You murdered him!*

His feet felt heavy as he walked and he realized the hand pulling him was connected to an arm, and a body.

“John!” Grey was screaming, “Come on! Run!”

Chapter End Notes

_sorry this is so long but i hope you liked it!! Murphy had to get into a fight sometime! thanks for reading and giving kudos!! <3_
christmas part II

Chapter Summary

Grey and Murphy spend the rest of their christmas hiding from The Guard and attempting to play Truth or Dare.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“At least try to run,” Grey hissed, pulling Murphy further down the hall, “Why do you look so spooked? You just did everyone on the ground a huge favor,”

“It’s nothing, I’m just drunk,” Murphy slurred, finally feeling the negative affects of the moonshine. The memories of his mother and father were leaving an unsettled feeling in his stomach. Grey chuckled and turned abruptly in the opposite direction of their rooms.

“For a second there I thought you felt bad about beating up Ryan.”

“No…no,” he panted, “The bitch had it coming.”

Grey stopped and turned to face him, resting her head against the door of a storage room.

“Why are we stopping,” Murphy asked, even though he was leaning against the wall too, Grey’s hand still wrapped around his in a way neither of them seemed to notice. “Isn’t the Guard gonna come arrest me or something?”

Grey laughed full heartedly and hit the back of her head on the wall. “Kane probably hates Ryan more than I do!”

“What’s with you and Kane anyway?” Murphy asked.

“He’s kind of like that over protective dad I always wanted,” Grey shrugged, “I think he saw how lost I was after coming to the ground and tried to help me out,” She fumbled with her sleeves for a moment, “It’s nice to have someone care about you, ya know?”

“Nah,” Murphy grimaced, “I don’t.”

Suddenly her face dropped, but Murphy couldn’t tell whether it was at his comment or the sound of thundering footsteps coming down the hall.

“Time for us to go,” Grey whispered urgently as she opened the door and pushed Murphy in.

He practically collapsed into the room and Grey slammed the door behind them. For awhile they just sat side by side in silence, surrounded by boxes of who knows what, worried that the Guard would come any minute to detain them. But no one came. They could actually still hear the faint sound of music coming from the Christmas party.

“I guess they can’t find us,” Murphy smirked.

“Or they don’t care,” Grey turned towards him, “the bitch had it coming.”
Murphy tilted his head back with a drunken laugh, while Grey collapsed on the ground again after trying to stand.

“Maybe we should just stay here for a bit,” Murphy advised, “Just in case.”

“Okay,” Grey giggled idiotically, her hair tousled in all directions. She was a drunken mess, “Let’s play a game.”

“Let’s not.”

“Truth or dare?” She sang, leaning into his shoulder playfully.

“No,” Murphy groaned, leaning away from her.

“Truth or dare!” She said louder.

“Shut up Grey!”

“Truth or dare!” Grey screamed right in his face.

“Well fuck!” Murphy groaned, finally giving in, “If I say truth will you be quiet?”

She nodded and leaned in close to his face, her smiling lips just brushing his ear.

“Have you…” she whispered dramatically, “John, the Asshole, Murphy, ever been in love?”

“What the hell kind of question is that?” Murphy was thoroughly annoyed by his drunken friend.

“I want to know all your secrets Johny!” Grey sang playfully, “What turned you so frowny?”

“Well at least you got my middle name right…” Murphy sighed, “and frowny?”

“Just answer me,” Grey pleaded, drawing out the last syllable.

“Well it’s not that interesting,” he sighed, “I was put in lock up when I was 13 which says enough, and I’m not the loving kind of guy.”

“Have you ever read Shakespeare?” Grey insisted, “Everyone can love, even the lost and angry and downtrodden,” she explained mockingly.

“That’s pretty poetic for a drunk nineteen year old,” Murphy remarked, making Grey grin.

“Truth or dare?”

“Truth,” Grey said after a moment of contemplation.

“Have you ever been in love?” Murphy tried to look bored despite his interest in the topic.

“Good lord, you can do better than that!” Grey groaned.

“I don’t really want to, just answer.”

“Well then,” Grey paused to tap her bottom lip with her forefinger; “I’ve loved many people, like Romeo and Petruchio…” she couldn’t even go on because she was laughing at her own stupidity. Murphy rolled his eyes.

“Anyone outside of a fucking Shakespeare play?” Murphy inquired, running dirty fingers through
his hair.

“Well besides Shakespeare himself only one,” her smile faltered as she curled her knees up to her chest, “His name is Jonah.”

Murphy drew in a breath, why was he so shocked?

“How’d you meet?” Was the only question Murphy could think of to say.

“He um…” she laughed but it wasn’t humorous. It sounded hollow. “He recruited me to work with him organizing and recording old books.”

“Isn’t that what English teachers do?”

Grey nodded and Murphy eyes widened in realization.

“So you don’t like older boys,” the deliquent laughed, “You like older men.”

Grey aimed a glare towards the metal floor.

“How old was your dream guy anyway?”

“We met when I was 13, he was 19.”

“Holy shit. Did he-?” Murphy gulped the rest of his question back down his throat.

“We didn’t…” Grey sputtered, “Nothing happened until I was 15.”

“And he was 21,” Murphy added, “Fuck Grey,” he sighed shaking his head.

“Don’t judge me!” Her voice was coarse, sorrowful, “He was the only person who cared about me, the only one who loved me even more than my sisters.”

“Sisters?” Murphy practically shouted, this conversation just kept getting weirder and weirder, “Like Octavia Blake under the floor boards sisters?”

“Yes sisters,” Grey pressed her forehead to her hands, “And no. I’m an orphan, relocated to the Agro station under Hospitality Care. I lived in extended quarters with three other girls, two of whom died of illnesses years before the Ark failed, and a shitty guardian who used our rations and benefits to gamble and drink.”

Murphy remained silent, watching as Grey spoke from behind her hands and a mess of brown hair. He had heard about kids like Grey back on the Ark, they were unwanted or too sick to be adopted. Basically they had nothing, and it was slightly terrifying to imagine Grey living like that. Murphy knew better than to ask anymore questions about it.

“My only escape,” Grey continued, “was through stories, and reading. Jonah saw my passion and chose me for the job. He probably pitied me too, because I was always stick thin and bruised. I’d spend every afternoon in those storage rooms, rummaging through all my fantasies and dreams, and for the first time I felt like my life made sense. I wasn’t just some girl no one wanted to adopt. And Jonah would spare me food too, and help me read Shakespeare. We just fell together perfectly, in that room he wasn’t my teacher he was my… my everything. I loved him. My fucking age wouldn’t change that.”

Her voice was shaking in a way that terrified Murphy, she seemed to be breaking away right in front of him.
“What happened to him?” Murphy was almost whispering.

“Float.” Grey let the word fall so heavily it practically banged on the metal floor. “He was executed, for loving me.”

Then Grey did the weirdest thing. She laughed.

“He died because he loved me! Funny how romantic it seems in the books, but in real life it actually makes you want to die.”

Want to die. That’s why she tried didn’t she? Is that why she tried to kill herself?

“I’m sorry,” was all Murphy could muster up to say.

“Oh you’re sorry!” Grey looked at him finally, her brown eyes glowing with rage, but at least it wasn’t for him. “Will sorry change the fact that everyone I used to know is dead!”

Then her voice was gone, choked away in a fit of sobs. She was leaning into Murphy, practically begging for comfort. All he could manage was to wrap his arms around her and let Grey stifle her cries into his chest. It wasn’t until Murphy tasted salt on his lips that he realized he was crying too.

“I lost people too,” Murphy muttered, “My dad was floated… and my mom drank herself to death, all because of me.”

Grey sniffed and tilted her head to look up at him. Murphy didn’t even try to hide the tears sticking to his cheeks.

“I lost my friends,” He continued, keeping his eyes focused on somewhere far away, “Yeah I’m a total ass but all I was to them was loyal. And the worst part is they’re not even dead, I lost them the day they kicked the crate out from underneath me.”

For what felt like hours Grey sat curled in Murphy’s chest, with one hand holding the back of her hair and the other wrapped around her completely. Murphy wanted to say it was the alcohol that made him tell her those things, but he didn’t even feel like lying to himself. Murphy found solace in Grey, and she in him. Soon Grey lifted up her head and whispered, “I’m sorry Murphy.”

He sighed and let his head fall back on the wall.

“You can call me John.”

Murphy let his eyes flutter closed, and heard her whisper faintly, “John.”

He was about to drift away when he felt warm fingers tracing his neck, tracing his scar he realized. Then the fingers were replaced by something even warmer, and a little wet, Grey’s lips. She pressed a dreamy kiss into the side of Murphy’s neck, right on his scar as if she could make it disappear.

Murphy tilted his head forward, and looked down at his friend, astonished. In reply Grey squeezed him tighter, letting her head rest on his neck.

They woke up at 4 AM and walked sluggishly, with pounding heads, back to their rooms.

“Goodnight Grey,” Murphy murmured, to which Grey smiled.

“Goodnight John.”
UGH sorry this took so long to write, but I hope you enjoyed some drunk confessions and cuddling.
The wreckage area where Murphy was working was dim and irrevocably cold, and he grumbled a few curses before digging through yet another pile of debris.

