Nowhere To Run

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Nowhere To Run

by WaitingForMyHogwartsLetter

Summary

When Clarke is in a plane crash and wakes up in a body bag without a scratch and as the sole survivor, something doesn't feel right.

Realistically, she should be dead.

On the way to the hospital for testing, she is kidnapped by Bellamy Blake, who explains that she is immortal.

When two of Bellamy's team get captured, it is up to Clarke, Bellamy and Murphy to get them back.

While Clarke processes her newfound immortality of course.

Basically The 100 The Old Guard AU that no one asked for.

Notes

hi everyone, i'm trying to copy some of my works over while ao3 is down but like a dumbass, i forgot to get epubs of ALL my own fics obviously i still have my docs and everything but the tags etc are a work in progress! i'm starting with my older works first because they don't use workskins, but this is definitely a reminder to save all that code the second ao3 comes back online 😅

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See the end of the work for more notes

A flash. A man she didn't recognise with dark hair and freckles. His lips were moving but she couldn't hear what he was saying. Two women, asleep in each other's arms. A man half-awake, leaning against a crate.

Clarke woke up, trapped, suffocating on something plastic. She pushed upwards and the plastic split, showering her in a bright light as she jolted upright in a panic. *It was a body bag.* She kicked away the rest of the plastic and got to her feet, pressing a hand to her head.

What was the last thing she remembered?

Bracing for impact as the plane went down at Polis Airport. How the hell was that possible? She should be dead right now. Very, very dead. Clarke stared down at the body bag that she still had one foot inside.

"Shit! We got a live one!" Someone shouted, rushing over. "You're the only survivor…" the man looked her over. "And there ain't even a scratch on you?"

Clarke looked around, "Did no one else make it?"

"Come on," a woman arrived and wrapped her jacket around Clarke. "Let's get you to a hospital." She put an arm around Clarke and led her to the back of an ambulance that was on standby for any other survivors.

"Can… can I call someone?" Clarke asked, looking around. The man from before handed her a phone and she dialed a number she knew by heart. *Monty.*

"Hello?" Her friend's voice echoed through the speaker and it set off a wave of emotion and soon tears were falling down her cheeks. "Is someone there?"

Clarke could barely manage to get his name out. "*Monty.*"

"Oh my god, Clarke! We saw the news! It said no survivors, we thought— we thought—"

"I'm alive," she said quietly. "I'm not sure how, but I'm alive. They're taking me to Polis Med. I… uh," Clarke managed a weak laugh. "I think I might be a bit late for lunch."

Monty sighed in relief. "We're coming, Clarke. We're coming to see you."

"Okay," Clarke swallowed thickly. "See you there."

The car journey was quick and soon she was sitting in front of a doctor.

"Everything seems to be fine, are you sure you were actually *on* the plane?" Dr Cagodan looked at her curiously.

Clarke reeled back, "Of course I was on the fucking plane! What kind of question is that?"

“It is normal for witnesses of traumatic events to go through psychotic episodes in which they may have ‘memory blanks’, and that can lead them to assuming the worst?” Cadogan suggested.

She shook her head. “I was on the plane. I’m not crazy. You can ask my friends when they get here!”

“And your friends are?”

“Monty Green and Jasper Jordan.”

He nodded to a security camera and a man from outside came and took Clarke by the arm. “Well, Miss Griffin, I will definitely let you know if they arrive.”

“When they arrive!” Clarke protested. “I’m not crazy!”

This time when they took her to a private room, they secured her right wrist to the bed. No matter how much Clarke tried to pry the cuff away, she couldn’t get out. They thought she was crazy. *They thought she was crazy.*

“I’m *not* crazy,” she said through gritted teeth.

Great, I’m talking to myself. Now they’ll really *think I’m crazy.*

~

An hour later, someone knocked on the door. Clarke almost stood up to answer it, before remembering that she was cuffed to the bed. “Come in?” She asked hopefully, praying for it to be Jasper and Monty so they could tell someone in this damned building that she was *not crazy.*

Instead, it was a man she recognised only from her recent dreams.

He picked up her medical chart, “Clarke Griffin? Wow, they really don’t like you.”

“You!” She gasped. “Who the hell are you?”

“Nice to see I’ve been in your dreams as much as you’ve been in mine. I’m gonna need you to come with me,” he announced, pulling out a knife and using it to slice through the restraints attaching her to the bed.

Clarke jumped off the bed and took a step back. “Why would I come anywhere with you?”

The freckled man pulled out a gun and aimed it at her. “Because I’m asking politely?”

“This is you asking *politely?”* She could almost laugh. Maybe she was going crazy? There’s no way this was *actually* happening. Right?

He took a step forward, the gun aimed steadily, and Clarke slammed her hand into his fist and ducked, trying to wrestle the gun off him. She remembered a move that her dad had taught

her and tried that, but he seemed to have been expecting it and managed to avoid it. Clarke grabbed the knife he'd used and held it out towards him. "I'm gonna say it again," she steadied her voice so that it didn't betray how scared she was. "Who the hell are you?"

The man turned the gun around and slammed it into her hand, causing her to drop the knife as he brought it up again as he brought it up towards the side of her head.

"You can call me Bellamy."

~

The jolting of the vehicle over a speed bump is what woke Clarke up. She looked around and realised that she was on the floor in the back of a small van. She could see the reflection of the man driving in the rearview mirror and recognised him from trying to kidnap her from the hospital.

Or rather, *succeeding* in kidnapping her from the hospital.

Clarke felt the double doors at the back of the van behind her and rolled over, giving herself enough room to kick out at the lock and force them open. She grabbed the knife that had been used to cut the restraints at the hospital and pocketed it. Once the back doors flew open she rolled out of the back and along the dirt-track. Coughing thanks to the dust flying up around her, Clarke tried to get to her feet and start running.

