Death Has a Name. Her Name is Clarke Griffin

by Xelha_Llara

Summary

Lexa Woods is the daughter of Minerva and part of the Roman camp, Arkadia. Clarke Griffin use to be the daughter of Hades and part of the Greek camp, Polis.

Key word, use to.

After a quest caused both forces to sorta fall in love then have one leave the other and almost kill the one she loves while almost killing the rest. To summarize the incident, Lexa cut a deal leaving Clarke. Clarke died getting her people out thanks to getting stabbed by Emmerson through the back.

Now 5 years after, people from both camps are going missing or found dead, monsters are popping up left and right, the Gods have cut off all communication again, and WHERE did a flaming Hell cat come from?!

Notes

Hey, hope you like my story. I don't have a set schedule so updates are touch and go. I'll try to but no promises. I hope you enjoy this as much as I write it.
The Beginning of the End

Just another day in Camp Arkadia a few miles inside the redwood forest of Northern California. The sun is shining, children are running around smiling and laughing, the training grounds are filled with campers eager to learn, and the streets hold the smiles of everyone who has made a family here. Nobody would think it was a dark day except for a small group of campers who were there on that faithful day.

The day Lexa Woods left the only girl she ever loved in front of a cave full of monsters.

Here on this day Lexa, Anya, Lincoln, Indra, and Nyko all went to the farthest edge of lake and payed their respects to a large oak tree near the waters edge that stood in her memory.

The memory of Clarke Griffin. The same girl who sacrificed her life countless times for all of them during their mission only to give the ultimate sacrifice to save her friends and both camps.

Oh how that memory pained them all. To remember the moment the monsters came to take them out and hear Lexa made a deal to save only the Romans and leave behind those brave Greek campers.

Raven Reyes, daughter of Hephaestus, Octavia Blake daughter of Aphrodite, and Bellamy Blake son of Aphrodite. The group of Greeks never once bothered to contact any of them once they got out, despite the relationships that blossomed between the 2 groups. They only heard about their well being from a letter addressed to them, and the heads of their camp, from the camp director of Camp Polis, centaur Marcus Kane.

The letter vaguely talked about what happened to them when they returned, but it clearly stated that Polis would no longer even dare speak or very well breath the same air as a Roman. All ties they made with Camp Polis all those years ago were all but dead and even if a quest ever mentioned a Greek joining them, a greek never showed. A few did but only to come with a small group, beat the crap out of the Roman group, and leave. A few got a few goods hits from the Romans but mainly the Greeks would win seeing as guerilla warfare was there strong suit along with the inventions provided by Raven Reyes.

Things were anything but hostile between the camps but on a this day, both camps were quiet for the most part. Greeks came the first year of the anniversary and burned the entire western portion of the city with greek fire. They knew the attack was planned because nobody died, they avoided harming any young children, and their entire armory was raided during the attack.

Romans wanted to retaliate but Lexa's group had calmed everyone and convinced Titus and Nia from actually letting anything go out of hand.

The group now stood in front of the tree, placing flowers at the base of it, and the Greek banner of Hades, not the Roman banner of Pluto, wrapped around the tree trunk.

"In peace may you leave the shore. In love may you find the next. Safe passage on your travels until our final journey on the ground... May we meet again." Lexa recited while placing a bouquet of Astra double white ballon flowers down.

They were Clarke's favorite flowers and the poem was something her mom use to say to her when she was young.

Oh how Lexa hated how much she could remember from that happy beautiful blonde. She often wondered how someone so bright and hopeful could possibly be the daughter to the god of death,
the most evil and darkest of all the gods. Hell, he was the one who put the oak here himself along with Poseidon and Zesus.

Lexa remembered the day he planted it. Dressed in a black suit with a silver tie, he would look like any normal guy mourning his only daughter, with blonde hair, a bit of a shaved beard, and blue eyes that were dull in comparison to Clarke's. The only difference was the seed he placed in the ground quickly grew into a large oak and his brothers both dropping the same bouquets of white flowers. Poseidon and Zesus nodded at their brother before leaving. Only 3 demi gods stood a good distance away but it was enough to see the look in Hades' eyes when his brothers left and all that stood were him and a large oak. Lexa stayed there with Anya and Lincoln for a good few minutes, holding Lexa back as she tried to run over there and yell at the lord of death to bring back his daughter, but her tears blurred her vision and the shaking of her hands and legs made that simple task seem damn near impossible.

Anya and Lincoln held her up to keep her from falling while her hand covered her mouth as she quietly wept in their arms. It was by far the saddest day for Lexa Woods. She was once known as the most stoic and fierce Roman demi god but after that day and every time someone mentioned Clarke or the day of the anniversary, she would come here and break down her walls like the blonde so easily did all those years ago. She remembered how Hades finally looked away from the oak and straight towards the group of friends with absolutely no emotion present in his face but his eyes told the same sentence over and over like an old military mantra.

This is all your fault.

Were what the eyes spoke so clearly he might as well have shouted it out in their faces and just like that the lord of death, the father of the girl she loved so deeply, who acted like the brightest star in the most darkest of places, left without a second glance.

Oh how she both hated and loved this oak. It served as the gods constant reminder towards the group to never leave your allies. The gods knew the tension between the camps was far to dangerous therefore they made sure the group of campers that would go after that group of ever growing monsters was going to be mixed. What they didn't count on was the group of monsters had paired up with a few demi gods who knew exactly how loyal Lexa was to her Roman friends and would sacrifice just about anything to keep them safe. Those demi gods were Cage Wallace son of Hermes and Carl Emerson son of Apollo.

Both were Greek and both had a hate for the gods no monster, titans, or demi god could ever match. They wanted to see the gods fall and demi gods rule. They only succeeded in causing the rip between both cultures to open even more that they were now on the brink of war and anything could send them straight into battle.

"She was the bravest warrior I ever had the honor of fighting alongside. We'll never forget her or her sacrifice." Anya now spoke up and placed a gentle hand on Lexa's shoudler.

Anya was about the closet thing she had to a sister seeing as she was her half sister as she was also a daughter of Minerva. Lexa never trusted anyone more than Anya. They met when Lexa was 5 and Anya was 7. Lexa being the newbie in camp who recently lost her parents and Anya being the toughest kid in their age group. Of course the 2 would bond and later spread into their other friends. Indra was next, being Anya's friend from the Mars cabin, then Nyko from the Apollo cabin, and finally Lincoln from the Apollo cabin as well. They were all close and were their own family in a sense after everything they've been through but today was the one day of the year Lexa would not care who you were, she just wanted to be alone her with the oak to cry and yell in frustration as the memories and feelings always came crashing down on her.
They all stood there for a minute or 2, saying a few words then giving her a moment of silence before leaving Lexa to her plans for the day. She was always grateful for how understanding they were but they would never truly understand the pain she felt for the smiling blonde she fell in love with 5 years ago.

Clarke Griffin, the girl who was stubborn as hell but could always manage to see the good in anything. She was a lovely ray of sunshine, blessing the earth with her presence each day she was on it and the days she was with Lexa were the happiest days that were ever to come for her. Once the group of friends were far enough to not here her, she collapsed onto her knees and wept at the base of the oak.

"I'm so sorry Clarke. For everything I did, for what I made you do, for the choice I made to leave you there all on your own just to protect my friends." She cried out wiping away some tears and choking back a few sobs.

"Oh gods, how I wish I could go back in time and change that entire scenario so that you could be here with me today, smiling, laughing, making fun of my stupid stoic demeanor like you use to. Just anything to bring you back into the land of the living." She cried out hoping somehow the blonde could hear her from the depths of the underworld.

She stayed there from 8 am to 6 pm, just in time for dinner then back to the oak for a final goodbye then off to bed only to wake up bright and early the next day as the stone cold Commander of the 5th legion here in Camp Arkadia.

Little did she know things were about to change for both the Greeks and the Romans and her prayers for the blonde each year to come back were about to come true in an entirely different way.

Far away, in the distance of the land of Camp Polis, 3 demi gods stood in the trees watching as Lexa said her final words then left the tree. 3 demi gods who were about to start something that would either bring the camps together to fight as a united front or tear them apart and give them the push to start the war of the century.

"May we certainly meet again Commander." A dark figure said before gesturing her companions to follow her lead.

Oh how things were definitely about to change.
Welcome to Polis

Chapter Summary

Quick glimpse with our friendly neighborhood black bird and local polis badass

Chapter Notes

Quick note at the bottom that is very important. Pls read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the day after the anniversary and of course Raven Reyes Griffin was already up and running around the forge, distracting her ever moving mind. Yesterday was the hardest days of the year here at Camp Polis, located deep within the forest of Big Bear. A memorial was held every year in the arena and a vigil was held in the front of empty Hades cabin. A large majority of the camp knew Clarke, seeing as she always greeted the new campers and helped whoever needed comfort in any situation.

She was never sad any day of the year and would never harm a soul unless you mistreated a fellow camper or anyone for no real reason. She was a shoulder to lean on and a sister to Raven, literally.

Clarke's mother, Abigail, adopted Raven when she was 3 after she was left at the hospital she worked at with nothing but the clothes she wore, a letter addressed to whoever would take care of her, a small children's blanket, and an old worn teddy bear. Abby knew she was a demi god and quickly took in the small child, taking her home, and having her daughter welcome Raven with open arms. Both girls didn't know what they were until they were 10 and Abby explained as best she could about who they really were and about Polis. What she didn't tell them was which god was their parent seeing as Abby never really knew which god she attracted and how she had no idea if Raven had a mom or a dad before she was dropped at the hospital.

She remembered how excited both her and Clarke were the first day of camp and the countless arguments they had over which god was their parent. She remembered how Clarke insisted that Aphrodite was Raven's mom seeing as she was so beautiful and how Raven argued that Hades was more likely her father seeing as she always killed any plant she attempted to take care of. Alas they were both wrong and extremely shocked to hear which god was their parent at dinner after meeting the troublesome Blake siblings and the dynamic duo of misbehaving friends Monty Green, son of Hephaestus, and Jasper Jordan son of AtÈ, goddess of mischief.

She remembered the look on Clarke's face when she realized her dad was the lord of death and the underworld yet her mom was a doctor and worked against death on a daily basis. It was amusing to say the least for Clarke but with her, there was no denying who she was. She always loved inventing, even at a young as so it all seemed natural when Hephaestus ended up being her father. Once they were taken to their cabin house and settled in Raven immediately helped Clarke renovate the obsidian structure, making it feel like a home instead of the death trap it looked like.

She remembered all the good memories with her blonde sister, but what she remembered the most
was the last time she saw her. The last time she saw her face and heard her last words.

Take care of our family Reyes. Never leave them behind.

Those were the last sounds of Clarke after she shoved Raven out of the way from Cage's sword. Raven managed to kill Cage somehow but Clarke payed the price for protecting Raven. Raven remembered how Clarke collapsed against her with a blade sticking out of her chest and the light in her eyes fading painfully slow. Raven tried to help her out by dragging both of them to the exit of the crumbling structure but Clarke had stopped them a few feet in front of the exit.

They were so close exit but Clarke's body was failing her and Raven wasn't sure she had any strength left in her body. Thinking back she believed Clarke knew her time was up and wouldn't want to have Raven's life end because of her. She remembered the pleading tone in her voice and the feeling of her hand on the small of her back before she was shoved out with the remaining strength of Clarke all while watching her collapse onto the ground. It was by far the bravest thing she had ever seen and the most saddest thing. To see stone crash down on the entrance, have arms hold her down along with muffled shouts to stop her, as she hopelessly watched her only family die in front of her.

With that final death they had also believed their Roman friends, who were captured with them, were dead too. They saw the cyclops grab them and take them to another part of the mountain and never saw them again so it made sense. They all discovered the truth once they reached Polis. The truth behind who the traitor really was.

They reached camp completely filthy with dirt and blood, along with Raven in a stretcher with her leg bandaged as best they could. All the campers stared at them with disbelief when they came through the archway and crashed to the floor with only Bellamy yelling a very strangled help us before crashing.

They woke in the infirmary a few hours after collapsing, greeted by a ranting Monty. He explained, while crying a bit, about how everyone thought they were dead thanks to the the small visit from the Romans. It was then discovered that they were released from the mountain, leaving them to die, informed their camp of their deaths, and then left without another word. Once Monty told them the story, all 3 friends immediately went into a rage after hearing the lies uttered by the great Roman Commander, Lexa Woods. They quickly retrieved Marcus and told him the truth and it took him everything he had to keep the camp under control and stop everyone from barging into Roman territory just to avenge 1 campers death and the injuries of 3 other campers.

Even Marcus had to hold himself back from agreeing to the suggestion but he knew Clarke wouldn't want more blood to be shed. Hell, she was the only camper who insisted Greek and Romans get along and was all to happy to join the quest when it was presented to her by the Oracle. Raven wasn't sure if Clarke would be happy that the Greeks hadn't declared war on them so she did send a few groups to vandalize and steal from those dirty rotten bastards who called themselves honorable Romans. She might have been slightly disappointed but she would probably approve of their course of retaliation seeing as Clarke was seen as a sister to everyone here. Even the nymphs and satyrs loved her, and they hate anyone who is in touch with the lord of death, yet Clarke had a personality that you couldn't help but fall in love with. It was impossible not to like her causing many to fall for her, especially a brunette Roman who seemed to match perfectly with her, or so they thought.

Anyone with eyes could see how madly in love they were with one another. Even if they had only been together for 2 weeks and 3 days, they looked like they had known each other for years. It looked as if nothing could break them apart and their group of friends were getting along just fine despite being Greek and Roman. Well, that was until both groups of friends were captured by
Emerson and Cage and Lexa took the deal that would doom Clarke to her fate.

While thinking of those days, and that final day in particular, Raven managed to summon fire out of her hands and start to melt the sword she was trying to repair.

"Aww crap!" She yelled out while quickly the sword in a bucket of water.

While attempting to fix it she didn't realize Octavia had come in carrying the same letters they got every year.

"Well then. I see someone nearly melted another sword. What is that now, like your 3rd sword this week." Octavia teased while leaning against a support beam.

Raven dismissed the comment and simply continued to try and salvage the sword. Octavia knew yesterday and today weren't the best days for Raven so she quickly tried to get her old friend back out of the dark days.

"Hey, come on Reyes. I know these aren't the best of days for anyone around here but would she really want us to sulk around forever." Octavia reasoned, trying to get her out of that state of mind.

At those last words however, Raven slammed the sword against the forge and looked up and Octavia with a few tears threatening to spill on the edge of her eyes.

"Your damn fucking right she would want me to sulk because I could have saved her." Raven all but yelled out.

"If only I was a bit stronger, I could have held them off with my fire and saved her. I'm the only reason she went back in there O. If it wasn't for me she would be here helping us give those stupid fucking Romans what they really deserve." She yelled out with such anger towards the end and was now spilling the unshed tears from yesterday.

Octavia wasn't the least bit surprised from this outburst because she knew Raven really felt guilty for Clarke's death since day one. That's why she was the one in charge of the Roman attacks that injured so many and brought 5 close to the brink of death but never going that far. The group of friends knew Raven was the worst out of all of them but they never had the heart to stop her. They knew Clarke's death was the fault of those traitorous Romans so they let Raven coupe as she pleased. Raven now broke down in front of the forge and Octavia didn't take another second to go and embrace her in a deep hug. Raven immediately hugged back and broke down a little more.

"Hey, it's not your fault Raven. We know it wasn't in our control that those stupid Arkadians are back stabbing cowards." Octavia gently whispered in her ear.

It took a little while before Raven let go of Octavia and noticed the letter in her hand. She knew what it was because it arrived every year like clockwork. 2 letters, one of love and relief, the other brought hatred and anger.

"They really need to stop sending their stupid letters." Raven muttered angrily before grabbing both letters but reading only one.

The letter they always read was from Abby. It reminded the group of friends that her house was always open to them from summer to winter which is what they always did. It gave them comfort knowing Clarke's mom still cared for them even with the memories they brought every time they would get together at the Griffin household. It was still Raven's home and was now becoming the Blake's. It was basically the boost Raven needed every year to get out of her depressed state.
"Hey Abby is hosting a barbecue this summer and wants the whole gang to come. She'll have tofu for Maya and Monroe this time so no worries." Raven said sounding a bit happier.

"Oh that's a relief. We don't want a repeat of the 4th of July back when You, Monty, and Clarke decided it was a good idea to do target practice with the pig over the fire pit." Octavia said laughing at the faint memory.

Raven even started laughing despite it being one of the last days before they were called for the quest and doomed.

"What's the other letter say this time?" Octavia asked with distaste very much on every word but she couldn't help but wonder.

"I have no idea and the last letter I read was the 1st letter she sent. Every single one you've brought me over the past years ends up being fuel to the forge fires. At least in that sense it's put to far better use." Raven sorta growled out then started heading over to the main forge fire.

"Hold up, Raven. At least read this one. It's been 5 years we should at least see if she's changed or how they are doing to. Remember it wasn't there decision to trade their lives for ours, they only got dragged out after getting beat up." Octavia defended.

"I don't care if this letter is written by Anya or anyone besides HER. They're all the same in my eyes and what they did won't be forgiven by me so easily. We have a fucking oak tree at the lake brought by Hades himself as a reminder of Clarke. He said himself he wants us remember her no matter what." Raven argued and was now considerably closer to the fire.

"I know what he said Raven but some of us don't hold grudges like you do. I still believe Lincoln and Anya would have stayed and helped. Hell probably Indra and Nyko as well but they didn't have a choice thanks to Lexa. It's time we forgive the others a bit at least. I'm not saying we forgive Lexa because Gods know she sure doesn't deserve a shred of pity." Octavia answered sounding a bit more confident which now won the argument over Raven.

"Fine. You wanna read it, be my guest. Don't come complaining to me when it's just a bunch of Minotaur shit lies from the mighty Commander." She emphasized on Commander then threw the letter back at Octavia.

"If you don't mind now, some of us have jobs to do." She answered back with a bit of anger then gathered up the weapons that needed repairs done by today.

Octavia was gonna push it more but she decided against it seeing as the wrath of Raven was something every camper here prayed to the gods they would never see. She walked out of the cabin and out into the early morning sun of Southern California. It was another quiet day with the simple sound of birds waking and chirping, waking the world around them. She walked to the arena and stood near the archery targets before opening the parchment colored envelope. Now Octavia was there when they opened the first letter sent by Lexa and regards of Camp Arkadia all those years ago. She remembered how they all wanted nothing more than to rage war against the Roman camp but with the calm talk of their camp director they settled for a decent sized surprise attack and raid on their territory. The letter itself was basically pity lines towards the camp’s fallen friend but the lines from Lexa made both her brother and Raven want to cut off her head and leave it at the border of the camp as a reminder to not mess with a Greek ever again.

She knew this letter might be the same dose of lines but something about it seemed a little off. The address was definitely Camp Arkadia's but something about the writing just made it seem weird. She teared apart the seal then took of the letter folded up ever so neatly into 3 sections. Of course Lexa
would be a perfectionist about a stupid letter explaining her actions and how she truly expresses her apologies out to the campers that were affected by her death. She had her eyes ready to start the traditional sassy eye roll and the light scoff of disbelief but those actions never showed themselves once the letter was opened all the way.

Dear Octavia,

If your wondering how we knew this was you, we know Raven holds grudges and wouldn't dare open a letter addressed to her sent by Camp Arkadia. You may not know who we are but if you want to know, meet us 2 days after the spring equinox in Pomona at a corner restaurant near the Fox Theater.

Bring no friends, weapons, or anything that could give away the location and/or compromise identity. If anyone is seen following you or helping you to catch us, the meeting will not happen and these letters will stop arriving. Not to mention we know the ins and outs of Camp Polis and if you don't believe us look under your bed and you'll find a box made of redwood lumber with gold carvings initials of the last coordinates of the Dark Mission.

You may be wondering why you would even meet with us and we assure you it's worth it.

We have information on Clarke Griffin and her exact whereabouts. She isn't dead and is in fact very much alive. If you don't believe us there is a picture on the back, of her, from last month. Also there is security footage of 2 days ago in the disappearance of a few Roman demi gods at a corner in Little Tokyo, San Francisco at 12 am in the box.

Sincerely,
Azgeda

Octavia instantly flipped it around only to see a much older Clarke standing next to a guy with semi long hair that was pulled back paired with a small beard. They were both dressed in dark coats and what looked like thin pieces of armor while smiling.

Seeing a living image of her dead best friend caused any fatigue she had to wash out instantly. Once she read the last words she made a mad dash back to her cabin. People were just waking up and heading out so let's just say it was a surprise to see Octavia sprinting for her life this early in the morning. Her cabin never woke up on time, declaring beauty was very important, which caused the early risers of Apollo and the pranking Atè cabin to target them. Thankfully there were no people today but that made Octavia's panic run inside louder then anything.

"Octaviaaaa.. it's too damn early. Go back to bed or shut it and let me sleep." Harper groaned out before burrowing back into her blankets.

Octavia payed no attention to her words, quickly pulling her sheets aside and looking under the bed. Sure enough there was a red box the size of shoe box with gold writing. The writing wrote out the exact coordinates on the lid while a key was tied to another note.

Don't bother asking anyone if they saw anything because they were all asleep when we put it.
-Azgeda

Without a second thought she pulled the box out and opened it up. Normally you would expect a threat or a bomb but in this case it was just a few bags of candy, a business card, and a VHS tape marked with the date and time of the said video of Clarke alive and well.
"Damn O, you gonna share that candy?" One of her cabin mates sudden asked.

"Piss off Danny." She flipped off her brother before rummaging through the box.

She gently ran the tips of her fingers along the VHS tape, scared it would break and ruin any chances of possibly seeing her best friend while hoping it would let her see Clarke again.

Octavia always had hope that Clarke was somehow alive seeing as their family motto is, "Griffin’s survive." And it was true considering all Clarke had survived the entire time she was with them before she sacrificed herself. The idea came when they led another journey to the mountain in search of Clarke's body. They found the bodies of Cage and Emerson along with a few of their followers, but her body was never found.

Many assumed Hades had found her body and had taken it but it was never confirmed, simply heavily believed in.

Maybe this was real and her gut feeling had been right all along. Maybe that bright smiling blonde was alive and healthy, out and about in the world. Maybe she was out of the constant fighting and relentless monsters and was now enjoying life. But why hadn't she contacted any of them of her well being?

The tape was a prayer being answered and the only person who could help her was none other than Jasper Jordan.

Chapter End Notes

I need a beta to help with my poor grammar. If you're interested pls contact me through my tumblr which is utter-gay-mess the picture is a dolphin and a dog. Don't judge my unique mind.
Truth in the Film

Chapter Summary

Octavia discovers some shocking news and some more delinquents are shown.

Chapter Notes

I would like to give public thank you to me new Beta for helping me make this grammatically correct. Hope you all enjoy the chapter.

It was a great Thursday morning for Jasper Jordan, sleeping in while people did your chores was very relaxing. Well the people doing his chores only did it as payment for getting mortal stuff into the camp and allowing them the privilege of using an Xbox 360, Xbox 1, PS4, Netflix, TV, and a Blu Ray DVD. Not to mention the old gaming consoles such as PS2 and 3 along with a GameCube and VHS player for those original movies that were the best on VHS. The movies being the original Star Wars trilogy not that new age bullshit.

His morning had been going great until he was roughly shoved out of bed by an unknown person.

"HOLY GODS!" He yelled as he fell onto the floor with a crack.

A pain began blossoming in his rib cage while his mind felt completely lost to what was going on, it started working once he discovered the reason for his pain. His armor ended up as the cushion for his fall but failed to actually provide real cushion. Regardless it wasn't a pleasant way to wake up and he still had no idea as to who pushed him off his bed in the first place.

“Whoever just did that, whatever you need better be damn important.” He groaned out while getting up.

He was pleasantly surprised to see Octavia but disappointed when he realized his plan of sleeping in wasn't gonna happen today. He knew that Octavia only ever came to him when it was important, the no ignoring it kind of important, so getting up was vital. He was glad he wore shorts and a shirt to bed this time otherwise it would have been a very awkward start to their conversation.

"Well good morning to you too Octavia. To what do I owe the pleasure of this wonderful wake up call?" He teased while giving his signature smirk.

"You know I only come here for really important stuff so you already know why I'm here." She quickly answered moving to the back of his room where he kept all his electronics and other contraband.

"Well then it's definitely not a stealing favor or pranking favor so I'm still a slight bit confused on the necessity of my rude awakening.” He answered following her through to the back room where he found her digging through his older electronics.
“Couldn’t resist making you fall on your ass as always. Anyway, this is a ‘nobody needs to know about, including yourself, and no questions asked kind of situation.’ Do you get it?” She asked while searching through the different shelves that held different gaming systems and video players.

