A Night at the Opera

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A Night at the Opera

by SaltyRedhead

Summary

> “How much money did you lose champ?”
>
> “Bite me.”

Notes

> After I had just *finished* A Day at the Races, Plegg immediately gave me an idea for a second crack!fic. And not even two minutes later, I was opening a tab in the same doc with the new idea. This one wouldn’t have been written without her.
>
> Without further ado, here is part two.

Chapter 1: Don’t Stop Me Now

In the weeks after the *incident*, many of Cristina’s colleagues—friends—had been making fun of her for losing to April of all people. Her pride had been wounded with all the poking fun, and her head hung just a little bit lower when it had reached the infamous rumor mill. Despite Alex also losing the *same* amount of money, it had been Cristina taking the flak for it.

Nowhere was safe.

Her person, Meredith, had teased her for days about it. But eventually, she moved on from it. She still laughed at some of the jokes though.

Jackson somehow managed to smooth things over…Cristina strongly suspected Mark had intimidated a lot of people about it. His protection over Jackson was laughable.

The winner of it all had been insufferable for two days straight. April had been *extra* sunshiney and rainbows about the whole thing, an extra spring in her step as she waltzed through the halls. It was nauseating.

But it had been the cardio wing, the halls she lived and breathed in had decidedly been the worst. The chief of cardio surgery would not let the *hot dog incident* go, any chance she got to bring it up, she took.

“Dr. Yang, guess what Miss McCarthy had for lunch?”

“You want a hot dog for lunch, there’s a big unclaimed pile at the cafeteria.”

“You are not gonna believe what I saw in the pit. There’s a patient allergic to hot dogs.”

“Guess who paged me?”

It was worse at home.

They’d be in the kitchen figuring out dinner and Teddy would get the package of hot dogs out from the freezer to show her. It was met with an unimpressed glare. The time Teddy put up a poster of a hot dog pile for her to see when she got home had almost amused her. Not that she would tell Teddy that. No way.

It would be infuriating if her green eyes didn’t sparkle every time she brought it up.

Today was gonna be different.

There was a promising trauma patient on the way by ambulance. Maybe paying off the nurse who answered the phone was a step too far for some. But it wasn’t to Cristina. She thrived on surgery, it was a mood booster.

And she sorely needed it, today was hot dog day again in the cafeteria.

Teddy had already sent the group chat a hot dog emoji along with the sign announcing it. Everyone had razzed Cristina about it. Who knew coming in second place would be worse than finishing last.

Anxiously bouncing on her toes, she waited out in the ambulance bay, already gowned and gloved up to receive the patient. There wasn't a resident with her today. Not that she minded, it was nice to not have to teach today or deal with mumbled coughing of hot dogs behind her back. Her fierce glares and resulting punishments of scut could only go so far.

Sirens could be heard in the distance, it took her out of her silent musings. She took a deep breath and watched as the ambulance pulled into the bay. This surgery was hers, no one else was out here to call dibs. A sense of peace washed over her as the ambulance cut the sirens and lights when they parked.

Cristina wheeled the patient into Trauma Room Two with the paramedic. The patient was alert, her penetrating chest wound had been stabilized in the field. Scans would confirm how much damage she had sustained.

"Your name is Hope Thompson?" Cristina asked, she kept her voice calm.

"Yeah." Hope gasped out. "I need to go home. My girlfriend will be wondering where I am. I just need her." Tears welled up in her eyes and streamed down her cheeks.

Cristina pushed on, getting emotional herself would only make Hope panic more. "And she's your emergency contact?"

"Yeah." She sniffled and moved her arm when Cristina laid a hand on her wrist—holding her in place.

"Don't move your arms." Cristina dabbed at her cheeks with a tissue. "A nurse will inform her that you're here and about to be in surgery. I'm ordering you to get scans and then we'll get this out of you, okay?"

Hope calmed at hearing that, her heart rate lowered by a couple points, she sighed, "Thanks." She breathed in and tried not to wince. "Why does it hurt so bad?"

"You have glass in your chest." Cristina deadpanned.