She heard the van stop behind her and the door open but Clarke kept running until something hit the back of her head and she fell to the ground as the bullet exited through her forehead.

Less than a minute later, the wound closed up and she rolled onto her back, gasping for air. Clarke reached up, feeling the back of her head and the blood that drenched her blonde hair. "You shot me! Why the fuck did you shoot me?"

"You're alive, aren't you?" He sighed. "How long is it gonna take to figure out that you can't die?"

Moments later Clarke was being pulled to her feet, and she did the only thing she could do.

She stabbed him with his own knife.

"*Fuck!*" He cursed, staring down at the blade protruding from his front. "I'd appreciate it if you made that a one-time thing? Really not a fan." The man pulled the blade out and tucked it in the waistband of his jeans without flinching.

Clarke stared at the wound left behind. "Who *are* you?"

"I'm in charge of a group of immortals. We're soldiers. Look, you should've died in the plane crash. Hell, you *did* die. And now you want to know why you're still breathing? Come with me, and I can explain," he shrugged. "Or don't. But if you pick that option then I might have to shoot you again and bring you anyway, and I'd rather not do that."

Bellamy walked back towards the car and Clarke raised her eyebrows. “Where are we going?” She called to him.

“Back to the scene of the crime to get transport, and then Tondc.”

She still didn’t move. “Why?”

“Well you gotta meet the others, don’t you? Hey, if you come now I’ll let you ride shotgun.”

“Wow, tempting,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

He laughed, “Just get in.”

~

Half of Polis Airport was still shut after the crash so Bellamy led her around the back to where the cargo planes were. He slipped a pilot some cash and talked to him in Russian before giving Clarke the okay to get onto the aeroplane.

“This looks dodgy,” Clarke felt the need to point out.

“And?” He laughed. “Get changed, I need to take a call. Please don’t try to run again.”

Clarke accepted the clothes and waited until Bellamy had gone before swapping the hospital clothes for a pair of jeans and a blue top. She picked up a bottle of water and tried to get some of the dried blood out of her hair but once it didn’t work Clarke picked up a rubber band from the side and used it to put her hair into a messy bun instead to cover the bloodstains.

When Bellamy returned he was accompanied by the pilot and as soon as they were both inside the door shut behind them. The plane began to taxi along the runway and Bellamy looked into some of the boxes it was carrying, hitting the jackpot when he found one with alcohol in.

She sat down in what might have at some point been classed as a seat, and Clarke secured herself in with a seatbelt. Hanging up next to her was one of the straps used to keep boxes in place that was securable by a key and she briefly wondered if she’d be able to use it to restrain Bellamy.

The plane took off and Clarke braced herself, shutting her eyes and trying to ignore the fact that last time she was on a plane it crashed and she *died.* Bellamy sat down next to her, passing a clear bottle between his hands.

“I have a question,” Clarke announced.

Bellamy scoffed, “I have a feeling you have more than just one question, but lay it on me.”

“Why me? Why not *anyone* else?”

“Hell if I know,” he shrugged. “I don’t even know why *I’m* like this.”

Clarke sighed, “You said you’d explain.”

“I said I’d explain, but I can’t explain the parts where I don’t know how it works.”

“Wow. So what do you actually know?”

He took another swig from the bottle before answering. “I know a lot of things, Princess. I’ve been alive a long time.”

“Oh yeah? How old are you then?”

Bellamy shrugged, “Stopped counting. Now I’d recommend getting some sleep. It’s a long way to Tondc.” He took off his jacket and laid it over his chest, folding his arms and closing his eyes. “I’d say sweet dreams, but I have a feeling it won’t be that easy.”

Clarke groaned, tilting her head back and resting it against the side of the plane. The one person who could give her answers and he’d rather be sleeping. Brilliant. She unclipped her seatbelt when the turbulence subsided and walked over to where Bellamy had left his bag, rifling through it until she found the knife from before. She sat back down in her seat, looking at it before pressing the tip of the blade into her palm and drawing a line across it. She winced, and warm blood trickled from the open cut. So much for being *immortal*.

It tingled a little, and when Clarke looked back down at it the wound had already begun to knit itself back together. *Fucking hell.*

If this was real, she wanted no part in it.

Clarke waited until Bellamy had drifted off— which wasn’t long, luckily— and picked up the strap that she had noticed before. Clarke slipped it over his wrist and attached it to the side of the plane before pulling it tight and securing it. She dug around in the bag again until she found a gun and walked towards the front of the plane, aiming it at the pilot.

“Change of plans,” she said firmly. “You’re landing the plane now.”

Bellamy turned over and pulled on the restraint, waking up with a start. “Are you kidding me?” He groaned.

“We’re not going to Tondc,” Clarke told him.

He laughed, looking at the pilot. “Shaw, come here.”

The pilot stood up but Clarke kept the gun steady towards his chest. “You’re not moving. Get back in that chair.”

“Stand your ass up and come over here,” Bellamy told him.

“No way, I’m the one with the gun,” Clarke reminded the pilot. “You stay in that seat and land this plane or I will shoot you.”

Bellamy rolled his eyes, “She won’t shoot you.” He paused, reaching behind him. “I will.” He switched to Russian and said something Clarke didn’t understand before pulling out a gun and shooting the pilot. The man fell forward and the plane began to tilt precariously to one side. Clarke stared at the now-dead pilot in shock.

“We kind of need him to *land* the *plane*?”

He shrugged, “Or we could just jump. I mean, it’s not like we can die.”

“I am not living through *another* plane crash!” Clarke shouted.