"Okay okay, fine by me. I'll swear on the River of Styx to never utter a word about this interaction.” He said while putting up the three fingers Boy Scout salute.

"Now do you wanna tell me what you’re looking for or are you going to continue to trash my stash." He joked.

"Fine, why don’t you just tell me where your VHS player is?” She asked while looking behind the Tetris joystick.

"Ah, you’re looking on the wrong shelf my fair lady. The VHS is located under my bed because Atom, Miller, and Aden were planning on stealing it to watch the prequel trash Star Wars. Not letting that happen because it would contaminate my baby." He said while walking back to his bed and ducking down.

Thanks to his unorganized ways, Octavia had to endure watching him disappear under his bed and throw out old clothes, shoes, pieces of armor, and what may have been a sock at one point before seeing him crawl out with her prize.

"Here we go. I present to you the prize part of the Jordan Stash. Give me 6 minutes to set up the movie room and then it's all yours.” He said disappearing to the back of the Hermes cabin, where their created movie room was.

Octavia looked down at the tape in her hand thinking maybe this was all a huge cruel prank from a fellow camper, probably Murphy after humiliating him a few weeks back during two separate situations. Maybe it was all a jacked up dream that she would wake up from and go to training. Many ideas began popping in her head but they were cut short when Monty suddenly popped in, looking like he was trying to be sly.

"Psssst.... psssst.. hey O." He whispered, snapping her out of her train of thought.

She turned around to see Monty's head poking out from behind the pillar. She looked at him utterly confused waiting for him to explain.

"Is Jasper here? If not do you happen know where his VHS player is?” He whispered looking around for any signs of his friend but failing to find him.

Octavia felt some tension leave her body while she laughed lightly and shook her head in disapproval. Of course Monty would be caught helping out Miller.

"Really, Monty, trying to contaminate his baby now too? I thought you were his friend." She joked laughing slightly as she saw him smile.

"Not contaminating it, more along the lines of educating some people about the difference between a beautiful film and a cheap ass reboot." He defended holding his hands up and grinning at her.

"Sure, traitor but sorry Jasper is setting up the VHS for me, so your evil plans will have to wait till once I'm done." She answered while looking down at the tape in her hands.

"Oh cool! Can I watch it with you?” He asked while standing up straight and looking intrigued.

"Not this time sorry Monty. I found this in my old stuff and even I question what's on it. If it's an old
embarrassing film made by Griffin & Reyes Productions, I'd rather it stay as an unseen and unpublished film." She lied with a slightly nervous laugh, covering it with a convincing smile.

"Oh yea I see your point there. They always did manage to film our most embarrassing moments even when they didn't mean to." He joked remembering how Clarke and Raven would film their friends whenever they came over for the summer or the holidays.

They had dirt on everyone from those films which Raven had all hidden, under lock and key, waiting to be used as blackmail. They all owed Raven something for as long as they lived or until they could burn each one.

"Alrighty then. See you around Octavia." He waved goodbye and went off to do whatever chores he had left.

Octavia let out a heavy sigh then walked to the movie room just as Jasper was finishing up.

"Great timing as always Aphrodite. Room is all yours and I'll make sure nobody disturbs you." He smiled while giving a slight wink.

"Thanks Jasper. Oh, before you leave, Monty is in on Atom's plan for your VHS. Consider it a payment for your services." Octavia responded before hearing Jasper mutter something along the lines of, “That traitor, no more gummy bears for him.” As he stalked out of the room.

It was very quiet and cozy in the room but it didn’t help the doubting thoughts she had held at bay for just a moment.

It's probably a prank. What if this is to the wrong person? If it really is about Clarke being alive then why hasn't she contacted us? Is she being held hostage? Has she been brainwashed to be a Roman from Arkadia and is currently at the side of that back stabbing daughter of Athena? I'll never know if I don't see it and I'll regret it in the long run if I don't?

Octavia finally decided on just watching and quickly put the tape in.

"Well, there's no going back now." She mumbled before taking a seat on the couch and hitting play.

The sound of static flooded the room before a bright image came across the screen. So far the letter had not lied about the film being on a corner of a street in Little Tokyo, San Francisco with very little foot traffic whatsoever. The stores looked small and family owned but the signs with symbols, thanks to her dyslexia, were definitely Roman and Greek ones. It only means that someone was helping both sides which was not the most intelligent thing to do unless you had a death wish. She shook that thought out of her head before reading the timestamp on the tape. Sure enough it was from two days ago and not long after reading it the date, four Roman kids were brought into the picture running around the corner with swords drawn and terrified looks on their faces.

Octavia wasn't gonna lie when she said she wanted to laugh at them but her feeling quickly changed when they all suddenly fell. The group was struggling against something that had them held down but she couldn't see what. It took awhile but a kid was finally able to get his sword in the right position to strike down against his legs. Octavia was now able to see a few sets skeleton hands and arms trapped them against the floor while more were suffocating them like a boa constrictor, hands wrapping around their throats. Before she could think of a reason about the dead rising to hold them down, a strange looking creature, almost like a sabertooth tiger, appeared from the other side of the corner. It slowly approached them with its sharp white teeth bared a low growl leaving. At this all the Romans stopped struggling against the bones grip, being to scared to even take a breath under the watchful eye of the beast. She began feeling bad and worried for the small group of Romans. Two
girls, one blonde the other a brownish blonde, and two boys, one broad shouldered with black hair and a bit of a beard, the other very young looking with shaved hair on the sides and braids. It appeared to be a traditional beginner's introduction to scouting for Romans that went bad. It seemed to get worse when three new demi-gods appeared decked out in full warrior gear. The two in the front laughed while dragging, some sort of half silver half some kind of black material, sword. The video then revealed them to be a guy and a girl. Upon further investigating the two seemed to be related, possibly fraternal twins, both with long dark hair and a bit of an intense/rough look. Octavia then realized the guy in the video was the same guy in the picture.

They pointed their swords at the four demigods, who currently appeared to be staining their pants, and then looked behind them as if asking permission from the person standing behind them.

Octavia couldn't make out their face's thanks to the hood that covered up the face and hair tucked back in it. She could see their mouth move before they stepped forward. The small action had the Romans looking completely petrified, as if they had just seen death itself. The black and blue dressed warrior stared down at them before looking up towards the hell tiger as it quickly got their weapons and ran them down the alley. It then moved back and picked up the girl with blonde braids, threw her over its shoulders effectively knocking her out, and then took off after the hooded figure scratched behind its ears.

Once it left, the two siblings asked something that caused the hooded warrior to turn around and crouch down by Romans. It was there that the warrior reached for their hood and pulled it down revealing their face.

This finally sent Octavia into complete and utter shock.

It was the same blonde hair, a tad bit darker, blue eyed daughter of death who crouched before the Romans that used to be her best friend. She gave off such a look even the lord of death would fear, she was the same yet completely different. Her face was the same but her personality wasn’t there anymore. What happened next proved her thoughts further.

Clarke stood up, summoned a black sword then sliced the younger boy across the throat, letting the large splatter of blood stain her, the darker blonde haired girl, and the large built guy. She then ordered something and the intense looking warrior walked next to the broad shouldered Roman, who was now struggling and shouting like a maniac. The warrior quickly shut him up by kicking the side of his head.

Clarke then stood up and released them all from the bones she had summoned. She then helped the other blonde up while smiling. The girl smirked in response, then turned towards the black haired warrior girl. She then said something, causing Clarke to nod, before punching her across the face again, followed by a grab to her shoulder, a knee to blondie's stomach, a punch to her face again, and then sliced her in the arm with her sword. Anyone else would think this girl was getting beat up but when her assault finished, Clarke caught her before she could fall and helped her to stand.

It was the first time in the video to see Clarke look like the Clarke Octavia knew. The girl gripped onto Clarke then shook her head and stood up on her own as if nothing happened. She said some remark that caused all of them to end up smiling and laughing a bit before the mood returned to a serious one. The blonde quickly hugged the intense siblings and looked at Clarke with a huge smile and before embracing her tightly. Clarke hugged back with the same intensity before pulling apart and letting the blonde take off towards the direction of the camera. Clarke was now looking right at the camera and smiled the most bone chilling smile Octavia had ever seen leave her former friend.

It was as if she could have jumped right through the screen and killed her right then and there. It was sick and twisted, not to mention her eyes that were once full of light and hope were now ice cold and
seemed to suck your very soul out. How was this the same Clarke from 5 years ago who dreamed of a life beyond Camp Polis and becoming a doctor?

How was this the girl who would die for her friends? Where was the girl who laughed about life and always saw the good in the world?

It was now just Clarke, the siblings, and the knocked out body of the large Roman. The siblings moved to his sides, picked him up, and then Clarke grabbed ahold of the girl's hand and they all disappeared.

What in the gods names did I just witness?! Octavia thought as she watched the screen continue to show footage of the day as if nothing had happened.

She quickly grabbed the remote, re-winded the video, and paused it back to when Clarke was staring at the camera. She stared at it thinking maybe this was some other girl who seemed to resemble Clarke, praying that it wasn’t her dead best friend. It couldn’t be possible seeing as Hades told them he felt Clarke pass on and how she was in the underworld the day he planted the oak tree.

She stared at the screen for what felt like hours before accepting that it was real and her best friend was now a murder. She was worse than Hades and that was pretty damn hard to beat considering how he was when it came to demi-gods. He was different with Clarke, this was the first time in over a 100 years that Hades had showed he had feelings, even though he was still an ass to the rest of them. Marcus had told them that after the death of Clarke when Hades had left while saying his goodbyes to Clarke's friends, He had shown some emotion towards them and it gave off almost a caring father figure but after that, nobody had seen or heard from him since.

She immediately took out the tape, turned off the VHS, and walked back to her cabin with a plan set in mind.
1. Pack a bag, sneak out of camp unnoticed.
2. Go to San Francisco.
3. Meet up with these people and get her best friend back.

What she didn't expect was for her brother to be up dressed in his chest plate with sword in hand. He was walking out the cabin when she noticed him but before she could hide he lifted his head and saw her. Octavia thankfully had fast reflexes and hid the video behind her back.

"Hey, O. I was wondering where you went off to?" He teased.

"You know me big brother, out for a run and back for my armor. Plus breakfast is gonna be served pretty soon and I'd rather wear my training gear then my running gear." She joked while making her way past Bellamy.

"Aww, I thought you would want another mishap like last week.” He teased referring to last time she showed up to breakfast in her sweaty running gear.

“Oh also, did the letters arrive today?” He asked shyly glancing down at the ground before back at his sister.

He knew about the letters like everyone else but he always liked Abby's response the best. If Raven didn’t burn the letters he would take them and attempt to shoot them out of the sky as target practice.

"Yep. We're invited for summer and fall just like always and she is having tofu this time so Maya and Monroe are fine.” Octavia answered with a fake smile.

"Great. I'll tell them when I see them. See ya later O.” He said then jogged off.
Octavia had never been more thankful that Bellamy was never good at telling body language before rushing inside. Her bed was exactly how she left it and the box was still open on her bed. She silently cursed herself for leaving that out in the open before quickly shut it and hiding it under her bed.

It was now almost 10 and her cabin was basically empty seeing as all the Aphrodite children immediately go to train against the Athena cabin because they were the only ones who showed any real challenge to them, aside from the Ares kids.

Now was the perfect time to pack for her journey and in the dark of the night she would slip away thanks to her patrol route tonight she'd go out unnoticed. It would be the perfect time to leave but she would have to get someone to cover her chores during her small adventure. She knew exactly who to ask but she would also need to get some sort of bribe. Today was definitely going to be busy especially since she had stable cleaning duty with Fox in the afternoon but she had to leave tonight. Hopefully she still had her bribe bag for her plan.
Knowledge is Power

Chapter Summary

A peek inside Arkadia along with a few secrets revealed inside the camp. We see a bit on who's on the dark side.

Lexa woke up the day after the dreaded anniversary just as the sun started to peek out over the hills. The patrol they sent to check on sightings in San Francisco would be back today so hopefully there was some good news in store for her today. She got up knowing that she needed to get ready now if she wanted to finish her own work out before legion training. To her it was a barely a warm up but to them it seemed as if Mars himself came down to drill them them instead of a daughter of Minerva. She dressed in her light training armor and slid her sword into her back sheath and then headed out to do her personal warm up.

She started out with a two and a half mile track and then went back to do a few sets of pushups and situps, right as she finished Anya met up with her and they headed over to the arena to spar as they waited for their legion to come down for morning training. Today was sparring with swords because Anya bet she could finally beat Lexa after months of trying.

"So what do you think the scouting team found in San Francisco? My guess is a couple of furies just passing by." Anya said while clashing her sword with Lexa's.

"I have no clue and I don't want to be taking bets on this kind of stuff, it could cost our people their lives. For all we know it could be a minotaur or giants, it would not be worth the guilt to bet." Lexa growled back while striking down Anya’s attack most of her effort being put towards offense the more Anya angered her.

Anya was about to make some sort of smart remark but she knew better than to piss off Lexa before the rest of their legion came to train. The last time she did that they ended up training her routine from underworld for their combat training that resulted in many broken bones and bruised skin.

They continued to fight ruthlessly, Lexa's attacks becoming more aggressive and ruthless as their legion began to filter into the arena. They knew Lexa and Anya spared this early so while their commanding officers fought they would take the time to stretch before Lexa finally beat her and ordered them to run three and a half miles with her setting the brisk pace around the arena. No one knew how Lexa never stopped working but there she was day after day practice after practice. It had been five minutes since the first group of campers arrived and Lexa seemed to finally be pulling forward delivering the final blows of the match.

They had both disarmed each other not more than two seconds ago so the fight moved to hand to hand. They circled each other for a bit before Lexa quickly went for a roundhouse kick but her blow got blocked by Anya who grabbed her leg and threw her down quickly moving to gain top control. Lexa quickly rolled over and hopped up, not giving Anya a chance to grab her in a hold, she went in for a left hook. Anya moved to dodge it but Lexa caught her with a left kick to her ribs, knocking the air from her lungs and Lexa quickly swept her legs out before moving to hold her down as soon as Any as back hit the floor.

"You need to stop trying to guess what I'm going to do and watch to see what I actually do." Lexa
said slowly standing up and releasing her hold over Anya before extending her arm to help her up

"Whatever Commander. Time to put the rest of the group through warm ups." Anya teased then started walking towards the group that was going through the last of their stretching routine.

Lexa glared at her as she headed towards her legion. Today was going to be focused on endurance so they were gonna start with a running set.

"Form ranks!!" Lexa yelled out and watching closely as her group quickly scrambled to get in formation.

It normally took them all about 30 seconds to get set in position but today they were slacking, causing their time to be a good sixteen seconds over their average time.

"That took 46 seconds. Everyone drop and give me 40 one handed push ups!" Lexa yelled out her brow furrowed as she watched them all drop down on their hands and knees.

There were a few groans and protests but they were all silenced by a single glance to the legion from Lexa. Slowly they all got set on one hand holding as they waited for their commander. Lexa then dropped down and followed them along with Anya to set the pace. Lexa quickly went down then held herself for a good 15 seconds before lifting herself back up then looked out to make sure her command was being followed. They all looked like there were about fifty curses running through their minds at once. Anya of course decided to up the pressure and give the soldiers a bit of a hard time

"I don't hear counting!" She yelled which automatically meant an added amount of push ups of Lexa's choice.

"You now have 50 pushups and we’re holding them for 20 seconds." Lexa announced shaking her head slightly as she went down again.

"1............. 2............. 3............. 4............. 5............. 6......" They were now in the middle of their 6th one when the gate horn was suddenly heard, it was the signal for all legion generals to get themselves to the gate as fast as possible.

Everyone stopped and looked at Lexa who glanced over at Anya before nodding. They both quickly hopped up as Lexa announced who was going to be in charge.

"Indra and Nyko will lead the rest of the exercise and if we’re not back by then you’re all going on a three and a half mile running set. If I find out anyone disobeyed this order or failed to complete the sets you’ll all be serving the same punishment as the person who failed to comply with my orders" Lexa said being sure to fix everyone with hard stare before jogging out of the arena.

Anya quickly followed and they both ran through the streets of Arkadia down to the front gate.

"Why do you think they called?" Anya asked her mind running through any possible reasons for the horn to be blown.

"I have no idea why." Lexa mumbled worriedly picking her pace up to run a little faster remembering what the case had been the last time they were called.

"I mean the last time we were all called was for the mission and I highly doubt the greeks have come for a nice little chat. They could have finally taken a strike one step too far.” She mumbled solemnly fearing that a war would shatter the already broken bond between the camps.
Lexa knew that memory clear as day, it was first time she saw Clarke and it was the only look needed to fall head over heels for the blonde beauty. It was also the memory she hated the most because it was the beginning of an ending that would destroy her heart. She immediately started running faster causing Anya to grumble under her breath as she sped up trying to keep pace. Lexa didn't catch wind of it at all seeing as she left Anya in the dust the second the gate came into view.

They were the first to arrive due to Lexa's sudden burst of energy and finally saw the reason the horn has been blown. Titus was asking a extremely battered Echo some questions while Nia held her steady. You could see the ink on his hand meaning he left his scrolls in a hurry before coming to the gate. He was the son of Mercury so naturally he drowned himself in Arkadia's archives.

"Sir, what's going on?" Anya asked slightly out of breath as she watched the interactions.

"I'll tell you when the rest of the generals arrive. For now Nia take Echo to the healers." Titus commanded while looking at Echo's face carefully as she swayed back and forth looking like a small wind would break her.

Nia nodded then gently helped her take a few steps before Echo actually collapsed but she didn't fall on her face thanks to Nia. She softened her landing with a layer of snow before she hit the ground, she was daughter of Khione, goddess of snow, giving her that ability. She then picked her up bridal style then walked down the streets of Arkadia. They all watched as she disappeared into the streets with a knocked out and brutally beaten Echo. Anya and Lexa both turned towards Titus who seemed to be in deep thought, pinching the bridge of his nose and pacing back and forth.

"Titus, what exactly happened to Echo?" Lexa now asked feeling worried about their fellow camper. They didn't know her well, besides the fact that she was daughter of Erebos, god of darkness, and she was generally a really nice person who was always quick with smart remarks. She commanded the 9th legion who was generally in charge of scouting trips but it seems this time, whatever they found wasn't very fond of being discovered.

"What words I could get out of her were, they're all gone, she's coming, talk about a flaming hell cat, or at least that's what I think from what she vaguely described, and something along the lines of Wanheda." Titus said sounding worried.

Both Anya and Lexa knew what the title of Wanheda translated thanks to their bloodline that connected to an old Indian tribe called Trikru whose language was called Trigedasleng. It was a dead language but a few families descendants and the tribes descendents around it definitely knew the language and Wanheda wasn't a welcoming title. It was an old folktales passed down from generation to generation to scare kids. It talked about a warrior who was very much trusted by the tribe until one day a battle changed their life forever. This warrior's entire tribe was massacred by another rival tribe and they were the only survivor. After seeing the destruction and death of everyone, they summoned upon the spirits of the dead and marched onto the rival clans territory, laying waste to every soul, leaving nobody alive except a single child to tell their tale. News spread and many tried to find and challenge this legend but all were met with the same fate and joined the army of the dead.

Nobody survived when Wanheda came upon their villages, the only sign of life would be the burnt down tents and weapons stained in blood. No bodies were ever found, but everyone knew the bodies had joined the legion of the undead. Thus the warrior was given the title, Commander of Death. Said to dress in all black armor and the blood of their fallen victims colored the warrior's face and arms. Their eyes could burn right through anyone's bones and feel as if they were pulling your soul out of your body and adding it to their army. Wanheda reigned through the tribe territories for many years until one day, the warrior suddenly disappeared, never to be seen again. The legend stated that Wanheda still lived, lurking in the shadows, looking for people who have done wrong to others and
They knew Echo was part of one of the tribes near Trikru but nobody knew which one exactly. She knew the legend but whoever took her and her team out clearly made her remember the name, knowing what the legend said. Whoever this person was, intended to inflict fear on a certain group of people, Lexa's people.

"But Wanheda is just a legend that's hundreds of years old. It's a fairytale used to scare children and listen to their parents." Lexa stated now worrying if the legend was actually true.

"I'm sorry to say this but Wanheda was a real person. They were a demigod of Hades, and yes I say Hades because they were greek even though the area was mainly home to Roman demigods. For some reason, only Greek children got to be Wanheda. The original died but any child of Hades could take up the mantle. Some have the ability to summon the dead but only a select few are powerful enough to keep the hold without falling from exhaustion." Titus explained while looking worried.

"A few children of Hades have taken the name Wanheda over the years but recently there was a prophecy uttered that told of the rise of the new one. I didn't think the prophecy was going to be during this century!" He said looking extremely worried now.

Anya and Lexa both looked at each other in shock as Titus just proved that a child's myth was an actual thing!

"Hold up. Your telling us that Wanheda is real and has always been a child of Hades! As in greek who currently want to kill us all and if they pair up we will probably die if the legend of Wanheda's abilities is true too!" Anya yelled while Lexa now had a few theories running in her head.

It's a child of Hades. I basically killed their sister and they're probably out for my head! They're coming here for revenge.

Were just some thoughts floating in her mind. She couldn't hear what else Titus and Anya were saying until the others came and Titus was now yelling over the leaders of how to deal with this.

"I say we track down this so called Commander of Death and kill'em!" Quint yelled out.

Quint was definitely the most violent and unstable out of everyone here. Definitely living up to being a son of Mars which often caused his legion to get a lot of injuries but usually got the job done.

"Quint how thick skulled are you? Did you not hear? They are a child of PLUTO! They can summon an army of the dead! As in, warriors who can't die and will keep coming back." Jared argued back.

He was now in charge of Echo's legion while she was trying to gain at least some consciousness without falling into the ground. He was always very reasonable and very selfless which in this case was very well needed.

"They're tricks and every demigod has their limit when it comes to their abilities. They may be a child of one of the big 3 but their part human just like the rest of us." Quint argued back, earning him a few nods and grunts in agreement.

"They're just a demi god not a Titan. We've taken on giants, cyclops, and we've taken down a titan before. I say we track them down and take them out for messing with us Romans!" He roared out much like a battle cry which earned him a cry back from a few other legions along with his own.

"And what if Wanheda has already paired up with the Greeks?" Lexa suddenly interrupted, silencing
the cheers.

At the word of Lexa they all knew this wasn't a good plan. Everyone quickly silenced and Titus watched as the kids he trained decided what to do. He let them choose a plan then he would either allow it or not but ultimately it was Lexa who had the last say in everything.

"Greeks are equal in strength to us. Wanheda is Greek as well. If you put one great power and add it to another great power you now receive a power double its strength with knowledge that we don’t know.” Lexa said while walking to the middle of their makeshift circle.

"We have no children of Pluto here but the greeks have had a few. They know their strengths and weaknesses and not to mention they know many of ours. They know where an attack from Wanheda would be most effective, so unless you want to be the one responsible for the destruction of Arkadia, then by all means please go and fight Wanheda on your own.” Lexa finished standing in front of Quint looking at him as if he were a complete and utter moron.

He merely stood there trying to think of something but he was much to slow. A couple of blows to the head during training sessions caused him to lose whatever smarts he had left.

"As we can all see he is to slow to even defend his original plan and I say we discuss an actual plan.” She announced while looking at all the leaders.

They all nodded in agreement and at this Titus nodded and moved the group to the war room to form a decent plan in a blind circumstance.

Meanwhile, in the infirmary....

The healers just finished up with Echo, putting her on bed rest for awhile but she was now fully conscious and ready to talk.

"I see your talk with them went well.” Nia said smirking.

Echo laughed then nodded.

"They were able to find a few undiscovered and runaways during their time. They say thank you and Niylah was definitely an excellent choice for a sales person.” Echo said while smiling as much as her face allowed her.

"Well she is the daughter of Peitho, goddess of persuasion. I don't recruit just anybody Echo, you of all people should know.” Nia smiled her so called smile and watched as Echo laughed a little, remembering her interview.

"Don't I know it. You had me fight Clarke before I could get in. I lost but I lasted long compared to anyone else.” Echo joked remembering her first beat down.

"Lasting isn't the same as winning but I knew you had potential. You're a smart and resourceful girl Echo. Now rest up and you'll be back on your feet to tell me everything later, alright.” Nia said while Echo nodded before going back to sleep.

Nia walked out of the infirmary remembering how she meet the small group of teens. She ran into the group of misfits after having a dream of what she believed to be the future. She could never really describe it, all she knew is she had a pull towards the group of fighters, mainly little old Clarke. She knew what happened at the mountain so it was most surprising to see her alive and well, beating up 2 men twice her size at the same time. The mountain truly did something to her that made her almost animalistic when fighting, relying only on instinct which was surprisingly very precise despite being
spontaneous. The crazy part of it all was each fight was to the death and the group of fighters always won. They never went against one another but they were definitely known as the deadliest. She took them in after seeing them fight and told them a part of her plan. A plan that would change the world as they knew to their own liking. All they needed to do was find the right moment.