So he wasn’t detained for his crime, (though Ryan did get some stitches and a serious concussion), but he was assigned to clean up crew, which sucked for a multitude of reasons. A few being that it was cold, the other workers were assholes, and there were no surprise visits from Grey, which he found himself missing more than he’d like to.

He was grazing his fingers over piles of papers and binders splayed out on the metal floor when something smooth and blue caught his eye. It was dark, like the color of the ocean when you look at it from outer space, and it was quite small and had no title or decoration.

It was a book Murphy realized. He opened it and nearly shouted in excitement when he read the first page, but instead he coughed and shoved the thing into the front of his pants before anyone could notice.

It was a miracle, or fate, or an act of God if there was one. It was the kind of thing that revitalized parts of Murphy that had fallen away, letting him know there was more to life then just surviving. It was something that made Murphy laugh because shit like this doesn’t happen to guys like him. He couldn’t help but whistle for the rest of his shift.

There was an unfamiliar bounce in his step as Murphy headed towards Grey’s door. It was pretty late, he had to work past mealtime which sucked, but at least he had a this tiny blue book that in Murphy’s mind equivocated the Bible.

“Hey Grey I-“ Murphy paused midsentence as he opened the door because the usual hums of Grey were nowhere to be heard. She must not have been back from work yet. Rather than going across the hall Murphy lingered in Grey’s room. Her bed sheets were partially on the floor and the
whole room seemed to be a mess besides her few articles of clothing stacked neatly on her desk. She had grounder made candles littering her desk and floor, and her knife was thrown haphazardly on her bed. Murphy took a seat on the unmade covers, and admired the delicate charcoal cursive covering the walls.

“Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”

“It was not the thorn bending to the honeysuckles, but the honeysuckles embracing the thorn.”

“Daily Log: what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck.” –Murphy laughed, then read on, “Everything is so lovely and so treacherous all at once. Just like him. What the fuck.”

Murphy stared at the words for a while; they were clearly Grey’s own thoughts rather than a quote from Shakespeare or Brontë. But what did they mean? Who was the he?

The sound of footsteps disturbed Murphy from his thoughts, and he heard a smooth voice echoing down the hall.

“Oh give me land lots of land, and starry skies above, don’t fence me in!” The voice could only have been Grey.

“Let me ride through the wide-open country that I love, don’t fence me in,” the singing grew closer and Murphy sat up in the bed expectantly.

“Let me be by my- Oh!” Grey stood in the doorway, “Out of the way Murph.” The girl groaned and collapsed on the bed, just inches away from her freshly sharpened knife.

“Being Head Manager is pretty shitty I’m assuming,” Murphy said, smirking down Grey.

“Are you kidding?” He could hear her smiling through the pillows, “I got to fire Ryan. It was better than Christmas.”

“You should’ve told me so I could’ve watch.”

Grey laughed, while simultaneously throwing her knife across the room.

“It’s pretty great though, being in charge,” she went on, “Ya know, I’m the youngest Head Manager ever.”

“Yeah, who did you sleep with to land that job,” Murphy mocked. Grey slapped him, with minimal force, thankfully.

“Ugh,” he groaned, holding his cheek, “Fucking bitch.”

“Asshole,” Grey replied, “So why are you in my bed? Barging into rooms is usually my thing.”

“I… well,” Murphy stammered, “I got something you might like.”

“Really?” asked Grey, sounding genuinely shocked, “I did too actually,” Grey said to Murphy’s surprise. She pulled out a whistle, carved from deer antler and attached to a leather cord. Murphy traced his fingers over the thing curiously before bringing it to his lips.

“Don’t blow it! Seriously, I don’t think I made it right,” Grey advised.

“Oh you made it,” Murphy remembered seeing her weeks ago whittling an antler, “No wonder it’s so…”
Grey raised her eyebrows, displaying her classic glare.

“Great.. It’s great,” Murphy corrected himself after a short pause. He looked down at the handmade whistle and laughed, “Why though?” he asked, “You don’t owe me anything.”

“Do you have to owe someone to do something nice for them?” Grey retorted.

“Guess not,” Murphy said while pulling out the blue book and handing it to Grey. She looked down at it, stunned, turning it over in her hands as if testing to see if it was real.

“What-?”

“Open it,” Murphy insisted.

Her face lit up immediately, and she looked from the book to Murphy, her eyes glowing and watery.

“Where did you find this?” She asked, skimming the pages with her finger.

“In debris, at clean up crew,” Murphy explained, smirking at the look of utter disbelief on his friend’s face.

“I can’t believe this,” Grey stammered, “How did you-?”

She exhaled and grinned at Murphy, then wrapped her arms around him like she did at the Christmas party.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“You’re welcome,” Murphy replied into her wavy hair, which smelled like smoke and pine trees.

It was a book of Shakespearean sonnets, and the fact that Murphy found it assured him that the universe didn’t completely have it in for him. Grey sat with the book propped up on her knee, milking through each verse, while Murphy lay back on her bed and listened to her read.

Murphy didn’t feel like he was on the ground, or even in space. He was some place pure, unscathed by pain or fear. Maybe it was heaven. It reminded him of when his Dad used to bring him books and read to him, answering all of Murphy’s naive questions happily.

It was the first time Murphy thought about his father and smiled.

“Your turn,” Grey yawned, handing Murphy the book, “I’m tired.”

Grey stood up from the bed and Murphy watched curiously as she held up her new, and extremely oversized tee shirt.

“You’re more of a perv than Ryan,” Grey smirked, and Murphy grumbled something and turned his attention back to the book. He let his eyes wander as he mumbled a poem, admiring the arch of Grey’s back before it disappeared under her shirt. He turned away again as she undid her pants because he wasn’t that much of a perv. Grey collapsed back on the bed, wearing her shirt like a dress, and began humming so loudly it was bordering on obnoxious.

“Either shut the fuck up or read it yourself,” Murphy glared down at Grey, who was idly twirling her hair.

“Jesus Murph, I just have this song stuck in my head!”
Murphy rolled his eyes.

“Do you want to hear it?” Grey asked playfully, Murphy knowing fully well that his answer would not change the outcome.

“Not really—“

“You’ll like it, okay—“

_I wanna ride to the ridge where the west commences_  
_And gaze at the moon ’til I loose my senses_  
_I can’t look at hobbles and I can’t stand fences_  
_Don’t fence me in._

Her voice was full of breath and although it sounded nothing like the voices Murphy had heard, he still thought her voice was beautiful in a raw sort of way. Her sound was genuine, singing through the lyrics like they held some higher meaning. To John Murphy they truly did.

“Are you okay?” Grey asked, she was facing Murphy, sitting cross legged, “You’ve been staring at me for awhile.”

“Yeah-um… you’re not that bad,” he paused to look up at her, “Where did you even learn something like that.”

“I’ve just always known it,” she shrugged, “My sister Charlie used to sing to us all the time, and who knows where she heard it from.”

“It’s kind of sad though,” Grey sighed, laying back down, “The song is about being free and not being trapped, but look at us, we can’t do anything. We’re surrounded by a giant fence right now.”

Murphy sighed and turned his head to look at Grey. They were lying side by side, and from this angle he could see all the details of her features, the freckles speckling her cheekbones, the cracks on her lips.

A peculiar feeling dawned on him then, but he shook it away faster than it rose into his mind.

“The fence isn’t meant to hold us in,” Murphy inhaled, “We’d probably be dead without it. And it’s not like we’re trapped here.”

“You’ve been outside?” Grey rolled over so Murphy could see the intensity in her eyes.

Murphy chuckled and shook his head, as if the world around them was just dull scenery, as if it wasn’t the slightest bit interesting.

What he actually meant was that the world was more horrifying than anything else.

Grey realized the naivety of her comment and rolled back over with a sigh. After a quiet moment she proclaimed dreamily, “I went outside once.”

“And you’re still alive?” Grey huffed sarcastically, “That’s a first.”

Grey laughed but on the inside she the same thought kept repeating itself like a song- Only if he knew, only if he knew…

“It was the most enchanting thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

“Probably the only enchanting thing you’ve ever seen in your life,” Murphy commented, making
Grey laugh in agreement.

“Besides moonshine of course,” Grey added.

That time Murphy laughed genuinely, and suddenly wondered how he got to smiling in some girl’s bed. As if the whole world didn’t hate him, as if the whole world almost cared.

“How’d you get out anyway?” Murphy asked through his thoughts.

“I was helping someone who needed it,” she said rather vaguely, “Can you finish Who is Sylvia? I like that one,” Grey was clearly changing the topic, but Murphy still complied.

Is she as kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to his eyes repair,
And help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there...

Grey’s eyes fluttered while he spoke, and by the time Murphy finished her breaths were slow and dreamy. He didn’t want to risk waking her up so he pulled the covers over the two of them and turned to face the wall. He fell asleep with the whistle pressed against his palm, and a couple of inches between him and a girl who was far too good for him.

2:41 AM
“John?”

“Hm,” he groaned in reply.

“You awake?”

“No,” Murphy whispered, turning so he faced away from her.

“No one’s done anything this nice for me in awhile,” Grey said to his back after a pause.

“Same,” Murpy rolled over again, wincing as the cot creaked, so he could see Grey. Through the darkness only the outline of her head on the pillow was visible.

“Jonah would love this book,” Grey said as if he was alive and sleeping across the hall.