“Relax, Princess.” He lifted up the hand that was attached to the plane. “Long time, pick up a few tricks. I can take this ship to the ground.”

Without any other choice, Clarke grabbed the key and began to unlock his hand.

Bellamy smirked, “I’m guessing you don’t speak Russian, do you?”

She frowned, “How is that relevant?”

“Because I told Shaw to play dead.”

Clarke turned around and Shaw sat upright, fiddling with the controls and leveling the plane again. “Son of a bitch!” She threw a punch in Bellamy’s direction but he disarmed her immediately, letting her fall to the ground. She stood up, ready to fight, running at him and pushing him into the side of the plane.

Bellamy tossed her off of him and resumed a fighting stance, bringing up his fists. “Like I said, I’ve picked up a few tricks. Sure you want to do this?”

She didn’t reply, instead aiming punches at his gut until they got into a rhythm of going back and forth and blocking each other's punches. Bellamy grabbed her arm and twisted it behind her back, but Clarke spun out of his hold and continued to fight, bringing her knee up into his stomach.

He barely flinched, pushing her away from him and bringing his fists back up for another round. Bellamy tried to land a punch but she ducked away and his hand slammed into a crate. This time he did wince, but the distraction was short lived as he recovered quickly in time to block her next blow.

Clarke managed to land a blow to his jaw, and he seemed a little impressed before moving out of the way of her leg as she tried to swipe his feet out from under him and sending four punches in her direction in quick succession. She groaned, getting up anyway and continuing even when he flipped her over his shoulder and she hit the ground *hard*.

“You don’t need to keep doing this,” he reminded her as she struggled to her feet, breathing heavily, catching her next punch and pushing it through so that one of her bones broke through the skin. She cried out in pain, getting up again but he pushed her away. “Seriously, it’s only going to hurt you more. We’re done now.”

She tried to land a kick but Bellamy caught her foot and twisted it, dislocating her ankle.

“Stop fighting me,” he sighed. “You’re good. Better than I expected, actually, but you can’t win here.”

Clarke lay on her side, trying to catch her breath as her arm was on fire with pain. She rolled onto her back and folded her arms across her chest. “Why am I here?”

Bellamy avoided the question, “You’re already healing faster,” he pointed out instead as her ankle clicked back into place and the bone slotted back into her arm.

She looked at her arm as it repaired itself. “This shouldn’t be possible.”

“But it is.”

“At the hospital, I was waiting for my friends. They’re going to be worried.”

He sighed, “Once they figured out that you’re not crazy they’d want to lock you up for testing in some government facility to figure out why the hell you aren’t dead.” Bellamy held out a hand to help her up and Clarke accepted it. “Look, I’m sorry for shooting you. And breaking your arm.”

“I’m sorry for stabbing you.”

“Does it make us even yet?” He gave her a half-smile.

“Not even *slightly*.”

~

They arrived in the late afternoon and Bellamy led the way to a church by the airport, picking their way through the overgrown grass to get to the path. Clarke raised an eyebrow, “This isn’t Tondc.”

“Just outside of it,” Bellamy shrugged. “Not that it matters. This place has been abandoned for a long time, which is why we made it into a safehouse.”

Inside there were three other people. A man was leaning over a stove, sprinkling something into a pot, and there were two women squeezed onto one armchair in the corner. One was braiding the other’s hair while the other balanced a book on her knee. They all looked up when Clarke and Bellamy arrived.

“So, this is the newbie then?” The man at the stove turned around and raised an eyebrow at Clarke before introducing himself. “John Murphy, but you can just call me Murphy.”

“Octavia,” the woman doing the braiding gestured to herself with her free hand, before nudging the other woman with her knee. “And this is Raven.”

Raven looked up, “Hey. Welcome. Fair warning, Murphy’s an ass but you get used to it after two hundred years or so.”

“Love you too, Rae,” Murphy pulled a face at her from the kitchen area, rolling his eyes as she laughed.

Bellamy leant against the wall. “Guys, this is Clarke Griffin.”

Before he could say anything else, Murphy cut him off with a spoonful of something, shoving it into Bellamy’s mouth before he could object and waiting for his response. The look on his face was one of shock as Bellamy registered the food, and Clarke had to try not to laugh. He swallowed and nodded in approval, and Murphy disappeared to plate it.

“Foods ready! I cooked so if you think I’m laying the table you can jump off the roof,” Murphy shouted as he opened one of the cupboards.

Octavia rolled her eyes and kissed Raven lightly on the top of her head before putting a band in her braid as Raven folded the corner of the page she was on and they both went to grab plates and take them into the dining room. While Raven was on cutlery, Octavia popped her head back in through the door. “Clarke! Don’t think you get a free pass just because you’re new.” Then she turned to Bellamy and narrowed her eyes at him. “And don’t think *you* get a free pass just because you’re old. Get your asses in here and do the drinks.”

Clarke stifled a laugh with the back of her hand as she walked towards the kitchen, Bellamy close behind.

Once the table had been set and Murphy had dished out the food, the five of them sat down and started to eat quietly. After a while, Clarke broke the awkward silence that accompanied her arrival and finished a mouthful of Murphy’s cooking to ask a question. “So how were you in my dreams?”

Raven shrugged, “We dream of each other until we meet. It’s like a beacon.”

“It’s like *destiny*,” Octavia announced dramatically.

“The last person to join us was Murphy, it took years to track him down. Finally caught him in 1812, but damn did you not make it easy,” Raven laughed.

Murphy shrugged, “What can I say? I liked to travel and I disliked people. Every time you got close I decided I’d rather move across the continent than sit down with you for a chat. The first time I died was fighting with Napoleon.”

Clarke’s eyebrows shot up. “Shit, really? How *old* are you? How old are *all* of you?”