That very night a prophecy was read soon after Clarke showed Nia her abilities to raise the dead and introduced her to her very loyal hell sabertooth, named Pauna. It was right after showing Nia these that Camp Arkadia was suddenly woken by a prophecy.

4 and a half years back

Eyes of pure shall rip the souls
Claws in blood shall raise the dead
With a crown of gold, Wanheda rises once more
The powers can not interfere for the fates are in her door
Death, sea, and sky will reign the fight
The symbol is the number for the heroes on both sides
Knowledge, fire, war, and love will all band together to take on this challenge
Beware the choices for a past soul will walk again, not the same as it once were
Emotions cloud the eyes, a shift of color is a shift of mood
From warrior to animal in the blink of an eye resides in each
The forces with them have shadows at their sides with a beast of rage at Wanheda's side
Mountains, Window eyes, and many of the dead yield to her
They answer the call and submit to their all
No remorse resides in their souls
Traitors have cursed their minds and a new power is about to rise

Titus was there when it was first uttered and he vowed never to let anyone outside the walls to hear it except Nia. She was the other leader so naturally he had to consult with her about it. Of course he feared the worst after reading the multiple accounts of Wanheda sightings throughout history and the death rained down upon those who were near.

While Titus freaked out, Camp Polis was all quiet except for where they kept the Oracle.

It was kept in the Big House attic, which was currently being broken into by another demi god who was a friend of Clarke's. By friend I mean they hooked up when they met and now she's a very trusted shoulder to lean on. She was there to get in, mess with the Oracle out of boredom, steal a few things, and get the hell out. While filling her bag with a few weapons, the dried up corpse suddenly bursted to life announcing part 2 of the prophecy.

Greeks and Romans must merge once more
A group of 8 will take the place.
Death, sea, and sky will make the world fall
A tale of old paths will cross again only choices will change and a sacrifice will be made
Wanheda is here, the deadline draws near
Her allies awake and the main 3 will decide the faiths
The paths are set like once long ago but one wrong step will have you all down the dark hole
2 paths will be while a dark being rests in the shadows
Wanheda is to fear but a being of love can make the difference
The clock will hit at the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month and a force far worse shall arise
The darkness inside will awaken the deep, beware the monster that rests in the dark
In their souls lies a gift to each
Abilities to make or break, even the gods sense fear
The jaws of death are near, at the last hour light and dark will meet once more
The fate of the gods lies in her hands

It whispered then fell back down, letting a dust cloud emerge around the Oracle. The young burglar simply stood there in disbelief then took a few seconds before she wrote down the prophecy then continued stealing weapons. She left after getting all the good stuff and ran back to the hideout.

She came back just in time for the group of misfits to arrive after their talk with Nia. They all entered and discussed what had happened to each of them that night, trying to figure out how to use this to their advantage. It all came together when Nia contacted them a few days later, telling them about the Roman prophecy. They were all beyond ecstatic because they were the only ones that had both prophecies meaning they could control their fates.

They now held both keys, knew what could happen, and they weren't going to let any of it break their rise to power. A new dawn was coming and they were the rising sun.
Bullets and Buddies

Chapter Summary

A quick look upon a fierce Griffin and who she's been with during her time away from the eyes of Polis, Arkadia, and the Gods.

Notes will be down below of my awkward update schedule.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

San Francisco late at night is always a delight, especially when you rob a corner store with your 2 best friends, while the crazy old white guy running the store, tries to shoot you with a shotgun in the mission district.

"I told you it was a gun!" Roan yelled while shoving Clarke and Ontari down an alley.

"Wasn't my fault, I was on food grab. Genius here was on the money!" Ontari defended while running ahead.

They quickly turned another corner before they were finally on a semi-crowded main street, easily able to lose the clerk if he came after them. They weren't exactly on the nicest side of town but the people here, besides that store clerk, weren't half bad. They respected one another here and didn't judge much on the social ladder. Unless of course, you were a rich business guy passing by. If so then you were basically asking to be jumped.

Roan Kwin was the oldest of the 3, currently 19, about to be 20 in a couple of weeks, with his younger sister Ontari Kwin, currently 18. They could be mistaken for twins but they really weren't. Technically they weren't even brother and sister either. They were both powerful demigods with very powerful parents on both sides. Roan was son of Hecate while Ontari was daughter of Zeus. They were cousins and have been close since birth so they just called each other brother and sister.

Last, but not least of this troublesome trio, was the most powerful demigod many would come across. Clarke Griffin, Daughter of Hades, princess of the underworld, and the head of their little gang. A charmer when it came to people but a force to be reckoned with when it came to anything related to criminal related.

The group of ragtag kids met 5 years ago while getting chased by a hell sabertooth tiger in the woods of Colorado after pissing it off.

From a distance it didn't seem that big, in reality the beast was the height of a big rig truck and held a grudge. They couldn't help but laugh at the beast when it walked around like a lost kitten looking like it was searching for something, so they laughed at it and called it a moronic flea bag from the darkest pits of the Underworld. It didn’t enjoy that comment very much leading them to be chased for a little over an hour. The chased stopped once they passed the base of a mountain. They ran inside one and waited for the cat to pass but it ended up doing the unexpected. It appeared to be going for the kill on them but it stopped just before their cave and stiffed up. It regarded another cave opposite of them before running off to it somewhat crying out.
Of course Ontari and Roan got curious and decided to see what caused the beast to change its mind about them. The cat was at the entrance of a collapsed cave that screamed death at the top of withered lungs. The once snarling beast was now crying and digging into the stones, pushing aside boulders and clawing open anything between whatever it was looking for. It would stop and pace then whine and go at it again as if worried about something. They approached the rubble carefully before freezing at the sound of a pained moan coming out from under the rocks. The cat paused for a moment at the sound before digging frantically, surprising the young demigods by how caring it appeared to be. They quickly began helping the cat dig whoever it was out.

Thanks to Roan’s god parent, he could feel whoever was down there had very little power left and would die if they didn’t get to them soon. The cat growled at them when they began digging but stopped once it realized they were there to help. It didn't take long before they discovered a young girl, around there age, with a sword sticking out of her back and a few bones around her body. They had no idea who she was but the cat clearly did. As soon as they uncovered her face, it went nuts and violently shoved both Roan and Ontari out of the way. It didn't take long before they discovered a young girl, around there age, with a sword sticking out of her back and a few bones around her body.

The girl moved and groaned for a bit, but they knew she was on her last minutes of breath. None of them knew what to do and what happened next really didn't help in their decision. The beast sat near her, looking sad but not completely pained towards the girl. It seemed to actually care for her but it also seemed to believe the girl wasn’t going to die. Ontari and Roan believed the girl was about to pass in those moments but that idea was quickly shut down when bones and shadows suddenly erupted out of the earth around them.

Complete skeletons with horrible waves of darkness emanating off of them and old creepy armor slowly pulled themselves out of the ground and walked in a rigid way towards the mystery girl. It gave off a feeling that was worse than an army of cyclops and furies shadowing over your body while the fates slowly cut your life string combined. Roan and Ontari both scrambled towards the treeline and watched as the skeletons stood above the girl and then pull out the sword from her back. A sharp gasp was heard along with the fresh scent and color of blood slowly oozing out of her. Blood was already dried up on the corner of her mouth but a new coat of the dark thick color was produced thanks to the wound being freed from its only confinement.

The cat was now standing away from the girl, watching anxiously as the shadows that surrounded the skeletons slowly morphed into serpent like figures and wrap around the girl’s body in a constricting cocoon. Her eyes shot open in pain but she didn't scream. Instead her mouth hung open while a whisp of air was released from her mouth. The shadows covered her body completely while the skeletons now stood in a circle around her, as if waiting for something grand to appear.

The painful scene continued for a bit before stopping, causing all of them to fear she was dead, and then starting again, only this time with erratic thrashes and spontaneous jerking in awkward positions. After a good few seconds of the Conjuring happening in front of them, she stopped and the shadows slipped off her and back into the ground. Once gone, all the skeletons suddenly lowered their heads and bowed on 1 knee before the girl. She wasn't moving, that includes breathing, until the hell saber tooth roared into the sky causing a quick restart to happen to the girl’s lungs before she slowly stirred back into the land of the living.

Ontari and Roan had no idea what to do with the situation that just unfolded in front of them so they starred in both fear and astonishment. The girl on the ground slowly got to her knees before getting
even slower to her feet. Her head hung over, her golden hair covering her face, while her body swayed like a fern against a cool summer breeze. From their position anyone could see where the sword wound went through her back, probably going through her left lung and out the front, had healed over. The skeletons still had their heads bowed but the cat payed no mind to their formalities and instead bounded towards the unstable blonde like a newborn puppy.

It growled playfully before licking the girl and rubbing up against her in complete adoration and a sense of coming home. The girl laughed a little then raised her head, showing what use to be a nasty wound caked in blood on the side of her forehead. She gently placed a hand on the sabertooth and smiled a simple yet caring smile.

"I knew... you wouldn't fail me." She whispered towards it while putting her forehead on its own and staring deep into its eyes so lovingly.

Both siblings felt out of place in this situation so how else would you disrupt an awkward moment, the awkward disrupting cough of course.

Ontari was the one who built the sudden courage to do so and they now had all eyes staring at them. She immediately regretted it but stayed strong nonetheless. The blonde now looked at them with confusion, fear, and anger while the cat gave off a deep deadly growl through the air for ruining its moment with the girl. Before they could respond the army of dead quickly stood up and surrounded them with their rustic, yet still sharp looking, weapons.

"Who are you?" The blonde asked while walking towards them, still not completely strong on her stance.

"My names is Ontari, daughter of Zeus, and this is my older brother, Roan, son of Hecate. We helped Fuzzy over there get you out of the cave riddled with horrible feelings." Ontari said now gathering up her usual over confidence to face the girl who was basically dead not moments ago.

"Now if I may be so upfront, I’d like to know who we just risked our lives for? I think it's only fair to know a pretty girl’s name while possibly getting a reward for saving you. If you’re looking for a reward idea how about allowing us to keep our lives." She responded with a smirk.

The blonde looked surprised and confused by Ontari’s upfront manner but gave her respect for her slightly stupid confidence. She lifted her head up causing the skeletons to back off but still remain surrounding the siblings.

"Come back from the dead and I'm already getting sassed by people." The girl mumbled while shaking her head and smirking in disbelief.

"Well since you asked so kindly, call me Griffin, Clarke Griffin. My furry companion here is Pauna. As you can see from my dead sense of humor companies, I'm the daughter of Hades." She said sounding disappointed on her last words, causing the demon cat to purr and lick her face in reassurance.

"Well Griffin, Clarke Griffin, daughter of the dead, technically my cousin from the gods side of the family. I would love to get to know you more and keep my life, but mainly talk because you’re pretty hot so I wouldn't mind seeing if I have a chance." Ontari quickly responded in a sly, yet playful tone while her signature crooked smile rested confidently on her face.

At that comment Roan face palmed and then stood in between Clarke and Ontari to keep any further embarrassment from happening. He brushed off some dirt from his coat and then gave a slight bow to Clarke, in respect of her being a daughter of underworld king.
"Please excuse my sister's upfront demeanor. She is usually more subtle about stuff like this or actually has a brain in circumstances similar to this." He answered while hitting Ontari upside the head.

At this Clarke laughed a little while petting the sabertooth.

"It's not a problem. It's actually quite pleasant knowing I still look hot after who knows how long under those stones? What day is it anyways, pretty sure I passed out a few times so last I remember is March 14, 2010." She said looking at them.

Hearing her words shocked the 2 immensely. It was currently mid July, meaning she lost nearly 4 months of her memory or was trapped under there for 4 months.

"It's July 29, 2010. Sorry about you losing 4 months of your life and we'll help you get them back if you possibly let us live." Roan said shrugging his shoulders to see if maybe it would work.

"Well since your sister there was kind enough to flatter me I think sparing your life is the least I can do." Clarke said waving her hand causing all the skeletons to suddenly crumble, leaving only their bones in piles.

"Well look at that, they collapse like puppets." Ontari said then walked up to a pile and pulled out a bone.

"I find it quite humerus." She retorted, earning a laugh from Clarke and a groan from Roan.

Since that day they had all been inseparable ever since. Roan and Ontari took Clarke to their rundown home in San Francisco to help her heal and learn about each other's past. It took about 3 months until Clarke got her memories back, including the mountain, and realized they shared one thing in common.

The pain of abandonment and betrayal from a loved one.

Clarke considered returning to Camp Polis but when they visited the place it seemed happy and perfectly normal without her, but did almost declare war on Camp Arkadia. Not to mention, Hades thought she was dead even though he was her father. She saw that he planted the oak in both camps as a reminder of his power. It made her beyond mad that her own father, who is the king of the underworld and checks who goes in, thought she was dead and never bothered to actually check. This is why they all got along really well.

Roan and Ontari had a similar story with their parents as well. Roan's dad was a gambler along with his dear sister, Ontari's mother. At first they had lucky streaks and lived in a nice home, but it was just a streak, downhill was bound to come eventually. It happened all so sudden. First, it started with a few items such as the tv and other electronics going missing, next thing they knew, they were out on the streets with way too many debuts. Their parents had to get a lot of loans from different people and one day they messed with the wrong people.

The local gangs all worked under one crime family and sadly their parents screwed them over. They were called Azgeda and if anyone dared to cross them, let's just say being a POW in WW2 Germany sounded like a 5 star vacation. They got in too deep and so the day they came to collect their payment, Ontari and Roan were told to pack their things and to get in the car with the men. They thought their parents sent them away to live somewhere safe but they were completely wrong. Their parents sold them to pay the debuts and they were now owned by a gang. Roan was just turning 5 and Ontari wasn't even 4 yet.
They were treated like stray dogs in the beginning before the boss and his inner circle took them under their wings. They were taught how to fight for themselves, steal for their gain, and get out of narrow situations with clever words and charm to protect their family. They slowly rose above the ranks each year until Roan turned 13 and Ontari turned 12. That's when they discovered who they really were. It started out with a regular day of eating breakfast with a few from the gang and getting their orders on which stores to threaten, which deliveries to handle, and where to be. They were assigned delivery route and leaving messages for people who owed them for the day. While leaving a message, they felt something follow them and after walking for 15 blocks and turning down an alley they were suddenly surrounded by a group of furies. They ran as fast as they could, turning every corner in an attempt to lose them before they were suddenly cornered by the creatures.

They believed that would be their last day, but not without a fight. A traditional warrior’s death as Azgeda liked to call it.

2 lunged at each of them, they instinctively knew how to fight but this time their punches really did pack some major damage. As soon as Ontari's fist connected with the face of one of them, a surge of electricity went through her arm and down the creature, spreading to its companies. Roan went for a traditional dodge and punch but didn’t have to because they decided to fight something beside him, completely missing him but they seemed to think they got their target.

They didn't know what they did but they knew they now had an opportunity in Azgeda so they took it and ended up winning. After that whole ordeal they did their research and discovered who they were and also ways to ward off their scent and energy from monsters, earning them their scars on their face. It was a protection symbol and now that they knew they had powers they trained for control and when Roan turned 14 he challenged the head of Azgeda and won. They were now in charge of it and had changed it for the better.

After discovering Clarke in the woods they continued to run their gang and pick up others like them along the way. By others like them they meant abandoned, left to die, and backstabbed by their own flesh and blood. It was open to anyone who had a story like theirs, regardless if they were demi god or not, which a much larger number than anyone could anticipate. It was a nice life, just not so much when people shot with a 10 gauge shotgun for doing a simple robbery with empty guns.

They continued to walk down the streets with their heads low, backpacks somewhat filled with food and money slung over their shoulders, walking the chilling streets of their home.

"That was way too close. Next time I'll be put on money duty and you 2 will be on food and supplies." Roan whispered harshly.

"Alright, alright. Chill down Roan, we still got the stuff and for awhile he really did think the gun we pulled on him was real, so props to us." Clarke defended giving him a crooked grin and a thumbs up.

Roan shook his head and continued walking forward while Clarke and Ontari dragged behind him knowing he wouldn’t want to talk to them for their mistake.

"Well I say that robbery truly went out in a bang." Ontari said breaking some of the tension with Clarke while teasing her.

"Hey, shof op." Clarke spoke in the old language of Trigedasleng while elbowing her in the ribs for the terrible pun and the unnecessary jab at her pride.

They laughed and continued walking back towards Azgeda’s territory. It didn't take long to reach the border so a ride back to the house was only a matter of which patrol they stumbled upon first. Lucky for them it was a small group of demigods who were apart of Floukru, an ally of Azgeda.
"Hey Dax, Brandon, and Reed. We need a ride back to the house." Clarke quickly said while running past Roan to get to them first.

Even though Roan was in charge of the gang, Clarke still liked to tease his power with stunts like that.

"Again, what the hell happened to your guy's ride?" Dax answered.

"Wanted to take a more scenic route which means no cars, or in our usual case, our bikes." Ontari said right before Roan could even utter a breath.

"We just finished patrol so hop in." He offered.

They all piled in the back of Dax's black ford pickup truck and drove towards the heart of Azgeda.

"So, how did this robbery go?" Asked Reed who was already suspicious of their semi failed robbery.

"Princess here, didn't see the guy had a gun under the counter, we almost died but thank the titans he was a bad shot." Ontari immediately announced before Clarke could save her embarrassment.

"Hey! It wasn't my fault he had it hidden away from both me and the reflection thing behind the counter." She said while punching her in the shoulder.

Everyone simply laughed at Clarke’s attempt to save her pride while the she had a small fight with Ontari for selling her out so soon. The light punches went on for a bit before Ontari finally caught one of her fist and put her arm around Clarke's shoulders.

"I'm just kidding babe. You’re still the most badass out of all of us so we'll let this mishap slide." She said, planting a quick kiss on her cheek and wrapping both arms around Clarke’s slightly smaller frame.

"You’re lucky that you’re hot and smooth with words." Clarke grumbled while snuggling deeper into her embrace.

"Hey keep the couple cuteness down, it's making the rest of us sick." Roan quickly said while pointing towards Reed and Brandon who were currently gagging at them.

"Hey, lay off my girlfriend. Not my fault the rest of you can't get anyone and are currently in a dry spell." Clarke quickly retorted earning her the opportunity of hearing Dax yell burn from the driver's seat.

They continued teasing the power couple while taking jabs at Clarke’s robbery fail, earning many a quick death glare and a small threat from the 2 daughters of the big three.

Despite both being hotheads, they were a good balance for each other but it still came as a surprise when Ontari was finally able to get a date with Clarke. For about a year Clarke was cold hearted and slept around a bit during her late night adventures. Anyone could see that she was going down a dark hole and only Ontari was able to talk and help her from hitting rock bottom while still managing to hit on her on a few occasions. She was there while Clarke had nightmares about her death and she who shall not be named. Thanks to Lexa, Clarke’s trust in people and her ability to allow someone in was all but gone.

Nobody believed Clarke would change but after many dark nights the stages of grief began to pass. Depression was first, consisting mainly with sulking and not giving a shit about anything, then barging soon followed. Random thoughts about what could have happened had she done something
different would run rampant through her head which then caused the anger stage to take over. It went on for awhile so they redirected that anger towards training, Azgeda style.

She got good fairly fast so they put her in the underground fighting clubs in town. Thanks to her anger, she soon became a title champion alongside Roan and Ontari. Over time Clarke let her walls down for Ontari and did give in when she asked her out properly after a good fight against another fighter. With their new relationship Clarke was able to go into acceptance and start her life again with the right people, who were currently making fun of them and their couplish ways.

As they continued driving Clarke may have lied about getting shot and was currently bleeding out into her black jacket. Turns out the store clerk wasn't as bad a shot as everyone thought. It didn’t take long before Clarke began falling over a bit and shutting her eyes from blood loss.

"Clarke, you alright?" Ontari asked moving some hair out of her face.

"Umm.. yeah. Just a little sleepy." Clarke answered while resting her head on her shoulder.

Now for anybody else in this circumstance they would have passed out from blood loss, but thanks to the mountain, Clarke was given a special gift for escaping death. It was a mark some believed to be a curse while others believed it to be a miracle. For now it was a simple party trick but it would soon show its true colors when the time came.

"She’s not okay Ontari. She's bleeding from behind." Reed quickly answered while giving Clarke a look for not telling them earlier.

Clarke didn't like how Reed was a daughter of Apollo sometimes and could tell when someone was wounded.

"Damn it Reed. It's just a flesh wound." Clarke semi growled out but mainly sounding like a bit of a drunk.

She was going to knock out soon but before she did she felt Ontari lay her down on her lap with her back on display. Her jacket concealed more than what they saw but apparently it still looked bad due to the slight angry huff Ontari gave out which was soon followed by burying gazes of worry pointed towards her back.

"I thought the man was a bad shot?!" Roan said sounding worried and surprised at the scene before them.

"Clarke, stay awake! Dax step on it!" Roan shouted before Clarke finally blacked out.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone. Sorry I haven't updated in who knows how long. My schedule hasn't been consistent and my responsibilities have somewhat doubled. I'm currently editing the other chapters but they may take a bit longer to update depending on how much time I have. Thank you to everyone who left a kudos and a lovely comment on this work, hopefully the chapter is good for all you who waited and all who are just reading it.
Bloody History, Even Bloodier Future

Chapter Summary

The answers on what Clarke has been up to is revealed paired with the introduction of a few new character and some show favorites. WARNING- some things will get graphic after this. I made it bloody because there will be death. There are dark thoughts involving Clarke so please be careful if any of this stuff can possibly trigger you in any way, shape, or form. Hope you all enjoy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It didn't take long for them to reach Azgeda HQ but Clarke was out cold and dropping in and out of the land of the living. It would have been more of a panicked induced situation if they all didn’t know how Clarke was. They all knew her method of healing and how stubborn she was when it came to getting help from other people. She would hate asking for help but in this case she need a few things from them that were part of how she healed. The simple instructions of solitude in her room and the hope she in good enough shape to do her stuff. This definitely wasn't the first time something like this happened but it was one of the worst due to the blood loss and the bullets still inside the wound.

"What if she doesn't recover this time? She is more than just a friend to this place." Ontari argued with Roan while pacing in the living room.

"Ontari you know how she is and how she's survived worse than this. Hell, she got stabbed in the stomach last week at the docks." Roan argued while sitting comfortably on the couch flipping through a few channels.

"When the hell! Were you ever going to tell me this?!" Ontari yelled, stressing out even more about the situation causing her to put her hands through her hair.

"No I wasn’t going to, because I knew you would react like this and Clarke made me promise not to tell you because she knew you would overreact." He said while rolling his eyes and uncoiling completely on the couch.

"Well she may be a child to the lord of death and the Commander of Death, but that doesn't mean she can always escape death." Ontari finally said then plopped down on the couch next to Roan while rubbing her forehead.
Back in Clarke's room...

Clarke was laying on her stomach with just a sports bra and her jeans. Many would question the choice of sleep wear but it was actually the best way to get her back injury healed by the mark that has saved her from the reach of Thanatos. She was extremely tired and could barely keep her eyes open but she always had strength to summon the the mark many deem a curse.

"Fuck this." Clarke groaned out and focused on her gunshot wound.

Since the mountain, Clarke received a power boost and earned the title of an old legend connected only through the children of Hades. A legend only followed by the description of a tribal design on the back of the fiercest warrior and the fear inducing name of Wanheda, Commander of Death. The mark began at her upper shoulders with a tribal octagon that blossomed outwards, followed by 2 tribal line designs that ran parallel to her spine. Between the lines, a triad of 3 hydra heads joined by their neck connected directly in the middle of her spine. It all came together with the 3 headed beast of the underworld just above her lower spine snarling in anger. Each record of the mark varied on the person but the 3 headed hound and interlocked hydra heads always appeared somewhere within each one. No one could ever decipher the meaning behind each symbol but the mark always matched with the person who held it. The mark itself seemed to know the person more than they knew themselves and would often pushed them to be leaders of great wars that would be remembered throughout history in some way.

It was a prominent symbol but it would only appear when it's abilities were needed. In Clarke’s case that time was almost every night, bringing the feeling of strength of mind, body, and spirit. It would burn for 2 seconds, due to the new power surge, then settle into calming waves of within the muscles and blood. It was kind of like getting adrenaline pumped into you but less power rage and more energizing your body into a greater purpose.