"It was a rhetorical question. Don't make me laugh. That hurts even more." Hope let out a pained whimper, pushing her head against the pillow and tried to calm her breathing.

"Yeah, definitely don't do that." Cristina added some details to her chart, and then she couldn't help but ask, "What were you even doing?"

"I tripped while carrying a vase of flowers..."

Cristina glanced up, she waited for the rest of it, sensing she wasn't done.

“It was for my girlfriend, today’s her birthday. I picked her favorite roses from a neighbor’s garden...” Hope trailed off, despite the pain etched on her face, she gave off the air of someone incredibly guilty.

Cristina raised an eyebrow.

“I *might* have stolen them. And he *might* have chased me down the street.”

“Then you fell.” Cristina filled in the missing part.

“He called 911 when I started screaming.”

The door softly clicked behind her as Cristina stepped out of the room, softly closing the door, she made a beeline for the nurses station.

April suspiciously raised an eyebrow at seeing her down here, sipping her water, but she kept quiet.

“Hope Thompson needs chest scans. I need an x-ray, an ultrasound, and a CT with contrast.” Cristina ordered, placing her chart on the desk.

“On it, Dr. Yang.” The technician picked up her phone to put the order in.

Cristina nodded, “Let me know when it’s available, I’ll take her down myself for the ultrasound and CT.”

“Why?” April asked.

“She has a penetrating chest wound, I want to be nearby if she has any problems.” Which was true, but, in reality, she didn’t want another surgeon to steal her surgery.

“Okay,” she turned to the technician, “Reserve an OR for Hope Thompson.”

Cristina’s eyes widened, “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” April gazed behind her, she spoke a little louder, “Wilson, bed three needs sutures.”

“Make sure to call her emergency contact.” Cristina ordered as an afterthought. Hopeless Romantic clearly needed her girlfriend, Cristina wouldn’t stand in the way of love, even if it was far too mushy for her tastes.

“Yeah.”

Cristina left to get a snack, not noticing a certain green-eyed blonde opening the curtain on bed four. She had overheard every word of their conversation.

Twenty minutes later, Cristina came back to get Hopeless Romantic—only to find her missing, gurney and all. She did a double take.

Cristina marched out, finding the redhead in charge, she said, “Kepner, where’s my patient?”

“Altman took her.” April didn’t even glance her way, she was filling out a form.

Cristina snapped, “Where are they?”

“Check the board,” April pointed to the screen behind her.

Her fingers twitched, itching to snatch the form away—she bit the inside of her cheek and stayed professional. Glancing up, she zeroed in on Thompson she was in—

“Pre-op?!” She exclaimed and raced to the elevator—ignoring April’s scold of *no running*—she jabbed the button multiple times. Foot impatiently tapping, she tied up her curly hair in a bun. There was no way Teddy was stealing *her* surgery.

A ding was like music to her ears, the doors slowly opened, she squeezed in and hit the button for the surgical floor. She seethed as the doors slowly closed. It was so unfair.

Cristina’s worst fear came true, Teddy—hair braided and tucked into her scrub cap—escorting Hopeless Romantic out of the room with a nurse on the other side of the gurney.

“What are you doing with my patient?” Cristina demanded, ignoring Hope’s *loopy* hello, brown eyes locked onto Teddy’s.

“I’m taking this surgery.” Teddy frowned, with the help of the nurse, they turned the gurney and started walking down the hall.

“Why?” Cristina helped push Hope down.

“Because I want it.” Teddy shrugged.

Cristina whisper-shouted, “What?! Do you know how much money I—” She cut herself off before she could reveal more.

The nurse quietly laughed.

Cristina glared, clearly the nurse already knew and would gleefully tell Teddy later. The nurses ran the rumor mill with an iron fist, and surgeons were usually at the butt of them.

“It’s a penetrating chest wound. Which is my specialty, something you were just admiring about last—”

Cristina interrupted her, “Don’t bring that up here.” She would *not* be swayed by the memory of last night when they fell in bed. She tried again, “C’mon, Teddy, I found her fair and square. Hopeless Romantic is *my* patient.”

