

Surely Shirley

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25363849) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25363849>.

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| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | F/M |
| Fandom: | Anne with an E (TV) |
| Relationships: | Gilbert Blythe/Anne Shirley , Diana Barry & Anne Shirley , Marilla Cuthbert & Matthew Cuthbert & Anne Shirley |
| Characters: | Anne Shirley , Gilbert Blythe , Diana Barry , Marilla Cuthbert , Matthew Cuthbert |
| Additional Tags: | 5+1 Things , Character Study , Anne Shirley in Denial , Doctor Gilbert Blythe , Married Gilbert Blythe/Anne Shirley , Gilbert Blythe/Anne Shirley Dancing , Fluff and Humor , Gilbert Blythe/Anne Shirley in Love , Flower Crowns , Future Gilbert Blythe/Anne Shirley , Gilbert Blythe and Anne Shirley Use Their Words |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-07-18 Words: 7,016 Chapters: 1/1 |

Surely Shirley

by [DropTheBasil](#)

Summary

Anne is scared that the people she loves most will eventually leave her; Gilbert shows her that he will always come home. Five times Anne wasn't sure and one time she was.

In which a girl flirts with Gilbert at a party and Anne decides to have a little fun.

Notes

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

She was fire.

She was warm and comforting, brightening the lives of everyone she met; people huddled around her to catch a ray of her love.

Some days she was a bonfire: wild and passionate and bold.

Most days she was a candle flame: moving to and fro with the wind, a light people used and discarded.

She struggled with it all her life. So scared that people would love her one moment and leave the next, she became possessive of the things she loved. Possessive of the people in her life that mattered most. She would spend sleepless nights imagining the worst possible scenarios in which they would leave "poor orphan Anne" alone in the world once more. A candle that lost its flame.

Though she tried to hide it, she never felt sure of anybody. She looked at people and places as temporary. In the back of her mind, she always prepared herself for when they would leave.

She was unsure of love. Unsure of family. Unsure of Gil—friends.

Past experiences at the orphanage spoke for itself. Her parents left her, why wouldn't everyone else?

It's just what they do. It's just what *he* would eventually do.

She told him to come home someday and he did.

But she was unsure if he would stay. *Why would he?*

She was a passionate blaze.

She was a tentative flame.

She was fire.

1. Unsure of Gilbert

She was imperfect.

But Winifred... Winifred was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

"She's perfect, Diana!" Anne kicked a pebble into a nearby stream. "The perfect girl—*woman*. She's beautiful, her family has connections for getting Gilbert into a good medical school, she's smart, and she asked if my name was spelled with an E!"

"Sounds like you like her more than Gilbert." Diana smirked as she walked on the large rocks beside the water.

Holding her hands out to balance while she turned to face Anne, Diana said, "I don't understand why you are getting so upset, Anne. Gilbert always had a crush on you and—"

Diana carried on despite Anne's choked protest, "He always had a crush on you and the minute he finds someone else, you suddenly start paying attention."

Anne crossed her arms stubbornly. "I didn't know he was with beautiful *Winifred*."

A sudden realization dawned on Anne and she sat down on the rocks in heartbreaking defeat. "He's going to leave again, Diana."

Diana hopped off her rock and sat next to the sorrowful girl. "Leave?"

"Yes, Diana! He's going to leave me like he did before. He's going to go to an amazing medical school all the way across the globe and leave me here!"

"He came back last time." Diana tried to assure the girl.

"For the treasure," Anne glumly stated, letting her head rest on Diana's shoulder.

"There was no treasure."

"He didn't know that."

Diana let out a light, airy laugh. "Anne, you sent him that letter. He probably knew there was no treasure."

Anne let out a sound of indignation as she lifted her head. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"Your imagination often runs wild, Anne, and I'm not saying that like it's a bad thing, but your definition of treasure can be... different from others. For example," Diana lifted a smoothed out pebble from the flowing stream and showed it to Anne, "you would probably say this is a treasure when most people would disagree."

Taking it from Diana, Anne held the rock in her hand, softly gliding her fingers over its curves. "But it is a treasure, Diana! It shows how even the softest of streams can make an impact if given enough time. It has smoothed out all the rough edges and created a beautiful masterpiece that is indeed the most wonderful treasure."

Anne looked up from admiring the piece of earth in her hand to see Diana stifling laughter. The girl smiled and shook her head. "Alright, I see your point."