“Hm,” Murphy sighed. Before Grey could drift of again Murphy posed a precarious question, “Do you still… love him?”

“Well…” The faint lines of her face were visible now that Murphy’s eyes had adjusted to the dark, “Of course.”

“But-“

“It doesn’t change anything,” Grey replied to his unspoken words. It was something that had been said to her many times since Jonahs death, “He was the love of my life, John, not even the Ground can change that.”

“Don’t you think you should move on?” Grey was gone again, probably dreaming of some place better, with Jonah and Charlie and other people who cared about her on the Ark. What did John have to dream about? Fingernails being ripped out of his skin and nooses being tied around his neck?
He was quite bothered, and for the first time since snow fell he was overheating. Murphy peeled off his black thermal and tossed it somewhere across the miniscule room.

4:07 AM

I loud hiss woke both Murphy and Grey, it echoed through the room and whatever background noise the Ark used to emit was now silent. It sounded like something important had just been turned off, but they were far too tired to care.

“Probably the heating system or something,” Grey whispered while she tossed and turned, trying to get comfortable again, which apparently meant curling up in a ball so her knees were basically in Murphy’s back.

“Grey?”

“John.”

“Why are you so excited by the thought of leaving Camp?” Murphy rolled and pushed Grey’s legs away so he didn’t get kneed in the stomach.

“Because the world seems so interesting.”

“If by interesting you mean impending death around every corner you’re definitely correct,” Murphy commented. Grey could hear the smirk in his voice.

“What if there wasn’t?”

“There is no ‘what if-‘ “

“But imagine it!” Grey insisted, “If you were free from all of this what would you do?”

“Find a cave somewhere with tons of alcohol and sit there until I die,” Murphy explained without hesitation. Grey grumbled something that sounded a lot like, of course.

“And you?” Murphy asked.

“Find someplace where we all can just live our lives without fear and bullshit and capitol punishment. What if there’s a massive library buried under ground, still intact? I could live there with Monty and Miller. Raven and Wick can install some water system so we have showers and stuff and Bellamy can pour over all the mythology texts I find because I’m not that into those anyway.”

Murphy sighed, because her dream was so simple, so unattainable, and he wasn’t even part of it. Or so he thought.

“And you’ll be friends with Bellamy again, no one will hate you,” she continued after a pause.

“So I’m part of the dream too, huh?” Murphy said with false apathy.

“Of course you are,” Grey yawned, while the darkness hid the smile on Murphy’s face, “Of course you are.”
sry guys, it wasn't THAT kind of sleepover

the song featured in this chapter is called Don't Fence Me In by Cole Porter originally and is where i got the title for this story. I imagine that most of the songs salvaged on the Ark were classics like this one. There are many versions of it on youtube including a sort of modern one by The Killers.

The first quote is from Shakespeare,
The second is From Wuthering Heights
The third is from a song by Shakespeare called Who is Sylvia?

p.s the whistle is not the whole antler lol my friend was so confused
http://hcsieburth.com/Jewelry_Carvings/whistle_1.gif

follow me on tumblr and send me requests!

http://sevven-hells.tumblr.com/
what is love? (tis not hereafter)

Chapter Summary

A malfunction in the heating system and a lack of food has the Sky People in a frenzy, luckily Grey has a solution. Murphy makes a discovery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grey awoke to the feeling of a chill tracing down her spine. Overnight the heaters must have given out, causing Grey’s breaths to be illuminated in the air. Murphy was still asleep, facing her with a pleasant look on his face. For a moment Grey wanted to push to the dark hair off his cheek but thought better of it.

Their feet had become entangled as they slept and Grey could still feel the warm imprint of his skin as she picked a shirt up off the ground, put on her socks, put on her boots.

The hallway in front of the Small Council room was crowded with people, and it was nearly impossible for Grey to make out her thoughts through the din.

“We need to know what to do! How to protect our children!”

“We’re gonna freeze to death!”

“Everyone calm down and head to your respected work stations!” Shouted the familiarly gruff voice of Bellamy Blake, “Clear this hallway immediately or we will have to use force!”

“Bellamy, what’s going on?” Grey whispered as the crowd dispersed.

“Heating systems are down and there’s a storm on the way, everyone’s panicking.”

“I need to speak to Kane right now,” Grey insisted.

“I’m afraid that’s not possible,” Bellamy said in the classic monotonous guard voice, blocking Grey with his arm.

“I’m afraid it has to be,” she sneered, pushing his arm down aggressively and slamming the door to the Small Council Room.

Seat by seat, their faces turned toward the intruder. Kane, Abby, Sinclair, and surprisingly Raven and Wick, were all wearing a look of confusion.

“Grey,” Kane stood, “We’re in the middle of a meeting right now, I’m sure whatever this is can-“

“It can’t wait,” Grey interrupted confidently, looking over the room before continuing, “I was relying on hunters to catch us more food, but, with this storm, and…” her voice trailed, but the worry in her words floated heavily in the room.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying?” Abby asked.
“We only have enough food in storage to last for a week maximum, and that’s if we downsize to one or two meals a day. We’ve been using the backup this week since the influx of fresh food was so low.”

“The storm’s not supposed to hit for a day or two, we’ll send out a hunting crew as soon as we can,” Kane nodded to the room, but no one seemed reassured. The last time they caught anything was weeks ago.

“What about after the storm?” Sighed Raven, “The heating system’s screwed, we might freeze to death before we starve.”

“That’s not true, we might be able to-“

“Oh stop being so hopeful Wick,” Raven rolled her eyes at him, “We’ve been trying for weeks to keep it going, we don’t even have the proper equipment to try and fix it.”

“We have no heat, and eventually no food,” Sinclair said, laying out the facts, “What are we supposed to do?”

All eyes in the room turned to Abby and Kane, and the two standing side by side turned to each other. They looked grim.

“There’s nowhere safer for our people than right here,” explained Abby after a pause.

“The Ark is our home,” continued Kane, “We’ve made it through so much already we can make it through this.”

“How!” exclaimed Raven, who was clearly fed up with the empty speeches, “There has to be some place we can go? Maybe the Grounders know a place where-“

“Mount Weather,” Grey said softly, and everyone looked at her as if they forgot she was there, “Protection, heat, food, sustainable farms! Everything we need is right there!”

“It’s also where we committed genocide,” Raven added, bringing down the elation of Grey’s discovery.

“Why didn’t we think of that sooner?” Sinclair mumbled to himself.

“I don’t know how the Survivor’s will be able to take that, Mt. Weather harbors a lot of bad memories,” Abby reflected, she knew what that place did to her people, it’s the reason her only daughter ran away.

“This isn’t about being comfortable,” Grey explained, walking over towards the table, “This is survival.”

“She’s right,” Sinclair said, looking across the table to Kane.

“Well then, Grey,” said Kane, gesturing to the chair beside him, “Welcome to the Small Council.”

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The imprint of Grey’s body on the bed was still warm when Murphy awoke, which he only noticed because it was the only warm thing in the completely frozen room. He scoured the floor for his black thermal, desperately wanting to cover his skin from the cold, but the only thing there
was Grey’s tee shirt.

“Damn, it!” he groaned, running aggravated fingers through his hair. At least he had his comfy sweatpants. Murphy pressed his forehead into the metal doorframe as if it could give him some relief from the cold.

But what he saw relieved Murphy of something that bothered him much more than the cold.

It was the poem that led him out of the woods all those months ago, written in Grey’s cursive handwriting-

What is love? Tis not hereafter…

The very same poem was written on his door as well, except in a much less attractive font.

He never tried to understand who led him out of the woods that day. Part of him wanted to believe that it was his father, coming back to him as some sort of guardian angel. It was complete bullshit, Murphy knew, but he let himself hope anyway.

How come it took him so long to realize it? Who else would know Shakespeare? Let alone try to help him? Grey was the only person Murphy found solace in, she was his only friend. Even if she hadn’t been the one to lead him out of the woods that day, Grey was his savior just for showing him kindness, just for showing him the long forgotten beauty of being alive.

Murphy threw on her t-shirt and found himself running down the hallway, through throngs of aggravated and shouting people. He didn’t care why they were there or what they were talking about; she was the only thing on his mind.

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“So who did you sleepover with last night?” Wick raised an eyebrow at Grey as they walked down the hall from the Small Council Room, where they had successfully devised a plan for the Sky People’s survival.

“Wh-what?” Grey sputtered, barely able to keep her footing.

“Don’t play dumb, Grey,” Raven rolled her eyes from her distraught friend to Wick, “That’s definitely a guy’s shirt.

Grey looked down, astonished to see that the black thermal she was wearing was quite baggy and went down to her thighs.

“Goddamn it,” she grumbled to herself, glaring at the illuminated faces of Raven and Wick. How did she not notice that the shirt was too big? Or that it was Murphy’s?

“Who’s the lucky guy,” Raven said while bumping Grey’s shoulder.

“Come on Raven,” Wick said condescendingly, “Isn’t it obvious?”

“Shut up Wick,” Raven laughed. Grey gave Wick a pointed look, which only urged him to keep talking.

“Who is Grey always talking too? And hanging out with… alone,” he enunciated with a raised brow.
Raven flashed her shocked glare from Wick to Grey, “No way,” she shook her head, “I swear to god Grey, if you’re fucking the guy who crippled me-!”