“Hey, don’t call me that.” Hope blew a raspberry at Cristina.

Teddy chuckled, “Not today, she’s not and her name is Hope.”

“But—”

Go and cover the pit for me.” Teddy lifted a hand from the rail and blew her a kiss. “Bye.”

Cristina ignored the sentiment, “I hate covering the pit.”

Teddy teased, “You *love* Kepner.”

Cristina corrected her, “No, I *hate* Kepner.”

“I hate you too.” April said behind them.

Cristina whipped around to find the redhead with an unamused look on her face, she turned into a patient’s room without another word.

“Go down there and be nice to her. Now get, I’ll see you later.”

Cristina huffed and let go of the gurney, she watched as they went through the surgical doors —without her.

For some godforsaken reason, the pit was *extra* busy today. Which normally, Cristina didn’t mind. Incoming trauma patients were incredibly promising. The only problem was that not a single one of them were cardio related. There wasn’t even a nervous nelly with a heart murmur. Hopeless Romantic had been the cream of the crop and Teddy had stolen it right from under her.

Meredith had already nabbed a patient right from under Bailey’s nose, she stuck her tongue out when she caught Cristina staring at them. She wheeled her patient with a slight skip in her step. It was the glowy steppiness of someone who recently had hot sex and was about to perform a kick ass surgery too. Sickening. Not even a hint of the dark and twisties was in her aura.

It was worse when Addison showed up to confirm a pregnancy. She was *also* happy and glowing—the same cause Meredith had—Cristina had eyed the redhead’s name on the surgical board this morning. It was a fetoscopic laser photocoagulation, the rush must have felt fantastic after leaving the successful outcome of a TTTS surgery.

Addison winked when she caught Cristina staring from the nurses station. She strolled over, patient’s chart in hand, “Are you sulking?”

“No.” Cristina pulled April’s medical journal to herself, to give the appearance of being busy.

“Hm,” Addison was silent as set the chart down with a thump and quickly jotted her notes in.

Cristina sighed, looking everywhere else but her.

“So I guess the rumors are true then.” Addison closed the chart, unclicking her pen and placed it in her lab coat pocket.

Cristina sharply glanced up, “What rumors?”

“The ones confirming a hot dog would cheer you up.” Addison teased.

“Ha ha, didn’t get it enough out of the group chat.” Cristina flipped a page, not taking in a single word of ways to do appies.

“Nope. You’re a sad sight when you lose out on surgeries.”

“I am not a sad sight.” Cristina protested, barely giving her a glance. “I’m covering the pit because my chief of cardio asked me to.”

“That’s not what I heard.”

Cristina scowled and aggressively flipped the page, tearing it, “What pray tell has Satan heard?”

Addison simpered at the moniker, “I heard an interesting tale of a surgeon paying off the nurse who answers the phones for a heads up on any cardio patients.” She dropped her voice to a whisper, “Who after filling out the initial chart lost the patient, and their boss stole it. Shall I continue?”

April wandered back into her domain, a spring in her step again. Cristina narrowed her eyes, “Kepner!” She tried to keep her voice at a respectable volume but judging by Addison’s wince she failed—not that she cared.

“Yeah?” April smiled, wandering over to them.

“Stop spreading rumors about me!”

“Nope.” She took her seat and took her medical journal back.

Cristina’s mood plummeted the further her day went along. Lunch had been a nightmare, it seemed like everyone was eating a hot dog. The afternoon hadn’t brought any other cardio patients along to the pit. Addison hadn’t been the only one teasing the stolen surgery fiasco, each new person just rubbed it in. Then to top it all, she stepped into vomit—a patient had eaten coconuts earlier and couldn’t stop—with her new shoes. April’s laugh followed her all the way to the bathroom to clean them off.

She just needed one win, something to clear her good name from everyone’s mouth. Something amazing. But she couldn’t think of anything, her mind fuzzy with their mocking words, she desperately needed a drink.

“Oh, now that’s an idea.” Cristina said out loud to herself. A devious grin appeared on her lips as she wiped the bottom of her shoe down with an antiseptic wipe.