At that moment, Diana burst out laughing and Anne could not help but join in.

The two of them got up and prepared to head back home after their long walk with nature. Anne looped her arm around her bosom friend and they marched along the dirt road.

"Promise me you'll never leave me, Diana? Unlike Gilbert with his lovely Winifred."

"Promise."

2. Unsure of Friendship

She was alone.

She and Diana had the biggest argument of their friendship yet, and Anne was afraid things would never be the same.

It was supposed to have made things easier, when Diana left for Paris, if their separation was fueled by anger, then maybe it wouldn't hurt as bad.

Except that wasn't true and Anne felt like half her heart had been torn from her and broken into pieces. She didn't want to lose Diana and she certainly didn't want to lose her while they were arguing.

She wanted to apologize and she wanted to give Diana her necklace back.

But Diana tried to avoid her at all costs. The brunette would either arrive at school earlier than Anne and sit away from her or arrive late and hang out in the back.

After a day or two of that, Anne found out that Diana had decided not to come to class at all. Diana was going to finishing school and she didn't need the education, her parents had said. Apparently, it was a waste for a pretty girl like Diana to fill herself up with unnecessary information. Anne was too disappointed to argue.

It had been a week since their fight and Anne had not been the same. It seemed that everyone at Avonlea could see that the usually bright and cheery Anne was to be left alone.

Everyone that is, except the ever-persistent Gilbert Blythe.

Every morning, he left a bright red apple sitting on her desk at school. It was very helpful, especially since she would forget to eat breakfast on many occasions, but, at the same time, it was Gilbert Blythe, and Anne had to show that he did not bother her one bit... so, she would make sure to eat the apple *only* when she knew he was not looking.

Nobody sat next to Anne during class; that seat was reserved for Diana, whenever she decided to return, and nobody could replace it.

"Alright class," Ms. Stacy announced, clapping her hands for good measure, "we are going to do a group assignment, so everyone partner up!"

Anne felt sick to her stomach.

There was now an uneven number of students in the class and she was all alone.

She raised her hand. "Ms. Stacy, I don't feel well."

Ms. Stacy's realized her mistake. "Oh, I'm sorry, Anne. I'm sure you can partner up with Ruby and—"

"I think I should go home."

Nodding her head understandingly, the golden haired teacher allowed Anne to pack her things. Childhood friendships falling apart was something that just about anyone could relate to.

Just as Anne was headed to the door, she could hear Gilbert's voice say, "May I walk with her to make sure she gets home safe?"

Please say no, please say no, please say no. Anne whispered under her breath as she hurriedly walked out the school.

"Anne! Wait up!"

Anne let out an infuriating grunt as she whirled around to face the tall boy. "Why are you doing this? Can't you see I'm in mourning? Just leave me alone!"

Gilbert raised an eyebrow. "Mourning? She's not dead, Anne."

Anne closed her eyes in frustration. "Just go back to school, Gilbert. I can get home on my own."

"We don't have to go home," Gilbert offered, but the two of them began walking the path to get to Green Gables anyway.

"What?"

"We're already out of class. What's the point of you just going back to your room and lying down on your bed feeling sorry for yourself, which I'm sure you've done plenty enough of already?"

"Hey!" Anne protested.

"I'm just saying," Gilbert scratched the back of his head as he kicked a pebble farther down the path, "Why don't we take this time to do something fun? Diana will come to her senses soon enough and you two will be friends again. Soon we're going to college and our lives are going to be completely different."

"Everyone will leave and we'll all be apart. I guess Diana's just ahead of the game." Anne tried not to sound resentful, but it was hard not to.

"Why not enjoy the time we have here?"

"What's the point?" Anne asked angrily as she stood still on the dirt road, "What's the point of enjoying this time if everything's going to change anyway? Why do *things* have to change when *things* are fine as they are?"

Why do you have to go? Her mind whirled wildly with confused thoughts.

They were deep in the forest and the only sounds were off Anne breathing heavily as she challenged Gilbert. *How could he look so calm when the world spun around them so quickly?*

Gilbert easily looked around over the top of Anne's head. "This was where we first met," he observed.

Anne studied the tress around her as she remembered how scared she was that day Billy confronted her in the woods.

Gilbert let out a huff and his eyes crinkled at the corners, forming a smile. "My life became something completely different the day I came back home and met you. It changed forever. I didn't think it was good change at first, but here I am with my new family, with Bash and Delphine. Change can be good, Anne. Change brought you to Green Gables."