“I’m not!” Grey shouted, raising her arms in defense, “He’s just my friend!”

“Your friend who sleeps in your bed?” Wick grinned, “Shirtless.”

“Ugh!” Grey groaned before punching Wick in the shoulder.

“Speak of the devil,” Raven muttered with annoyance, “Literally.”

Grey glanced down the hall to see the messy haired boy staring at her awkwardly, wearing her extra large tee shirt quite nicely.

“Well it’s time for us to go do some, uh, mechanic things,” Raven said with false enthusiasm.

“Yeah…” Wick added awkwardly, “Heating system.”

The two disappeared down the freezing hallway before Grey could say goodbye.

“Nice shirt,” Murphy said, rubbing anxious fingers through his hair.

“Yeah I think this is a fair trade,” Grey shrugged. Murphy stared at her, a look of wonderment in his eye.

“What’s up Murph?”

“It was you,” Murphy said towards the floor, “I can’t believe it took me this long to figure it out.” He looked up at her now, the oceans in his eyes full of sincerity. Grey smiled softly.

“You saved me,” he added, his voice reluctant, but his words still true.

“Of course I did,” Grey smiled towards the floor.

“But why?” Murphy stepped closer, so the conversation was between them rather than the people passing by, many of them were giving the couple odd looks.

“Why not just wake me up? Lead me back to camp yourself?”

“Because I’ve been there too,” Grey explained, “The choice to keep going is something you have to make for yourself.”

Murphy looked down and laughed, “Why do you always have to be so goddamn philosophical?”

“Oh shut up,” Grey rolled her eyes, grabbing Murphy’s hand and pulling him down the hall, “At least I’m not as bad as Bellamy!” She commented, giving his hand a squeeze before letting it drop.

Murphy hated that felling, it’s something he didn’t know until Grey became his friend. It was the absence of contact, that cold feeling after someone who was just holding you let you go. He knew he didn’t deserve it, but he wanted to hold Grey’s hand forever.

“No one’s as bad a s Bellamy,” he replied, shoving his hand deep into his pocket as if trying to preserve some of the warmth left there.

“You’re so dumb,” she said instead of goodbye as she turned towards the kitchens, “Who else can recite Shakespeare off the top of their head?”
Me. Murphy thought, but Grey was already gone.

Chapter End Notes

i’m going away for a week (no laptop allowed) so this will be the last update for awhile! thanks for reading, and sorry if this fic breaks ur heart! (jk thats the point hehe)

chat with me on tumblr! sevven-hells.tumblr.com
It's time to leave Camp Jaha, and Murphy lets his impulse get the best of him.

Murphy was ready to leave the Ark behind, not only would the cold walls be forgotten, but the memories they held as well. Many of the Arkers were reluctant to flee their home, as if it wasn’t the second time this place had failed them.

Grey had told him every detail of the Small Council meeting, and groups were already set to begin the 5-hour trek the next morning. It would be hell, Murphy knew. They would be walking for hours, no real coats or shoes, but knowing their destination would be energy enough.

The messy haired boy began wandering around the Ark, his hands firmly in his pockets, eyes glued to the floor. Outside the air was harsh and ominous, like a final warning. Flee or die, Murphy thought.

No one was out there besides a small figure by the fence facing the direction of the snow. He recognized the loose braid of his sole friend, who, despite her shivers, stood persistently with her sleeves rolled up.

As he moved closer he saw that she was looking at something on her arm, tracing it with frozen fingers. Grey turned when she heard his footsteps and looked as if she had just been caught stealing moonshine from the medicine cabinet.

She tried to roll up her sleeves but Murphy was too quick.

“What are you doing?” He asked through the howling wind. Grey didn’t even try to pull her arm away from his grasp; instead she looked off towards the forest and pretended he wasn’t there at all.

Murphy pushed up her sleeve and let his thumb wander over the vengeful scar blooming from her skin. It was terrifying to look at as it cut vertically through her forearm, but Murphy kept rubbing it softly, as if it were something delicate and not already broken.

“Grey,” he sighed, looking up at her freckled cheeks that were turned so obstinately away from him, “It’s okay.”

He pulled her sleeve back down and put his own coat over her shoulders. The look in her eyes as
she put it on was something Murphy couldn’t describe, but the way she refused to look at him assured Murphy that she was hurting.

“I’ve been there too,” Murphy said, staring out at the same world Grey was, knowing that they were probably seeing very different things.

“Do you ever wish that…” Murphy paused to find the right words, but they were nowhere to be found. Luckily Grey knew what he meant, like she always did.

“No… no,” Grey shook her head as she turned towards Murphy, “If I died, who would’ve saved you?”

Suddenly Murphy’s hands were around Grey’s cheeks and their foreheads were pressed together, eyes closed so he could feel the warm breath between them. Grey leaned in for a moment, but her eyes opened in shock as she pushed Murphy away.

“Murphy!” she exclaimed as he stumbled backwards. He stared, bewildered by what he just did, but even more so at Grey’s reaction.

His head was spinning and he could feel the heat boiling inside him from the denial he had just received.

“What?” He shouted in reply.

“I- I can’t,” she was reeling, holding her forehead in aggravation.

“I just thought,” Murphy sputtered, “You’re my friend…”

“Yeah Murphy, your friend,” she sneered, “You of all people should know I’m not ready for anything like that!”

“Why?” Murphy stepped towards her for the first time, “Because I’m not good enough? Because I’m not Jonah?”

“Exactly,” she said sharply. The glare that Murphy used to find enticing now made his skin prickle, “I told you not even two days ago that I still loved him!”

“He’s dead, Grey,” Murphy said bitterly.

“Stop John-”

“He’s dead!” Murphy shouted, “You need to get over him. You need to get over yourself!”

“Stop!” Grey screamed, “Goddamn it!” She turned away, “First Ryan and Bellamy, but you?”

Murphy was just about to storm off until he heard the name.

“Bellamy?” he asked with disgust, “You and Bellamy?”

“It wasn’t like that,” Grey insisted, but Murphy wasn’t reassured.

“Of course,” Murphy nodded towards the ground, smiling bitterly, “I can’t believe I got caught up in your bullshit anyway.”

“Murphy, please!” She called after him, still clad in his jacket.

“Fuck off Grey,” his words fell heavy in the frozen wind, “And go screw Bellamy for all I care.”
“John-“ She pleaded, hot tears already forming in her eyes.

“Don’t call me John.”

Murphy was storming down the halls, blue eyes staring straight ahead with focus. The anger from his encounter with Grey was still burning under his skin as his feet banged purposefully on the metal floor. He knew his destination. It was Bellamy Blake.

Lucky for Murphy he was standing alone at the end of the corridor, armed only with shock baton stuffed carefully in his back pocket.

“Blake!” He shouted as he approached, which wasn’t well thought out but Murphy was all impulse. Act now, think later.

Bellamy was far too surprised to react before Murphy had him pinned up against a wall.

“I know what you did!” Murphy shouted vehemently, inches away from Bellamy’s face.

“What the hell are you talking about, Murphy?”

His fist was clenched and ready to punch Bellamy’s jaw, but after seeing the concerned look in his eye, Murphy thought better of it.

“You and Grey,” Murphy hissed, “She told me!”

“Whoa there lover boy!” Bellamy laughed, pushing the smaller boy of him with ease. Murphy reached for him again but Bellamy blocked him with one arm.

“I knew there was something between you two!”

“Shove it up your ass Bellamy,” Murphy exclaimed in aggravation.

“Oh,” Bellamy smirked, “You wish.”

Bellamy was too caught up in his own joke to see Murphy’s punch coming, and when it did it sent him straight into the wall.

“Alright, alright!” He shouted as a trail of blood appeared from the corner of his mouth. “It was at the Christmas party! I kissed her, but it was only because I was drunk,” Bellamy wiped the blood away with the back of his hand, “I didn’t know she was your girlfriend, I’m sorry.”

Murphy tried to ignore the first part of his apology, “And what did she do?”

“She slapped me,” Bellamy laughed while Murphy smirked and shook his head. At least he didn’t get slapped when he tried to make a move.

“Next time we have a problem,” Bellamy sighed, “Try to talk to me before you punch out my teeth.”

“If there’s a next time I’m gonna knock out a lot more than your teeth.”
The next morning Murphy felt like he did after Christmas. Rather than sleeping he spent the whole night thinking about Grey, wondering what he could’ve done right. Wondering why he always manages to fuck everything up.

He packed his few items in seconds and quickly wiped the charcoal writing of the wall. Grey’s words were merely smudges on metal now. Murphy stared at it and thought it was simultaneously the saddest and most beautiful thing he’d seen in his life.

Murphy tried to push the thoughts away but as he put on his coat he thought of Grey standing in the cold, huddled under his other jacket with the red patches. Everyone would know it was his.

Murphy saw her standing by the fence again, side by side with Bellamy and Miller. Murphy trudged through the freshly fallen snow and out of the gates of Camp Jaha and didn’t even bother to turn back. That place, and Grey, was just another part of his life he’d have to forget.