She just had to wait for the end of her shift.

To be continued…

Chapter 2: Another One Bites The Dust

Chapter Notes

I wrote most of this while outside in my garden. Dog days of summer are such a pain in the ass, wishing for a gloriously cool fall with my whole chest.

Anyway, here is the second and last chapter of this fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cristina walked out of the pit—it was finally quitting time. She texted the group chat, *Drinks at Joes?* There were immediate responses from Teddy, April, Lexie, Meredith, Addison, and Mark—all confirming. There was nothing from Alex, which didn't surprise her. He rarely checked their group chat. Maybe a kinder friend would send a private follow up text, but that would never be her. Snooze you lose, you know.

She opened the door to the attending's lounge to find Teddy chatting with Addison. They had already changed out of their scrubs. Addison was pulling on a black skirt while Teddy had put on a green long sleeve shirt and dark jeans, the ends of her hair damp. She was putting on ankle boots when Addison pointed at the door, a smirk appeared on Teddy's face when she realized Cristina was behind her.

"Hope's surgery was successful. Her girlfriend was quite happy to see her when I left." She zipped up her boots and turned around to face her girlfriend. "It was a mushy reunion you would've hated to watch."

Cristina exhaled, a part of her was happy Hopeless Romantic came out okay, but the other part of her was irritated at her stolen surgery…and being out $50, "That's good, surgery stealer." She muttered.

Teddy grinned, "You're adorable."

"I am not." Cristina pouted and opened her locker, tossing her scrubs in the bin and pulling her clothes out. A similar outfit to Teddy's, but a red long sleeve shirt, jeans, and a *different* pair of sneakers.

Addison zipped up her skirt and put on the matching blazer. Stepping into heels, she piped up, "You should've seen her haunting the pit. All fiery with no way to get it out."

"For the last time, I was not haunting the pit." Cristina whirled around, pulling her shirt down and staring daggers at the amused redhead. "My boss told me to cover the pit, but not a single cardio case walked through the doors." She sighed and put on her sneakers. "It's statistically impossible."

Addison chuckled, “Surprised you didn’t say the magic words while on shift.” Looking in the mirror, she ran her fingers through red hair and applied a fresh coat of burgundy lipstick

“Eh.” Cristina would not mention that she only thought of it two minutes before her shift had ended. Maybe it was something to mention in the group chat on Monday. But now she was more concerned about this evening. She pulled on her leather jacket, taking notice of Teddy’s eyes locked on her—taking in her every move, she ignored Addison—she was ready to go, the black bomber jacket on and purse over her shoulder. Quite pleased at Teddy’s attention, she took down her hair and shook her curls loose. She stood up straight and found Teddy’s lips parted, her gaze rapidly darkening, looking down at her hands, she could see they were twitching to reach out.

Oh this was going to be a fun night.

The three of them were at the bar waiting for the rest of their group to show up. Teddy dropped a hand on Cristina’s bouncing knee—stilling it—while she talked to Addison about home renovations of all things. Cristina lost track of their conversation, her eyes were on the door, willing for people to come. Teddy and Addison both had a glass of wine in front of them, slowly sipping as they waited for their friends.

The door jingled, barely heard above some new pop song, it was Meredith—April, Lexie, and Mark trailing behind her.

Perfect.

April made a beeline for the bar, already ordering a side of fries and a beer. She plopped down, leaving the spot between her and Addison for Meredith to take.

Meredith nodded at April. Kissing Addison’s cheek in greeting, she took off her jacket, hanging it on the back of the barstool, and she sat down between them. Her eyes only on Addison’s side profile as she listened to her talk to Teddy.

Mark and Lexie took seats on Cristina’s other side, silently talking amongst themselves about their day at work.

Cristina wrinkled her nose at them, everyone here had been in surgery today. It was so annoying, she could have sworn they were all glowy.

Yes, a pick me up was needed. She may have lost to April with the hot dogs, but a drinking game—she was a pro at knocking alcohol back. No one here was better than her. Well, Meredith was a top contender too but it had been a while since she’d gone on a bender.