She remembered his situation and all the pain he must have burdened during that time as he took care of his dying father.

"Change takes people away too. Change took away Mary. Change brings uncertainty," Anne argued.

"I would think you of all people would love uncertainty and surprises," Gilbert commented offhandedly.

"I don't like being unsure of things and I've had to go my whole life being unsure."

"Wouldn't you like to *change* that?" Gilbert joked.

"You're not funny." Anne grinned.

"You're smiling."

Anne bit her lower lip in an attempt to squash the growing smile, but failed miserably. "I never did thank you... for intervening with Billy."

"And you don't ever have to."

"Sometimes," Anne began walking again, not towards Green Gables, but in the complete other direction, "I remember all that I've been through and I'm surprised by how I've survived."

Gilbert began walking by her side, not really knowing where she was taking him, but not questioning it. "You are the strongest person I know."

Anne gaped at him with disbelief, but Gilbert continued, "It's true. I've known it ever since that fire at Ruby's house and you've never proven me wrong."

Anne tried not to blush and shook her head. "Follow me."

They trekked in silence as she and Gilbert climbed over rocks, squeezed through bushes and trees, and jumped over streams of water. She took him to a secluded place where she would go when she wanted to be alone. She had never shown anyone this place, not even Diana. She questioned why she would even show it to Gilbert, but she did nonetheless.

"We're here," Anne announced cautiously; she felt as if she was exposing an unseen part of herself to him.

Brushing various leaves off his shirt, Gilbert finally looked up and caught his breath. "What is this place?" He looked around in awe and admiration of the untouched field of beautiful flowers. "I've never seen it before."

"I don't think many people have. It's a hard walk to get here and I suppose people don't put in the work to reach it."

"Wow. This place is..." he looked at her with twinkly eyes, "beautiful."

Anne unconsciously tried to smooth her hair down and walked ahead of him. "I've never told anyone about this place and I don't want anyone to find it so—"

"Your secret's safe with me, Carrots."

"Don't call me, Carrots."

"Why not? It's like your hair."

"My hair is not like carrots!" Anne yelled indignantly.

"I like carrots," Gilbert defended.

Anne rolled her eyes. "And here we are arguing in my safe space."

"I'm sorry I called you Carrots."

"I'm sorry I smashed a slate over your head." Anne smirked remembering their childhood antics.

Gilbert shrugged as he sat, legs stretched out, on the soft grass. "I deserved it."

"I will *not* argue with that."

They both chuckled as Anne took a seat beside him. They sat in serene silence, enjoying each other's presence, with only the sounds of nature to entertain them. The warm sun tickled their faces and the soft grass enticed their fingers.

After a few moments of silence, Gilbert leaned all the way back and let his whole body rest on the grass as he closed his eyes. One hand went to the back of his head to act as a pillow as the other hand rested on his stomach.

Anne tried not to watch the rise and fall of his chest and the way his eyelids fluttered and lips parted and—

To distract herself, Anne started making a flower crown out of the lively purple blossoms that were spread around her. When she finished her first, Anne made her second one.

She always made a second one so Diana could wear it with her—

Then the realization hit her once more like a ton of bricks.

Anne brought her knees to her chest and rested her head on her kneecaps. She let out a shuddery breath.

"What's wrong?" It seemed Gilbert had awoken from his nap. He stayed in the same position, his body still lying relaxed on the grass.

"Random things and moments just remind me of Diana and it's hard to forget her."

"She'll come back to you."

"How can you be sure of that?" Anne asked.

"How could anyone want to stay away from you? After being your friend for so long, she's going to realize finishing school isn't the right path for her."

"I've lost my only friend in this place... to the upper echelon of society," Anne scoffed.

"I'll be your friend," Gilbert offered.

"It's not the same," she muttered back.

"Well, thanks," he wryly stated.

"With Diana, I could talk about everything and we would wear flower crowns together and ___"

At that, Gilbert reached for one of her crowns and placed it on his head. "How do I look?"

Anne looked at him, surprised that he would put on a "feminine" accessory. She didn't know many boys who would do such a thing.

"You look very handsome," she complimented honestly.

Gilbert turned his head away from Anne to face the sky and at that moment, she could have sworn she caught a glimpse of a blush on his face.

"Now put your crown on," Gilbert said, "and we can talk about whatever you want."