It didn't take to long for the skeletons to rise and for the shadows to seep out of her hands and onto her body. They felt like cold streams of water sliding down her back, bringing a tranquil feeling over her thoughts for a quick moment and then turning into piercing hot paths once they touched her wound. To anyone else, the pain would feel like melted iron being poured into an open infected wound, but to Clarke, the pain was a simple sting similar to being stabbed. Since the mountain Clarke never screamed in pain anymore, or more along the lines of couldn’t feel to that extent anymore. The most she could do to display immense pain was clench up her fist and shut her eyes tight.

The process time to heal her wounds and expose the mark was her only weak point nowadays so she always gave the order to be left alone in her room for exactly 2 hours. It took 1 hour to heal the wound while the other hour was her time to pass out and sleep it off. The 2 hour rule was for most
injuries but she had a few that needed 4 hours before.

Those injuries included getting hit by a car while running from a minotaur 3 years ago and getting severely stabbed in a knife fight with a rival gang over territory. The fight was going good for her until someone came from behind and stabbed her side then the guy she was fighting stabbed her in the chest and the stomach. It was bloody and damn near terrifying, but it was nothing the mark of Wanheda couldn’t cure. It scared everyone in the fight to see a bloody girl still fighting like nothing happened, ripping apart people with a hunting knife, but it made her loyal hell cat proud to be by her side, excluding the time they first met.

A small kitten watching a girl take down a medium sized minotaur near the woods of the Polis border was a site to see for an orphaned cat. It was the size of a Rottweiler puppy and just seemed extremely innocent so Clarke being Clarke took it in and kept it as her secret all her life at camp. She was grateful about being a child of Hades because it allowed a bond to form between the 2 where they could feel each other if they were in danger or just full of emotion. She was always thankful for the gentle giant and how her father never found out about Pauna leaving, he would never approved of hell sabertooth tiger that went nice but Pauna hated everyone except Clarke, her mom, and now Roan and Ontari. The bad part about their connection is that Pauna would feel when she healed which always made him anxious, causing him to be a bit more of a target to Camp Arkadia when he rampaged through San Francisco. They would often send patrols to eliminate the threat, often not finding him, but it did help Clarke’s plans for the future.

Clarke surprisingly woke up 30 minutes earlier than she expected so she decided to do a little bit of recruiting and might as well checked to see if her letter to Octavia was delivered by Luna earlier this week.

It was around 2 in the morning now so she hoped Ontari was asleep but Roan or Dax could still be awake to check on her. Nobody knew she sent the letter, much less know that she went to southern California in the first place. She planned it for a few weeks, despite Pauna’s disapproval on the idea of going back to camp. He hated the place after someone caught a glimpse of him once which sent the entire Aries, Athena, Hephaestus, and Apollo cabin to hunt him down thinking he was a danger but really he just found a hydra nearby and was worried about Clarke's safety in camp. He was only 10 months old at the time, a bit larger than a Toyota Camry, giving Clarke the only option but to get him out of camp and back to her home in Chino Hills.

She trained Pauna to track so essentially that's what it did for the entire trip back home. Her mom didn't realize they were being followed by a hellcat until they finally got home and suddenly her drive way had an extra transportation on the lawn. Her mom was mad for about 20 minutes before she left some meat out on a plate while Clarke was grounded in her room. After that he became their family pet and an odd topic in their neighborhood seeing as the Mist changed Pauna to gods know what.
Clarke quickly got off the bed and straight for her closet full of her different armor and coats, deciding on her black iron chest plate detailed with a silver engraving of Cerberus in the middle and a few designs. Black pants that had thicker cloth on her front thighs and shins to protect from getting cut were thrown on before being topped off with her famous black and dark grey coat. The design was based off a certain Roman commander that she wanted to kill, but with a few improvements such as a hood, hidden blades in the sleeves, pockets on the inside that held vials of poison and greek fire, and thin sheets of a hybrid metal within the shoulder pads to prevent another shoulder injury.

Once her look was done she slipped out of her room and into weapons room. She grabbed her dual curved daggers that were placed in holders on the side of her thighs, and her half obsidian and blood silver sword which she discovered/created 3 years ago from a small hoard of monsters. It was similar to Stygian iron but more deadly in the sense of it could kill you if you tried to pick it up unless given permission to. It could kill monsters, spirits, and demigods with just as much power, if not more, as Imperial gold and celestial bronze. Thus is was given the name Reaper, or Theristis in greek.

Once all her gear was strapped on, she gave herself a quick look over in the mirror to make sure her look was how it should be. It was her signature look and the image all the gangs in the area respected, the most respect being from Shallow Valley gang or as they liked to be called, Louwoda Kliron. It kept the image of Wanheda looking still scary as hell and allowing Clarke to express her suppressed emotions. She did a final check on her weapons starting with the dual daggers, then the vials inside the coat, then her sword strapped onto her back, a quick check on her 9mm strapped to her waist behind her back, and finally put on her family watch that was passed down by her mom's side of the family, now modified to summon out a dragon bone shield.

Not really her idea but Luna was very convincing when she needed a new shield, saying she need to, "add more to the child of death/Commander of Death look." This later evolved into the idea of a bone shield which influenced the adventure of finding a hydra in the woods which quickly turned into finding a hydra and a weird ass dragon thing that almost killed them but now created their strong strange friendship. They even kept a tooth from each beast on a necklace that was only worn when they wanted to have fun together.

Casting the memories aside, Clarke quickly went towards the window at the end of the hall, allowing her to get into the alley next to their home. Before she opened the window she looked back to make sure nobody woke from any noise she may have made, then looked out the window to see an anxious Pauna waiting for her. Clarke smiled then opened the window and slipped out. She dropped directly on Pauna's back who quickly took off once Clarke had a decent grip on his fur once her head was cleared.

He quickly rushed down the alley and into the streets while Clarke gripped his fur with a smile on her face. She always enjoyed a night run with Pauna seeing as he always knew where she wanted to go without having to say anything. It was an exhilarating feeling to feel the wind on her face, not to mention hilarious when she passed by hobos. Surprisingly some could see past the mist but them being drunk gave them the conclusion it was hallucinations again. It was amusing but not as amusing as when she entered Shallow Valley territory. The area homed demigods who simply wanted to live
a human life out of both greeks and romans but it stilled scared them to see a full grown hell sabertooth running down the street.

Shallow Valley and Floukru took the job of taking the demi gods who wanted nothing to do with the war between camps but Shallow Valley was still violent when it came to gang wars, all ran by a guy named Randall Branson or as they called him, Riggs , seeing as he was a very crooked fellow but was best friends with Ontari and was basically a father to Clarke. She even called him Dad on occasion but mainly by his real name instead of his street. He was also friends with Luna, leader of Floukru gang.

As many would probably guess from the translation of the gang name, they had their settlement near the pier and got the title of being the nicer part of TonDC. Her gang usually settled land disputes between gangs around the area, taking in the ones who wanted peace. With their peaceful demeanor, Luna was given the name Mother for her caring nature but when she was with Clarke she earned the nickname Natblida, Nightblood in their old ancestors tongue. Luna wasn’t a violent person but when she need to be, she was. Many believed that if you added all her kills together, you'd get a pool of blood darker then the night. It was eerie but definitely a good story to have behind you when you run a gang at such a young age.

They continued to run through Azgeda territory before running into Shallow Valley which was near the west side of TonDC.

"Good boy Pauna. You can ease up a bit now boy." Clarke said into his ear while petting his back.

Immediately he started slowing down to a walk and Clarke was now riding him like a king on a horse except she looked like the queen of the underworld. Her hood was up so it casted a shadow over her eyes, allowing only her mouth to be seen and her blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders. She didn't need to tell Pauna where to go seeing as they both knew today was the opening for a new underground fight tournament and she may have promised to make an appearance to Randall as a favor. It took about 20 minutes to reach an abandoned looking structure with 1 decent looking warehouse door. They walked around the perimeter to confirm everything was fine and then went towards Randall's second in command, C. He was talking to another guy next to a steel enforced door and what looked like a loading dock door. While his real name was Pete Royce, he went by C because Pete wasn’t intimidating in the slightest.

"Hey C. Anywhere to park my chariot?" She asked while smirking.

Both men turned around at the sound of her voice. C simply smiled while the other guy appeared to be ruining his pants. It wasn't a secret that Wanheda participated in underground fights, even the police heard about Wanheda, but it still didn’t stop anyone from being petrified in her presence. That plus the fact that she was associated with Azgeda as their top lieutenant, made everyone fear her,
including the police.

"Well well, I see Commanders do go and have fun. I was beginning to think you changed your mind about today's fight." He answered while walking up to her while she was still on Pauna.

C was in his mid 20's with light brown hair that was cut short on the sides but a bit long at the top. It was like a hipster haircut. His eyes were blue and he had a decent square jawline that could make any girl swoon over, but the scars that ran across his face gave him a menacing look. He was the son of Nyx, goddess of night, and a great friend of Clarke's when she first came to these events. Sadly, that feeling wasn't mutual when it came to Pauna.

When he started walking towards them, the immediate response of a curled upper lip and a large snarl greeted C.

"I see Paunie will never take a liking in me." He joked while taking a step back.

"I told you he doesn't like people and if he does accept you then consider that your probably going to hell." Clarke joked while running her hand through his fur.

He relaxed slightly and then laid on the floor so it was easier for Clarke to slide off. She slid off with absolute grace and walked up to C. The guy he was talking was still standing there so Clarke decided to have a little fun.

She stared straight at him and started to summon the dead. She knew when it was late night her eyes would seem to glow whenever she summoned the dead so doing this now made the guy widen his eyes then rush inside the building from fear of dying at the hands of Wanheda.

"Really Clarke? Was that completely necessary?" C asked while scolding her.

"Gotta live up to the legend my friend. Also that's my pre entrance so now I assume you have a way for me to walk in with Pauna at my side." I smirked.

"The big door was put there for a reason Sunshine. FYI it's an elevator shaft." He teased her with a nickname she got after their first meeting together and hearing how dark she sounded.
"I'm gonna kick your ass if you keep calling me that." Clarke jokingly threatened then did a quick whistle that had Pauna quickly on his feet and behind Clarke.

"Whatever. You wouldn't kill me because you cherish my company. Also I heard Randall set you up with the best possible fight for you. As in you will love him even more so then you do now." He said smiling.

Clarke wanted to ask more about it but decided it was probably better as a surprise. Without skipping a beat, C pulled out a controller from his pocket and pressed a button. It opened the large steel door, revealing a small space that would barely fit all of them together. Once they were in he pressed the button again, closing the garage door, then flicked a small switch next to the button. Almost immediately the entire thing creaked then down they went.

The new fighting grounds was built for to the death fights, going against caught monsters, and for demigods only. They use to have a better place but that had to be shut down after a few fighters ended up being from Arkadia resulting in the hiding of bodies while double the number of patrols from them came to find their fallen friends. They needed to keep a low profile for quite some time but Randall soon found a new place and set everything back up.

Clarke looked at her watch seeing it was nearly 2:40 am now so her fight would be around 3 or 4, depending on how long the other events took. The elevator went down for a minute or so in silence before it jerked to a screeching stop in front of a rusted garage door that smelled so strongly of copper, it could almost be tasted.

"Welcome to the Louwoda Kliron Colosseum Tournament Championship." C said while dramatically gesturing towards the door.

The door groaned loudly before jerking up, causing the metal to scrap against the concrete sides. It slowly started sliding up, drowning the small space with the roar of blood thirsty warriors. Once the door was opened all the way a fight could clearly be seen happening thanks to the sound of their traditional chant for when someone was about to die.

" Jus drein, jus daun !"

That was the only phrase that could be heard within the space paired with the stomping of feet. When the door reached the top of the opening, a decent sized crash could be heard, gaining the attention of a few patrons who then tapped on their neighbors. People took a glance thinking it was a simple fighter but when they glanced they came to the realization on who it was and many started either choking or spitting out their drinks.
"Enjoy your evening Miss Wanheda. This time try not to make it so bloody, the clean up is a bit of a hassle." C said giving her a small smile and waving her off.

It wasn’t much of a shock on how Clarke sent all her opponents to either urgent care or the morgue table, either way they all needed some kind of doctor in the end.

She continued to walk along the wall of the building, hoping to find where Randall was hiding out. Everyone continued to cheer and ignore Clarke’s presence but others acknowledged her with a small bow as she walked past them with her weapons and beast at the ready.

Upon closer inspection Clarke realized it was a fight to the death of honor seeing as everyone was wearing armor that represented their god parent. For Clarke her look demanded the mark of Hades, but many of the others preferred to wear their gang symbol, and when they did wear their god parent that usually meant that someone in their gang leaders died or it was an old fashion Colosseum deathmatch. Rules demanded that you die in the name of your parent so they could feel your life fade off and acknowledge the blood they left alone. It seemed a bit messed up but many didn’t really think about it because the armor was often the one that made them look more barbaric. Many held themselves higher so it added to the amusement when many would get jumpy and wide eyed at the sight of a full grown hell sabertooth stalking along the edge of the building.

Once she reached the end of the arena area she finally saw Randall seated in the middle of the backroom VIP bar watching the fight unfold between a child of Apollo and and a child of Hermes. As soon as she spotted him, he saw her with Pauna then proceeded to smirk with the small gesture of cheer with his drink. He got out of his seat and walked towards the small red roped barrier that separated the VIP section from the rest. Clarke immediately met up with him and gave him a small smile.

"Well aren’t you a lovely sight for sore eyes.” He said while hugging her over the rope in a tight bear hug.

Randall was a tower over Clarke, standing at the mere height of 6’8, but he still managed to give the kindest hugs with a warm smile on his slightly wrinkled and scarred face. Once they separated he unhooked part of the rope and ushered Clarke in followed by Pauna.

“You showed up just in time. More than half of these fights are worse than your fight against the enforcer from that triad a few months back.” He joked then ushered her to his table in the VIP area.
"I keep telling you to stop getting people off the streets, not everyone is as gifted as me, Ontari, and Roan." Clarke joked while sitting down at the corner of the table against the wall.

Clarke never trusted an area unless she could see everything, and since her peripheral vision was somewhat obstructed by her hood, the corner was her best safety blanket in this situation.

"Where are Thing 1 and Thing 2 anyway?" He asked looking at her with slight confusion and taking a large gulp of what appeared to be his favorite german beer.

At the mention of her girlfriend and brother in arms, she felt a nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach but quickly pushed it aside to answer Randall.

"I may or may not have almost died today and once I healed I also may or may not have slipped out without mentioning anything to them or leaving a note." Clarke calmly stated but she knew Randall could tell she felt guilty about her late night decision.

"Of course you did. Well, you I'm not gonna lecture you on how to live your life because I know you're too damn stubborn to listen so instead I'm gonna say something even better." He said while gesturing the bartender to get a drink for Clarke.

"This is why I like you best. Well that and the fact that you can make the best of weapons around the area and possibly the world." Clarke joked, releasing the tension she felt for leaving Azgeda without saying anything.

They may have seemed heartless towards everyone else, but they were actually very passionate about one another and would get worried if they didn’t know where someone was.

"Well thank Hephaestus for being my dad and my mother for working in the welding business.” He said while giving a small toast towards his mother’s mention.

“Pushing your flattering compliments aside, I found what i believe will be one of the best fights in all of underground fighting history.” He quickly said with what Clarke could swear was the biggest smile she ever saw him do, and with a mischievous twinkle lurking behind his eyes.

This definitely peaked Clarke’s interest so she decided to show more attention than usual.
“A girl came in tonight looking for some action dressed in Roman Minerva armor. She's tall, seems very agile, with dirty blonde hair and high cheekbones. If you look behind me towards the back of the bar, she's with a dark skinned daughter of Mars with some markings on her face.” He told her in a low voice while receiving the bottle of Pincer he ordered for both of them.

Clarke tensed up at the description of the girl. Images of the dark cave, red eyes, animalistic shouts, and the cries of her Polis family flooded her mind. The taste of copper coated her mouth while her throat closed up, remembering the limited air she had mixed with large amounts of dirt and ash. The bony cold hand of fear could be felt creeping alongside her neck, the shouts of the room were slowly being covered by the laugh of Cage and the heart wrenching words of betrayal uttered by Lexa.

“Cheers to killing those bastards starting tonight.” Randall’s voice snapped her back to reality, greeting her with the sight of the clear, throat burning, liver destroying, liquid.

The fear and pain of the memories receded back to the depths of her mind while the relief of getting away from it all filled her thoughts. Then the realization came back to what Randall had just said.

_Would they really be in the same place as her, in a death match situation._

_They wouldn't come to stuff like this or for the very least leave the protection of their camp. That just couldn't happen after what they had been charged with by all Greeks._

_It had to be just a random doppelganger thing or just a girl who was similar to who she thought was in the area at this very moment._

She slowly looked over Randall's shoulder and completely froze.

_The gods really want some Romans to die tonight don't they?_

Under the dim lighting of the room, Clarke could make out Anya and Indra looking towards the main roar of the crowd. The surge of a burning white hot power rushed throughout the veins of Clarke, cracking the shot glass in her hand.

While taking in the fact that they were here, the realization dawned on her mind that if they were
here that meant the person she wanted so badly to stabbed and twist through the heart with her sword, to imitate the same pain Clarke felt for an entire year and a half until she had absolutely no heart, could possibly be here as well.

"Did they come with anyone else?" She asked hoping both yes and no.

"Nope. Only new blood around. Apparently, they left Camp Ass-kadia, home of the weak and the backstabbing, to get some real action. Everyone else is from around here and I'm pretty sure Reed is here for the title but since you're here she can kiss that title goodbye." He joked while downing his shot in a quick go with little reaction.

It was probably a bad idea to drink before she fought but she need the calming after effect for the moment. Once downing the shot, holding in her cough at the harsh taste, she thought about the benefits of this opportunity. The idea now evolved to the greatest thing since getting the mark and took great joy in the back of her mind, she could finally get her message out to Arkadia with the benefit of therapy.

*Time to talk with some Romans.*

"Set up the fight as soon as possible. Oh, and announce my title, I'll be wearing the mask to welcome our honored guest." Clarke announced with a chill inducing smirk match with a dark glint in her eyes.

"Time to show them what kind of show we really like to run." She said while slouching comfortably in her seat, placing her right hand against the hilt of her thigh daggers.

From where Clarke was seating it was a perfect view, of the arena currently displaying the Apollo warrior holding the Hermes kid on his knees, face full of blood, keeping his head from dropping in exhaustion by pulling up his hair, with a sword aiming for his neck.

"Yu gonplei ste odon!" The warrior announced before slashing the sword straight across the Hermes kid’s throat, the sound of flesh being ripped open along with the fresh color of blood greeted the crowd who responded in deafening shouts of joy at the victory.

The sound of armor clanking against armor ran rampant through the room while the winner stood in blood with his hands up and a sick smile against his lips, basking in his glory. The clean up crew quickly opened the ring and rushed inside, getting the body, and then pushing the victor out to get
cleaned up.

"I knew you would want to get the blood river started." Randall’s gravelly voice broke through the noise, coated in his hunger for revenge, matched with his fear inducing smile.

He patted her on the shoulder, looked her in the eyes, then back at the arena, knowing this would be bloody beyond comparison.

Oh, she would definitely show them what they were about.

Chapter End Notes

It's a bit late but I had to publish this. All your comments and kudos are completely adored so thank you for pushing me to get something enjoyable done in my life. Also whoever is going to Comic Con this weekend, you're all extremely lucky and I hope you have fun. Be safe there as well but also have fun and be kind to the actors there. They don't have the choice to change the script, they only have the power to give their character justice with what they're given. As for the writers of the shows, give them hell because some of them need the wake up call to get their shit together. If you're going to ask accusing questions aim it towards the people who made them come up. Respect the actors and their characters because they're doing it for the fans and for their passion for their job. My rant is done now so goodnight.
Chapter Summary

Camp Arkadia isn’t as safe as they thought and now Anya might have gotten herself in a situation that won’t end well for her.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Blood.

The red liquid that circulates in the arteries and veins of humans and other vertebrate animals, carrying oxygen to and carbon dioxide from the tissues of the body, that’s how google defines it.

Dark, warm, sticky, life providing, deep red, blood.

That’s all Anya could see as she stumbled across the pit, barely able to keep a decent grip on her sword. She had 2 swords to begin with but she couldn’t remember what happened to it thanks to the hits she continued to take and the loss of blood that continued to flow from every wound on her body. She wasn’t sure how she was still standing at this moment, nor did she know if she was even standing in a good defensive position.

The crowd was roaring above them, joined together in their war inducing chant mixed with the shouts of joy towards her demise. The unsettling feeling of the end being near crepted along her spine and into her mind at an ever rushing rate.

"JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN! JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN! " The crowd repeated the mantra over and over, almost taunting Anya to her soon death that would be delivered by a skeleton in her closet.

This was a bad idea from the start, she knew it since it was first suggested. She denied the plan but went with it anyways and now she would die for not pushing more to shut down the idea. She was about to die at the shining blade of a greek legend.

Some time during her thoughts Anya’s vision came back to just in time to see the warrior that gave her a beating of a lifetime prepare the final blow from their half obsidian, half who knows what,
"End her already!"

"Stop showing mercy!"

"Gut the Arkadian!"

"FINISH HER WANHEDA!"

The chants were now fading out by the pounding of her head and the blood rush to her heart. She could see the black armored warrior enjoying every second of her pain under the animal skull mask. Their piercing blue eyes stared her down, mirroring the feeling of the cheshire cat’s smile, then changing to a sociopathic flash craving to watch the life drain out of a body until a nothing but a cold shell was left for scavengers to feed on.

"Blood must have blood Anya." The words pierced through the roaring crowd, coming at Anya in the form of a harsh, blood curling, whisper directly into her ear, placing the final stone of accepting certain death.

Why did I think I could take her on? Is the last thought that passed through Anya's mind.

16 hours earlier....... 

After the fainting incident with Echo was cleared up, all the camp leaders attempted to come up with a plan to look for the missing demigods. The group would consist of volunteers who wouldn't kill without question so that eliminated everyone from Quint's group. It took a bit of time but they managed to agree on Lexa as the leader, Anya as second in command, followed by Indra, Jared, Lincoln, the Dalamari twins, and Nyko as their healer.

They left not long after and were currently stationed in a decent house owned by Anya's family near the nicer part of San Francisco.

"Okay so we'll split up and look around different sections of the city. Lincoln and I will take the pier
district, Lexa and Nyko head downtown, the twins freelance it, and Anya and Indra will be in an area called Ton DC. I'm pretty sure with your attitudes you'll fit in just fine." Jared said while pointing at the map.

"What's that suppose to mean." Anya responded while twirling a throwing knife in her hand and staring down at the frail looking son of Hermes.

Jared quickly cleared his throat in fear but managed to get some courage up to respond directly at her face.

"That area is home to a few rough looking groups and some interesting people who match your personality when it comes to approaching people. I would say Lexa go but she can cover more ground in the downtown area and possibly get more info.” He said while shrugging, hoping that he said enough not to offend either warrior who could probably have him on his back in 3 seconds.

Both Anya and Indra weren’t buying his sugar coated words so their stares intensified and the knife Anya had been twirling was now sticking out of the table with a firm grip resting on the handle.

Neither of them were backing down until Jared final said where this area was and his opinion on them.

“OK, TonDC is home to the Coalition. 12 gangs in one area with the Azgeda gang as top dog. Each gang is notorious for something and all of them have been accused of murder and theft in various degrees. Nobody has been prosecuted however because either the evidence isn’t there, goes missing, or the witness goes missing.” He said looking extremely nervous towards both of them but quickly continued so his comment wouldn’t be so offensive.

“Now, I’m not saying you 2 would be involved with those kinds of people but out of all of us, only you 2 could go in that neighborhood without breaking under pressure of a large group capable of some of the worst mutilations I have ever seen. Everything I said was meant to be a compliment towards your personalities which I admire very much along with many people in Arkadia.” He rushed out, hoping his explanation would be enough to stop Anya from punching him.

Sadly for him, Anya still looked ready to say a retort and possibly punch him. She pulled the knife out of the table and went to take a step around the table, only to be stopped by Indra by her shoulder.

"I get what you’re saying Jared but you really need to work on your social skills." Indra stated
calmly.

“We’ll head over there once the meeting is done.” She stopped then looked towards Anya.

At this point, the angry look was still on her face but with a quick look from Indra she broke.

"Oh come on. It was funny watching him get scared from a simple look and a slight threat with a baby knife.” Anya teased then walked towards the door with a smile and a look of guilty innocence written across her face.

Nobody knew how to respond to Anya’s reasoning so they simply dismissed her remark and called the meeting to an end to work on their scouting assignments. Anya and Indra quickly changed and left the house wearing simple dark denim jeans. Anya wore a dark green v-neck, a black jacket, and black running shoes while Indra wore a maroon shirt with a black leather jacket a top matched with combat boots.

"Let's go gang buddy." Indra teased while heading towards the direction of Ton DC.