“How about a drinking game?” Cristina said, loud enough that all conversation halted around her.

Meredith shrugged, “Sure, it’s been a while.”

Lexie said, “I’m out, I have a shift tomorrow.”

Teddy raised an eyebrow, she whispered in Cristina's ear, "You really need a win? Hot dog day and losing Hopeless Romantic's surgery too much for you."

Cristina pushed her away, "Shut up."

"I'm in," Mark rubbed his hands together, "Only a seasoned pro can do it."

April laughed, "You couldn't hold your liquor last—"

Mark scowled, "Apes that was one time and Yang overdid those shots."

"Whatever you say, I'm game. We putting money on the line?" April wondered, her eyes darting back and forth between Addison and Mark.

Cristina opened her mouth to rebuff when—

"Eh, what the hell, I'll play too." Addison shrugged, "I haven't done a drinking game since college."

"Yes, money is on the line." Cristina changed her tune. "50 bucks?"

Teddy groaned, "No. Something lower."

"You can get cash tomorrow." Addison suggested, and she drained the last of her wine.

"Fine. I'm sure I'm gonna regret this tomorrow." Teddy pushed her own half-finished glass of wine away.

Joe placed the last of their order down in front of April, "Alright here we go. Three beers, two shots of tequila, and a glass of red wine. Hope you all don't have empty stomachs." He put the tray under his arm, and eyed all the alcohol in front of them.

Addison snuck a few fries from April, slowly eating them as she sipped her wine.

April ate the last of her fries and pushed the bin over. She lined her drinks up in order, a gleam in her eyes as she formed a plan.

Joe sighed and took it along with her empty beer bottle. "Good luck." He turned to face Lexie, "I'll be back with your order."

Lexie nodded.

"I propose a toast before we begin," April raised a beer.

"Oh no." Cristina quietly muttered, grunting when Teddy elbowed her. She raised her beer up without another word. Everyone followed suit.

"May the best specialty win." April leaned over Meredith to tap her beer against Addison's.

Addison enthusiastically echoed. “May the best specialty win!”

Cristina rolled her eyes at their sportsmanship. This was a competition, not braiding each other’s hair at summer camp.

Meredith winced at the volume, she spoke up before Cristina could make a comment, “Lexie, start us off.”

Everyone put down their beers, hands up, all eyes on Lexie.

She nodded, “Go.”

Everyone picked up their beers, accidentally spilling some foam on the table—except Addison, she daintily picked up a beer, she started drinking with the poise of someone not in a rush.

Joe appeared on the other side of the counter and handed Lexie a beer. “What brought this game on?”

“Oh,” Lexie dropped her hand on Mark’s upper thigh—he let out a choked gasp, coughing he brought the beer back up to his mouth. She patted his thigh and squeezed, Mark pushed her hand further down his leg and tapped for her to stay put. Unbothered, she asked, “Did the hot dog eating competition make its way over here?

“Course it did.” Joe nodded. “Lots of nurses came in here grumbling about hot dogs being bought out from under them.”

“I think it had something to do with it. People have been making fun of Cristina for weeks now. She needed an ego boost, especially after losing a sur—”

“Little Grey, shut up.” Cristina snapped, she went back to her beer.

“Makes sense. She’s been down in the dumps every time she comes here.”

Teddy giggled into her beer, she kept a slow and steady pace. Beer wasn’t her drink of her choice.

“You really do know everything that goes on in that hospital."

“Perks of being the bar closest to the hospital. I hear *all* the gossip.”

Meredith chugged half her beer, panting as she glanced at Addison and her jaw dropped—Addison was finishing her first beer, she had picked up her pace and slammed the empty cup down. “What the—”

Addison blew her a kiss, she picked up the second beer and kept the same pace.

Meredith gulped some more beer down.

Joe said, “You guys have a designated driver, right?”

Lexie slowly shook her head, “Nope.” She nursed her beer and watched April guzzle the rest of that first beer down—Cristina and Meredith a couple seconds behind her.

Joe sighed. “Please call one.”