“It’s been a while,” Octavia shrugged. “But Bell’s the oldest.”

“How old are you?” Clarke asked him, not for the first time.

He shook his head, “Too old. Too damn old.”

Clarke took it in, “So we’re really immortal?”

“Not really,” Murphy said with a shrug. “Even cockroaches gotta die at some point.”

“We’re mostly immortal,” Raven clarified. “But after a while… we can die. One of us did.”

Bellamy’s smile disappeared. “Lincoln was one of us. We’d been fighting side by side for a long time. One day he got stabbed and just… didn’t heal. We have no idea how or why, but one day the immortality is just… *gone.*” He clicked his fingers. “Just like that.”

Clarke reeled back, “If we can die, why the fuck did you shoot me?”

“You’re too new,” he dismissed it. “Zero risk.”

“It doesn’t make much sense, and it’s overwhelming at first, I get it, so maybe you should get some rest?” Raven suggested, standing up from the table. “I’ll show you where.”

Clarke swallowed thickly, nodding and slowly following Raven out the room.

She pointed to the beds. “This is where I sleep with Octavia, that’s Murphy’s, and this is the one we set up for you.”

“Thanks,” Clarke cleared her throat. “What about Bellamy?”

“He sleeps when he wants to, which is rarely,” Raven shrugged. “He’ll probably take one of the chairs out there but he could sleep standing up if he wanted to. Years ago he mastered the art of falling asleep in under a minute, so if he *did* want to sleep, he could.”

~

The feeling of being trapped— like she was back in the body bag— hit Clarke at full force, as she drowned along with the woman trapped in the casket. She was like the others, immortal, so when she drowned she stopped for a bit, but then came back to life coughing and spluttering and taking in more water only to go through the process again.

Clark shot upright, gasping for breath and balling her hands into fists in the white sheets as her heart beat faster than should be possible. The others reached for their guns as they realised her panic, fearing the worst, but they put them away when they realised Clarke was having a nightmare.

“It wasn’t me!” Murphy said reflexively as he jolted up, looking around half-asleep. He realised what was happening and turned to Clarke. “Wait, what’s going on?”

“I’m sorry for waking you,” Clarke panted, sucking air into her lungs. “Bad dream.”

Octavia turned onto her side, Raven’s arm wrapped around her middle. “Talk to us about it. It might help.”

“I’ve seen it before,” Clarke rubbed her head. “But now it’s clearer. I first saw it when I dreamt of you, before we were together. It was a woman locked in an iron coffin, left to drown and come back, drown and come back, trapped at the bottom of the sea. It didn’t matter how many times it happened, she kept trying to beat against the box and find a way out even when her fists were bloody and her knees were in pain she *kept fighting* but it didn’t

do anything. She felt like she was going crazy, powerless but also furious and she *kept drowning.*"

"Lexa," Murphy said slowly. "Her name is Lexa."

"She's one of us," Raven continued. "Bellamy found her first, a long time ago. For a while they only had each other. They had almost given up looking for each other. Before O and I found them, they had been in countless wars together and had travelled the world. She was the best fighter he'd ever seen…"

Octavia swallowed, taking the story further. "They were in England together, freeing people from the witch trials. Then Lexa was trapped and caught, and Bellamy couldn't get to her. They tried to kill her over and over again. Hanging, being burnt at the stake, drowning, and then eventually when they realised they couldn't do it, they put her in an iron coffin and dropped her at the bottom of the ocean. Bell managed to escape eventually, because they'd jailed him for helping the other so-called 'witches' escape, and we tried for centuries to find anyone who could tell us anything about where she was cast off. He blames himself for what happened to Lexa."

At that point, Bellamy slowly walked into the room and leant against the door frame.

Clarke looked up at him, "Why blame yourself?"

"I lost her."

"I can feel her pain," she said quietly. "She feels angry and crazy… how long has it been?"

"Five hundred years," Bellamy replied stiffly. "That's why we can't get captured, we could spend eternity like that."

Clarke stood up, trying to process all of it. If she got caught, she could end up like Lexa, fighting and fighting and dying all over again. She pushed past Bellamy and grabbed her jacket as she went outside, desperate to clear her head. He picked up a gun and followed her out into the graveyard.

"I don't want to be here," Clarke ran a hand through her hair. "I can't do this. I didn't ask for this."

He hovered a few metres away. "It's hard, I know. You may not have asked for this, but you can't stop it. Believe me, we've tried. The only good part is that you aren't going to have to go through it alone, you're never going to be alone because you have people who know how you feel. We know what it's like for you right now, and we want to help. You're scared, I get that, but we will keep you safe. We have your back now. You're not going to be alone anymore."

"Like Lexa?" Clarke snapped. It was a low blow, and she could see that in the guilt that graced Bellamy's face.

"You've got us now. And let's face it, we're all you've got."

Clarke would've said something in reply but three gunshots pierced the air and they ducked down, trying not to be seen. "What's going on?"

"They found us," Bellamy cursed.

"Who? Who found us?"

But he was already pulling out his gun and walking slowly towards the church. Clarke followed behind, shocked to see that the place was a mess and Murphy was unconscious in one of the armchairs by the fireplace, likely dead, with a hole blown in his chest. "Raven? O?" Bellamy called. "Murphy?" He nudged his friend with his foot. "You still kicking? Murph?" When he didn't respond, Bellamy knelt down in front of him and held his gun out to Clarke. "Clear the back room, find Octavia and Raven."

Clarke nodded and disappeared as Bellamy held onto Murphy for dear life. She could just hear "Come back to me asshole, I'm not going through this without you." as she scanned the back room and ultimately came up clear.

Murphy groaned in pain as he woke up. "Fucking— how bad is it?"