It took them a few hours to reach the area and realize Jared was right. The people didn't look the friendliest and there were definitely notorious gangs around the area. They had only been there for a short amount of time and had already heard stories and rumors from simple bystanders and store owners. Everything was spoken in whispers but the closer they walked to the north side of TonDC, the more the rumors grew followed by quick hushes to stop talking about Azgeda.

Pushing rumors aside, they discovered that all the gangs around the area had ancestors that traced back to age of Trikru and the clans had been around them, but these gangs stayed true to their family heritage and continued to live out of the life of Trikru and whatever ideologies they had. This led to the discovery of the social ladder of the gangs which had worried both Anya and Indra.

Azgeda controlled all parts around the area and basically had the final say in everything in and around TonDC, including when it came to city council decisions. From the residents of a small bakery, they had told them that the group had been led by 3 people for not too long but they had changed the area drastically in the short time they had come together. The gangs were originally against each other and Azgeda was considered to be holding lunatics and bloody savages but now they were considered organized and feared with large amounts of respect. Indra was currently questioning a clerk who disapproved of the gangs around here.
"Thanks for the advice." Indra thanked the guy then walked out to join Anya.

"The guys says the head of Azgeda is run by 2 girls and a guy. The guy goes by the name of King, one of the girls go by the Ice Warrior, and the last one was given the nickname Wanheda by everyone around these parts." Indra said as they continued to walk towards the border of Azgeda and Shallow Valley gang.

"So I'm guessing this Wanheda is the same Wanheda Echo mumbled about or it's just some giant coincidence?" Anya asked as they walked down the semi crowded neighborhoods of run down homes currently full of kids playing on the streets.

"That's what I'm hoping but to be sure, the store owner told me to find a guy named John Murphy if we wanted to confirm everything. He lives on the border around here. Apparently, he should tell us what we need and then some." Indra said trying to remember the directions given by the store owner.

"Great. Lead the way while we're slowly being followed by some Azgeda who are purposely revealing themselves." Anya harshly whispered and gestured toward 2 large guys, probably in their late 20's, following directly behind them.

Before Indra could say a plan, Anya quickly formed one and said it before any objections could be made.

"You go and get the info from this Murphy guy, I'll talk with these guys. Head back to the house once you're done, I'll meet you back at the house once I've lost these guys." Anya said giving a reassuring smile.

"Fine. Be careful though, something feels off about this area and I'm not entirely sure why." Indra said then walked ahead of Anya while she slowed down.

The split between the 2 didn’t go unnoticed by the guys but it was clear that they weren’t interested in Indra but were definitely interested in Anya. She rounded the next corner which led into a really narrow parking area for a condo complex nearby. Taking a deep breath in preparation for a fight, Anya quickly turned around only to see that no one was behind her and it seemed like no one ever was.

"Well this isn't creepy at all." She mumbled then turned around only to be face to face with the 2 large muscled guys.
"What's a girl like you sticking her nose in this part of town?" One of the guys quickly said with a raspy tone that seemed like he smoked 2 packs of cigarettes a day.

"Bosses don't like people snooping in business they don't belong to. Especially Romans from Camp Arkadia." The second guy sneered out while spitting on Anya’s jacket.

She was clearly shocked to be suddenly bombarded with questions and accusations, but also nearly lost her cool when his spit touched her. She didn't even know how they knew she was from Camp Arkadia seeing as they were humans and not demigods. Weren't they?

"We may not be demigods but you do fail to conceal your arm tattoo when you get a little hot. Nice markings Trikru. " The first guy sneered, gesturing towards her wrist/forearms.

Quickly looking down, Anya realized she rolled up her sleeves up to her elbows showing off her tribal bloodline markings for being a Trikru descendant and the letters for being an Arkadian general. They were definitely noticeable but she was astonished that they knew what the symbols stood for, especially the one for Trikru. They seemed like tribal tattoos to everyone else but to people of Trikru people and the clans surrounding them knew. Nobody in the human world could possibly look up the meaning either because everything about them had been taken and stashed within the walls of Arkadia, the last area that held all Trikru descendants and what everyone thought to be the last descendants of all the other clans.

"We're going to just cut to the chase, seeing as you’re not one to talk. The Azgeda and many gangs here know of your past with the greeks. You Romans from Arkadia disgust us and it’s taking all of us to not kill you but we follow Wanheda’s orders. We're the first and only warning and if your business goes into any of ours, you won’t make it back to Arkadia and we'll kill the people you love most right in front of you." Raspy said while moving his jacket which revealed a gun in his waist and a knife right next to it.

"You can stay for the rest of today and find a way to get your friends to leave, but if you go after any leaders, or get any information on any of them, your so called safe house between Jeremy's Butcher Shop and The Bakery on Grand Ave. will be home to a pile of ash." Raspy finished and then shoved himself past Anya towards the street.

The other guy immediately bumped Anya’s other shoulder and followed the other guy, disappearing into the street where she just came from.
Anya stayed there for a few seconds, still stunned by their understanding of everything, and quite possibly knowing about the mountain deal.

Clarke’s death was a terrible tragedy and nobody in Lexa's group forgave themselves for that but they saved their people by sacrificing the greeks. Emerson had told them that Lexa’s deal spared the Romans and Arkadia but would kill all the greeks. It seemed like a good idea at the time but nobody could even assume the outcome that would happen and the price they would all dearly pay. They lived with the guilt everyday but it didn’t exactly justify this Wanheda from killing their scouts who harmed no one. They needed to be stopped to protect the world the greeks and romans lived in from being exposed by humans and monsters alike.

The last idea was clearly a tad bit late on timing seeing as the supposed human gangs around the area knew of their existence and likely held other demigods.

Who knew how many demigods were in the area and for how long without being noticed by any of the previous scouting groups. For all she knew, they could all be greeks that were preparing to go against Arkadia at any given moment. She had to warn the others and get back to camp to tell Titus of this development. She quickly pulled her sleeves down, pulled up her hood, went straight towards the safe house.

_A Few hours later_

"So Anya got threatened, Indra got info on an underground fight club happening tonight, Lexa found out where Azgeda’s base is located and got a few pics of their leaders and associates, and me and Ash found good places to eat." Logan summarized the meeting at the dinner table holding Chinese takeout.

"Logan I swear to the gods I'm going to kill you and your sister one day for both procrastination and untidiness." Jared groaned while pulling their maps away from the dripping boxes that contained their dinner for tonight.

"Well from what Anya said about the threat, Lexa probably can't go to the fight if the gangs know of the mountain. From Indra’s talk with this Murphy guy, Wanheda will probably be there along with the 2 other heads of Azgeda." Jared said before going through their papers and pulling small stacks.

“Judging by the police reports, the place is likely being runned by a guy named Riggs, a leader of one of the gangs here. It'll probably be in one of warehouse properties near the docks meaning we also need to watch out for Floukru's leader Luna Deleon." Jared said taking some of the takeout from the twins.
"What's so bad about this Luna person?" Lexa asked looking at him confused.

"Apparently she runs the piers and is a close friend of Wanheda and the Ice Warrior. She's also the prime suspect of many open homicide cases with the SFPD. It's one of the largest amounts of charges I've seen but it still looks small compared to Wanheda’s record but once again they can't hold anything solid against them due to missing evidence and reports. With all the blood she is accused of they gave her the nickname Niblida or Nightblood. Here is a crime photo they got from a traffic cam after a 3 person homicide." He announced, sliding them a picture across the table for everyone to see.

The photo was semi blurry but you could clearly see a fit girl walking under a street lamp with a black cloth trench coat and a head full of curls. The picture just seemed like a girl taking a walk at night and not at all like a suspect of a brutal murder. Her stance showed authority with just a hint of something else. It made Lexa think that she had seen this girl before but she had no idea where.

"She looks familiar?" Indra suddenly said, then it clicked in Lexa's mind.

"She went to Camp Arkadia. She arrived same time as me, then one day she simply disappeared after a training exercise in the woods. Everyone assumed she died, and since she didn’t stay long enough for a god to claim her, nobody knew who she was, but that's definitely her. I think her full name was Luna Torres." Lexa said barely remembering the quiet orphan girl who came the same time she did.

"Great and I was able to get some photos of the 2 other Azgeda heads. This is the Ice Warrior and here is the King." He said sliding 2 other photos.

These photos were completely different from Luna’s. They were clear and seemed more like a stake out photo shoot. You could clearly see the 2 figures and they didn’t seem to leave any room for mistake or survivors. They were dressed in what appeared to be fighting gear, furs on the shoulders, and giant swords on their backs and knives at their sides. Both had facial scars that screamed traditional Azgeda clan descendants, confirming the thought that they had rogue demigods who had escaped their scouts and radar for the gods know how long.

"They snapped these photos just before they entered an abandoned warehouse that was said to be hosting another fight event. They couldn't arrest them because 1 it was private property, 2 they had no warrant, and 3, my favorite, Azgeda has every judge, lawyer, police commissioner and police chief in their pocket. They go where they please but they can’t stop all stake outs from happening." He explained then pulled out more papers.
"Now, to get into the fight club this Murphy guy is talking about, police reports state that you either need an invitation or a connection within the fighting circuit." He read off the papers while throwing pictures of old warehouses and with bodyguards dressed similarly to the Ice Warrior and the King, outside rusted looking doors.

With this new information, they all began to worry about how they were going to get in when the gangs in the area hated them for the mountain. They wouldn’t be handed an invitation and the only connection they had with anyone in there was for funeral arrangements courtesy of this Wanheda person. All the thoughts of being close to death now came running through their minds until Indra remembered the other small detail Murphy had told her.

"Lucky for us, tonight's fight is open game for new fighters." She stated calmly, stopping any further thoughts of being killed by the people of TonDC.

“Murphy explained that the fight tonight is to get new people in the gangs. They do it every few months or so to get new demigod blood, settle fights between gangs, and get rid of dead weight within their organizations so the police don’t get to them. The guy running these events essentially sets up a strictly demigod Colosseum tournament for a night then opens the fights back up to people. These are to the death fights and the winners are then approached by gang leaders to be recruited in based off their skill and based on their interviews after the fight." Indra said.

"Well that's fairly thorough for gang organizations." Anya said seeming surprised.

"It is. They even let you use any weapon of the fighter’s choice to determine which gang you’d be best for. Sadly some end up facing the King, Ice Warrior, or Wanheda, due to a minor slip up and always end up dying a brutal death. If you don’t piss of the gangs then you’re put to fight against someone else based off age, weapons choice, first impression, and physical look. That means a guy can fight a girl as long as their skill level seems to match up." She added, giving Lexa the final information she needed for a new plan.

"Well thanks to Anya’s encounter with Azgeda, we know I can’t show my face anywhere near there. That leaves Indra and Anya as our best fighters." Lexa explained while looking at all of them to make sure they understood where she was headed.

Immediately after finishing her words Anya understood where she was going with this plan and didn’t agree with it at all.

"Aww crap, Lexa you better not be implying what I think you’re implying or so help me, I will kick your ass." Anya attempted to get out of her plan despite knowing that it was already too late.
"I didn't even finish talking so how would you know what I'm planning." Lexa quickly defended while everyone else watched as they had a silent fight between them.

Anya finally settled down to let Lexa finish and prove her right.

"So what I'm suggesting is....... Anya and Indra go to the tournament, and if possible, get some information on Wanheda and our missing people." Lexa finished off not looking towards Anya knowing that it would likely end in a fight.

As predicted, Anya bunched of her fist stood more rigid and tense than ever.

"Lexa I swear I'm going to kill you." Anya said before jumping over the table and tackling her.

12:00 am......

"You fight for a good hour before you both collapse then you still end up following the order." Indra said while walking with Anya to the location of the fight.

"Shof op Indra." Anya quickly said, touching the left side of her bruised jaw briefly and approaching the entrance guarded by 2 men who just let a small group inside.

Both of them were dressed in their Roman armor under their thick coats, with their swords on their backs and war paint on. Indra wore a dark red and gold chestplate with Mars symbol on the front and her sword strapped to her back. Anya wore a reddish brown chest plate with gold markings of Minerva along with her dual swords strapped to her back and a small dagger strapped to her thigh.

When they got closer to the door they realized the guards weren’t Azgeda but the group that entered were definitely Azgeda descendants wearing white claw marks across their chest plates and face. After a few more steps, one of the guards noticed them and nudged his partner. His partner went from relaxed to rigid after seeing them and quickly went to approach them.

He had a fire in his eyes and a large smirk on his face that could easily change into a snarl.
"Well well, I thought V and Tiny were joking when they said Romans came out of their daycare center to play with the big demigods." A man with blue eyes, light brown hair and scars across his face said with a smug look.

Anya felt like punching him after insulting their home and her skill, but she had to keep her cool until they got inside.

"Simply looking for real competition. You get bored after beating everyone at least 5 times in a row." Anya said keeping a stoic expression in her eyes but letting a smirk play on her lips.

"Well then, does that mean I should be honored to be in the presence of Ass-kadia's so called champion and her towel-girl.” He sneered before letting out a small mocking laugh and responding again.

“I should bow before this mighty warrior then if I want to keep my head, if not to offend the gods and their little hero? Tell me girl, does that automatically make you the most cowardice and traitorous of them all or does that title still belong to your so called Commander?” He spat out with such venom, his hate could be felt through the air, while his friend seemed just about ready to slice off their heads at the mention of Lexa.

"Scamper back to your sorry excuse of a home Arkadian. You don't belong here, and if you value your worthless pathetic lives, I suggest you leave before we get the person who craves for your blood to be spilled into the rotting sewers and your bodies to be left for the harpies." He said spat out directly in Anya’s face, then actually spit on her shoulder to get his point across before turning to walk back to the door of the building.

The warning was taken into consideration but now Anya just wanted to stab the man for spitting on her but knew that she had to stay in check if they were to get the information they needed. With a deep

"I thought these fights were open to anyone willing to fight?" Anya calmly said, knowing that this was a challenge between both of them.

They both stopped and the guy from earlier slowly turned his head.

"Willing to fight and have Wanheda's, the King's, or the Ice Warrior's approval are the regulations for our fights. Seeing as you just came out of Titus' day care, and the fact that Wanheda wants you all in the pits of Tartarus dragged by the jaws of Cerberus himself, you definitely don't qualify.” He said then continued walking.
Anya was now losing her patience while Indra remained stoic. It was then Indra who came up with an idea.

"If Wanheda wants us dead then why would they pass up the opportunity to make it possible?" Indra said walking towards the door.

This grabbed the guard’s attention seeing as he turned around laughing a little bit with a small smile on his lips.

"You guys really have a death wish, don’t you?" He asked then turned towards the other guy.

"Go inside and tell the boss the situation." He said to the other guard.

He quickly nodded then went through the door. They stood there in silence, both sides sizing up the other before the man came back and whispered in his ear. They couldn't hear anything he said but the look on the guy's face was their permission in. He nodded then patted the other guard’s shoulder.

"Well then ladies, it looks like you'll be our guests of honor for Wanheda. You'll be joining our boss in the VIP bar but you won't meet him." He said.

"We do have conditions however. Bryce will be with you at all times for your safety from the other fighters and we need both your names for a log." He said smiling.

Indra and Anya looked at him confused seeing as they didn’t see the other warriors give their names, or at the very least say anything to them.

"I see you’re confused by the name thing. Wanheda likes to keep a log of who dies so we have the correct spelling for the tombstones. We also pay condolences to the families of the dead much like how we'll do at your camp," He said while looking extremely smug.

Both Anya and Indra wanted to punch him for his continuous jabs at their camp but they had a job to complete. With a deep breath Anya responded first.
"My name is Anya Cadoc, daughter of Minerva. You'll find I have no family besides my brethren in Camp Arkadia." Anya said while staring him down.

He didn't falter from her stare and simply brushed her off then looked at Indra.

"Indra Jagner. No family except my camp brothers and sisters." She said with a proud yet intimidating tone.

He simply nodded and then continued with his speech.

"Well then Ms. Cadoc, Ms. Jagner, please follow the lovely Mr. Bryce. I do hope you have a lovely evening here at our humble establishment and I hope to see your wonderful personalities again. Let’s hope Wanheda doesn't show and maybe I will be ever so blessed to see you two again and enjoy your lovely personalities." He said giving them a crooked smile and a small wink.

He opened the door for them and waited for them to enter. They both went in and were then followed by Bryce. The door shut almost immediately, breaking the silence in the hall, then both of them realized it was a dead end. Before they could ask Bryce finally spoke.

"Stay at the end of the hall. Keep you hands and feet inside at all times. If you fail to do so the probability of you losing a limb will be higher than it already is." His voice was extrememly deep with a slight rasp to it.

They looked at him confused, then he suddenly pulled out a small box that had different buttons and a switch, pressing a small blue button. The walls shifted and the floor in front of Bryce suddenly split, revealing a large metal railing in its place. He locked it in place then pressed another button that sent the small part of where they were standing, slowly deeper into the building that didn’t look more than 1 stories tall. The makeshift elevator shook violently while going down, scraping against the concrete walls, suddenly jolting to a stop where the front wall was now metal. Anya and Indra almost lost their footing from the violent movement but remained mostly stable enough to stand.

Bryce turned to look at them to see if they were still standing then let out a small laugh when he saw they were a bit uneasy. He pushed the metal railing down and grabbed the bottom of the metal wall, pulling it above his head as if it were nothing.

"Welcome to Louwoda Kliron's Championship." He said while the once quiet elevator was flooded with the sounds of shouts and metal meeting metal.
Straight ahead the arena could be seen with an intense fight coming to a brutal end. A guy and a girl were going all out with sword and a spear, simply dressed in a thin chest-plate and a helmet.

They both had deep cuts all over their bodies and a crazy animalistic look in their eyes that no person should have. The girl suddenly leaped at the boy, attacking him with a lighting fast spear jab combo, then threw a small dagger into his chest, finishing the stunned boy off with a deep slash across into his throat with the spear’s serrated blade.

Blood sprayed all over the girl's body while the boy let out a strangled yell while clenching his throat from the overflowing blood before falling onto the ground. A puddle of blood instantly formed on the floor while the girl wiped the blood all over her face then raised her spear over her head in triumph.

"JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN! JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN! JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN!" The crowd roared while the girl walked around the circle with a psychopathic smile with the blood of the boy on her teeth.

_They were in for some deep ass trouble._

Chapter End Notes

I finally updated after 2 weeks of 12 hour band camp days. I feel sore, dead, and sunburnt. My skin tone is usually a nice tan now I'm being mistaken for an indian. (People at grocery stores have asked me if i was) Don't know when the next chapter will be up but I hope it's soon. All your comments are lovely and have definitely made my days which haven't been the best. Hope you all have a good day/week/month/year until I'm posting another chapter. Love you all.
Let Blood be Shed

Chapter Summary

Anya and Indra settle inside the Colosseum tournament before witnessing the presence of Wanheda and getting the honor to fight the newly feared warrior.

Chapter Notes

Notes at the end so stay tuned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Bryce quickly stepped out of deathtrap elevator and walked into the chaos they called a tournament. Anya and Indra had no idea how to react to the scene that had unfolded in front of them so Bryce spoke to get them out of the shock.

"Hurry up and follow me before everybody notices where you all come from." He said then continued walking.

They both snapped out of it and followed closely behind him towards a more reserved area towards the back of the area. It looked like a nightclub lounge while the rest of the building looked like an abandoned warehouse with a ring in the middle and a random large hole at the other side of the building. Bryce quickly reached the lounge entrance and let them in.

"Choose an area to sit and stay there. We'll see if Wanheda shows up tonight." He said then began to walk off.

“What if she doesn’t show tonight?” Anya quickly asked before he disappeared into the crowd.

“Then you’ll either leave or face are next best warrior here.” He answered with a smirk, getting swallowed into the crowd.

Anya and Indra both shared a look before walking towards the back, choosing a table in the corner of the lounge.
"This place doesn't seem that bad." Indra said breaking the silence between them.

They continued walking towards the table while getting stares from the other people and a few words muttered under their breath. They definitely hated Arkadians around the area and they had Lexa to thank for that. They were merely getting stares and the occasional word thrown at them, but Lexa would have definitely been attacked by now if she had come. They sat at the table and waited.

"Do you think Wanheda will actually show tonight?" Anya asked sounding weary of their circumstance. "Everyone here makes it seem like Wanheda is less seen than their god parent." She scoffed before a server came by and dropped off 2 glasses of beer.

"I don't know what to expect from tonight but what I do know is we need to stay alert around here. If Wanheda does show it'll most likely be a one on one fight. We'll decide who fights once we see who this Wanheda and are able to size them up." She said reassuringly then proceeded to watch the rest of the lounge area and the arena.

They sat at their booth for 2 hours, watching people come and go, blood be sprayed in ways that just shouldn’t be, until Anya saw one of the largest hell beasts she had ever laid eyes on, waltz through the opening directly behind a dark hooded figure and the snarky man from the door. Anya was taking a sip from her drink when she saw the sabertooth tiger, so naturally she ended up choking which caused Indra to think Anya was more of an idiot then she already thought. She then followed in her actions after seeing the same beast approach the lounge areal. It took a few seconds for both to get their air back and then discuss what the hell was happening in the arena.

"Who the hell brings a hell sabertooth tiger without fear of dying at the bloodthirsty fangs of such a beast. At the very least have fear for others dying from it or at someone attempting to kill their pet?" Anya said looking at the beast in disbelief.

It was by far one of the largest she had ever seen, possibly the largest one of its species. It’s massive size displayed everything from its rippling muscles to its bone crushing tusks and flesh tearing teeth. Its fur was made of different shades of black matched with piercing molten gold eyes rimmed with a rich blood ruby red, leaving a burning sunset appearance between the 2 colors. The cat truly seemed to hold no equal on this earth and another would likely never show in this century or in many to come.

"Stop looking at it. Its warrior will notice and look right at us." Indra hissed at Anya.
Anya finally got a hold of her bearings and looked at the other people in the space. Before the hooded figure’s arrival, they had been cheering and laughing without a care in the world while boasting about winning the tournament. Now they all settled down and gave a small bow of respect towards the new warrior and now talked amongst themselves about what they would do tomorrow, completely dismissing the idea of joining the tournament now, almost in fear of even thinking about it.

"I have a feeling that Wanheda is the beast’s owner and if not, then that is a brave warrior to keep such a beast." Indra reasoned not paying mind to the sudden change in everyone’s mood toward the tournament.

Anya didn’t hear Indra’s word and instead looked towards the hooded warrior in an attempt to profile them and their fighting technique. She took note of their weapons to try and see if they relied on power or chose strategy to win. Her hope of profiling only led to curiosity mixed with fear after seeing a large sword strapped to their back, 2 scabbards strapped to each thigh, and catching the shine of a few hidden knives. Each weapon on the warrior used different techniques that matched with certain characteristics on a person. When weapons were mixed on a person and displayed in a discreet yet proud manner, it meant the warrior could only be matched with someone like them or the other would die at their hand.

A profile was put together in Anya’s head and it wasn’t one she was happy to be up against. The weapons on them were ones of precision, accuracy, meaning each stroke of any blade was intentional and made with a plan in mind. They had to be smart and think 10 steps ahead of their match. Anya knew the art of dual sword fighting but this warrior knew both dual, single, and knife skills meaning they knew the anatomy of a person inside and out which brought Anya to her next fear.

The warrior chose weapons that caused one to get up close and personal with their opponent, meaning they either liked to end a fight clean and quick, or they enjoyed making their opponent suffer with each slash made on their body, reducing their opponent to nothing but a bloody pathetic shell of what they use be and then giving them a mercy kill to put them out of their misery.

A sudden cry of pain brought Anya out of her thought process and put her focus towards the fighting ring.

She couldn’t see into the fight but she knew a warrior was about to fall thanks to the crowds enjoyment. They began to chant the phrase “Jus drein, jus daun” again, mimicking the action of starved wolves howling at finding a wounded bison. A small moment of silence was brought down upon the area once a war cry was yelled out and the sound of a blade going through the body of another warrior.
The place erupted into barbaric calls once more, causing the daughter of Minerva to regret coming into this establishment and seeing dishonorable deaths given to both Greeks and Romans alike.

"Whichever one of us fights Wanheda tonight, I just want you to know that you were my sister no matter what and that our group of friends was the only family I ever needed. If it is me who falls tonight please take my body and bury it under the shade of the large cherry on the hill just across from the armory." Indra said which caused Anya to look at her in slight confusion.

"I like that area best and if Wanheda lives up to the legend, I thought it be best to make a request on where my final resting place will be." She said smiling a bit while trying to catch a glimpse of the fallen warrior being dragged out of the arena.

"Well if we're making requests, beat up Lexa for me and divide my weapons amongst our family. As for my burial spot, place me in the training grounds or near it so that I may haunt Lexa." Anya joked before hearing some words being shouted from the ring.