Chapter End Notes

I know I said I was leaving, but I managed to write this before I go! now I mean it this time, there won’t be another update for awhile and sorry (not sorry) I had to leave you like this, things may or may not get better… thanks for reading!! <3

Wanna talk ab this fic? Send me an ask on tumblr! sevven-hells.tumblr.com (I might not answer for awhile!)
As the sky people made their journey from Camp Jaha to Mt. Weather, Grey lingered behind, chilled more by her thoughts than the blizzard appearing around her. She was tailed only by Bellamy and Miller, who gave themselves the job of defending their group from the back.

Grey could barely see the people ahead of her since she had been walking so slowly, her only source of comfort was from Bellamy and Miller’s ever present chatter behind her.

She was too busy trying to find the warmest position for her hands to realize that the guys had slipped away, following a trail of carven trees.

“Bellamy?” she called through the wind.

“Shit,” Grey muttered as she followed their footprints past the verses of her favorite poem, until she saw them standing with their backs to her and gaze towards the Camp they were supposed to leave behind.

“You dumbasses!” she screamed at them, Bellamy turned to face her with a look of surprise, “We have to get back to the group!”

“Did you see this?” Bellamy gestured towards the carven words, “Who do you think wrote it?” He asked to know one in particular as he went back to staring at the tree.

“Shakespeare,” Grey groaned, pulling him back in the direction of the woods.

“I knew it was a sonnet!” Miller commented, following Bellamy obediently.

The blizzard had worsened in the time Grey spent chasing Bellamy and Miller, and now the snow was slanted from the harsh wind that pierced through Grey’s clothes and into her bones.

The snow had fallen so quickly that the footprints of the Sky People were now covered in soft white sheets, leaving the three stragglers lonely of direction, and for Grey, hope.
“You have a compass?” Bellamy asked, staring out into the woods with his mouth agape. Grey shook her head, defeated, while Bellamy and Miller shared a look of mutual worry.

“Just keep walking,” Bellamy patted Grey’s shoulder before stepping ahead of her, “And no matter what, don’t stop.”

Thank you, thank you, thank you, was all Murphy could think as he stood, for the first time in months, towards a leaking faucet, letting hot water shower over his closed eyes and parted lips.

He couldn’t help feeling grateful as he rubbed soap through his hair and every inch of his body, letting the warm water defrost his skin. It was like he’d been in a block of ice for hundreds of years and he had just been melted free.

To whom he was thankful was less straightforward, probably the universe, or whatever omniscient presence allowed the asshole and murderer too make it this far in life.

Showers were five minutes, maximum, but it was more than enough for Murphy, who’d been bathing with a dirty towel and a bucket for the past three months.

He pulled on a fresh pair of pants, one of many he was able to snag for being one of the first people to arrive at the Mountain. Murphy had seen some of it, in the few hours he’d been there. His favorite place was a warehouse he snuck into, full of old artwork and painting. Everything about the dusty room made him think of Grey, which made even the most colorful paintings seem melancholy.

Everyone was sent to shower before getting their room assignments, and Murphy couldn’t help but find it odd that he hadn’t seen Bellamy enforcing rules or ordering people around. In fact, he hadn’t seen Bellamy at all.

Before Murphy could even put on his shirt and leather jacket, Kane walked into the showers, meeting Murphy’s eyes with a look of concern.

“Sorry to disturb you John,” he said cordially.

“It’s fine,” he said sarcastically while putting on his shirt, “There’s nothing disturbing about watching people change.”

Kane exhaled and looked around to make sure that no one was eavesdropping.

“This is serious John,” Kane continued, “We are worried that some people didn’t make it.”

“And this has to do with me because?”

“Because one of them is Grey,” Kane said, looking defeated, “We’ve had the doors open for an extra three hours.”

Murphy inhaled sharply and dropped his jacket back down on the bench to look up at Kane.

“Who else is missing?” He muttered.

“Bellamy and Nathan Miller,” Kane observed the concerned look in Murphy’s eye and continued,
“What I need to know is the last time you saw any of them, or if you know where they are.”

“Last I saw them was when I left, they were standing by the fence,” Murphy shrugged, trying not to appear as worried as he felt, “I know they were in the last group to leave because I was too, until… well…”

Murphy cringed and grabbed the rest of his things, eager to exit the conversation.

“Thanks for your help, John.” Kane said. Murphy nodded towards the ground, making sure not to meet Kane’s eyes as he walked away.

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Grey lost track of the hours. She lost track of her toes, then her fingers, then her hands, until they weren’t there at all. Through the high winter blizzard they had turned into numb, meaningless extension of her body.

Her only remaining connection to time was the occasional reassurance from Bellamy, and the number that appeared in her mind after every step.

507… 836… 1018… 2020…

All she wanted to do was collapse, but she knew just as well as the guys what would happen if she did. The only thing keeping her going was the thought of warmth, being wrapped in bedcovers with her head pressed into Murphy’s neck.

Then she remembered the look on his face when she denied him, and told him that he wasn’t good enough for her. She could still hear the echo of her voice saying his name.

“John.”

It was a relief to feel the long held tears rolling down her cheeks, even through the wind and snow, John Murphy had managed to keep Grey going, keep her warm, even if it was only in her mind.

But Miller brought her back to reality.

“What did she just say?” He shivered with his arms folded as tightly against his chest as possible.

“I think she said John,” Bellamy shivered too, and turned to see Grey, red faced and lost behind a swell of tears, “Hey,” he said wrapping a comforting arm around her, “You’ll see him again, I promise.”

Grey nodded and leaned into his shoulder, “But what if I don’t?” she said bitterly, “What if the last time I get to see him was when we got in that fight? I didn’t even say goodbye.”

“Shh,” Bellamy pulled her closer, “We’re going to make it, you’ll see John again.”

“Just to make sure I’m not going crazy,” Miller added, wrapping his arm around Grey’s free shoulder, “We’re not talking about John Murphy are we?”

“Yeah we are,” Bellamy replied with a laugh, “Have you seen him with her? It’s like a raging asshole turned into a puppy dog.”
“You got to be kidding me,” Miller laughed, and Grey did too, probably a little too hard, which seemed to prove how crazy they felt after walking for so long. “I’ve seen them together, but I thought they were just friends, I mean it is Murphy.”

“We are just friends, I mean-“ Grey stuttered, wiping her eyes, “I’m not really sure.”

“Is that why you fought?” Bellamy asked. Grey took in his sullen appearance, the pale skin, and frozen bits of snow in his shadow of a beard. But he glowed in his eyes as lively as ever.

“Let’s not get into that,” Grey glared at Bellamy, hoping they would get off the topic.

“Come on,” Bellamy implored, “Murphy’s failed romance wouldn’t be the worst thing to hear about right now, it’s actually kind of entertaining.”

“I second that,” Miller said dryly, “Please distract us with stories about your psychopath boyfriend while we walk towards our untimely, and cold, deaths.”

“Alright,” Grey sighed, “I’ll begin by saying that Murphy, is in fact, not a psycho. Yeah, he’s a bit… disagreeable, but most of the time he’s being sarcastic. It’s just a defense mechanism to push people away so no one can hurt him-”

“Hurt him?” Miller exclaimed coldly, ”Murphy’s the one who hurts people!”

“Yeah well he’s an orphan who was hung by his friends for a crime he didn’t commit,” Grey snapped back, “I’d be pretty upset too, if I got betrayed, tortured and shunned by my own people.”

Bellamy looked down, as if feeling guilty, but Miller’s expression only hardened.

“But you guys want to know why we fought,” Grey nudged Bell, trying to lighten the mood.

“Basically, Murphy has romantic feelings for me and… I don’t know if I feel the same way.”

“I know he’s not a psycho but I really don’t think Murphy can have romantic feelings,” Miller observed.

“He’s changing,” Grey continued after a moment, “And I’m just trying to help him. I might have a lot of people down here, but not Murphy. I’m all he has.” Grey suddenly felt lethargic, barely able to stand, but she leaned more into Miller and pressed on.

“I just wish he was beside me right now, god I’m such an idiot, I miss him so much.” Grey groaned, pressing her forehead into Miller’s shoulder. He looked down at her, almost sympathetically.

“I think that’s the only thing getting us through this,” Miller shivered, “The people we miss. The people waiting for us.”

It felt like hours had passed when Bellamy finally spoke.

“Well I think we figured it out,” he said through chattering teeth, “Grey loves Murphy.”

Grey groaned, and raised her snow covered eyebrows at Bellamy.

“Don’t deny it sunshine,” he smirked.

“I wish I was fucking sunshine,” Grey chattered, rubbing her arms even though she could barely feel them anymore.
And I wish it wasn’t true, Grey thought as they trudged on, memories of her first encounter with the forest filling her head.

She thought it was enchanting, beautiful even. It reminded her of fairytales and stories she used to read to her sister. She thought the Earth would be some idyllic world, far better than the Ark.

Now, with the cold piercing her chest, Grey understood how naïve she had been. Life was harsh, no matter what terrain. Suddenly Grey lost track of everything, her arms, her legs, all frozen with the same sharp pain that invaded her chest.

The last thing she remembered—before waking to see fluorescent lights flickering above her head—was staring up at the blank white sky, and smiling.
warrior training

Chapter Summary

Bellamy might be going crazy, and Murphy gets some helpful advice.

Murphy could feel the blizzard air lurking down the hall, even though he was three turns and a flight of stairs away from where the doors of Mount Weather invited it in.