"You're not dead," Bellamy replied.

"I realise that," Murphy drawled. "I turned on the tv, a grenade hit me— like actually *hit* me — and that's when I went down. Didn't see much after that, too busy dealing with my lack of intestines."

Clarke watched as his insides slowly re-grew themselves. Surprisingly, she didn't feel the need to vomit. Bellamy picked up a fire poker and twirled it in his hand. "Wait for my signal," he warned, disappearing out the door.

She groaned, "What does he mean? What's he gonna do?"

"You'll know it when it comes," Murphy laughed weakly, sticking a finger in his open chest cavity. "It's not usually this bad. Just taking a while because there's a lot of organs."

"How reassuring for me," Clarke rolled her eyes, listening to the shouting outside. "We have to help him!"

"Trust me, that's not the signal," he replied. "Like I said, you'll know it when it comes." Murphy eased himself up from the chair as the skin on his abdomen slowly closed up and pulled on a fresh shirt as he packed his bags.

Clarke looked around frantically. "How the hell do you know what the signal—" She was cut off by a grenade blowing a hole in the side of the building. "That's the signal isn't it."

"Let's go," Murphy agreed, and they went through and into the church itself, where a mass of dead bodies lay.

"Bellamy?" Clarke asked Murphy, confirmation of whether he did all this by himself.

Murphy shrugged, wincing. “He’s probably forgotten more ways to kill than entire armies would ever learn.”

They ran through and out into the car to find Bellamy covered in blood and waiting for them in the driver’s seat. Clarke said nothing, slipping into the backseat as Murphy hauled himself into the front.

~

When the car finally stopped, they pulled into an old quarry and walked into the remains of an abandoned mine, turning on the lighting system and letting Clarke marvel at the space she had been brought to. “Where are we?”

“Abandoned mine. This place has been an on-and-off hideout for years,” Murphy explained.

Bellamy shrugged, “Found it in the 1150s, used to keep my stuff here.”

Clarke walked around, taking in war helmet after war helmet, paintings and weapons and sculptures alike as Bellamy set up a fire. “This is insane,” she whispered.

Murphy hunched over a laptop, trying to find a way to track down the others as Bellamy paced the area surrounding them. It wasn’t long before Bellamy pulled on a coat and walked towards the exit. “I’ll be back,” he announced. “Get some sleep while you still can.”

“You good, Bell?” Murphy looked up at him in concern but got brushed off quickly.

“I’m fine. You focus on finding our family.”

And with that, he disappeared.

Murphy shrugged, pointing to a bag. “Clarke, I brought you some clothes.”

“Thanks,” she muttered, leaning back uncomfortably against the rocks. “My friends are going to be so damn worried. They were on their way to see me when Bellamy found me.”

“It’s hard to have friends that aren’t like us. Hard to have relationships with people that aren’t going to live as long as you are,” he said quietly, tossing another stick onto the fire. “Do you have anyone?”

Clarke ran her thumb under her other nails. “I have Jasper and Monty. My family is dead… My dad died in the military— he’s the one who taught me how to fight— and my mom died in the plane crash that I managed to survive. What about you?”

“I had a wife and a son called Alex, once.” Murphy closed his eyes, and Clarke guessed he was imagining them. “My wife Emori, she was beautiful… and fearless… and she grew old. She grew old and I didn’t, and I had to watch her die.”

She didn’t say anything, in case he wanted to continue.

“Raven and Octavia are so lucky to have found each other. They’ll get to spend lifetimes together until one of them loses their immortality, and even then they’d have had time to prepare for it. They’ve been together for years, and they’ve got countless years left. It’s never been like that for the rest of us.” His eyes were wet with tears as he finished, turning away and looking back at the laptop.

~

Clarke woke up with a start, unfortunately reminiscing the first time she died, and decided to go outside to get some air. When she pulled on the fresh clothes that Murphy had left her and left him still sleeping in the mine, Clarke found Bellamy outside, leaning against the car.

“Breakfast?” He tossed her a candy bar which Clarke caught in mid-air as she made her way over to join him.

“Couldn’t sleep?” She asked in return.

Bellamy shrugged, “Didn’t try to.”

She leant against the car next to him, opening the candy wrapper and taking a bite, swallowing it before saying anything else. “Is it because we haven’t found them yet?”

He didn’t answer the question, instead lifting a hand to rub the back of his neck. “If one of your friends was taken, if your family was taken, wouldn’t you do whatever it took to get them back?”

“I would,” she replied without hesitation, thinking of Jasper and Monty. “Whatever it takes.”

“You know,” he sighed. “I’ve been alive a while. At one point, I even started to forget what my mother looked like, my sister… I watched over them for a bit. My sister’s kids, their grandkids. Then I lost track of them. Went years without being close to anyone, couldn’t stand to watch more people I cared about die. Then I found Lexa, and she was like me, and I had hope again. We found Lincoln, and the three of us spent centuries fighting together. But then Lincoln died, and Lexa... and I lost her. That was when I vowed to never lose another person again. When I found Raven and Octavia, I almost did a complete double take. It shouldn’t be possible, right? It shouldn’t be… but Octavia was standing in front of me and she was the *splitting image* of my sister. I didn’t tell her, I couldn’t, but they were similar in every way and it was like I’d gotten her back. Now her and Raven are gone, and it’s like losing her for the first time all over again.”

Clarke swallowed thickly, unsure of what to say. She tried to form the words to comfort him but couldn’t seem to get them out, so instead she turned around and wrapped her arms around Bellamy’s neck, pulling her into him. He was uncertain at first, but after a few moments he relaxed into her, closing his eyes and burying his face in her hair. By the time Clarke found her voice, she knew exactly what to say. “We’ll find them. Whatever it takes.”