Cristina couldn’t get ahead of Meredith—or Addison—they stayed beer for beer. By the time Cristina picked up her first shot, she was starting to feel the effects of drinking on an empty stomach.

Cristina knocked back the first shot, slamming it by the beers and knocking a glass off the counter.

“Be gentle.” Joe scolded.

Cristina picked up her second shot, taking a breather, she gasped out, “Sorry.” She looked around for a moment at her competitors.

April and Mark were finishing the last of their beer—April had a shot glass in her other hand—Teddy had just picked up her third beer.

Cristina’s eyes locked on Addison as she set the second shot glass down, smirking when she picked up the wine glass.

Cristina made a face and took the second shot. She wiped her mouth and reached for the wine.

Smoothly gulping down her second shot, Meredith grabbed her glass of wine, she made a face at the flavor.

Mark finished his last beer and picked up the first shot glass—knocking it back without thinking twice—he eyed the tequila on the second shot, fighting back a suspicious burp. He gasped out, “I’m—”

Addison finished, “I won!” She gently set the glass down.

“What?” Meredith and Cristina cried out together.

Addison plucked the glass out of Meredith’s hand, she drank the rest of the glass and then planted a wet kiss on her lips. “I’m just that good.” She kissed her multiple times, each one more heated than the last one.

Teddy set her last beer down, she gasped out, “How?”

Addison reluctantly pulled her lips away from Meredith’s, shrugging she said, “I come from a family of WASPs. Drinking is part of my heritage.” She covered a burp with her hand.

April cackled, “You should see your faces right now.” She clumsily leaned over Meredith and held a fist out.

Addison obliged her and bumped her fist against hers. Glancing at Meredith's face, she giggled and wiped her lipstick off with her thumb.

Teddy laughed, "Babe, you lost *again*."

Cristina buried her face in her hands, muttering a few choice words.

Teddy switched out the beer for the glass of wine, slowly sipping it, she sighed, "This is a great red wine."

Meredith scrunched her nose, "No, that was too dry. It's gross." She tugged Addison onto her chair, wrapping her hands around her waist.

Mark scoffed, "Says the woman who used to drink tequila like water."

Sticking her tongue out, Meredith taunted, "What happened to being a seasoned pro? Mr. hasn't-even-finished-his-second-shot-yet."

Mark knocked it back without another word, wincing at the taste. "Finished it."

Lexie shook her head at their antic and took his wine glass, slowly sipping it. She squeezed his knee, "You did great, honey."

Kissing her cheek, Mark whispered in her ear, "You are such a temptress."

Lexie giggled and scooted her chair closer, leaning against him, she sighed when he draped an arm around her shoulders.

Alex walked in, phone in hand, he stomped to his friends at the bar. "Was anyone gonna tell me—"

"Uh-oh." April interrupted him. She moaned, clutching her stomach, "I don't feel so good."

Joe grabbed her elbow and dragged her off the barstool, "Trash. Trash. Aim for the trash."

Falling to her knees, she put her head in the trash, she puked a couple times before popping up with a watery smile.

Joe heavily sighed and handed her a water, "Here."

She clumsily took it, some water landed on her shirt, she took a couple sips and sat heavily on her butt. "Karev," She hiccuped, "It's about time you showed up. Designated driver n'all."

"Is that why you called?" Alex turned to Joe.

"Yeah, they need to go home before they come up with another drinking game." Joe shot a reproachful look at part of their party.

Addison, Cristina, and Meredith guiltily glancing away from the drinks menu.

Cristina slurred, “We’re just lookin’.”

“Yeah.” Addison and Meredith mumbled.

“Right.” Joe nodded, not believing a word they said.

Alex sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose as he looked at the rest of the group. Lexie was practically on Mark’s lap, kissing his neck. Teddy was perhaps the smartest one of the bunch, she was mindlessly eating chips. April had fallen asleep against the wall, water slowly forming a puddle underneath her.

Alex yanked the bottle out of her grasp. “Everyone pay Joe and get your things. We’re going home.”

“Such a buzzkill, Karev.” Addison blew a raspberry at him.