Hopefully more than frozen water and bad memories would come through that door soon, but for now there was only Octavia Blake, standing dark against the winter outside, waiting for her hope to walk through the door too.

She turned when she heard Murphy, charcoal covered eyes meeting blue, both irises filled with the same shade of worry.

“Murphy,” she said starkly, her glance catching on the whistle hanging from his fingers, but she didn’t care enough to comment.

Murphy leaned against the opposite wall, and exhaled a cloud of breath, unsure of what to say.

“Who are you waiting for,” Octavia said, keeping her eyes fixated on the forest in the distance.

“Grey,” he replied, running his thumb over the whistle, “I feel like we should be out there, looking for them.”

“There’s no point,” Octavia responded darkly, “It would just be a waste of energy, they could be anywhere by now.”

There was another minute of silence that ended abruptly when Octavia turned to stare at Murphy, a question in her eyes.

“What?” Murphy hissed at her.

“Grey’s the food prep girl right?” She asked, “Dark hair and freckles?”

“Yeah, she’s the Head of Food Prep and Meal Distribution.”

“How’d you manage that?” Octavia said dryly though her smirk, “Attractive and a vital member of society, you don’t really have a lot in common, do you?”

“I didn’t manage anything, were not… we’re not like that, we’re just friends,” Murphy insisted.

“Just friends.” Octavia raised her eyebrows, “So you’re waiting here, freezing your ass off, for a friend.”

“Why do you give a fuck Blake,” Murphy sneered.

“Don’t talk to me like I’m my brother,” Octavia said, sounding offended, “And relax Murphy I’m just trying to have a conversation, looks like you’re having some relationship problems.”

Murphy turned obstinately away and they settled back into silence, but once again Octavia’s voice
broke through the wind.

“Maybe I can help you out,” she said, stepping towards him, “Yeah you tried to kill my brother, but you almost redeemed yourself when you saved his life,” Murphy turned to her, shocked at the words he was hearing.

“You do care about other people, even though you pretend not too, and clearly you care about Grey—”

“You point?” Murphy interceded rudely; terrified of the sincerity he was receiving.

“We have nothing better to do right now, so let me help you out.”

Murphy raised his eyebrows in confusion.

“If you don’t want my help it’s fine,” Octavia raised her eye brows in reply, “But I’m the only help you’ll get,”

“Alright,” Murphy nodded, “So how do I make her not hate me?”

“Goddamn it, Murphy,” Octavia groaned.

Bellamy’s hope was a lingering memory by now, with Grey hanging limp over his shoulders and Miller panting by his side, their fate was looking grim.

“Trade,” Bellamy managed to grunt, practically dropping a delusional Grey in to Miller’s arms. She had passed out over an hour ago, but every so often she would start muttering things, barely able to open her eyes.

They thought they had found a trail, but it ended up being animal tracks that just led deeper into the forest. Along with that pitfall, Bellamy’s boots were starting to wither away, and the ends of his feet were just a distant memory now.

“I wanna gaze at the moon…” Grey whispered, her eyes fluttering, “Till I lose my senses.”

Miller and Bellamy shared a concerned look, and Miller began stroking Grey’s hair, trying to comfort her.

“Don’t fence me in,” her voice almost singing, “Don’t fence me in.”

Then she was gone again, back into the darkness of her mind, searching for a way out.

Murphy was sitting with his back against the wall, occasionally blowing the whistle, hoping that the loud ringing would somehow meet Grey’s ears and she would know he was waiting for her.

Octavia covered her ears every time, because Grey was right, the thing was loud.

“They can hear you from TonDC with that thing,” Octavia commented, pulling her hands from her ears, “Now prove you can talk to girls, tell me what you know.”
Octavia had turned helpful advice into Grounder style warrior training; Murphy just found the whole thing quite annoying.

“Listen, be understanding, give her space, do something nice for her, get her a present or something, I got it, I got it,” Murphy rolled his eyes.

“You forgot the most important one,” Octavia said with her trademark stone faced glare.

“Apologize, yeah I know,” he nodded. His training hadn’t achieved anything but making Murphy more nervous. What if Grey really did hate him? What if she wouldn’t accept his apology? What if he lost the only thing that mattered to him? Murphy hadn’t felt more desperate in his life.

Octavia nodded in approval, and Murphy raised the whistle to his lips again, while Octavia groaned and covered her ears.

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Bellamy thought he was going crazy, because every once in awhile he would hear a loud ringing echoing through the forest. He was too scared to mention it to Miller, thinking it was his mind playing tricks on him.

After the fourth or fifth time Miller gave Bellamy a confused look.

“Do you hear it too?” Bellamy whispered.

Miller nodded, looking in the direction of the noise.

“Maybe we should follow it…” Miller’s voice trailed off.

“What if it’s Grounders?” Bellamy asked while placing Grey in Miller’s arms, they were starting to go numb.

“Could be…” Miller sighed.

“Let’s go,” Bellamy said, picking up speed as the noise echoed at them once again. His steps were so painful that he had to trick himself through each one.

One more step. Just one more.

“Holy shit!” Miller grinned, “It’s a clearing!”

They were heading up hill now, and Bellamy couldn’t feel anything besides the hope in his chest that they had possible made it.

When Bellamy saw Octavia, waiting in the wide doors of the Mountain, he thought he was going to cry.

“Bellamy?” She shouted, her dark figure emerging into the light.

He was too cold to even articulate his happiness as he collapsed inside Mount Weather. The last thing he remembered was Murphy taking Grey from Miller’s arms and running down the corridor, snow flakes drifting through the air.
apologies and soliloquies

Chapter Summary

Grey's awake and Murphy's having some trouble talking through a closed door.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It probably was the flickering lights that roused Grey from the darkness, or the sound of deep breaths echoing through the room. She turned her neck, the incremental amount that she could, and saw the source of the noise.

His pants were crisp, free of any signs of wear, and the white shirt he wore wrinkled with the rise and fall of his chest. His head rested against the wall, using his leather jacket as a pillow.

It was Murphy, asleep and peaceful, waiting by Grey's side like he always was. She knew that she needed him, but it wasn't until that moment, sick with relief and distraught from fatigue, that Grey realized the extent of her need.

Impulsively she reached out for him, wanting to push the clean hair out of his eyes so she could admire the way his sharp features softened as he slept.

But her mind looped back to the last time she saw him. What he had said, what he done, and she pulled her hand back away. The way he screamed at her broke Grey's heart. She thought he was changing, being more open, more inviting, but the fundamental parts of John Murphy were set too deep in his bones to get rid of, it was part of who he was.

Maybe he will always be impulsive and emotional, but it didn’t subdue Grey's desire to reach out to him from her position on the hospital bed.

Sleep hit her like a wave then, it must've been the medication intertwining with her blood. In minutes she was gone again, too deep in sleep to see Murphy wake up. She couldn’t see the way he looked at her, or the way he kissed the back of her hand as he held it. Grey didn’t even see him leave.

X
X
X

How long it had been, Grey wasn’t sure, but it must’ve been awhile because when she turned over, it was Kane sitting beside her rather than Murphy.

“Grey,” he said softly as he leaned forward, “I’m so sorry about this, I should’ve made you come early with me to inspect, letting you go in the back was-”

“Kane, Kane,” Grey interrupted, shaking her head, “None of this was your fault,” she explained, “This was just bad luck, and I’m okay, I can take care of myself.”

He gave her a soft smile and leaned over to rub her hair, Grey missed having him check up on her
all the time. Back when she was bedridden and depressed, he was her only comfort. It was the closest thing to a father she ever got.

“I’ll leave you to get some rest.”

“No,” Grey insisted, “I need to get out of this bed, and where are Bellamy and Miller?”

Kane smiled at her, dramatically opened the curtains to reveal the bed beside them.

Bellamy was completely asleep, with his mouth hanging open and head turned to one side. Grey had to choke back a laugh when she saw Miller curled up at his feet. Apparently he recovered much quicker than Bellamy and Grey. Apparently, she was passed out for a whole day.

Kane closed the curtains again, and guided Grey to her room on the 4th level, filling her in on everything that had happened since arriving at Mount Weather. Grey could barely pay attention because she was too busy checking off the comparisons in her head. The dry air, the dark hallways, the hum of machinery, even the caged, windowless feeling were resoundingly similar to her old home on the Ark.

But once Kane showed Grey to her living quarters her thoughts immediately changed. It had two bedrooms, one with a king size bed, a couch, a device used for playing music, a master bathroom, and even a wine cooler (with wine still in it).

Even the hallway was filled with paintings and sculptures, which Kane had to urge her past every time Grey stopped to stare at them.

“There’s a library here too, you can go see it once you’ve settled in.”

Grey couldn’t help but laugh, because for the first time in her existence, life seemed to fit around her perfectly. Well, almost perfectly, there was one aspect that still seemed out of place, but she swept it aside with a rush of burning hot water.

Grey couldn’t remember the last time she showered, let alone the last time she felt hot. She twisted the silver knob as far as it could go, so when she dried off her skin was red and splotchy.

Kane had given her some clothes but she would have to get some more soon. For now she wore a dark red dress, tight only around her arms, and softer than any fabric she’d touched. It swung around her as she walked, and she spent a copious amount of time dancing around her new home to music that only existed in her head.