“Whatever it takes,” he repeated, still not letting go.

Murphy cleared his throat to get their attention and Clarke and Bellamy sprung apart awkwardly. “I found something. An address just outside of Arkadia.”

“Let’s go get ‘em,” Bellamy nodded, sliding into the car.

“Let’s go get ‘em,” she repeated.

~

They pulled up outside the house and Murphy checked the weapons, handing Bellamy a gun which he shoved down the back of the waistband of his jeans. “Go scout the back,” he said to Murphy, who nodded and disappeared once he picked up a gun of his own.

Bellamy loaded a gun and handed it to Clarke. She stared at it like, well, like it was a loaded gun, which it was. “I can’t do this,” she whispered. “I can’t go in there and shoot people.”

“You’re one of us,” he reminded her. “We’d do the same for you.”

“I never even had a choice,” she snapped back.

“None of us had a choice!” Bellamy took a breath, calming down. “We don’t have a choice.”

Clarke stared at the gun in her hands. “My dad was in the military. He taught me how to defend myself, how to break out of zip-ties, survive in the wilderness, and he taught me how to load and shoot a gun. He didn’t teach me how to live with pulling the trigger. I can’t do this, I *won’t.* I’m not like you, Bellamy. I can’t be like you. I lost my dad, and I lost my mom, but Monty and Jasper, the last of my family… they are going to grow old and die and I won’t, and I want to spend as much time with them as possible before that happens.”

Bellamy sighed, his face softening as he took the other gun from Clarke and traded it for the pistol in his jeans. “Take the car. Go to them. When you ditch the vehicle, ditch the weapons.”

“Will you guys be okay?”

“Managed so far, right?” He smiled weakly before disappearing towards where Murphy was and leaving her with the car.

Clarke sighed, looking at where he had been and swallowing. *This was what she wanted. She has a chance to go home.*

She slid into the front seat and started to drive away, the GPS telling her how many miles until the nearest station. When she finally got there, Clarke stopped the car and walked around to the trunk to get rid of the weapons, emptying them of their bullets. She picked up the pistol that Bellamy had handed to her, removing the cartridge to dispose of it. Clarke paused, feeling its weight. *Too light.* She looked into it and realised there weren’t any bullets to get rid of.

Empty?

Bellamy would've gone in there with that gun, and he wouldn't have been able to shoot anything. *Shit.* She reloaded the gun with actual bullets and got back in the car. Clarke turned it around, driving back in the direction she came. *Bellamy. She had to get to Bellamy.*

~

It took longer than expected to get back to the house, longer than it should've. When Clarke raised the gun and made her way into the house, she found a man sitting on a chair with his head in his hands, and blood staining the carpet. *Who's blood?* He saw Clarke and reached for the gun— *Bellamy's* gun— on the floor but she kicked it out of reach. "Where are they? Where the hell are my friends?"

"What?" He asked, confused.

"You're Jaha, aren't you? You're the man who sold them out?" Clarke kept her gun trained on him.

Jaha nodded, "For a moment I thought he'd sent you to finish me off, but you only want them."

"Who? He who? Where are my friends?"

He frowned, "Who are you?"

Clarke groaned, bracing herself for the pain as she pressed the palm of her right hand against the barrel of the gun and pulled the trigger, "*Son of a bitch!*" She cursed as a hole was blown through it. The wound closed up in a matter of seconds, but that didn't mean the action of it hurt any less.

"You're one of them?" Jaha asked, "How do I not know about you?"

She shrugged. "I'm new. Now tell me where they are."

"Cage Wallace has them. They're in his lab being tested. He wants to replicate their gifts," he explained. "He only cares about Bellamy's immortality, not what he's done with it."

Clarke frowned, "What he's done with it?"

Jaha led her to his board, hundreds of pictures of Raven, Octavia, Murphy, but mostly Bellamy. There was a significant timeline, of all the people that he had saved, and all the people that they have saved after that. Every time he saved a life, that person managed to help humanity years later. "He's done so much good."

Clarke traced one of the pictures, Bellamy in an RAF uniform with a pilot's license. *So he* does *know how to fly.* "And he has no idea…" she trailed off, spinning around and glaring at Jaha. "But you do! And you still gave them to Wallace!"

"I thought it would be helping people," Jaha pleaded. "I watched my wife die and I couldn't help her, but something like this *could have.* My son was shot weeks before his eighteenth birthday in a mugging but if the same thing were to happen to you right now, you'd be

without a scratch five minutes later. This could *help* people. It could end suffering! It's a gift! I don't get why the immortality would just… end? Is there a time limit—"

"What?" Clarke cut him off, "What happened?"

Jaha gestured to the blood on his carpet. "Bellamy… he wouldn't stop bleeding."

Clarke swallowed thickly. "Is he alive?"

"I think so. And I know where they are."

"Get me there," Clarke ordered. "I'll do the rest."

~

Jaha drove them to Wallace's building and unlocked the front door. Clarke armed herself, checking the amount of bullets she had to use. "How many people am I going to have to kill to get to them?" She asked, cutting to the chase.

"Thirty shooters on site," Jaha warned. "Their boss, Carl Emerson, he's ex-Special Forces."

"Fun," Clarke muttered sarcastically. "Wallace hides behind his personal army."

Jaha picked up a gun, cocking it and getting ready. "He's rich, what did you expect?"

"What the hell are you doing?" She took it back off him. "You're not coming."

"Please," he sighed. "I need to make this right."

"And I'd prefer it if you walked out alive. I have a guarantee that one way or another, I'm going to do that. You don't have the same luxury. Dying won't save them." Clarke held out her hand and he passed her back the gun.

"They're in a private lab on the fifteenth floor. This should give you access," he handed her the key card.