Slowly, Anne put her crown on and laid on the grass beside Gilbert, both her hands overlapping each other on her stomach, the grass tickling her ears.

She was so close to Gilbert, if she moved her head a centimeter, it would have touched the arm that was under his head.

"What do you see in the clouds?" she asked curiously.

Gilbert didn't question her or say it was an absurd thing to talk about. In fact, he seemed to like it.

"I see..." he trailed off for a minute as he studied the designs of the white clouds, "I see Moody's banjo." He smirked, the ends of his mouth quirking up in a way that entranced her to no end.

Anne looked away from studying Gilbert's face and gazed at the clouds. "I see Ruby's bow." She pointed to the wisps of clouds to the right of them and Gilbert followed her finger.

"I think it looks like a dragon," Gilbert commented.

Anne giggled. "You and your dragons."

"That cloud right next to the dragon," Gilbert pointed, "Looks like me slaying it."

Anne squinted. "I don't see it."

Gilbert took her hand and used his own to guide her pointer finger to the cloud he mentioned.

Anne tried to stop her heart from beating out her chest at the physical contact. "That cloud? It does not look like you. It looks like a fish!"

"No, it doesn't!"

"Yes, it does and look there! There's the fish tail, the body... you can even see the *Gills* on it!"

They continued back and forth for a while, naming different objects and animals, until nighttime crept upon them.

"I didn't realize how dark it's gotten! I have to get home," Anne said with shock as she hurriedly stood up from the grass, "Marilla's going to be furious!"

"It's okay," Gilbert reassured her, as he leisurely arose and stretched, "I'll tell her it was my fault."

"Good idea," Anne agreed as she brushed herself off. "Marilla seems to think you can do no wrong."

"Well, she's not wrong," Gilbert joked.

Anne's voice grew bubbly as she playfully shoved him. "Of course you would say that."

She paused and took a deep breath. "Thank you, Gil. For being my friend."

"Always, Carrots. Now let's get you home."

3. Unsure of Family

She lost her home.

The moment she heard Marilla screaming she knew her life would never be the same. Marilla never *ever* lost her composure like that.

Anne raced down the stairs and towards the noise. It was dark outside, but Anne, sprinting to the barns in seconds, managed to find Marilla... and the fallen body of Matthew.

As soon as Anne reached the site, Marilla looked at her with panicked eyes, "He fell. He's not moving. I think he's breathing. I don't— I don't know—"

Anne could not breathe. Her throat constricted and she felt as if she was drowning. Despite the choked sensation, she managed to get a single word out: "Gilbert."

"Go," Marilla croaked, "Go get him."

Without wasting a moment, not putting on warmer clothes or grabbing her jacket, Anne got to her horse and rode it all the way to Gilbert's home.

She was not crying. Nothing bad was going to happen. She convinced herself that everything would be fine in the morning.

Matthew would be at the table for breakfast and they would continue their everyday banter, in which Anne would do most of the talking and Matthew would do most of the listening.

Any panic that would rise like bile in her throat was pushed down by the thought of the future Dr. Blythe saving the day.

She reached the door of his house and began knocking furiously. It only took a few insistent pounds on the wooden door for it to be swung open. It was almost 2 am when Gilbert opened the door and saw the look in Anne's eyes. The look he would remember forever.

"Matthew," she said, heaving and out of breath.

Gilbert grabbed his coat and looked behind him at Bash who just then emerged out of his room wondering what the commotion was about. "I'll be back."

Bash nodded in understanding. "Good luck."

Anne grabbed Gilbert's hand and dragged him to her horse. She climbed on first and Gilbert sat behind her, and the two of them rode back to Green Gables. Anne didn't realize how badly her hands were shaking until Gilbert reached for them from behind her and held the reins with her to keep her steady.

"Breathe," he whispered next to her ear.

Anne released a shuddery breath and felt her heart welling up with fear.

When they reached Green Gables, Marilla had not moved from her spot, her head hanging low, and Anne was surprised to see Rachel and a few other people from the nearby homes gather around the farm.

Marilla slowly looked up at Anne's entrance and Anne's whole world crashed around her.

"It's too late," she croaked. There were tear tracks on her face, but she wiped them away, ready to be strong for her daughter, "There was nothing we could have done."

"No, no, no." Anne refused to believe what she was hearing. She pushed past the people around Matthew's body, "Gilbert's here, Matthew. Gilbert's gonna fix you up. Everything's going to be okay. Matthew?" Anne continued talking as the onlookers gazed at her with sympathy.