First to come was Raven, who metaphorically ran from work just to greet her. Wick walked in a couple minutes later, apparently forced to wait by the door so Raven and Grey could “have a moment.” Then there was Monty, whose contagious smile caused Grey to hug him and refuse to let go.

“Get off him Grey!” Wick laughed from his seat in front of what he called a record player, he and Raven were arguing over what music to play.

“It’s fine,” Monty smiled, “I’m so happy she’s alive.”

“And I’m happy I have my cinnamon roll,” Grey teased.

“Hey!” Monty pulled away from her, “I hate being called that!”

“Why?” Raven asked, “It’s quite fitting.”
“Ugh!” Monty groaned, collapsing onto the couch.

“Hey,” he looked over to Grey a few minutes later, “Where’s your boyfriend?”

“Where’s your boyfriend?” She retorted.

Monty blushed and stammered something like, “I don’t… We’re not… I don’t know?”

Eventually Raven and Wick had to go back to work, and Monty to find his “not boyfriend” Miller. This left Grey sprawled out on her couch listening to a song titled Werewolves of London on repeat.

Suddenly a knocking mixed into the melody and Grey dragged herself off the couch and towards the door.

“Wick!” She shouted, “I told you once and I’ll tell you again, I am not sharing my-“

Grey’s heart felt as if it had lifted in her chest, blocking the words in her throat.

“Wine,” she managed to exhale, Murphy’s blue eyed stare and parted lips hitting her like a spaceship hitting the atmosphere.

“Grey-,” he began to say, but the rest of it was muffled by the sound of the door slamming shut.

It was instinct, because she really didn’t know what else to do.

Murphy stood in awe on the other side of Grey’s door, and impulsively banged on it again.

“Grey!” He pressed his ear to the door, he could hear her shallow breaths on the other side, “Grey I know you can hear me,” he said just loud enough for his words to go through the door.

“I’m sorry,” he pressed his forehead into the wood, “I’m sorry I’m an ass, I’m sorry for what I said.”

Grey exhaled, but she didn’t move her hand any closer to the knob.

“I say dumb things when I’m angry,” Murphy tried to explain, but found the right words hard to come by, “I just let my emotions get the best of me. And I know you do to because you hurt me, a lot…” his voice trailed off and he muttered a curse under his breath.

“I get it okay? I fucked up, but I’m trying to make it better,” Murphy explained bitterly, “I’m trying to be better. And if the world still hates me so be it, but when it comes to you… If you hate me, then I have nothing.”

Grey could hear his sigh through the door, and pressed her forehead further into the wood.

“You knew about my past and you still tried to see the good in me,” He continued, his voice even softer, “You found things I thought I lost a long time ago.”

Grey’s fingers moved slowly towards the doorknob.

“And I’m so fucking sorry, Grey. But I understand why your mad, and I’ll give you your space.”

She heard his footsteps and contemplated opening the door, but then his footsteps faltered and he was back with his hands against the door.

“Just know that I’ll wait. I’ll be here for you as a friend if that’s what you need. And it’s not like
me to say any of this but I feel like I have to because… You’re all I have.”

Grey turned the knob and pulled open the door. Murphystumbled forward, his awestruck expression just inches away from Grey’s sympathetic features.

She immediately pressed her lips into his, softly holding his scarred cheeks in her hands. Murphy opened his eyes, unsure if it was real. He stifled a breath and then pressed back, wrapping his arms around her in a tight embrace.

Murphy wasn’t kissing her lips, he was soaking in her whole essence, the smell of soap in her hair, the fire burning under her skin, the taste of salty tears. His life had seemed so insignificant, so full of pain and loss, but if it lead him to this moment with Grey, he knew it must mean something.

He pulled away-still lost in the serene escape of their kiss-and wiped the tears from her cheeks. Grey just looked up at him, starry eyed, and laughed.

“I didn’t know how much I cared about you until the moment I thought I’d never see you again,” Grey explained, unable to control the stormy waters in her eyes, “I thought I was going to die with you mad at me, not even knowing how I felt about you.”

“Now we know,” Murphy smiled down at her, running his lonely fingers through her hair.

“Oh!” Grey sniffed, retracting herself from Murphy to look at someone behind him, “Bellamy! I didn’t see you!”

Murphy whirled around to see the freckled boy’s classic smirk, side by side with Miller and Monty who were grinning at each other like idiots.

“Well we saw you,” he raised his eyebrows at Murphy, which made his pale skin glow pink. He would’ve been angry if Grey wasn’t leaning into him, pressing her forehead into his shoulder bashfully.

“I owe Raven so much moonshine,” Monty laughed, and Bellamy snickered, “I thought it would never happen!”

“I’m happy you’re finally awake.” Grey changed the subject by giving Bellamy a friendly hug.

“Me too,” Bellamy patted her back.

“We’ll leave you two alone,” he said, more towards Miller and Monty, who were still freaking out over Grey and Murphy.

“Have fun,” Monty called at them as they walked down the corridor.

“Not too much fun!” Miller added with a smile.

Murphy rolled his eyes, and Grey eagerly pulled him into her room, wanting to show him the record player and shower she had all to herself.

She ended the tour with a grand finale.

“And this-“ she said whilst dropping the needle on the record, “Is Werewolves of London.”

Murphy was staring, his expression soft and blue eyes glowing, not at the record player but at Grey spinning in her red dress.

“What?” She asked, stepping towards him.
“I’ve never seen you in a dress before,” he explained with blushing cheeks.

“I’ve never worn a dress before,” she smiled in reply.

They stared at each other for a moment, letting the mutual love float between them.

“Hey it’s almost meal time,” Murphy said abruptly, “we should probably go.”

“Can we just stay?” Grey asked before collapsing on to the couch.

“Of course,” Murphy sat beside her, letting Grey rest her head on his chest. She sighed pleasantly as Murphy wound a finger around one of her brown waves,

“I’ll always stay with you.”

Chapter End Notes

i can't believe how far this fic has come wow. only one chapter left i think!!

thanks for reading!!
many happy returns

Chapter Summary

It’s been a few months, and now the Sky People are thriving inside of the Mountain. Murphy has finally found his home, and an old friend returns.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The subterranean fields were a gold mine of natural life, created by yellow lights and willing hands. Murphy’s seemed to glow as he traced over the ever-growing stalks while he curiously walked through the wheat. He smiled, because after months of work he was finally getting results. There was a familiar click of machinery and Murphy began to pick up speed until he was in a full sprint, heading towards a finish line completely invisible behind the all gold swaying around him.

He leapt at the first glimpse of white, and slid onto the concrete floor with only a few drops of water on his back.

“Damn,” a familiar pair of boots stomped, “Farmboy can run.”

“He cheated!” Another pair of shoes emerged, and Murphy looked up to see none other than Bellamy Blake glaring at him with water dripping from his hair.

“It’s impossible to make it through without getting wet!”

“Mad you lost, Blake?” Murphy smirked as he stood, dry as daylight.

“The only thing I’m mad about is you always cheating!” Bellamy sighed with exasperation, but Murphy only rolled his eyes and laughed.

“Calm down boys,” Raven joked, “I saw him wander into the fields way before the machine went off.”

“You caught me,” Murphy lifted up his hands, “I have a thing later, okay!”

Bellamy and Raven raised their eyebrows at Murphy.

“How much you wanna bet that “thing” is Grey?” Raven bumped Bellamy’s shoulder.

“No need to bet because I already know.”

Murphy rubbed his nose to hide his blush. Even though him and Grey had been together a couple months now, just thinking about her got him flustered.

“Well, I got to clean up my farm,” Murphy humored his friends (friends?!).

“And I got to go tell everyone that I’m still the champion,” Bellamy gloated.

“Oh yeah, because barely out running a sprinkler is so impressive,” Raven rolled her eyes as she turning away, “Boys are so dumb!”
“Men!” Bellamy laughed after her.

“I’ll get you next time, Blake,” Murphy shook his head. These past months had changed him like he never knew. He and Bellamy’s arguments ended with laughter instead of fists (well… most of the time) and even Raven had warmed up to him a bit. No longer could Octavia look down on him for being invaluable, because now he was growing all of the Mountain’s food with his own two hands. He had turned his sorrows into sustenance, and his temper into hard work. And when he found himself close to breaking, close to letting his rage run wild, he would remember Grey’s midnight whispers as she held his scarred cheeks. I love you, all of you.

In the control room he clicked off the sprinklers and timed out. His few co-workers had left for dinner a while ago, but Murphy had to take the long shift, he was basically in charge after all. As he reclined in his chair he pulled out a disheveled paperback version of Macbeth and fiddled a pen between his teeth.

There was a rush of wind as he turned the page and suddenly a familiar pair of arms were wrapped around him. Murphy spun around just as Grey was about to kiss his cheek and caught her on his lips. She let out a sigh before pulling away from him.

“Hey Murph-,” she beamed, but before she could finish her thought, Murphy pulled her down onto his lap and was kissing her again. He leaned into her as if she had been gone for days, even though he woke up in her bed this morning. Grey hummed sweetly, wrapping her fingers in his soft hair.

“Did you miss me?” She raised her eyebrows, laughing only inches away from his lips.

“Not at all,” he grinned, eyes glowing with love and sarcasm.