They were definitely Trigedasleng words but the roar of the crowd didn't let them be clear so neither of them had any idea what was shouted.

It had something to do with fight but that's about all they could make out. Anya quickly took a glance towards Wanheda's direction to see if she could possibly size them up but she found the spot they had occupied was now empty and only the man remained. The only evidence that proved they were still there was the presence of the underworld sabertooth which now stood near the exit and had focused all its attention at something approaching him from the crowd. She couldn't see what it was and her attention was quickly taken away from it once a voice suddenly boomed through the building.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! Warriors of all ages and sizes! May I have your attention please!" The man who was with Wanheda now stood in the middle of the ring with everyone silent around him.

Both Anya and Indra were shocked as to how he was able to get through the crowd in a matter of seconds and get their attention and respect even faster.

"Tonight, we bring to you the fight of a lifetime. Tonight we our honored by the presence of the warrior of a thousand kills, the legend that roams the shadows of the streets, the very embodiment of fear and death herself! Tonight we bring to you the commander of the dead, the reaper of the living,
the one the only WAAAAANHEEEDAAAAAAA !!!" The man announced with a devilish smile while pointing towards a balcony that nobody had took notice of when they entered the underground warehouse.

Quickly the silence left and the shouts returned while a spotlight pointed toward Wanheda who stood confidently on the unstable looking railing. Both hands were at their side while a strange looking sword took residence in their left hand. Their hood casted a shadow over their eyes while the bottom half of their face was now covered by what appeared to be the jaw and nose of a human skull, faded by time and appearing almost black under the dim lights of the building..

"In a few moments, we will witness Wanheda take down blood we haven’t seen in a long time! In exactly 10 minutes the fight will begin in Hades' pit!" He shouted like a sports announcer and seemed a little too joyous about the fight, it set a large pit to fall deeper within Anya’s stomach but she remained strong.

The crowd began to quiet down and ask about who was the other warrior that would be joining Wanheda. At this, the announcer smirked and seemed to stare directly at Anya past the crowd. It sent a cold tremor down her spine while instinctively placing her hand on one of her small knives.

"Tonight, the Fates granted us the opportunity to welcome 2 foreign guests. Tonight we watch as Wanheda takes down either Roman warrior, Anya Cadoc, daughter of Minerva, or Roman warrior Indra Jagner, daughter of Mars, both residents of ... drum roll please !" He shouted and then the stomping and clanging of weapons was heard.

The man displayed a sadistic smile and gestured for more sound before shouting.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE BRING TO YOU THE CAMPERS OF AASSSSSKAAADIA!!! " He shouted and suddenly pointed towards the VIP lounge area, directly at both Indra and Anya.

Almost immediately the crowd went from excitement to hatred and the prospect of Arkadians dying. Descriptions of brutal deaths now occupied their shouts and cloaked the room in a dark cloud heading straight for both Romans.

"NATRONA!"

"Gut them open!"
"Cut out their tongues!"

"JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN!"

"Tear out their spleen and feed them to the hounds!"

"THROW THEM DOWN TO TARTARUS!"

At the last comment shout both Anya and Indra started to fear for their lives because Tartarus was a place of nightmares and no something to be lightly used. The crowd now turned all their focus on them, appearing like predators stalking their prey, a spell placed over each person willing the crave for blood to grow with each passing moment in the small space.

It took only 1 action for the vengeance crave to leave and it was all thanks to the simple action of Wanheda simply lifting a hand to the crowd, as if telling a drool producing guard dog to sit.

The crowd's eyes showed both idolization and fear towards the one simple motion, completing the analogy of mindless loyal guard dog bowing to the every word of its unyielding master.

Once they had everyone's attention, the masked warrior nodded back towards the man in the ring. He gave her a small smile and a bow of the head before resuming to speak.

"Thank you Wanheda. Now we all want a few hits at them but we reserve that honor to Wanheda. We all know the rules around here and we all understand the chain of command along with the laws of punishment, yes?" He asked looking at everyone who now looked slightly ashamed of their actions and said back a few yeahs and nods of heads.

"Now as I was trying to say earlier, we do have a small say in the fight. Do we want to see Wanheda take down both at the same time, or watch her go one on one with either the smart ass or the hot head?" He asked which got the crowd up again to their bloodlust revenge.

"If you want Wanheda to take them both down please raise only your spears! Fair warning though, she will take them out faster this way. If you want her to fight smart ass then raise only your drink! If you want her to take down the hot head please raise your sword!" He said and immediately people started raising the various items.
A few spears were raised but it was mainly drinks raised in the air. Both Indra and Anya looked at each other before realizing what had just happened. They watched as Wanheda lifted her sword and quickly scratched a design into the concrete wall beside them in just a few quick strokes with their strange blade. At first Anya couldn’t tell what it was until the shouts were heard and the spotlight shined brightly on the new carved wall.

It was the mark of Athena. Surprisingly, an owl was precisely carved out by a gentle touch but appeared as if it had been brutally hacked into the wall. She could feel the eyes of Wanheda on her and looked up to see ice cold blue eyes staring directly into her own dark brown ones.

"The deal is sealed. Ladies and gentlemen of the tournament, tonight we end Louwoda Kliron Colosseum Tournament Championship with the fight of Wanheda and Roman daughter of Minerva, Anya Cadoc! You all have 8 minutes to get your spot at Hades' pit so this is last call for drinks and last time to get your bet winnings at the bar!" He shouted and almost immediately everyone started shifting towards the other arena.

Before Anya could even say anything Bryce showed up in front of them and quickly grabbed Anya by the arm.

"Let's go. You don't have much time to prepare for the fight so hurry up." He said while dragging her through the VIP lounge and towards a pair of doors that she had not noticed at all during her time here.

Indra attempted to get a quick word in but she had no time to protest, leaving her with only the option of sticking to plan B.

Anya was quickly shown into a room, but not before she turned her head over her shoulder. Time slowed in that moment just for her eyes to catch a glimpse of Wanheda walking into another room a few yards away from her own with the hellcat at the exit, intently watching Anya as she was roughly shoved into her room. The last thing she saw before time snapped back into place was the soul tearing gaze of blood red eyes matched with a murderous thirst to tear her open and display her remains to the crowd just ahead.

"You have 10 minutes at most to prepare for your fight. I suggest you write a note for your camp people and get yourself ready for the fight of your life. Wanheda has only left 2 people alive since she's been here and both are now mutes with injuries worse than a minotaur, manticore, and a hydra combined." He said then closed the door.
Anya stumbled into the room feeling confused, speechless, and slightly terrified at the fiery gaze she received from both for a few seconds before she realized what was about to happen.

"Son of a satyr! I'm going to kill Lexa if I manage not to die here today." Anya hissed angrily then looked around the room.

It was a fairly nice room with a wall full of weapons while the wall next to it had different sets of armor. Anya quickly walked over to the armor wall and quickly grabbed pulled to pieces down for her forearms in attempt to block blows from whatever Wanheda might use in case she lost her weapons in the ring. Once placed she quickly looked for shin armor then quickly tied them on. She pulled out some her swords and examined their already sharpened blades.

She had never been more glad of her morning routine which consisted of sharpening her blades every week. She took a deep breath in and gently blew it out before attempting to talk herself down from her nerves.

"It's just like the fights back at home. I've trained for stuff exactly like this and have beat warriors and creatures nearly twice my size and twice my speed." Anya said to herself before she heard a knock on the door signalling it was time.

She quickly put her swords back in their scabbards and walked out the door. She expected Bryce to be there but was surprised to see the man who announced the event was standing in front with a large smile.

"Good. Now hurry up, people didn't come just to stare into an empty fighting pit." He said then placed a large hand on her shoulder and pulled her out and in front of him.

A crowd had gathered in front of the area and were now staring down at her like a cow heading straight to the slaughter house. Anya felt slightly nervous but kept her face stoic as always and walked directly towards the crowd with her head held high.

The man’s hand now settled between her shoulders to direct her on where to go. The crowd seemed to want to tear her apart but they parted like the Red Sea when the announcer lifted his other hand and gestured them to the side.

Anya didn’t realize until she faced the crowd, but her nerves had gotten the better of her and had shut off her hearing but now returned only to her the venom filled voices and the call of bets were shouted
from each corner of the arena.

"57 to 1 Wanheda goes for decapitation kill!"

"90 bucks for snapping of the neck!"

"75 to 1 for the double bladed kill!"

"100 to 1 for killing with bare hands!"

Were just some of the shouts she heard while everything else was either in Trigedasleng or some other foreign language. The man from earlier now stood next to a hatch, holding the rusted looking handle and gesturing her to enter with his other hand.

"Ms. Cadoc. Enjoy your fight and we'll make sure to pay respects at your camp with beautiful flowers and a bomb of Greek fire." He said with a small smile and a small bow.

Anya felt like punching him but she settled with a slight growl and went down the hatch. Simple dirt walls with what appeared to be bent metal poles stabbed into the walls acted as a makeshift ladder to take her down the hole towards a opening of light. She quickly reached the bottom, seeing a decent sized hole, stepping out and into a simple pit in the shape of a basketball court with an exit/entrance ladder on opposite sides of the dirt walls. The floor was solid red clay while the opening above was covered over with chain link fencing.

"Doesn't look barbaric at all." Anya muttered under her breath while taking out her swords and looking around.

It was mere few seconds later when she heard the shouts from above change.

" Jus drein, jus daun. " A small section suddenly whispered.

At the first start of the words everyone shut up and suddenly more joined in on the whispered chant.
Then it all went silent with the sound of an ear piercing roar. At the sound everyone stopped and covered their ears, some falling to their knees. Anya believed her ears had now popped but as quickly as the sound had begun, it was over.

The pit was shrouded in silence until the sound of a growl and the breaking and rattling of the chainlink fence above tore it all away. Anya quickly looked up, only to see the hell tiger had easily ripped a hole in the fence cover and it's eyes were trained on Anya. At this moment Anya could now really see the beast and noticed the scarring across its left eye along and its muzzle, it's teeth stained with blood. Fear now started to settle within Anya as she stared into the eyes of a hell born beast which increased as it's head got closer to the opening it made. Anya expected another growl or roar from the creature but instead it bowed its head, revealing the cloaked warrior from earlier, Wanheda.

She wore the dark colored skull mask along matched with black lines that covered over her eyebrows and ran horizontally to her hair while, what Anya swears was blood, covered from her eyelids to a little bit below her eyes that ran the same way as the black lines. To anyone else they would have brought fear but it was the eyes of Wanheda that drove fear straight through her gut and into her throat.
Her eyes were a shade of sky blue that appeared only on the clearest of days and would bring anyone joy but in this case it only brought Anya pain. They were the same eyes of the bright happy blonde that gave them the push they needed on that one journey that ended in her death. The similarities between the eyes ended in the color, the emotion behind these eyes were anything but happiness and hope. These eyes held pain, anger, and an emptiness that had long since taken residence in these eyes. They may have looked like Clarke Griffin's eyes but these were clearly the eyes of Wanheda, a ruthless killer who wanted nothing more than to avenge their fallen sister by carving Anya open and anyone else involved in her death.

Wanheda walked down the beast's head and once she was on the beginning of its muzzle she jumped off and into the pit opposite of Anya. She carried only her sword on her back while her heavy coat covered the rest of her body not allowing Anya to see if she had any other weapons.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PLEASE SHUT UP FOR THE ANTHEM OF THE DEAD!"
The man from before suddenly shouted.

Anya was really confused now with his words while everyone went silent. There was no noise in the building then what sounded like a war drum being hit filled the room. It was a slow solid beat before a woman's voice suddenly started.

"She stands before you with a soothing smile
Sings a final lullaby
Makes your heartbeat one last time
Before you can whisper a goodbye." She finished then a low hum from everyone else now filled the crowd.

It was eerie yet hypnotic. It sent both shivers of fear down anyone's spine yet also gave you some form of courage. Suddenly a group of men's deep voices filled the space.

"She wears a black coat, dressed to kill
Softly caresses your skin
Puts you to sleep for eternity
Beauty outside, but evil within."

The low hum was now a bit louder and now spears were being hit against the ground to the beat of the drum.
"She comes to you at your final hour
Eyes filled with peace and showered with power
Stops the pain with a single touch
Beyond life, she relieves the stress."

Anya was now sucked into the sound now and wasn't seeing Wanheda place her hand behind her back and slowly unsheath her sword.

"She takes lives with an undeniable grace
Kisses away your final breath
Makes your sorrow disappear."

Wanheda now had her sword fully out and was waiting for the famous last words so she could strike her down.

"Behold, for she is the Commander of Death." The last note rang out before another voice now filled the ring.

"ANYA LOOK OUT!" Indra's voice said.

Anya looked just in time to see Wanheda was charging at her and then jumping to cut her down. Immediately Anya rolled out of the way then sprung back up only to have her sword collide with Wanheda's.

Anya was barely able to hold back the power behind the blow but her two swords were able to hold the blade back. Even though Anya was taller than her, her blow was enough for Anya to bend down on her knees a bit and stand smaller than her. Anya quickly kicked her back to give some space and it was now officially on.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone, I'm not dead (not physically at least). I'm so sorry for not posting a chapter
sooner but I ran into problems and personal issues came up so yeah. I honestly have no idea when the next chapter will be up because my life is honestly a mess right now so it may take awhile. Happy belated Thanksgiving btw, seriously ya'll need to be extremely thankful for what you have in your life, even it's something tiny. Hope you all have a good day and a good rest of the year, I hope to put up the new chapter by either Christmas or New Years.
Being in the same ring as Anya was an absolute fucking joy to Clarke Griffin.

She could finally send, at the very least, a small fragment of the pain she had received towards the people who inflicted this pain on her. She stood a few feet away from Anya after she had kicked Clarke away in attempt to get some space between them. She watched Anya carefully as she twirled her own sword in front of her as a quick warm up. Anya did the same, watching in anticipation for any signs of attack on Wanheda’s part, still unknowing of who lay under the hood and mask.

Without a second thought Clarke quickly ran at her with the speed of a demon, but instead of going for the upper portion of the body first she was going for the bottom portion. She watched as Anya prepared a strong block with both swords then dropped down to her knees at the last second, sliding towards the Roman and then quickly using the broad side of her blade to knock her down without cutting into her legs.

The blow was unexpected in Anya’s eye’s and only registered after feeling the rough ground connect with her back. Once her body hit the floor Clarke quickly got up, putting her sword back in its scabbard on her back and replacing them with her greek influenced curved daggers from under her coat.

In one fluid motion she was upon Anya and made to deep gashes on her left shoulder then jumped out of the way of Anya’s blade reflex. She narrowly missed the Roman blade from cutting into her skin but dodged it as planned. Anya now stood up, gripping both swords tightly and now looking ready for a real fight despite the burning pain in her shoulder.

"There's the Anya I know." Clarke said to herself as she watched Anya lead a charge at her now with a new fire in her eyes.

She slashed at her with incredible accuracy that would have any other warrior worried but her lack of speed allowed no worries to occur on her part. It was simply a game to Clarke at this time, dodging and weaving in between her blades, never stopping her own fluid motion which didn’t go unnoticed by Anya. Clarke allowed Anya to give her blow after blow only to tire her and allow herself the opportunity to watch out for a possible pattern on Anya’s attacks. After about a minute or two of Anya slicing at her she saw the pattern.

Slice down with the left, slice across with the right, use both to slice, an attempt at a leg sweep, and a combo quickly after.

It was a decent pattern that would deliver good hits to any, if not all, warriors but she was no mere warrior, she was the Commander of Death. She was the girl who wanted revenge and would deliver
her message through the broken beaten body of the general to the Roman commander she so desperately wanted to be cutting up at the moment. After a few more blocks on her part, she ended her fun and let her real nature show.

She waited for the slice down before catching Anya’s blade between her own blades and sliding them down the blade towards the unprotected hands of the Roman. Much to her dismay, she wasn’t able to cut her but was able to get Anya to let go of one of her blades to avoid finger amputation.

Anya managed to stumbled back a few steps to get her bearings, worried about her lost blade before looking up to see Wanheda already put her dual blades back under her coat and now held her fallen blade in her gloved left hand. An uneasy feeling dug its way deeper into her stomach at the sight but she pushed on despite it.

Clarke quickly charged at the Roman, delivering a few slashes at her before picking up the intensity. Her attacks now held more power behind each swing yet none of her speed slowed to compensate, instead they seemed to increase in ungodly ways. Soon enough she was now delivering blows so severe that Anya had to take multiple steps just to take the power behind them and give enough room to see the next one coming. Each move delivered involved 10 times the amount of wrist ever seen by Anya, seeming more like a demonic possession with how the bones seemed to move as if nothing held them together.

On a slash that appeared to be aimed at Anya’s gut, Clarke ended up dropping down in the blink of an eye and leg sweeped her at the last second which gave Clarke the opportunity to drive Anya’s blade straight through the shoulder she had previously injured. This time a strangled cry roared out of her mouth and increased once the blade was removed, only to be followed by a slice on her upper right arm. The pain was coursing rich through her body now but it didn’t stop her reflexes from rolling her to one side, just out of the reach of Wanheda’s next attack. Despite the save she also left her other blade behind, leaving her defenseless while clutching her bleeding shoulder. The crowd roared once the hits were delivered and the fight seemed to now be turning into what many would believe to be the best fight on Clarke’s part.

Time to go hand to hand. Clarke thought while stabbing the sword halfway into the ground below her, making sure nobody but herself could pull it out of its confinement.

She quickly made an advance on Anya who was still holding her bloody shoulder like a thousand pound weight. Without hesitation she roundhouse kicked her in her side, causing her to buckle to her knees, then delivered 2 punches across her face, earning Anya a spot back on the ground only this time with blood to accompany her. Clarke quickly went to straddle her and held her down by using her right hand to clench her throat and hold her down while her left delivered lip splitting blows along with skin tearing features thanks to the small claw like features on her knuckles.

Anya didn't see any of the attacks coming thanks to her blind inducing pain and immediately regretted it after the first blow to her ribs and internally screamed for mercy after a few hits to the face with Wanheda’s gloves. She felt as each hit of the local legend landed her harsh blows, hood and skull mask still intact, the war paint bringing out her brilliant blue eyes that brought a comforting familiarity for a split second before the dark memories that followed came flooding into her subconscious, causing her to see the dead broken face of Clarke Griffin a top the face of Wanheda. It shook her to the core seeing the image of the fallen girl who had saved an entire group at the price of her own life. Guilt now mixed with her fear, causing the image to morph once again, the bloody broken face of the young blonde but now holding the hatred fueled soulless eyes of Wanheda’s blood and tar war paint. The images continued to flood her mind in a rage before she suddenly yelled out and stilled the horrors, catching Wanheda’s fist before it could land the next blood inducing blow.
Clarke had landed a good amount of hits before suddenly had an outburst and caught her fist. It surprised Clarke long enough for Anya to successfully throw a strong punch across her face and throw her off. They both quickly scrambled to their feet but Anya was the first to get into her stance and, to Clarke’s surprise, give off an almost animalistic snarl towards her. Clarke saw the new found ferocity exciting and almost amusing, bringing a small smirk against her lips before charging at her once more.

She went in for another round house kick, which she knew Anya would dodge, then quickly landed and went in for a left punch to her injured shoulder. Her attack plan went on without a hitch which she quickly followed with a right punch to the gut, and a solid hit to the knee with her boot. Anya was barely able to block her punches with her bleeding shoulder so the kick to her knee was completely unexpected and ended with her bowing to the haunting figure who delivered a crowd flinching side hook to her jaw, opening another river of blood out of her mouth.

Anya stayed on the ground for few seconds before spitting out the flowing crimson from her lips and forcing her limp body up. Her vision was slightly blurry from the multiple hits delivered by Wanheda but it all straightened out once she caught a glimpse of the prominent blue eyes looking at her with amusement clear in her eyes under the shadow of the hood. Rage quickly refueled her body, numbing her injuries, and got her head back in the fight.

She pushed herself onto her feet once more then remembered her weapon on her thigh, quickly deciding that it was now her turn to leave a few marks and the Commander of Death. Anya ran at Wanheda, pulling the dagger last second and aiming for a quick slash at the insufferable mask. To Anya's surprise, her attack was simply Matrix dodged followed by a graceful turn around with the added whoosh effect from the long coat. This fueled Anya's rage and released her ballistic side a bit more. She charged at Wanheda again, slashing and jabbing with all the moves she knew with her dagger, while the masked warrior simply dodged and weaved past her attacks without trying anything to stop or defend themselves.

Anya was now losing her patience and her moves were becoming more aggressive, less precision. Clarke on the other hand was enjoying her mental downfall, waiting for her tipping point to reach then and only then would she actually show Anya what she was truly capable of and what she wanted Lexa to experience.

Surprisingly, Anya lost her cool faster than Clarke anticipated. Popping the last of her sanity after she slashed at Wanheda then attempted to leg sweep her, only to have her jump over leg with a front flip standing in front of her exposed back without a chance to stop it. When a blow wasn’t felt however, she realized this was all a game to the cloaked figure and snapped.

She whipped around faster than the eye could see and went on pure instinct. She switched the dagger's blade so it was now facing down and gripped the hilt tightly before she started raining punches. She punched with her right aimed towards Clarke's face, then went for a roundhouse kick, immediately followed by multiple slices at her arms and stomach.

Clarke was thrown off by the sudden change in her tactics and with the new dagger hold, she knew a blow would land soon. Anya was naturally skilled with weapons since Clarke could remember, so naturally she became more cautious once it was an all out knife fight. Anya noticed the once calm facade become guarded after a few hits, soon she saw her opportunity. After a few slices at her arms and an attempt at the slightly guarded neck before seeing an opening.

Wanheda’s blocks were completely committed to stopping her blade so she went for a stab towards where the shoulder connects to the collarbone, forcing Clarke to use both hands to stop the blade, leaving her stomach exposed. Anya quickly kicked her in the gut with everything she had and
watched as Wanheda’s body bent over from well placed unexpected hit. Without another second to pass, Anya punched them across the face and delivered blow after blow to the cloaked sides and back to the masked face of death. A roundhouse kicked was quickly delivered against the temple of Wanheda, disorienting her vision causing her to stumble like a drunk fool across the dirt. Anya quickly ran at her and went in for punch after punch. A few were blocked out of instinct but Clarke was still disoriented from the earlier attacks so some of Anya's punches were landing still.

Anya saw Wanheda getting weaker so she decided to make a memory out of this. She kicked the right knee and watched as the local legend collapsed to one knee, then punched her with a right hook across the face. Blood was now coming pouring out of Clarke’s nose but the mask covered it up well but did little to hide the pain. She stayed in the position of a one knee bow to get her senses back but Anya saw it as a moment of weakness and surrender.

"Death bows before me now." She said out loud causing the once roaring crowd to settle down and take in the scene before them.

Clarke didn’t realize the crowd was still here until the roaring was now almost silence. She heard Anya walking away from her, thinking the fight was over, but in reality she was trying to get her inner balance back. Her concentration was broken once heard the sound of a blade scraping against the ground echoed against the walls of the arena. It was then that Clarke remembered she may have dug one blade down into the earth, but the other was simply casted aside at one point in the fight. It was a careless mistake that was gonna cost her fairly soon. She knew the mark would prevent her from dying but it wouldn’t stop the pain of being stabbed or cut open in the slightest bit.

Once Anya her blade in her hand again and began to approach the bowing figure of Wanheda, the crowd started up again with their chants, only this time there was a shift in the air.

"Jus drein, jus daun! Jus drein, jus daun! Jus drein, jus daun!"

Anya felt something different about these chants but paid no mind to it as she approached Wanheda. Clarke on the other hand heard the difference in their voice and realized it was a prayer towards her, to remind her why she was here fighting, to bring back the pain that fueled her crusade back when she first arrived, to bring back the memory of her first fight in these rings. It was their chant for her to get up and finish what she started.

The memory of the first chant flooded her mind. She remembered a younger Randall hearing her story from Azgeda, who had spread it like a wildfire around their town, leaving many to know her story before she even knew of their own existence. They also knew the young girl had lost some of her memories but could feel that she would be a strong asset once she grew up. Nobody expected her to fight so soon but once her memories came back she went head first into the first available tournament. At the fight, a warrior from Arkadia had come down for a few months now and was becoming well known for his many victories in TonDC. The boy was 5 years older then Clarke at the time and far more experienced.

At least that’s what everyone else believed except Randall. After hearing her story he didn’t think twice before pairing the 2 of them together in a deathmatch. The warrior saw it as a joke but accepted nonetheless if not to please the crowd and win his earnings.

The fight was a sad one to watch as Clarke was thrown around like a ragdoll across the cage but the fire in her heart never let out so she continued to get up and block each kill blow. It annoyed the Arkadian to no end but they continued for far longer than anyone could have thought.