Even with Joe’s help, it took Alex thirty minutes to corral them out the door. There was a fierce battle with getting April’s jacket back on, Alex gave up and let her wear it the way she wanted to—inside out and upside down.

Once everyone was in his car, he laid down some ground rules, “One, everyone keep your hands to yourselves in my car. Two—”

Addison giggled from the way back, “No promises.”

“Montgomery, I *will* kick you out.” He locked eyes with her in the rearview mirror.

“Fine.” Addison pouted and planted one last kiss on Meredith’s lips. Swallowing her surprised moan, she pulled off with a wet pop. “*Now*, we can leave.”

Alex rolled his eyes, “Two, no puking in my car.”

Everyone mumbled an agreement. Various levels of enthusiasm.

Mark let out a quiet snore, he leaned against Teddy’s shoulder who pushed him off with a grunt. He toppled over to Lexie, who patted his thigh.

Another girlish giggle was heard from the way back. “Mer cut it out. I can hear Montgomery giggling.”

“No,” She laughed even harder.

Alex whipped around to face them—Teddy gasping in surprise at seeing him so red-faced and irritated—and threatened, “Don’t make me go back there and separate you two. I *will* put Kepner in between you two.”

Addison meowed at Meredith, making a hand gesture to go with it. Meredith lost it, she shrieked with laughter.

Alex faced the wheel, it was a losing battle. “I have got to put the group chat notifications back on.”

Teddy whispered, “Ya think.”

“Quiet in the peanut gallery.” He started up the car and drove off.

Cristina piped up from the front seat, she had called shotgun to the loud protests of Teddy and April. “Evil Spawn, I lost to…Satan.”

“Hell yeah you did, meow,” Addison cheered from the back.

“Shut up.” Cristina slurred. “I’m talking to Evil Spawn. Not you.”

Teddy flicked her ear and scolded, “Be nice.”

“What the hell.” Cristina held her ear, whipping around to scowl at Teddy,

She innocently smiled and pointed at Mark.

Cristina turned her drunken glare on Mark, only to find him passed out asleep, his head thrown back on the headrest—already starting to fall back to Teddy. “Uh-huh, nice try.”

Lexie smiled out the window, lost in thought as she held onto Mark’s knee.

“Yang, keep your hands to yourself.”

“But I didn’t—no one’s gonna listen to that rule.”

Mark fell on Teddy’s shoulder again. She shoved him away, “Get off of me.”

It got suspiciously quiet from the third row, Alex stopped at a red light, peering out the rearview mirror—his jaw dropped. “Mer, put Montgomery back in her seat.”

Meredith’s eyes popped open, she looked past Addison to stare at him, “But—”

“*Now*!”

Sighing, Meredith kissed her one last time and regretfully pushed her off.

Addison sighed, kissing her neck one last time and then nuzzled into her.

Meredith wrapped an arm around Addison to bring her even closer. Catching his eye again, she said, “Lights green.”

Alex sighed and took his foot off the break, gently pressing the gas, he put the radio on.

Alex stopped the car at Meredith's house. He turned the music off, "Alright, everyone we're here. Now get out."

It took just as long to get them out of the car as it did with getting them inside. April passed out cold in the backseat—sighing Alex decided to get her out last. He got out expecting the rest of them to be at the door only to find Meredith locking lips with Addison and pressing her into the passenger door—everyone else was awkwardly looking the other way. He shook his head at Mark, he was being held up by the sheer force of Lexie. Teddy was circling the tree, laughing as she got faster with each loop.

"Oh, wait. I have a key." Cristina fished out her keys from her pocket, showing off her prize to everyone. She stumbled up the stairs with Teddy right behind her.

Alex followed them, he didn't trust their judgement right now.

Lexie nudged Mark, "Stairs."

"Feet are stuck."

"Sure, babe. I'll help you." She put a hand on his waist and nudged him forward. He slowly followed, leaning onto her.

Cristina stuck her tongue out, squinting with one eye open as she repeatedly tried to insert the key into the lock. "Why is it moving?"