"Anne," Gilbert said softly from behind her, his voice as gentle as the wind.

"Matthew?" Anne said, as she knelt down on the other side of Marilla, looking at his lifeless body. "Matthew? Gilbert's here. He's gonna make you better. Matthew?"

She held his arm and shook it. "Please, Matthew." Her pleas got quieter and quieter. More desperate and pitiful. "Matthew. It's Gilbert."

She felt a warm body kneel down next to her as she held Matthew's hand. Gilbert wrapped his arms around her and she leaned back into his embrace. She let out a heartbreaking scream in complete anguish of her loss.

She turned away from Matthew. She couldn't bear the sight of his still lips and closed eyes. His cold hands. His unfeeling body.

She sobbed into Gilbert's jacket. She cried and cried. Her words alternating from "Matthew" to "Gilbert" as she clutched onto the one thing that was still warm.

4. Unsure of the Future

She grew up.

"All this time, I was scared of the people I love most leaving me, and here I am leaving the place I love most." Anne walked around the outside of her home, the place where she had the best years of her life.

Anne turned to face Gilbert, the two of them having gotten considerably closer over the past two years. "Maybe I should stay a little longer and help take care of the farm."

"Anne!" Gilbert gently clutched her arms to prevent her from fidgeting so much, "You have made that excuse for far too long! Jerry definitely does not need any more of your help taking care of his farm. In fact, I'm sure he would get much more work done without you constantly distracting him with your wild stories."

"My stories motivate him!" Anne walked away from Gilbert and into the kitchen. Marilla had gone to the market to get some final things for Anne to pack into her suitcase while Anne prepared to say goodbye to the house.

At the look Gilbert gave her, Anne argued, "And what about Marilla?" She sat down at the head of the kitchen table, the seat where Matthew had sat every morning. "I can't leave her after—"

"Anne, it's been two years since Matthew died." Gilbert sat across from Anne, at the other end of the table, and folded his hands over each other as he leaned towards her, "Marilla wants you out of the house and making a future for yourself as much as you do. If you want to stay, then stay, but don't use others as an excuse to—"

"I'm not! I want to go to Queen's! I want to be with you while you study and I want to learn... but what if I can't keep up with everyone there?"

"You, Anne, are the smartest person I know."

"I'm not as smart as you."

Gilbert shrugged and said, "I guess I am wrong. If you keep saying things like that, I'm going to believe Anne Shirley-Cuthbert is the most unintelligible creature to grace God's earth."

Anne laughed. "Two years at Queen's and you have already mastered the art of reverse psychology."

"No years at Queen's yet and you have more brains than all the students there combined," Gilbert smiled, his eyes crinkling, "Please come to Queen's with me, Carrots."

Anne looked at Gilbert, memorizing his features. The boy had changed so much over the years, only becoming more handsome by the day. His eyes all the more chocolate brown and his jaw all the more defined, a shadow of stubble gracing his face.

"Why did you stay, Gil?" Anne asked guardedly, "I—everyone thought you were going to marry Winifred and go off to that dumb amazing French medical school—"

"Sorbonne." Gilbert clarified.

"—all the way around the globe." Anne paused, her breath caught in her throat, "Why did you stay after all?"

Gilbert licked his lips as he thought about his decisions and grinned, "How could I ever leave you, Carrots?"

"I'm serious, Gil." Anne laughed.

"I guess I just wasn't ready for marriage at that time. Winifred was amazing," Gilbert pursed his lips, "But just not for me. I couldn't marry her if I wasn't in love with her. It would have hurt both of us in the end."

"You weren't in... love?"

"Well I wouldn't have posted for her, that's for sure. Not like Charlie Sloane." Gilbert's eyes twinkled.

"You're never gonna let that go, are you?" Anne said with joking exasperation.

"Neither will Charlie. I'm sure he's still waiting patiently for you at Queen's."

"I'm not going to Queen's for Charlie Sloane, Gilbert." Anne rolled her eyes, "I don't even know what I want for the future. What I want to do, who I want to be with..." She averted her eyes from Gilbert's gaze, "And after Matthew died, I thought I lost everything. I thought Marilla would leave me and I was prepared to change any plans I had for the future. And I know that's stupid because I know Marilla loves me and would never abandon me, but I was just so heartbroken at that time and my mind always, *always* jumps to the worst conclusions. I just don't know. I'm not sure—"

"You told me so many years ago that you wanted to be a teacher," Gilbert stated.

