

**squint at where you're from**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/10994799) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/10994799>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">The 100 (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Bellamy Blake/Clarke Griffin</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Bellamy Blake</a> , <a href="#">Clarke Griffin</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Season/Series 04 Spoilers</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-05-25 Words: 1,592 Chapters: 1/1

# **squint at where you're from**

by [Chash](#)

Summary

Post-413. About what you'd expect.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Even though it's not really the same as coming down in the first time, Bellamy still has this strange sense of *deja vu* as he looks at the door. The ship is smaller, he has fewer people with him, he feels both more and less sure of what he'll find. They tried to hit the only spot of green they could see, but the controls are a mess, so he's not sure they got to it. The whole fucking *ship* is a mess, built out of whatever scrap they could salvage. Even with six years to perfect it, the thing is still held together with spit and prayer, according to Raven.

But it got them to the ground. They're back.

"Just open the fucking door!" says Raven, and Bellamy lets out a long breath and finally hits the release.

He knows what he's hoping for: clean air, plants, blue sky. And he gets all of those.

He just also gets a girl, maybe ten or eleven, with brown hair in braids, pointing a gun at him. Which is honestly fairly encouraging; someone survived, and they have firearms. So she probably came out of the bunker.

He puts his hands up on reflex.

"Hey, uh--we come in peace," he tries, and then says it again in Trig, for good measure. He doesn't recognize her, but that doesn't mean anything. She could be from another clan; there are plenty of them he doesn't know. Or--his heart trips on the thought--she could be a nightblood. She could have survived because of that, and if *she* survived--

The girl pulls her gun back and looks at him critically. "Are you Bellamy Blake?"

He blinks a few times. "Um, yeah. I'm Bellamy Blake."

"Really?"

She sounds skeptical, which doesn't make any fucking sense. She's the one who brought it up. There's no reason for her not to believe him.

"Yeah, really. Did you come out of the bunker? Is my sister with you? Octavia?"

"*You're* Bellamy?" she says, like she didn't hear him. She's making a face like something smells odd. "I thought you'd be taller."

"*Taller*?" he asks.

Raven pokes her head out. "It's been five minutes and you're already being held at gunpoint? You sure have a way with people, Bellamy."

"Look, we don't want to hurt you," he tells the girl. "Just--"

"I know," she says. "You just want to see Clarke."

\*

"I can't believe he *fainted*."

"Hey, the landing was rough on everyone."

"Yeah, sure. It was the *landing*."

Bellamy's having a little trouble identifying the voices, but the last one was definitely Murphy. The rest of it comes back to him slowly. Ship. Landing. Doors. Girl.

"Clarke," he croaks.

"There we go," says Murphy. "He's back. Brain's in perfect working order."

"We're on our way to her," Monty adds. "Madi's taking us."

"I fainted?" he asks.

"It's been a long day," says Harper, consoling.

He gets his legs under him, takes a huge lungful of air. It's fresh and clean, and he can feel the sunlight on his face. He doesn't understand how there's any part of Earth that looks like this. For so long, it just looked like fire and death.

He couldn't imagine anything survived down here, but Clarke did. Clarke has.

"You guys going to tell her I fainted, aren't you," he says. He's propped between Murphy and Monty, but he finds he can support himself now. He's fine. Just a little--well, like Harper said. It's been a long day.

It's been a long six years.

"Definitely," says Murphy.

"Great." He runs his hand through his hair, tries to figure out what to do with himself. He doesn't know how he's supposed to breathe.

He looks around for the girl, finds her already watching him as she walks with Raven and Echo.

"You're Madi?" he asks.

"Yeah. You're Bellamy."

"Yeah." He clears his throat. "How did you know?"

"Clarke always said you were coming back." She worries her lip. "There was another ship, last week. She thought it was you, but--it wasn't."

"Another ship?" Raven asks. "What other ship?"

"Clarke will tell you." She turns her attention back to Bellamy. "She said you knew a lot of stories. And you'd help us hunt. Are you really a good hunter?"

He swallows. "I haven't had to do it in a while. But yeah, I was. Is there anything to hunt?"

"Not as much as there used to be."