Clarke’s relentlessness to fall showed the entire crowd that she had a bright burning spirit of a warrior, all she needed was the push to embrace her power. Many already knew where the boy
hailed from, and many had already heard the story of the girl from the mountain, so naturally they the
fight as her first step into healing. Her time to get some blood for the blood she lost. Quickly one man
started the chant, his name was Dorian from Floukru just before Luna took the title as head of the
pier and waterfront gang.

Jus drein, jus daun. Blood must have blood.

He said it out loud a few times before others joined in after realizing what it meant. The Arkadian
didn’t know Trigedasleng so he thought it was the many chants to end the fight and continued to
advance towards, spinning his blade in his hand as a show of arrogance. It was then Clarke heard the
chant, despite hardly knowing a word of Trigedasleng beside the few Lexa taught her which were
simply words of endearment, her repressed anger was able to understand the mantra. It filled her
beaten lungs up, pumped blood through her bruised muscles, feeding her brain and soul with strength
that she would only experience a handful of times in her lifetime. The warrior was now in front of
her and swinging his shining spatha down onto her small frame.

It seemed as if time slowed down in that moment, a quick glance around the arena displayed every
emotion conceived by any living beings since the dawn of time. Some had their faces turned from the
horror about to be seen, others watched in cruel pleasure, some watched in paralyzing fear, a few
began to feel their insides clench in disgust, while a select few watched in hope of the girl who
defined death. Every emotion could be felt inside the young broken girl as well before the strength
fueled by anger, bravery, and hope pushed through and caught the blade between her palms just
millimeters from her neck and shoulder.

After catching the blade her memory blanked out and returned in time to see the last bit of light fade
from the boy’s swollen, beaten in, crimson caked eyes atop of a pale, fear induced, face. Many
feared and respected the young blonde taken in by Azgeda after that, creating a small following
behind the girl that would only expand through time and thrive in the shadow each day.

The memory gave the same feeling back into Clarke’s blood, her senses all came together just in time
to feel the rushed air of a blade coming towards the left side of her neck. The power behind the
swing could be felt throughout the entire warehouse, causing hairs to rise on everyone, either out of
anxiety or anticipation. The swift motion of a shining blade gleamed in the dimly light room before
everything seemed to slow down almost identical to her first appearance as Wanheda. The power
surged twice as much into her blood, opening her eyes a moment before Anya’s blade hit it’s target,
only to be stopped by the black leather gloved right hand of the vessel for Death itself.

Anya’s focus quickly shot to the hand that held her blade, seeing it deeply embedded within the
heavily padded glove. It seemed as if no harm was done on her opponent until her eyes were drawn
to the black liquid that slowly consumed the image of her clean blade, growing larger as the grip
against the sharpened steel tightened. Her gaze finally forced itself off the once polished steel and
onto the still bowed hooded head of Wanheda.

The crowd roared louder than ever once the blade was caught. Slowly, Clarke lifted her head at the
sound of the cheering yells and felt the energy of Wanheda run rampant through her body, healing
the wounds on her face, loosening the mask she wore on her face. She felt Anya’s eyes bore into her
skull, confusion swirled within them slowly being consumed by fear. She lifted her head in an
agonizing slow pace, every emotion invading Anya’s mind, before her vengeful sky blue eyes met
petrified brown. Clarke could see the pieces being put together in the Arkadian’s eyes, slowly seeing
the blue eyes of the hardened warrior before her be the same innocent ones that sacrificed themselves
all those years ago. The conflict of acceptance was raging in her eyes clear as the night sky, silencing
once the clasp of the mask came undone, the mask following once a whisper left the long since
broken lips of the daughter of the Underworld and into the conscious of the Roman warrior.
"Death bows before no warrior."

As the mask fell to the ground, her left hand tore Theristis out of its confinement from her back and brought it down against Anya's blade, shattering it as if it were glass once the skull hit the hardened dirt below her boots. The half obsidian half blood iron sword shined in the light of the ring, bringing upon a new presence into the warehouse. Suddenly Anya found herself stumbling back, unarmed, and the face of the past standing before her without a single mark on its face.

This couldn't be real.

Clarke is dead.

Wanheda isn't her, it can't be her?!

The same thoughts ran through Anya's mind as she still held onto the handle of her broken blade. She couldn't process what stood before her. Clarke Griffin was alive and standing in the same arena as her, living and breathing. It was similar but drastically different. Lost was the baby faced, doe eyed, stubborn Greek girl, replaced by the matured, hardened, sharpened features of a rogue Greek legend craving blood for blood. Before she could register another dark thought of the past, Clarke began her assault.

She slashed with a bold raging fury, the cursed blade creating sparks against the steel of the borrowed gauntlets. It all happened too fast for Anya, instinct being the only thing guiding her arms to stop the blade, then the pain that struck her hand threw the last straw of defense out of her. She faltered in defense and now began to feel the power behind each blow, the blade now hacking past the old metal and nicking the skin that lay beneath. Before the pain of each bite of the blade could be fully registered in her mind, a strong kick to her gut and the hilt of the handle smashing her cheekbone, breaking the once proud feature, bombarded her senses. Anya stumbled back and doubled over in agony thanks to her face. She attempted to push past the pain and threw herself at Clarke, displaying a pathetic form of a half assed tackle. Clarke simply moved to the side, letting her stumble past her, while allowing the hybrid blade to tear into the flesh on her back. Anya reared up in pain as she felt the icy metal spit fire into the skin it opened. While aiming to once again swallow down the harsh pain, she felt another piercing pain join her backside, her shoulder blade to be precise, coming to the realization that Clarke had thrown a dagger into her previously injured wound from the beginning of the match.

"Lexa’s payment for backstabbing and leaving us behind at the mountain." Clarke growled while running at her again.

Her back was still turned to Clarke but her body was able to fall over in pain in time to not meet her decapitation. At a last ditch effort, Anya almost managed to leg sweep Clarke but she knew that it wasn’t even close to its mark once she front flipped over her leg and landed with her back facing her broken down posture.

Anya tried to pull the dagger out of her back, but it was hard to reach and firmly planted within her. She didn't realize Clarke was facing her again, the attention of pain now aimed at her legs, until the new wave of torture began. The blade was brought down into her calf, breaking the armor and digging deep into her flesh. Anya broke her final wall, letting out a cry of pain as her blood seeped into the ground. Now a ball on the ground holding her leg, Clarke circled her broken form similar to a beast claiming its prey, letting the blade scrape against the ground as a reminder of who's power claimed the entirety of TonDC. She shoved the heel of her boot against the bloody spine of Anya, pushing her on her front with her back once again at the mercy of her weapons. Blood continued to pool around the Roman along with the increasing noises of pain, her hands moved without thought onto the hilt of the dagger, twisting it at a gut wrenching speed before tearing it out of the fresh flesh.
and up towards the crowd.

The roars grew immensely and Clarke now decided to go on a more personal level with Anya.

She put both blades back into their designated places, then adjusted her gloves so the claw-like knuckles were fully out to do there highest amount of damage. Anya was still trying to get herself up but all pain had finally caught up to her, burning more with so much as a twitch from her eyelids. Suddenly, she felt a hand grasp the back of her tattered armor, lifting her up like a mother cat grabs their young by the scruff, then the view of a gloved fist raced towards her face once more. She felt the blood start to trickle down her forehead and just about everywhere else on her face, thinking she looked similar to Niagara Falls at this point. She was losing this fight and death was surely coming soon.

I need to stay alive to tell the camp. They need to know who Wanheda is and what power she has. Anya said to herself in attempt to inspire some strength back into her system. Without thinking, she punched Clarke's side with everything she had and she was now free from her grip. Slowly her senses returned and quickly used them to advanced towards Clarke. She started with a fairly weak left hook, which was blocked, before feeling another punch on her lips by Clarke causing more blood to spew from her mouth. She stumbled back again like a drunk man and now went on autopilot against Clarke.

She was blocking some of her blows, not many but enough to see her opportunity at a reverse. Clarke went for a punch across her face but Anya caught her fist and elbowed her nose. It dealt a decent blow as she wished but knew it wouldn’t be enough to win it just yet. Clarke stumbled back slightly then saw Anya come at her with a somewhat renewed energy. At the sight she smirked and went to finish the miserable fight once and for all.

Anya threw a quick punch towards Clarke’s throat, which she easily grabbed and twisted her arm around, now having Anya behind her with her arm now easily used as leverage. Still holding her fist with her right hand, Clarke gripped the Roman’s forearm then bent over a bit and threw Anya over her shoulder and onto the ground.

Anya felt all the air leave her lungs once more and the feeling of emptiness filled her body. Before she could register what happened Clarke moved onto her next form of torture. Still gripping her arm and standing above her, she twisted her arm further and then snapped Anya’s arm out of its socket. The sickening noise caused many to flinch in disgust and almost throw up once they realized it was the same shoulder that was stabbed in the beginning of the fight. Anya yell filled the room, but from the edge of the warehouse Pauna stood at the very back of the room hearing something outside. He slightly growled and moved closer to the ring, having a bad feeling about it and worrying for Clarke’s safety.

Clarke however was now feeling rich adrenaline flow through her while she stood over Anya. She then had an idea. She left Anya to enjoy her pain while she walked towards the sword she jammed into the ground not to long ago. Clarke placed both hands on the handle and pulled it out with ease. She slowly walked towards Anya, who still yelling from the pain across her body and holding her bleeding dislocated arm, and dropped the blade next to her.

"Get up you filthy Arkadian! Get up and fight for your pathetic life." Clarke yelled at Anya and watched as she desperately tried to get up.

She was painfully slow so Clarke grew impatient and simply walked up to her and grabbed her by the back of her armor and pulled her up like a puppy. Once on her feet she picked up the blade and placed it in Anya’s trembling hand. She then backed off and watched as Anya stumbled around,
slowly taking out her sword.

Red, that's all Anya could see as she stumbled across the pit, barely able to hold onto her sword, after losing the other one earlier, or even stand straight. The crowd was roaring above them and anyone could tell they were near the very end.

"JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN! JUS DREIN, JUS DAUN!" The crowd repeated the mantra over and over.

This was a bad idea to begin with and Anya had no idea why she even volunteered anymore. She was about to die by the hands of a greek after getting her senses knocked out. Her vision started to come back to her just in time to see the girl that gave her a beating of a lifetime twirl her half obsidian, half who knows what, sword.

"Why did I agree to this?" She mumbled to herself then pushed herself away from the wall to stand on her own 2 feet.

At this the crowd cheered but not to encourage her.

"Finish her!"

"Show no mercy!"

"Down with the Arkadian!"

"LONG LIVE WANHEDA!"

Were the chants now as the black armored warrior seemed to be smirking in her blurry vision. In some ways Anya was able to see the old fragments of her lost ally within the death figure but it was ultimately clouded over by the darkness that seemed to flow out of the body in waves and coat them like a second skin.

"Jus drein, jus daun, Anya." The warrior suddenly said before charging at her with a fire in her eyes and a sword point aimed for her heart, or maybe it was her throat.

Why did I think I could take her on? Was the last thought that passed through Anya's mind.

She expected to feel the blade pierce through her but what she felt was an explosion from the side of the building and the cold embrace of the ground once more. Everyone had been thrown back by the explosion and some were now under the rubble of the wall.

Clarke was on the ground next to Anya, thinking she would end the fight but instead she worried more about the people in the warehouse then the Roman besides her. They were her family and she needed to protect them. She quickly pushed herself up and called upon Pauna. With a loud ear piercing whistle she heard the roar of her trusted beast still alive and well coming to her aid. He jumped over the fallen crowd near the pit and tore open the cage on top completely to get to Clarke.

He saw her alive, somewhat bloody, holding her skull mask in one hand and carrying the other women who smelled of the people he yearned to tear apart for what they did to his companion.

"Get us both out of here now!" Clarke said and watched as his head lowered.

She made sure Anya's armor was secure in his teeth then buckled her mask back on and climbed on him, pulling them both out. It didn't take long after that for the people responsible for the explosion to start coming down into their establishment. Clarke had a suspicion as to who would it be and sure
enough it was the Arkadians sliding down the pieces of concrete. With the mark still fully functioning, Clarke could feel her people under the rubble that the Arkadians were currently standing on, causing another large surge of anger to rise within her.

Everyone else in the warehouse now began to get up, aiding their neighbors, before unsheathing their weapons. They ignored their pain with rage after seeing Arkadians standing on their friends and family buried under rubble, not caring about where they stood. Before the blood bath could start, Clarke saw the source of her nightmares and the one she’s been wanting to kill since day one, standing in the middle of freshly armored Roman morons following blind commands.

"By order of Camp Arkadia and the power of the 6th legion we place you all under arrest for the murders of our camp blood and exposing mortals to our existence." Lexa said while holding a tight grip on her sword.

She didn't see Clarke yet but it took 2 seconds for her to see the hell sabertooth tiger being ridden by Wanheda and holding her second in command and practically her sister within its jaws. It was then that Clarke thanked the gift of Wanheda.

Once the power started so did some changes. First was her power which would increase immensely and fill the room of a dark heavy aura which would strengthen her allies that fought with her, her hair would get streaks of a dark blood red mixed with her flowing golden blonde, then her eyes would go from their sky faded blue to a flaming purple, and her voice would change from its normal defiant playful tone to a dark chilling whisper of death that would send a deep unease into the minds of any who heard it. All these changes were seen by Lexa and caused both fear towards Anya dying and anger towards the deaths Wanheda had taken to envelop her.

"By order of the Clans of TonDC, we reject your call of arresting and choose to cut you down with the rest of those whose blood fills the ground we stand upon." Clarke's voice filled the area proudly across the building and gave a surge of confidence and strength to the members of every gang in the building.

It was now a stand off and without Arkadia knowing it, Clarke had summoned the dead from the ground under them to both save the ones under the rocks of the walls and spring up for when the battle started.

"You would be wise to stand down Commander. You may have numbers but we have the strength, not to mention a bargaining chip right between my fingertips. Or dare I say the teeth of death." Clarke taunted while a pained groan from Anya pushed past her bleeding lips.

It was then that Lexa could see the bloody beaten body bag of her best friend clearly. Her shoulder caked in blood, her once strong proud face now lay in broken blood while her skin paled through each passing second.

"Let her go and come with us without hesitation. Your blood will be shed Wanheda if you don’t take my offer." Lexa said while raising her hand giving the order for her warriors to lift their weapons and prepare for war.

At this Clarke laughed and watched as all the gangs readied themselves, pulling out their vials of greek fire hidden in their coats.

"That's what your sister in arms told me but as you can see, death has no bounds." Clarke smirked under the mask then carefully felt the vile from her sleeve touch her palm.

"I gave you a chance to back down but now I will let your traitorous blood join the rest of your
pathetic warriors. Your actions from the mountain will be paid through blood by the 12 Clans of TonDC." Clarke hissed out, holding Pauna’s fur as he shifted to a low hunch.

Clarke’s eyes now focused on the warriors that stood by Lexa’s side, seeing them put their swords and bows down slightly with confusion clearly written in their faces. It was clear to anyone that they knew nothing of the mountain, meaning Lexa never told them the whole story only hearing what the greeks had yelled which was revenge. They must have heard something happened on the mountain but not certain of who’s story to believe. All the warriors on Clarke’s side saw the same actions and now started growling in anger and tightening their stances.

"You lying sick bastard!" Clarke heard Randall yell and could feel his anger rise.

"I see your army's confusion so I'm going to set the record straight. Your precious little Lexa here decided to make a deal with Cage Wallace, Carl Emerson, and their gang of monsters to save her friends from their experiments and in return she would leave my own people and myself behind just to save her own worthless skin.” Clarke yelled out and then realized she yelled out that she was there.

She watched in amusement as Lexa’s expression filled with confusion, pain, and fear. Carefully Clarke brought her hand up to her mask and pulled it off so her face could now be seen. She felt the Wanheda power dwindle down, allowing her face to appear and shock the Arkadians that filled the area. She shook her hair slightly to add effect before staring directly at Lexa and announced her revenge speech.

"I know because I, Clarke Griffin, daughter of Hades, was there that same day and paid the price of death! I am the one who killed them all and payed with my life in the process to save MY people!" Clarke yelled and watched as they slowly backed away in fear while Clarke allowed Pauna to walk forward along with her fellow coalition members.

"I come back now as Wanheda, the Commander of Death, cloaked in shadows, burned in blood, and battered with bone! I am the bringer of death and today Arkadia pays its price starting with you.” She said and with that the clans were off.

The dead rose from the rubble grabbing the warriors and killing them with sword plunges to their stomachs, while the clans caught up with the weaker ones and cut them down like grass to a lawnmower. Clarke watched as Lexa ordered her army above ground. It was then when Lexa turned back to watch her warriors retreat did forest green clash with sky blue once more.

This time those once bright joy filled eyes that once looked at Lexa with care and peace now looked down at her with the desire to kill, hatred, and emptiness of what they once were. At the same time green eyes once filled with curiosity and love now held only pain, sorrow, and regret.

At this moment Fate allowed the once lovestruck warriors to realize that one saw the other as an enemy and would stop at nothing to make her pay while the other saw the ghost that once haunted her dreams now come to life in a more haunting shell then before.

They were both complete opposites of what they once were and now war would begin.
to put up the next chapter because other issue have come up and now I have more stress to deal with. I hope you all had a Merry Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, or whatever you celebrate. I also hope you have an amazing New Years and New Years Eve. Please be safe if you go out, like seriously don't go alone, and take care of your pets if you have any. I hope 2018 will truly be 20-Gay-teen for all of us and bless that Hayley Kiyoko will be releasing her album next year. I might also be releasing some new fics revolved around Clexa and possibly other fandoms.
Chapter Summary

The start of something big begins. The broken become the avenged while the power hierarchy welcomes the new kings and queens of their world. Regrets are brought back up while nightmares continue to grow.

Trigedasleng is present within this chapter so translations will be at the end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The action of riding a bus back towards Camp Arkadia while holding your bloody beat up best friend, surrounded by your friends who are all either hurt, slightly charred from the smoke, or simply dressed in armor with some blood, while random people simply stare in disbelief is to say in the least, extremely awkward.

An hour and a half earlier....... All the Arkadians quickly scrambled out of the start of the bloodbath below, hoping to get the higher ground advantage. It didn't work to well seeing as greek fire was thrown behind them, burning many into agonizing screams and wounding countless others. The explosions caused by the fire were enough to throw Lexa and her warriors off her feet and onto the pavement at the front of the warehouse. She was sure a slight concussion would occur from her head hitting the ground but she didn’t have time to dwell on it for too long. It took a few seconds to get her bearings together before she heard the roar of a beast. Everyone around her quickly scrambled to stand up and some lifting their friends, including Lexa, onto their feet. Once upright and a fair distance away, she looked towards the wall of fire that covered the exit/entrance to the fire pit below.

"Nobody can get through that." Lexa mumbled to herself but it seemed fate was completely against Lexa.

Not a second after she said it, the silhouette of a large figure appeared behind the flames before slowly bursting forth with unmatched grace through the flames, being the cause of many nightmares for years to come, seeming like death coming to reap your soul flanked by the darkest shadows and your deepest fears.

"Form ranks!" Lexa yelled out.

Quickly, all able body soldiers formed lines next to Lexa. Many kept strong faces but anyone who looked into their eyes could see the fear tremble within as they watched a creature simply walk through the fire as if it were a simple curtain. Lexa’s focus was quickly taken off the form of the large beast and was now on Anya, who was still hanging from the jaws of the beast and her open wounds that were near the flames were now being burnt closed.

"I'll make you all a deal Arkadians." All eyes darted up towards the black dressed warrior atop the hell beast, Clarke Griffin sat with a large smug smile on her lips paired with a glint in her eyes matching the look of a feral wolf ready to pounce on its prey.
“Leave me Lexa and Anya and you can all scamper back to your little camp, under the safe watch of Titus and Nia.” Clarke said calmly, looking almost diplomatic now with her spine perfectly stacked to hold what now looked to be a level headed girl, then it went back towards a sinister look once she placed her mask back on and raised her hood once more.

Everyone noticed the change in her demeanor and it only added to their fear, especially once they noticed the war paint around her eyes that made her seem like a creature who resided in Hades domain.

"And if we refuse?" A warrior next to Lexa said.

At the mere comment Clarke simply smiled under her mask, knowing she had the advantage all over TonDC. She let out a small laugh at the thought of Arkadians winning in their homeland.

"We out man you. If you haven’t noticed, all of your warriors are on the other side of that wall of greek fire. You may be protected by the beast but with our man power, the question is for how long.” Lexa now recognized the voice as Quint now, which surprised her.

She had no idea that he joined their quickly assembled ambush party but the more warriors the better at this point. She watched as Clarke shifted to an almost mockingly posture before turning to her left. At first nothing could be seen but the thought was quickly erased as figures slowly emerged through the flames covered in bones over their armor. The mere glance of the scene that slowly unraveled would be the cause of many nightmares for years to come. Once past the danger of the flames the bones fell off and now Clarke had her army back. While freaking out about the left side emerging, the right came out the same way, seeming almost a bit more bloodthirsty than the previous group.

"Now my eyes may deceive me at times, so please correct me if I’m wrong, but I believe that I have my companions back meaning that we out man you once again.” Her smug tone tore through what little confidence was left within each warrior and completely diminished once she spoke her last words of her warriors.

“Now I know each one of these warriors and each technique, they range from fast and painless kills to brutally bloody drawn out deaths. They’ve all taken down warriors twice their height and size and have taken down full grown, rage induced, minotaurs with nothing but their bare hands and a brick. I say it'll be a busy day for Hades.” Clarke taunted while Pauna took a step forward with his lips pulled back into a snarl, displaying his skull crushing teeth with the limp body of Anya still dangling from his jaws.

All of Lexa's warriors were now scared shitless and the option of giving Lexa and Anya up were looking quite promising. Lexa now started to fear for her own life before realizing she still needed to save Anya even if it meant allowing Clarke to take her own. The decision however was quickly made by another before anyone else could make a move.

"Then blood be it Wanheda.” Jared suddenly said and many next to both him and Lexa nodded.

Confidence between the Arkadians grew at reassurance of having each others back while a weight felt like it was lifted from Lexa's shoulder. She looked at Jared who gave her a reassuring smile and nod before facing Wanheda once more with a freshly lit fire in his eyes.

"Then you die with the natrona. I'll personally place each and every one of you in the deepest pits of Tartarus.” Clarke suddenly growled out before taking out a her signature sword and gripping it strongly at her side.

"I've dreamed of this day for 5 years now. May we never meet again.” Clarke growled out.
Once the last sound left her lips, all the street warriors of TonDC charged without warning. The sudden charge scared the Arkadians to shit none the less but some quickly regained their composer and raised their weapons at the approaching warriors.

"ARCHERS FIRE!" Lexa quickly ordered to the line of archers behind them.

Once the order was said all archers quickly fired the first volley straight into the bodies of the brute like men and women. Each arrow hit its mark without error an many hoped for the best but sadly fate was still against them.

Now most people would either completely stop or at least slow down if arrows were sticking out of your neck and chest, these people however were definitely not most people. If this story was told to any other person, they would shake their head in disbelief and cast you aside, but the eyewitnesses at this moment would never forget the sight of an arrow punctured warrior still running at full speed followed by the effortless motion of swinging a battle axe and tearing open a line of Arkadians as if they were made of brie cheese. Lexa would never forget the warrior girl who had an arrow deep in her chest and another in her shoulder that charged with the power of a hydra. She wielded a double bladed axe and quickly brought it down on Lexa as if she it were the lightest object in the world.

Lexa quickly moved out of the way of the large weapon and lifted her own blade to cut into the girl's arm. Before Lexa’s blade could meet its mark, the girl quickly lifted her axe and met Lexa's blade half way down. The arrows embedded deep within the girl seemed to have little to no effect on her movements which completely astonished Lexa and made her fear the warriors of TonDC even more. If this was how each warrior in the area was, then she could only imagine how much Clarke could endure now and how staying alive in this battle would be anything but easy.

"You Arkadians disgust us, especially you and your so called honorable title presented to you after your return from the mountain" She growled out and swung again.

Their weapons continued to clash against one another before getting caught and now becoming a match of pure strength. Both faced one another with wild looks in their eyes while huffing like exhausted beasts. The girl brought her face a bit closer and spoke one more phrase.

“Soon enough, you and your camp blood will be shed by Wanheda and your sacrifice will welcome his rise from the shadows, you filthy coward.” She sneered and shoved her back and quickly swung her blade towards her head.

Lexa barely dodged the blade in time, in an attempt to process the girl’s words. Were they planning an attack on Camp Arkadia? Who in the Gods’ name was this shadow man?