"I did," Anne agreed, "But what if that's not the right thing for me? What if I'm making a mistake and I hate it?"

Anne began fidgeting with her hands again and Gilbert wanted to calm her.

"Then you worry about that later." Gilbert stood and walked to her side of the table; he knelt down on one knee beside her and held her hand in her lap, "Right here and right now, you do what you want, Anne Shirley-Cuthbert. Do what your heart tells you is right, because it has never led you wrong before."

Her heart told her to kiss her best friend right then and there, but she ignored it.

Anne reached out with her other hand, the hand that was not holding onto Gilbert's, and gently used her fingertips to touch his cheek. He leaned into her touch and she more confidently placed her whole hand on the side of his face, her thumb moved in circles near his jaw, feeling his smooth shaven skin.

He closed his eyes and turned his head slightly into her hand and placed a light kiss on her palm. "As for you not knowing you want to be with..." he opened his eyes and gave her a wistful smile, "At least we have each other."

Anne's heart had never felt this full. "We have each other."

She was there in the kitchen of Green Gables, holding hands with Gilbert Blythe, and suddenly the future did not seem so uncertain.

5. Unsure of Love

She was heartbroken.

"Then just *leave!*" Anne yelled, her face red and furious.

She didn't even know why they were arguing or what they were arguing about, but Anne knew that she did not mean whatever had come out of her mouth.

"This is my house, Anne," Gilbert reminded her, his face was also slightly colored a shade of red after yelling, but it wasn't as distinct as the cherry red on Anne.

In Anne's experience, love never lasted and marriage was only trouble hidden by a fancy ring. Everyone always fell out of love. It was best to leave early, before it hurt more. He was her best friend, but that was all he could ever be. Nothing more.

"Then I'll leave," she responded. Roughly grabbing her coat, Anne made her way to the door.

She convinced herself to cut ties with him, believing she would only bring him down.

She was too challenging.

She was fiery and nobody could get near her without getting burned.

"Please don't go," his voice pleaded timidly from the other room. "Come back to the table and I can make us some tea. We can talk it through."

Anne stopped in her steps, her hand paused on the doorknob as she held onto it like a lifeline. In most arguments, one side wouldn't invite the other to tea. "We always argue, Gilbert." She turned to look at him, tears welling up in her eyes, "*I* always argue. Something always comes up and I don't want to—"

"We challenge each other. There's nothing wrong with arguing if there is mutual respect and no hard feelings at the end. We both speak our minds. We're the same, Anne. We're... we're..." he looked at her straight in the eyes and Anne saw her fire in it, "We're kindred spirits."

He was right when he said that. They were kindred spirits. Diana had been her bosom friend, but the bond she forged with Gilbert was so different and life-changing. She could see herself in him and he could see himself in her. She considered him her best friend and he considered her his. They truly were kindred spirits.

Nevertheless, Anne could not fathom the idea of being loved the way she loved.

"Most people don't like a challenge."

"Who wants to be like most people?" Gilbert asked. "I certainly don't."

"You don't understand, Gil!"

"I love you, Anne!" Gilbert exclaimed, his voice raising to meet hers.

He took three quick strides towards her, placed one hand against the door-frame and turned to meet her face to face. "I love you," he repeated, this time with less vigor. "What's not to

understand?"

"I love you too, Gil! I do. I love you. You're my best friend. But I don't want to lose you. I'm so scared of losing you. I love you, but one day, you're going to get too frustrated with me..." Anne turned the doorknob, opening it just slightly, "I'll push you to your limit and you would want to run away from me like— *mmph*"

Gilbert hushed her by taking her face with his two hands and planting a brief but powerful kiss to her lips. Anne widened her eyes in shock, but she immediately reciprocated, clutching his white shirt and pulling him closer and deeper to herself.

He parted his lips from her, but Anne kept a hold on his shirt, wrinkling it in her fingers. Her legs felt like jelly and she felt if she let go, she would sink into a puddle on the floor.

"I love you, Anne Shirley-Cuthbert and I would never leave you," he breathed in and looked just as overwhelmed as Anne, "You challenge me, that's for sure. But you challenge me in a way that pushes me to be the best version of myself. And I like that feeling. I like being myself around you."

Anne Shirley-Cuthbert, always full of words and wonder, was struck speechless.