"You should go," she told him, pressing the button for the fifteenth floor on the elevator. "This isn't going to be pretty."

"I was CIA, I don't *do* pretty," he reminded her, before nodding and going back to the car. "Good luck."

The elevator doors closed behind her and she waited until it got to the fifteenth before walking out into the corridor. "Whatever it takes," she whispered, walking straight into a group of three guards. "Hey, could you point me towards the bathroom?" She asked sweetly.

Unfortunately, she wasn't fooling anyone. "Let me see your hands," the man at the front warned, raising his gun at her. Slowly, Clarke revealed the gun and as soon as it was visible the soldiers let two bullets fly into her torso. Clarke collapsed, falling to the ground with the gun falling nearby.

Clarke felt the wounds close up and fought the urge to open her eyes until she felt someone try and open her pockets. She kicked forwards, pushing the man out of the way and shooting both others before taking down the one in charge and getting onto her feet, pulling out the pistol.

She walked into one of the rooms, raising her gun at anything that moved. That man stared at her, more confused than scared as he asked. “Who the fuck are you?”

“Where’s the lab?” Clarke didn’t answer him, wincing as a bullet thudded into her back from a team emerging behind us. As their gunshots cracked glass windows, she ducked, making a run for it and firing at the lights to distract them. Another bullet hit her back and she winced, falling to the ground through the doors into the secondary containment for the lab.

As soon as she recovered, Clarke got to her feet and opened the door to the lab, instantly spotting her friends.

“Clarke?” Raven laughed in disbelief. “Took you long enough.”

“Behind you!” Murphy warned as a bullet hit Clarke in the shoulder and she turned around to shoot the person it came from.

“The doctor!” Octavia warned her, and Clarke turned around in time to disarm the woman before she could plunge a needle into her.

Clarke rushed to Bellamy first, unclipping his restraints. “Four guns by the door and more coming.” She handed him a gun and he didn’t take it until she forced it into his hand and closed his fingers around it. “Hey! You said you would do whatever it takes. Bellamy, immortal or not, you are still a fighter. I’ve seen the good you’ve done.”

The door swung open and the two of them took down the incoming soldiers. “You came back,” he whispered as she helped him off the table, at the same time as Murphy tried to plead, “Just leave me here.”

She answered them both at the same time, echoing Bellamy’s words. “We don’t abandon our own.”

“First time for everything?” Raven suggested as Bellamy removed her restraints.

Bellamy shook his head. “Not how it works. We need to stop Wallace now or we’ll be running from him forever.” He checked the bandage over his gunshot wound warily.

Octavia noticed, “You sure you’re up for this, Bell?”

“We fight like we always do. Together.”

Clarke grinned, cracking her neck. “I’ve got a bone to pick with this motherfucker.”

They made their way out into the corridor, taking down two soldiers instantly and Octavia and Raven killed three others that came from behind. Bellamy took the lead with Clarke just

behind him, her spinning around to cover his body with her own as soon as the gunfire started from the other end of the corridor.

Bellamy threw someone over his shoulder and reloaded his gun at the same time as Clarke took down someone else. They got ready to go through the door but a grenade blew out the wall next to them and threw everyone to the ground. Clarke crawled across the floor until her hand closed around Bellamy's arm, hauling it over her shoulders as Murphy appeared on his other side to do the same with his friend's other arm. "Raven! Octavia! Let's go!" Clarke called as she and Murphy helped Bellamy through the next set of doors, coughing.

The next set of doors presented a new set of problems as more soldiers fired at them from afar, Clarke and Murphy trying to fire back.

"Screw this," Bellamy muttered, picking up a fire axe and spinning it in his hand, disappearing out the back.

Clarke continued gunfire and swapped places with Murphy when her gun jammed. He took out another soldier and they made their way out the back to get into the glass walkway between two buildings, where Bellamy had managed to take down one of the soldiers.

"Where's Wallace?" He asked, a foot resting on the soldier's chest.

"Penthouse," the man coughed out as Raven and Octavia joined them.

Octavia cracked her knuckles, "Bell? What are you thinking? Oslo, '67?"

Bellamy shook his head, "More like São Paulo, '34. Clarke, you're with me."

The others nodded and dispersed, leaving Clarke and Bellamy. "What happened in São Paulo in 1934?" She asked him, intrigued.

"1834," he corrected with a smirk. "You'll see."

The two of them stumbled up the stairs and Bellamy pressed a hand to his reopened gunshot wound, wincing. Clarke looked at him worriedly. "You okay?"

He shrugged, "I've survived worse."

"I know," she reminded him. "That's the point."

Bellamy reloaded his gun, getting ready to move. "Wait for the signal."

Clarke scoffed, "Anything like the last signal?"

"Go big or go home," he smirked.

"At this point, I'm hoping we make it home," Clarke muttered under her breath, earning a laugh from him as she bent down to take the armour off one of the fallen soldiers nearby. "Put this on, I'll go first. Let me protect you."

“I always go first,” he put a hand on hers. “That’s how it works.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “Don’t be a hero on me and put on the damn armour.”

Bellamy shrugged. “If it’s my time, it’s my time. If this goes south, you can go first next time.” He grabbed a grenade from the soldier just as the sound of shattering glass echoed from the other side of the door. He pulled the pin and rolled it towards the door, backing away to not get hit when it blew.

“That the signal?” Clarke raised an eyebrow.

“What do you think?” He laughed as the grenade exploded.

Soldiers ran through the door to try and shoot them but Clarke and Bellamy easily took them down, making their way into the penthouse. Octavia had Emerson by the throat, glaring at him, and there was a pane of glass missing at the window where she had made her entry. “You shot Raven, you piece of shit,” she spat at him. “Big mistake.” Octavia brought him up into the air and slammed him onto the ground head first, breaking his neck. She let him go and nudged the body with her foot, dusting off the blood and broken glass.