Grey shouted playfully as Murphy stood, still holding her in his arms as he sat her down on the table. He smirked up at her and Grey let out a sigh, wrapping her legs around him.

“You’re pretty light for someone who works in a kitchen all day.”

“And you’re pretty scrawny for a farmboy.”

“Don’t call me farmboy,” Murphy rolled his eyes in annoyance as he pulled up his sleeves to show her just how scrawny was.

“Hmm…” Grey analyzed his arm muscles with her fingers, sending chills down his spine, “I’m not impressed…” her fingers trailed down his chest and to the hem of his shirt, “Maybe if you show me the rest..”

“Grey…” Murphy half-groaned, half-laughed, as he let her take off his shirt.

“Oh wow,” she said, touching his abs, “That’s some good shit right there.”

“Yeah,” Murphy nodded, “I know.”

“Hey,” Grey stopped admiring him to look at something beyond Murphy’s shoulder, “What’s that?”

“Oh fuck,” he said looking at the worktable behind him, where a box wrapped in paper and a bottle of wine sat.

“It was supposed to be a surprise,” he sighed, looking up at her brown nose and eyes, “Why are you back so early anyway.”
“I don’t know, it was a long day and I wanted to surprise you. Plus the kids had it under control—”

Murphy laughed because most of the “kids”, also known as her workers, older than her.

“-But your surprise sounds a lot better.”

“Shut up, Grey, your probably the best thing I’ve seen all day.”

Grey rolled her eyes but succumbed to a soft smile, Murphy went on, “Well I heard that anniversaries… were a thing… that people do… And I’m not really sure the exact day we decided to start fighting this shit together but I thought we could celebrate. We can go to the warehouse, look at art, drink some wine…”

“John,” she kissed him with a smile, “That’s so sweet…” But her words were muffled by Murphy’s lips as they crashed into hers again. Grey’s hands gripped Murphy’s back, making him forget that they were still in the control room with windows overlooking the fields. She wrapped her legs around him tighter, and played her way down his neck. His hands found their way from her neck, and down to her back, until he was gripping the glowing skin beneath her shirt.

Suddenly a forceful cough echoed through the room, and Murphy and Grey’s passionate moment ended with Monty standing in the doorway.

Had it been a few months ago Monty would’ve looked petrified, but it wasn’t his first (nor would it be his last) time walking in on the couple. Murphy stood in shock, his already flushed skin burned even more as he looked out the window and saw Octavia, Raven, Miller and surprisingly Abby, all watching them.

Octavia, Raven and Abby all seemed pretty amused, and Grey waved at them as she leapt down from the table. Murphy on the other hand, was resisting the urge not to break through the glass and punch Miller, who was laughing and pretending to gag.

“What the hell Monty!” Murphy exclaimed as he pulled on his shirt, “This isn’t a fucking peep show!”

“Well you were right in front of a window—“

“Both of you shut up,” said Grey, “Monty, what’s going on?”

“It’s Clarke,” Monty explained, his large eyes darting between the couple, “She’s back.”

“Holy shit,” Grey grabbed Murphy’s hand and pulled him out the door.

“Princess?” Murphy muttered under his breath.

“How much did you see?” Grey whispered to Raven as the group practically ran down the corridor.

“Enough to know that farmboy’s got a bod.”

“Pretty sure that’s the first nice thing you’ve ever said about me, Reyes,” Murphy scoffed.

“And probably the last,” Raven added.

“Ok, enough about Murphy’s really attractive and hot body and more about Clarke, please! When did she get back, and how, and where the fuck was she?! Grey exclaimed through lost breath. They were all panting now as they approached the Small Council Room.
“Just now, on a horse, and no idea,” replied Miller, who was pulling Monty by his hand. Abby was the first to reach the door, which was already hanging open, but she stopped as her fingers reached the handle. Her face dropped as her breathing began to shake ever so slightly. Murphy looked down to Grey whose dark eyes were staring quizzically at Abby.

“What is it?” Raven panted as she reached the rest of the group. Abby motioned for everyone to be quiet, and distant sound began to grow, echoing around them like a storm. Clarke was screaming.

“The shadows!” Her voice choked, “I killed them, I killed them all!”

“Shh, princess,” a comforting voice interceded. It was Bellamy; he must’ve found her while he was guarding the perimeter of the mountain.

“I need to go back, but Death is waiting for me, She knows what I’ve done! She’s everywhere, She’s watching me!”

Abby covered her mouth, while the rest of the group shared a look of worry. To Murphy’s disbelief, Clarke was not back at all. Her mind must’ve wandered far into those woods and lost it’s way.

“Clarke, you need to calm down! You’re okay. You’re safe,” Bellamy’s voice ran out like a river against her flames, but still Clarke continued to burn.

“I am become death,” her voice dropped hauntingly, “Destroyer of worlds.”

“No,” Bellamy replied, “No you’re not.”

“How do you know?” she hissed, “You don’t know anything that’s happened in the last three months! You don’t know what I had to do!”

“You’re right, I don’t know what you went through, but I know that you’re hear now and that’s all that matters.”

“Well I won’t be here for long,” Clarke spoke steadily for once, almost sounding sane, “I can’t let Her get you too.”

Bellamy sighed.

“You’re not going anywhere until you’re better. You’re not well right now, Clarke.”

“I’m not well because the Mountain Men are angry, I can’t love you guys if you’re going to die!” Clarke exclaimed with unnerving certainty.

“They’re not angry,” Bellamy assured her, “They’re happy. They’re buried outside with a great view. They finally got to go home.”

“Really?” Clarke asked with the sincerity of a child.

“Really. And we’re home now too,” Bellamy sighed, “I’ll help you through this Princess, ’cuz we’re in this together right?”

There was a long pause, and finally Clarke sighed.

“Right.”
Abby opened the door slightly and Murphy peered into the room. Clarke stood burrowed in Bellamy’s embrace, rocking slightly in his arms, while Bell smiled softly and rested his head in her neck. He lifted his head slowly, looking at Abby as if to say *It’s okay.*

When Clarke pulled away from Bellamy her eyes were burning with overdue tears. She stared at her mom, with a blue gaze, glassy and wild, and rushed into her arms.

“No,” she sobbed, “You can’t see me like this.”

“Sh, Clarke,” her mom reassured, while petting her hair.

Murphy felt very out of place in the small room, and wondered why he of all people was there at all. The last time he had spoken to Clarke was in contempt. Now he was supposed to greet her like a friend?

“I’m just going to leave again,” she sighed, finally glancing around at her welcoming party. Every feature had been darkened, hollowed somehow by grief and winter’s chill. Murphy knew the feeling all to well. Traces of war paint and blood still stained her skin, she looked like a savage against the clean walls of the mountain. She was all instinct, and loneliness, and blood that wasn’t her own.

“Not on my watch,” Raven meet Clarke’s wild demeanor with a smile, and the two embraced. Clarke hugged everyone with passion and would barely let them go. She truly missed them, Murphy thought. Grey, having never known Clarke, stood off to the side while the woman walked in front of Murphy. Squinting at him as if to decide whether he was predator or prey.

“Murphy?”

“Clarke,” he replied with disbelief.

“You look so – different – No blood, or dirt…”

“Just scars,” he said with a breath.

Suddenly she wrapped her arms around him, and he had no choice but to comply.

“I forgive you, you know,” she sniffed, “I know what it’s like now, I know what She does to us. But you can always come back… you always can.”

And for a moment Murphy thought she was back, but Crazy Clarkey prevailed and Bellamy swooped in and wrapped a helpful arm around her.

“I think we should take you to Medical, so you can get some rest.”

“That’s a great idea Bellamy,” Abby nodded, sounding more like a Chancellor than a mother. She kissed Clarke’s forehead before sending her off with Bellamy.

“You guys should probably head back to your rooms and give her some space for now,” Abby instructed, “I’ll let you guys know how she’s doing.”

“No need,” Miller said, “We’ll be in to check on her soon.”

“Yeah,” Monty nodded, “Clarke is more than just our friend, we’d do anything for her.”

“Even if that means giving her time to heal,” Raven added, “We need to keep her safe. She’s in a rough place right now.”
With an exhale Abby’s calm façade crumbled, “What could’ve happened out there,” her voice strained, “For her to become like this?”

“She had the world on her shoulders,” Murphy finally spoke, “And no one to help her carry it. She had to battle all that grief on her own, but we can help her now.”

“Thank you,” Abby sorrowfully smiled at the ex-Delinquents, “All of you.”

Grey squeezed Murphy’s hand, and kissed his knuckles before letting him go.

Chapter End Notes

well hello there!! um.. so.. it's been awhile.. like a very long while.. and i apologize, but i was very overwhelmed with work and had to put this fic on the back burner. i honestly thought i was going to leave it as is, but i suddenly got back into and thought you guys deserved the rest! more to come, and yeah farmer murphy is cute af and yeah grey said "that's some good shit" i was going to make her say "sign me the f*ck up" but like.. i cant let the memes take over my writing.

okay so pls kudos and comment, especially if you've been waiting!! IM SORRY!! I'd love any feedback and thanks so much to those who've been supporting me throughout this!

End Notes

so this fic is very long, way longer than i anticipated, probably wrapping it up soon. love all of you!! (all few of you lol)

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