Not knowing the right thing to say, Anne did the next best thing and released her hand from Gilbert's shirt, bringing it up and around his neck. She pulled him down and gave him a much longer kiss.

Even their kisses felt like a challenge as they playfully teased and smiled into each other.

Her hands curled around his soft, dark hair and pulled, and his hands, which fit perfectly along her waist, tightened its grip.

Anne expressed everything she could, every feeling and every emotion, into that passionate kiss.

When they released, they could do nothing but stare at each other for what felt like a second or infinity.

"Anyway..." Gilbert said tenderly as he held Anne's cheek and brushed it softly.

Anne's face shone as bright as a firefly being released into the night. "Anyway..."

1. Sure of Gilbert

She was content.

Anne twiddled her thumbs at one of the corners of the ballroom. She was attending a gala as a plus one and didn't really know anyone there.

The gala was a charity of sorts raising money for some cause or the other, but the main point was for the rich to congregate and flaunt their wealth. Anne didn't care for it much, but

decided to attend in support of her husband, who was personally invited by the people who planned the festivities.

Never in her life would Anne have imagined herself being at such a fancy party with two kids waiting for her at home (being babysat by Auntie Diana)... and another on the way.

Anne leaned against the wall and placed her hand on her still on the smaller side, but getting more noticeable, stomach.

It was crazy how life had taken her on so many different paths. She always did say she loved taking the scenic route.

"Oh my, I would love a piece of that man," a voice sensually growled beside her.

Turning her head, Anne was met with the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. The woman had beautiful brown hair and eyes as green as emeralds. Her dress was vibrant and clung to her body in a way that was almost scandalous.

Following the woman's eye-line, Anne realized that the woman had her eyes set on a taken man—her husband—Dr. Gilbert Blythe.

"That man?" Anne asked, pointing at the tall doctor who was talking to other men of his profession.

"Mhmm, he is much more handsome than all the other geezers in this room." She bit her lower lip as she stared at him, eyeing him up and down like a prize to be won.

"He's married, you know," Anne informed the woman, but she couldn't help but agree that her husband really was the most perfect looking man out of everyone at the gala, probably the most perfect man in all of Canada.

"So?" The woman gestured to the whole room, "Most of the people here are. That's why we come to these galas, so we can find someone else to be with for the day," she wriggled her eyebrows suggestively, "or night."

Anne crinkled her nose in disgust, "You would choose to betray the trust of your husband? I see that ring on your finger." She nodded at the woman's hand that showed off an enormous diamond ring, "How could you break the sanctity of your marriage like that?"

"Oh, please," the woman rolled her eyes, "My husband is probably off somewhere sleeping with a twenty-something nurse and drinking the night away. If you see an old, ugly bastard with a troll face, tell him his wife is looking for him to 'restore the sanctity of our marriage'."

"You really hate your husband," Anne stated, in shock of such blatant honesty from the woman.

"Don't we all?" the woman laughed, "If it hasn't happened yet, it will soon enough." The woman looked at Anne's enlarged belly, "Is that your first?"

"Um—" But before Anne could answer, Gilbert had looked in her direction and sent her a subtle wink and the classic Blythe smirk.

"Did you see that?" the woman said excitedly as she nudged Anne. "He was totally giving me eyes. I'm going to talk to him, maybe get a dance out of him."

"His wife might not be happy about that," Anne commented, casually taking a drink of water.

"Forget his wife. She's probably some dumb floozy he married as arm candy who can't tell her own two feet apart. And most of the women here definitely did not marry their husbands for their looks or their great conversational skills." She smirked, "It's a good thing doctors make so much money."

"Is that why you married your husband?" Anne asked.

"Well it certainly was not for his chubby belly and cigar breath." The woman took a deep breath and smoothed out the front of her dress, pushing her chest forward. "I'm going to go talk to that handsome doctor. Wish me luck!"

Anne chuckled as she leaned back against the wall. "Good luck!"

The woman approached the dark haired doctor and ran her fingers up Gilbert's arm slyly. She had a devilish smile that many would have seen as downright sexy. Anne watched with great amusement as the woman separated Gilbert from the crowd of other doctors and brazenly flirted with him. Gilbert did nothing but politely smile and nod along to her comments.

The woman asked Gilbert if he would dance with her and he looked confused as he searched the crowd for Anne. Grinning at the situation, Anne gave a thumbs up and waved her hand to approve him dancing with another woman. Dances could mean everything or nothing at all.