Bellamy leant against one of the railings, hand on his wound as Murphy arrived with Raven.

“He’s taking the elevator down!” Raven shouted. “He’s getting away.”

“Go!” Clarke shouted. “I’ve got Bellamy.” They walked towards the window, a clear view of Wallace’s car directly below them. “You okay?”

“I’ll recover,” Bellamy shrugged, wincing. “It’s what I do.”

Clarke looked at his wound. “You will.” She corrected herself, “You better.”

He managed a half-smile. “I think you showed up when I lost my immortality. To remind me what it felt like to be unbreakable… important… that there are people worth fighting for, worth saving.”

“I’ve seen what you’ve done,” Clarke told him. “You’re a hero. You saved so many people.”

“And you saved me,” he said quietly. “Look, I don’t know how much time I have left…” he trailed off. “Pretty unfortunate, considering I might actually have been looking forward to spending a few lifetimes with you. I guess I’ll just have to settle for half of one.”

“You selfish son of a bitch!” Cage emerged, pointing a gun at Bellamy. Clarke aimed her pistol at him, finger on the trigger. “You shoot me, I shoot him. Is that what you want? Thought not.” He made his way towards them, his fancy-ass shoes crunching on the broken glass. “You could’ve saved so many people!”

Clarke shot Bellamy a small smile. “He already has.”

He returned it just as easily. “Hey, Princess. Think he speaks Russian?”

Clarke caught on and shot just to the right of him as Cage let two bullets fly into her. Bellamy swiped his feet out from under him and grabbed the axe Cage was holding in his other hand, jamming it into his neck. Cage groaned in pain, raising the hand with the gun in.

But Clarke was faster.

She jumped in front of Bellamy, taking the bullet and wrestling the gun from Cage, pushing them both out of the window and down fifteen floors to land on Cage's fancy car.

And then everything went black.

For about two minutes or so, until Clarke woke up with every fibre of her being on fire and pointing in the wrong directions. Murphy managed to pry the door open and offer a hand to pull her to her feet, once her feet were functional again.

"Definitely faster than the elevator," Raven said with a grin as Bellamy arrived, having taken the much safer route of the elevator.

"You did good, Princess," he whispered, pulling her in for a hug.

They got in the car with Raven in the front seat, and Clarke eased into the back next to Bellamy with Murphy on his other side. Raven drove with one hand on the steering wheel and one hand in Octavia's, and Murphy looked out the window while Clarke rested her head on Bellamy's shoulder comfortably, enjoying the way it fit there.

~

The next day, the group travelled to a bar in Arkadia called "The Dropship". Bellamy swore by it, saying he'd been there for years, and Octavia and Raven revealed they'd had many a drunken night there. Murphy waited on the balcony anxiously while the others discussed his fate, and after a while Clarke decided to try and put his mind at ease, not that it would help.

She walked out onto the balcony and leant on it, mirroring the way Murphy was doing the same as they both looked out onto the waterfront.

"It looking good for me in there?" Murphy asked, finishing his drink.

"Not much," Clarke sighed. "But they're still discussing it."

He shrugged, "Not like they can kill me, right? Although maybe shooting me a couple times might be satisfying?"

"Jaha said he could make it look like I never made it out of that plane crash. Monty and Jasper won't believe it, they talked to me… but I'll have to face them at some point. Just can't do it yet," she sighed. "The only good part about my family being dead is that I don't have to lie to them."

"Bellamy needs you," Murphy said quietly. "He won't admit it, but he does. Even if he hasn't got much time left… he needs you."

Clarke nodded as Bellamy came back out, not replying in case Bellamy had actually heard. “I’ll see you, Murphy.” Bellamy took Clarke’s place on the balcony next to him, and Clarke walked back inside to sit down opposite Raven and Octavia. She sighed, “What’s the verdict?”

“Hundred years of exile to set his priorities straight,” Raven tapped her drink with her finger. “We’ll meet him here when it’s up.”

“Can’t we just let him off with an apology?” Clarke joked, but Octavia’s face fell.

“He did almost get Bell killed.”

Raven bit her lip, “He didn’t know, none of us did.”

“Time to go,” Octavia looked up. “We’re meeting Jaha at five.”

Clarke nodded, “I’ll grab Bell?”

When she went outside, Murphy had already walked off down to the water, skimming stones. He looked up at them one last time, giving Bellamy a salute before turning back to the ripples in the water. Bellamy looked at Murphy, even though he couldn’t see him.

“Been through a lot,” he said slowly, referencing Murphy. “Might not see him again, now.”

“He’s Murphy, he’ll show up. Not on purpose, but he will,” Clarke pointed out. “I’ve known him like a week but that seems like something he’d do.”

Bellamy laughed, “You’re right. God, you don’t know how right you are.” He slung an arm around her. “It’s not going to be goodbye.”

“This isn’t goodbye,” she agreed.

“It’s the start of your training,” he smirked.

Clarke quirked an eyebrow. “My training?”

“If you want to be as good as me, then yeah, your training.” Bellamy grinned. “I may no longer be immortal, but I can still knock you on your ass.”

“I’d like to see you try,” she laughed.

They met the others and walked up the stairs onto the Arkadia streets. “So we’re going to Jaha’s?”

“Yeah,” Clarke confirmed. “I want you to see all the good you’ve done.”

End Notes

This is probably terrible but I watched the movie two days ago and my mind was screaming "BELLARKE AU! BELLARKE AU!" on repeat the entire fucking time so... this is the product of that. - Me, 31/07/2020 (Original AO3 publication date).

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