"So I'd better be really good. How, uh--how is she? Is she--"

He doesn't even know what to ask. She's alive. It's so much more than he ever dared to let himself think. She's *alive*. He's going to see her.

"Fuck, I'm going to throw up," he settles on, which isn't really anything he meant to say.

"First you're fainting, now you're throwing up?" asks Raven. "I'd worry about the air quality, but I'm pretty sure this is just you."

"Shut up."

He hears a crackle, and Madi grabs what looks like a radio. When she hits the button, he really thinks he *might* throw up. Because he can hear her, through static and interference, but--*her*.

"--are you? Madi, what happened, where did you go, come in--"

"It's fine," she says. "I saw something. I've got Bellamy."

It's the longest pause of his entire life. "Did you say Bellamy?" she finally asks, and Madi holds the radio out to him like it's the most natural thing in the world.

His hand only shakes a little as he takes it, and he fumbles hitting the call button. He has to swallow twice before his voice works, but it comes out steady. "Hey, Clarke."

The second pause is even longer, and he thinks he might pass out again. Or that his legs will stop supporting him. Monty's there, though, one arm around him, making sure he stays upright. So--he's got this. He's fine.

"Bellamy," she says, and he closes his eyes.

"Yeah. We're on our way to you. Sorry it took so long."

"Where are you?"

He has no idea, so he hands the walkie back to Madi, even though it feels like losing a limb. Madi gives Clarke directions, landmarks he doesn't know yet, instructions for how to get to them, and he's shaking.

Over the years, he'd hoped. He'd hoped that the bunker and the nightblood and whatever else would be enough, that she'd find a way to survive, but he'd never really believed it. He'd

barely believed that they'd make it back to Earth. Most days, he thought he'd die on the Ark, and he honestly regretted it. He would have rather died on Earth with her.

But she didn't die. He *heard her*. He can still hear her, crackling to them from wherever she is.

"I'll meet you," she tells Madi, and Monty gives him a firm squeeze.

\*

They hear the rover coming before they see it, and Bellamy thinks about throwing up again, but manages to not. He's nervous like he doesn't remember ever being in his life, terrified that after six years, whoever comes out of the car won't even be familiar to him. Sometimes he did the math, idly, thinking about how many more days he'd been without Clarke than he'd been with her. It seemed impossible to care about someone so much, so far removed, someone he thought he'd never see again.

The rover doesn't make it all the way to them. It stops and then there she is, Clarke Griffin jumping out of the driver's seat, and Bellamy's legs stop working. Which is the exact opposite of what he wants, but--it's like being punched in the chest, all the wind knocked out of him.

At least he doesn't faint this time.

He regains control of his body just as she starts to run, and he manages too, running harder than he has in years. They exercised on the Ark, but this feels like his life depends on it, like he's going to die if he doesn't reach her as soon as possible.

He remembers hugging her that last day, through all those layers of plastic, and it was a memory he clung to. Every time he had her in his arms, he remembers, and it's staggering to experience it again. It's like the first time she hugged him, her throwing herself in his arms, nearly bowling him over with it, and he catches her and holds on.

"Bellamy," she says, and she's crying this time too, but--good crying.

The best crying he's ever heard.

He buries his face in her hair, finds she smells different, but just on the surface. Somewhere deep, all he can sense is *Clarke*. "Hi," he says. "Long time no see."

Her laugh is watery, and she's always been so appreciative of his shitty sense of humor. No one else gets him.

He didn't know it was possible to miss someone as much as he's missed her.

"Long time," she agrees, holding him tight.

He's not sure how long they stay there, clinging to each other. It could be weeks, for all he knows. He wants it to be weeks. He doesn't ever want to let go.

He's expecting Murphy to make a snide remark, maybe Raven, but it's Madi who finally observes, "I guess he doesn't have to be taller. It looks like he's just the right height."

Clarke laughs and pulls back, grinning at him, bright like the fucking sun, and he grins back.

"Yeah," she says. "He's perfect."

## End Notes

look I just REALLY WANTED clarke's kid saying she thought bellamy would be taller okay  
don't look at me in the eyes

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