"It's not. Your eyesight is just shot." Alex gently pushed her out of the way. "Gimme that." He snatched the keys out of her hand and opened the door.

"Magic super powers." Cristina walked in.

Teddy followed and turned on the lights as she went. Lexie and Mark were at least on the stairs, slowly making their way up.

Alex made his way down to the driveway, "Alright you two, it's time to go inside."

Breathing heavy, Addison pulled away from Meredith, looking over her shoulder, she begged, "Five more minutes." Meredith kissed up her jaw, whispering something in her ear that made Addison turn bright red, her eyes darkening and dark lashes fluttering until they closed.

"Five more—you know what," Alex shook his head, "I'm getting Kepner and by the time I come back down here you two better have separated."

"Deal, meow." She wrapped a long leg around Meredith, bringing her even closer.

Meredith dropped wet kisses and a wandering hand tugging her blouse out of her shirt.

Alex looked away before he could see anything else. He was already regretting the five extra minutes. Climbing into the back seat to find April had at least taken her seat belt off, he sighed and picked her up.

“C’mon Apes,” He got out and carried her up the stairs. “Seriously, where is Jackson?”

April sleepily mumbled, “Boston, sh. Need…quiet. So sleepy.”

Alex rolled his eyes, once he was inside, he set April on the couch and covered her with a blanket. He took her shoes off.

“Evil Spawn, where’s,” Cristina hiccuped, “Where’s Mer and, and, and Satan.”

Alex whirled around to find Cristina dragging a pallet of blankets behind her. Teddy had an armful of pillows in her grasp. “Still by the car. What are you two doing?”

“Drunken nest.” Teddy shrugged.

“Okay…” Alex trailed off. “Just take your shoes off.”

Teddy saluted, dropping the pillows, “Okie dokie.”

Lexie and Mark had disappeared, Alex hoped they were upstairs and in a bed.

To Alex’s dismay not only had they not separated but their clothes were in a disarray. Meredith’s blouse and jacket had been thrown to the ground, luckily she had a tank top on, the hemline was bunched halfway up her torso. Her hand was up Addison’s skirt, and she was kissing her chest, her shirt had been unbuttoned just enough. Addison’s head was thrown back against his car, biting her lip in an attempt to be quiet. Her hands were up in Meredith’s hair, guiding her up to kiss her neck.

Alex screamed, waving his arms around, their disregard for common decency had him *wishing* for a drink so bad. “MEREDITH GREY!”

Meredith startled and placed her hands on Addison’s hips, “What?” She snapped.

“Oh shit, Dad’s mad.” Addison giggled, her remark loud enough for Alex to hear.

His face turned red, hands on his hips he said, “Oh can it, Satan. You two are—ugh.”

“Oh he’s *mad* mad.” Addison loudly whispered.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen him get so red.”

“Get in the house.” He picked up Meredith’s clothes off the ground and took them by the elbows.

“Okay, we’re moving.” Meredith grumbled. She ripped her elbow out of his grip. “It’s cold,” She wrapped her arms around her torso, shivering in the cold.

“Yeah that’s what happens when you take off some layers on a cold night.”

“Oh.”

The next morning…

Cristina woke up to the birds chirping merrily outside, she was smooshed between two bodies. Teddy's body underneath her head made sense, the other one did not. Spitting the red hair out of her mouth only narrowed it down to two people, whichever redhead was behind—they were clinging to her like a koala.

She cautiously sniffed the air, "Oh thank goodness, it's Kepner." Eyes widening, she wondered how she knew that. Her mind drifted to Addison's vanilla perfume, it had become something familiar to her, it clung to Meredith's clothes and mixed with the lavender.

Not willing to process it any further, Cristina forcefully nudged April off her back and stumbled into the kitchen.

Alex was making breakfast, scrambled eggs and toast, water bottles lined up on the kitchen table.

"How much money did you lose champ?"

"Bite me."

"Adopting Teddy's language, it's cute." He teased.

Chapter End Notes

I am not condoning this drinking game. Do this at your own risk.

Thank you Plegg for everything!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!