Gilbert looked at Anne with his raised eyebrows and Anne winked. *Have fun*, she mouthed at him.

The loyal husband sighed and accepted a slow dance with the beautiful woman in the red dress.

The woman and Gilbert twirled in circles on the dance floor and Anne watched as they engaged in a conversation. However, every time they moved in a circle and Gilbert was facing Anne, as the woman faced the other wall, he would make a teasing face at Anne.

He would stick his tongue out at her; she would reciprocate.

He moved in a circle.

She would scrunch up her nose and squeeze her eyes shut; he would reciprocate.

He moved in a circle.

He would cross his eyes and expose his teeth; she would attempt to reciprocate and fail miserably.

He laughed as he moved in a circle.

It was a fun game between the two of them.

At the end of the song, Gilbert stopped to talk to the woman and thank her for the dance, but before he could have the chance, she stormed off and headed straight for Anne, looking very annoyed.

"That man," she huffed, as she finally reached Anne, "honestly, the most oblivious person I have ever met."

Anne raised her eyebrows in an attempt to hide her grin, but internally agreed with the woman's observation. "What did he do?"

The woman crossed her arms and brought them to her chest. "I was being pretty obvious in letting my intentions be known and I even danced with him... and the whole time, *the whole time*, he would not stop talking about his damn wife!"

Anne did not even try to hide her ecstatic smile this time as the woman continued ranting, "I swear I know so much of this 'lovely, smart, beautiful, passionate, *amazing* Anne Shirley-Cuthbert' that I could write a whole damn book about her, which, let me tell you, is what she is currently doing! Writing a book!"

Anne still didn't say anything and watched the woman release all her feelings. "I could not stop him from gushing about her if I tried, and believe me, I tried."

"What were you saying about the sanctity of marriage?" Anne teased.

The woman sighed, throwing her head back. "That wife of his sure is lucky to have caught such a loyal *and* handsome one like him."

"I'd like to consider myself the lucky one in this situation," a manly voice said behind her.

The woman turned to be face to face with, "Dr. Blythe!" she said in her sickly sweet voice, "Come for another dance? Are you going to summarize every plot point in your wife's novel?"

Gilbert looked amused as he looked at Anne. "I'm sure Anne could do that with you later. Right now, I was hoping for a dance with my wife."

"Your what?" the woman looked confused, but then noticed the looks the two of them had been giving each other the whole time she was speaking. "*You're* the wife?"

Anne tilted her head and looked at the shocked woman, a twinkle in her eye. "I did say he was married. Excuse me, I need to dance with my loyal and handsome husband."

Gilbert held out his hand and Anne took it as he led her on the dance floor. He spun her around and then pulled her in as the two of them swayed to the music.

"She's still watching us," Gilbert said into Anne's ear. "She looks angry."

"I wonder why," Anne joked as Gilbert twirled her around once more, "Oh, she's walking away."

"Maybe she's looking for her husband," Gilbert guessed.

"I doubt that."

And sure enough, the woman had found another handsome stranger who was more than willing to dance with her and give her whatever she wanted.

"When she was dancing with you," Anne said as the two of them moved together, "I thought a part of me might be scared that all of a sudden you would fall in love with this new beautiful lady and leave me. But the whole time... I didn't feel that at all."

Anne buried her face into Gilbert's shoulder, "I was so sure you would come back to me that I didn't worry at all. Which, I know moments like this might seem insignificant, but that feeling of not being sure of anything haunted me my whole life." Anne paused in her dancing to look up at Gilbert, "I haven't been sure of much in my life. I haven't been sure of where my life was headed when I was alone in the world. I wasn't sure when Diana and I were fighting, I wasn't sure when Matthew died, or when I went to Queen's, but despite it all, you've always been there for me."

Gilbert kissed the top of Anne's head as they began swaying again. "We are a T-E-A-M."

"I know I can always be S-U-R-E of you," Anne responded.

Gilbert smirked. "You can always be sure of me, Anne. Surely sure, Shirley-Cuthbert."

Anne hummed softly in agreement as the last notes to the beautiful ballad played out.

"Surely, Shirley-Cuthbert-Blythe."

End Notes

I wrote this in the middle of season 3, back when we were young and naive and believed in good things like a season 4. Now we'll never get to see our precious beans grow up and navigate being in a relationship, but I hope these scenes of their relationship and married life brought you any consolation!

I'd love to know what you think about this fic, so please comment! :)

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