While thinking of all the possible questions and answers Lexa became distracted and the girl quickly pounced on her moment of weakness. In the blink of an eye she brought her elbow directly against Lexa’s nose, giving it enough force to crack it, then lifted her axe above her head as she stumbled back.

Lexa saw the shine of the blade at the last second and immediately thought death was to follow, but in this case it wasn’t her own. Before the blow could land against her frame a blur passed by and the sound of armor and bone could be heard crunching against the edge of the blade followed by the fresh sound of muscle being forcefully cut open and displayed. Blood bathed the girl while getting on Lexa in a decent manner. Lexa’s eyes quickly adjusted towards the sound only to see that it was Jared who had taken the death blow directly down his entire torso. The axe blade stuck out of his chest while blood flowed out of his mouth as he attempted to speak, quickly being silenced by the abundance of the fresh crimson flood causing him to choke on his own words. The sound would haunt Lexa to the end of her days, weighing heavy on her heart as another person fell at her hand.
The warrior quickly realized that her intended target had been spared by the boy who spoke against Clarke as they stood by Lexa’s side. It angered her to no end, fueling her next actions as being brutal and marking her as a heartless beast to the Arkadians. Her axe was jammed inside the boy’s body and she needed to get it out fast so she placed her foot against his chest and forcibly tugged the bloody blade while crushing more of the boy’s mutilated with the dirty sole of her boot. The initial sound of the axe first killing the boy was one that ruined the mind, but the following sound of this action would have anyone throwing out their insides at the very sight and sound of how the body reacted.

With the axe now out of the broken cold corpse, the girl swung her axe once more hoping for a better outcome against her actual target. Sadly, Lexa had gained a new force of anger after taking in the scene of Jared’s death and quickly swung her blade, slamming it against the girl's axe meeting both its power and aggression. It became an intense grudge match between warriors before Lexa was able to win and slice a fairly large gash across the girls shoulder, going into her chest, followed by a swift kick to the ribs and a hit with the hilt of her sword against her face. The warrior stumbled back, dropping her axe from the unexpected attack, giving Lexa the opportunity to go for a few more slashes and then stab her side. Blood now poured out of the girl but she still remained standing while Lexa prepared for the final blow. She pointed her blade and aimed straight for her heart but a sudden roar took her focus off, preventing the death of what Lexa would title to be a barbarian.

She turned her attention away only to see the eyes of haunting yellow rimmed eyes, with blinding red rage filled irises, and soul piercing black slits charge at her. The sudden straightforward ram hit before she could even release a breath of surprise and caused her to fly quite a distance and into a group of her fellow Arkadians.

"TERRY! ASH! GRAB REED AND TAKE HER TO DORIAN! SIRBI, SAM, ENYO! MAKE A PATH FOR THEM!" Clarke suddenly yelled out.

Lexa could hardly see very well from the blow she had received, but the doubles of Clarke standing atop her beast, looking defensively over the axe wielding warrior were enough to bring back her senses. At the mention of the earlier names, 2 warriors, one with white paint armor the other with black, suddenly came out through the fighting crowd and lifted up the girl. Lexa quickly scrambled to her feet at the sight before her and quickly tried to run back to the area followed by a few other Arkadians. She attempted to push through the crowd that had filled the spot between them, only to have a small space open up to reveal the 2 warriors stepping on Jared’s dead corpse in order to lift the axe wielder who had fallen from her wounds.

Before she realized what was going on her feet had already began running, her blade was raised for a strike, and a war cry was erupting from her mouth. Clarke quickly turned her head and saw the girl she once loved, charge at her new family simply for a fallen soldier. She would have admired the determination to avenge her fellow warrior but she knew what she was truly capable of, and how she would only defend those she thought were worthy enough to stand with her. Pauna growled prepared to pounce at Lexa’s advances, yet Clarke hadn’t noticed because her focus now remained on her fallen sister and the warriors she sent to send her off to their local doctor.

Once Reed was taken by Terry and Ash and followed by the small team, Clarke quickly turned her attention to Pauna, seeing his rigid stance that seemed far too eager to attack then his usual stances. Her eyes then drifted to the charging figure of Lexa and her small band of warrior and immediately smirked at the sight.

"Pauna, led em op. " The order came out as cold and laced with the intent of gruesome torture, which the large cat happily took before leaping off towards his new prey.
Lexa was on full instinct at the moment, so it was quite a shock to see her slide on her knees, barely avoiding the claws of a hell risen beast. Clarke watched from her spot in the middle of the war zone as Pauna swiped at Lexa a few times, knowing it was simply a playful warm up to him in preparation for his anger towards the Romans he loathed.

As she continued watching the scene before hand, she felt the danger of something racing toward her back. She quickly turned around only to catch an arrow half an inch away from her heart. She thanked the perks of Wanheda's curse. It gave the holder a sort of enhanced spidey sense to ensure a long, mostly healthy, life. Clarke's eyes looked up towards the source of the arrow only to see Nyko holding a bow and Lincoln holding dual axes in his hands. At the sight of her old road partners Clarke felt a smile crawl upon her lips, knowing a good battle would come out of this.

"And here we have the puppets of Commander Coward. I say we change who holds the strings." She finished by snapping the arrow in half, throwing the pieces to the side, and unsheathing her sword, doing a quick figure 8 in front of her as a warm up.

"Where's Anya, Clarke?" Lincoln quickly asked, looking in no mood for her games and taunts.

"So you did grow a backbone afterall. Anya would be quite proud of, sad to say to can’t say that herself anymore." Clarke joked before charging at them.

She took a few steps before Nyko finally released his arrows. Clarke easily cut them down with her blade and it was now Lincoln who charged with his axes.

While their fight began Lexa’s was just about to get interesting. She was dodging the swipes delivered by Pauna while trying to land a blow through his thick fur. Nothing seemed to be cutting through it and Pauna was now all warmed up and ready to start. Lexa had no idea about the cat’s plan and had developed a rhythm around his moves. She expected another claw swipe so she went for her usual dodge only to be met with a large hit delivered to her chest by his tail. Now you wouldn't expect for a tail to hurt much but in this case, it felt like getting hit by a truck at full speed.

She began to fly back at the impact but was caught by his paw, which was quickly slammed down into the ground, cracking a few ribs and taking away the air in her lungs. She immediately dropped her sword upon impact and took the pain that followed as best she could. The weight on top of her was released, giving her some hope, before it was taken away by the burning pain of claws racking across her back filled her senses. She let out a loud scream of pain which caught the attention of many Arkadians and the TonDC warriors.

Soon enough the Arkadians who were able to back off their opponents quickly rushed to Lexa's aid. Pauna saw the new wave of warriors coming at him, earning a toothy grin and eager growl to come out of him. A new found joy awoke in him followed by a happy dream becoming reality.

More blood would be spilled then D-day.

He happily left Lexa to bleed in the crying ball she had become while he had his fun with the Arkadians. He paid no mind to the weapons they had aimed, savoring his fist kill by opening his jaws and closing them down on the 2 archers who had shot at him. Their bodies easily ripped in 2, spraying their blood on the warriors below while he chew on their corpses and enjoyed his small snack. He felt the blades meet against his legs, annoying him to no end, letting his claws tear open the rest and crushing a few under the weight of his massive paws. The sound of bodies opening from pressure rippled through the war zone followed by the most painful cries heard yet to sound in the battle. Blood sprayed everywhere along the ground below them, covering a few nearby warriors from both sides, while war cries continued to sound off towards the beast, the horror scene and cries flooding the dark skies that were starting to be filled with dawn’s light.
While the Arkadian massacre continued, Clarke was blocking the attacks from both Nyko and Lincoln at the same time.

"You know, I actually thought you 2 were good fighters back then but now I realize, you’re both as shitty as Quint." Clarke said while dodging Lincoln's axes and then cutting deep into his arm with her blade.

He hissed in pain while stumbling back then felt the force of Clarke's foot in his chest, knocking him down. Before she could strike him again, Nyko tackled her from the side, pinning her down with his size and punching her across the face. Her mask helped stop some of the hit but it still hurt nonetheless. Clarke had lost grip on her sword, laying just an inch out of her reach while he held her arms down and was now pinned under the enemy.

"Call off your warriors and we can all leave peacefully Clarke. No one else has to die." He said calmly hoping he could talk sense into her while attempting to keep her down as she thrashed under him.

"Fuck you. The price still needs to be paid after the shit you pulled at the mountain." Clarke hissed out, managing to get one of her arms out from his hold, then plunging one of her hidden knives deep in between his ribs.

He wasn't even sure when or where she got the knife out but he knew he needed medical attention soon. Clarke then punched him across the face, followed by another punch to his ribs before shoving him off and pulling out the blade. Nyko was now coughing out blood a bit and watched as Clarke stared down at him with a playfully glint in her eyes.

"No, Nyko!" Lincoln yelled and charged at Clarke.

Clarke turned around to dodge his rage filled swings and meet him face to face. This time Clarke would take her time with him, knowing her plans wouldn’t go the way she needed if he was dead. She could still do some damage, just not in the way she wanted.

She dodged his blades before seeing her opportunity. She caught his left arm, disarmed it, then used his axe to block his other attack with his right arm. She then kicked his gut but still held onto his arm. He released his other axe then Clarke flipped him over and threw his axe into his left leg to keep him down. He cried out in pain, breaking down on the floor before opening his eyes at the sight of many other bodies that littered the ground. Many, if not all, were Arkadians with countless others fighting with large wounds, knowing that they would fall soon at the rate of TonDC warriors that continued to gang up on them. His eyes then ventured towards what he still expected to be the night sky, only to find that dawn was creeping upon the buildings meaning Apollo would see the blood being spit and possibly help them.

Clarke on the other hand knew of the creeping dawn, meaning their time was running out. There were still cops around here and the deal around the area was anything was legal for them before dawn but if they weren't caught after, the system was able to take them if enough evidence was present. She quickly looked around and saw Pauna tearing into Arkadians like rag dolls while the rest of her friends and neighbors continued to mow down Arkadians without much of a problem. She could see Lexa struggling to fight Pauna but her back was a mess and Pauna knew he couldn't kill her. She wanted to end it then and there but her plan needed for Lexa and a few of her inner group to be alive, and that many things still needed to be gathered and prepared for it all to work.

Before she could think of other reasons their alarms went off by the sound of police sirens in the distance coming towards their location. They had run out of time and she wouldn't fail this family unlike her last one. She quickly looked for a warrior with a horn, seeing a fallen one nearby. She
quickly grabbed her sword and took off towards his body. She saw it was Mich, one of Luna’s enforcers, and knew she would have to return both the horn and his necklace to Luna as their burial ritual demanded.

She quickly tore off his necklace and horn then blew into the ivory beauty, sounding the retreat. The sound boomed across their war field and immediately all of them knew what it was. Everyone stopped their fighting at the foreign sound, leaving only the TonDC with the knowledge of what it was and what it meant.

"ROWENES LAUD! ROWENES LAUD!" Clarke yelled out in Trigedasleng out then brought her fingers up to her mouth, releasing a high pitched whistle for Pauna to come.

Immediately all the residents of TonDC quickly threw off or killed their opponents and ran off in the direction of their territories, helping the injured and grabbing the fallen if they could. Pauna dropped the warriors he had in his mouth and took off to where he heard the call of his beloved companion. Once he saw her he picked her up in his jaws and threw her on his back. They immediately ran perimeter behind her warriors to confirm they made it out without a problem, killing a few more Arkadians and then throwing another vile of Greek fire at a large group. She killed a few more who tried to kill the last of her people before settling her eyes on a broken Lexa who stood against a decently injured Indra. Their eyes locked for an intense minute, blue delivering the promise of another battle in the future while green tried to keep it together at the sight of what she created. With another second passing, Clarke clicked her tongue, turning her beast around as they both took off into the shadows of TonDC.

"Commander, we need to leave now. They would only leave if it were necessary." Indra said and looked around the horror show that surrounded them.

Blood and fire raged across the area while their warriors forced themselves up from their injuries. Lexa nodded and started telling people to help one another to get out. Everyone who was able to get up got to their friends and helped them up. It was a few minutes before the sound of sirens was clearly heard.

"Everyone split into groups no less than 3 but no greater than 5. Get help and steal clothes to blend in. We'll meet back in the woods before Arkadia's defenses." Lexa said and immediately everyone started to find their closest friends.

"We need to find Anya. Clarke had her before the battle started then disappeared after it started. She's around here somewhere." Lexa said and went back towards the building that now had no evidence of having a wall of fire.

Indra followed behind while she told Lincoln and Nyko to treat their injuries and prepare to leave. While walking towards the building Lexa saw all the bodies sprawled across the pavement and the blood that followed their bodies onto the next life in the Underworld. This battle was definitely going to end up on the news, knowing no amount of the mist could cover up the scene before them. Titus was definitely going to kill them.

Once Lexa pushed that thought aside she heard the small moan of a person coming from under the rubble near the building on the outside.

"Anya! Anya!" Lexa yelled out while she tried to hurry her pace.

"Lex... I'm over... here." Anya weak voice whispered out, just loud enough for Lexa to hear her.

She moved to a pile of rocks that were decorated with claw marks. She moved a few before seeing
her friend’s face bloody and on the verge of blacking out.

"Anya! We're gonna get you out." Lexa said while moving as many rocks as she could.

"Bout damn time asshole." Anya wearily said before freeing her hands.

Suddenly Indra, Lincoln, and Nyko came and started helping.

"The cops are closing in. We need to hurry if we don't want to get arrested and charged for murder." Nyko said while freeing Anya's legs.

They quickly helped her out and up, carrying her off as fast as their injuries could take them. They couldn't find any open stores or randomly left jackets out so they were fairly noticeable in the ever coming light of day. The sky usually woke up in a nice welcoming array of a warm pink with a splash of a bright vivid orange and playful yellow, but today the sky burned like fire with a bold color of a burning red, dark consuming orange, and no trace of any shade of yellow.

It was the color of a bloody sky. Sure enough the gods had seen their battle and mourned the loss of their slaughtered children. The gods may never really visit them like actual parents but they would do subtle things such as this in their kid's honor. It still angered them that they had acknowledged them but did nothing to stop or help them in any way.

"We have to take the bus back to the safe house. There we can quickly pack up, clean and patch our wounds up, and leave before we get an ambush from them." Indra said looking at all of them.

Nobody disagreed with the plan seeing as that was their only option at this point. They walked around the area of TonDC cautiously before finding their bus and riding back to their temporary home. It was half past 6 in the morning so the bus had a few people on it, now including mortified business men and women. Not to mention the bus driver who looked like he was about to have a stroke from just watching them.

"Crazy costume party and this one had a little too much." Lexa said while gesturing towards Anya who was on the verge of knocking out in any second.

The bus driver simply nodded with wide eyes and let them sit. They stayed on the bus for about another 40 minutes before they stopped at the corner just 2 minutes from the house. They paid their bus fair with whatever they had and left without another word. They walked in silence and pain before reaching the steps and letting Indra, who was the least injured out of all of them, open the door.

They quickly piled in and put Anya down on the large worn out sofa in the middle of the room.

"Nyko, Lincoln. Clean your wounds then help Anya. She's by far in the worst condition out of all of us." Lexa said which earned a remark from a very weak Anya.

"That's not tru.... I've sirrrrvied warse." Anya slurred out and was now falling asleep.

"Sha Leksa . We'll get her up in no time, for the time being take off your armor and clean out your wounds. I don't know much about hell sabertooth tigers but I'm sure that its claws may contain something that will infect your wounds later." Nyko said then went to work on his own rib wound with the help of Lincoln who was getting helped by Indra.

Lexa nodded and went upstairs towards her room, going straight for her bathroom. Everyone quickly changed out of their armor and treated their wounds the best they could before Nyko and Lincoln started their healing process on Anya. It took another hour and a half before they were finished and
Anya was now passed out from exhaustion and pain.

"She'll wake in about an hour, at most." Nyko said while cleaning his hands of any blood and treating his shoulder, given to him by Clarke's blade.

"We need to leave quickly. They know where we are hiding and it's only a matter of time before they come here." Indra said while coming down the stairs in fresh clothes.

"We can't move much Indra. I need to wait half an hour for my wound to heal and Anya is still going to be very weak. Not to mention Lexa and her claw wounds. Me and Nyko still aren't sure about them." Lincoln said while finishing up stitching his leg.

They all turned towards Lexa who was simply sitting on the bay window in the living and watching as San Francisco slowly came to life, unaware of this morning's event.

Lexa was still going through the scenes she witnessed in her head. Playing each death over, feeling the sting of each wound before diving deep into the thought that she wanted so badly to avoid.

Clarke was alive and well. She didn't die on the mountain like everyone thought. The love of her life was alive.

Only problem is, she wasn't the love of Clarke's life anymore. Clarke wanted nothing more than to kill everyone in Arkadia. She was cold and full of revenge, it seemed to be the only thing fueling her actions. She was one of the most feared people in San Francisco and was definitely known across all gangs in California.

Lexa's Clarke was all but a ghost now. The Clarke she knew did die on the mountain that day and the girl she saw today was simply a shell of what used to be. It broke Lexa more than anything. It hurt more then when she left Clarke on the mountain that day and thought she died protecting her friends and family. It was far more worse because she changed Clarke to see the world in a way that shouldn't be seen. She made Clarke believe that life was now only about surviving. Kill or be killed. Keep your friends close but your enemies closer to have the opportunity of killing them yourself later.

"I did this." Lexa whispered to herself but everyone heard her and knew what she meant.

Nobody knew what thoughts were going through her mind but they knew it had something to do with this new version of Clarke. The cut throat, city terrorizing, gang running, demi god killing, assassin warrior, hell sabertooth tiger tamer, Clarke Griffin.

The girl who they use to know that hated killing things because she thought all life deserved a second chance, was always curious for adventure, and never afraid to stand up for what she believed in. It was because of her that they didn't retaliate against Camp Polis whenever they attacked. They knew what happened was the worse choice, despite saving their camp, and it ended the life of a girl who would make the world a better place.

The room was dead silence as everyone had their heads down and eyes glazed over, thinking of the faint memories all those years ago on the journey that ruined both sides of their world. That trip held some of their fondest memories but the end brought nightmares to all, especially Lexa.

Without another second, Lexa got up from her spot and walked back upstairs in both sorrow and silence. Nobody stopped her seeing as hardly anyone noticed after they too were replaying the girl they saw today. Greek Clarke was dead, Wanheda ruled with a bloody fist and an army of savages to back her up.
“What the hell? Where the fuck am I.” Anya’s extremely groggy voice suddenly broke the silence.

Those same words rang through them.

Where the fuck were they and what the hell did they just face?

Chapter End Notes

Translations
Pauna, led em op. - Pauna, make her suffer.
Rowenes laud- Retreat

This is by far the fastest I’ve updated so I’m hopeful to get some more done with this new found pace and inspiration. Side note, I started off the year by asking out the girl I like (sadly not successful but we’re still friends), and finding an abandoned kitten so if anyone has any advice on how to care for it and introduce a kitten to 2 dogs, please tell me. Hope you all have a good rest of the year and I’m hopeful about the next chapter being put up soon.
Hydras, Strangers, and Gangs, Oh My!!

Chapter Summary

The better Blake goes off in search of her lost friend in hopes to get answers only to be met with more questions and suspicions on what she's getting in to.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's never a solid plan, in any way, shape, or form, to simply run away in the middle of the night by ditching your patrol partner, saying you hearing a noise and then proceeded to run after said make believe noise without letting her have a say in the matter.

Scratch that, it's both a terrible plan and an unreliable one, especially when your fake noise later on ends up becoming a real one. In Octavia's case, there happened to be a hydra near the border and was now chasing the young greek warrior as she ran through the woods with nothing but a bag crammed with clothes, food, money and the clothes and armor she wore on her body. After reading the letter and seeing the video, Octavia couldn’t wait around for the said date on the letter so she left ahead of time just to see if this said Clarke was real and if so, confront her about everything and demand answers.

"What the hell did I do to offend you, you stupid scaly multi headed freak?!" Octavia yelled out while it chased her through the woods and towards the highway that cut through their camp woods property.

The angered beast simply roared back in response and spit out acid in an attempt to get its prey. She jumped over a few tree roots before hitting some pavement and feeling the heat of the acid drop directly behind her. She knew she had to keep her pace consistent now more than ever with how close it was to hitting her.

"Fuck you too Scaly. Thought hydras were unstable assholes anyways." Octavia yelled out over her shoulder before continuing to run along the treeline next to the side of a highway.

She heard the beast gaining on her but still pushed her legs further to keep away from its acid shot reach. She ran for another strong hour before exhaustion finally caught up and forced her body to slow down immensely. She knew the tree roots that she constantly needed to avoid weren’t helping her exhaustion so she began running towards the side of the highway. The hydra on the other hand was still going strong throughout their chase, seeing her slow down however encouraged it to pick up speed. It decided to run directly behind her, knowingly messing with her, so its side heads could
snap at her and then it decided to claim its prize. Sadly, its plan was cut short, well more like hit short seeing as a large truck struck the hydra across the road side and into the treeline.

Octavia jumped out of the way at the sound of a yelping hydra, the crash of metal against scales, and the sudden sound of both squealing brakes and crashing tree trunks. She landed in a large bush out dried twigs, almost knocking out from her exhaustion from her endless running. Her hopes of sleeping peacefully without a man eating hydra were cut short at the sound of a voice.

"Hey kid you alright." A man voice rang out, quickly pushing her out of her calm state and directly back into panic.

She took stranger danger very seriously, but she also knew a very important camp rule was to make sure mortals didn’t know about their side of the world. It was something Kane always lectured on about and what the rest of the head camp directors yelled about during training. Not to mention a lot of older kids would talk about saving a mission by making sure they had no idea about the monsters they had walking amongst them while keeping them safe. She pushed herself up and began dusting herself off while trying to look calm and collected.

"Umm yeah. I'm fine. Totally fine with everything.” She rushed out while trying to look as normal as anyone could with dirt caked on their pants, cuts along their sleeves from branches, and twigs in their hair.

It was then that she took his appearance, thinking he looked around 30 and a bit of a trucker, but also his fairly large truck. She knew the other rules nagged the back of her head but she really wanted to get to Clarke without having another monster run in again.

“Hey, do you mind me asking where exactly your headed?” Octavia asked with what she hoped to be a dazzling smile even though she was completely out of breath and looked like a mental patient escapee.

To her surprise the man answered, despite looking a bit skeptical about her.

"Headed up to San Francisco for some deliveries. Also to check in on some family." He said while pointing towards the back of his truck that held large crates tied down by straps and bungee cords.

The large name of Flow Crew Inc. was written along the side of the truck along with the large stickers smacked on the sides of the crates.
She had no idea how she missed them but she didn’t care at this point anymore. This was basically a sign from the gods and a major blessing. He was headed towards her location and it was a prayer answered, unless he was a pedophile/murder that now chose Octavia to be his next victim. While her doubts and better judgement began to come back, they were cut short when the groan of the hydra and slight movement caused it all to stop and instinct to take charge once more. She decided to take her chances with the stranger who seemed like a decent guy, not to mention she had training to take down minotaurs with nothing but a dagger.

"Mind if I tag along? I'm heading over there myself to see an old friend." She asked giving her best smile.

"Yeah sure. I stopped to make sure that bear up ahead didn't get to you anyway." He gestured back towards the large body of the beast before walking back to his truck and opening the door for her.

Octavia subtly, not really, ran to the car and hopped in, quickly getting comfortable in the plush seat.

"Don't forget to put on the seatbelt. Rather it be a safe ride then have room for even the slightest accident to happen." He said while jumping into his seat and turning on the engine once more.

Octavia hadn't ridden in many cars, except those rides given by Abby back to her house, so she tended to forget about to seat belt. She quickly put it on and then watched as the mystery savior shifted its gear and then continued driving down the highway.

_Oh thank you gods and goddesses. Mainly my mother though because she's the best._ Octavia mentally prayed then relaxed deeper into the seat which was heated.

"Names Lucas by the way. Local delivery guy for a few people here but mainly in San Francisco," The guy suddenly said to make friendly conversation.

"Octavia. Sorta local kid you could say." She joked while feeling her exhaustion begin to take over in the warmth of the seat.

"Local kid or a camper kid?" He calmly asked, startling Octavia out of her long needed rest only to see his posture was completely relaxed and not like he asked a very worrying question towards her.
Octavia continued to stare at him in disbelief before he finally turned to look at her, getting worried about her silence. Once he took note of her face he simply gave a gentle smile before paying attention to the road once more.

"Yeah I know about Polis even though I'm human. I'm one of the few lucky ones that can see through the mist. That also means I know that thing I rammed wasn't a bear." He stated while giving her a side smirk.

"What?... How?... This day just keeps getting better." She huffed out sarcastically, feeling completely thrown off and forgetting her exhaustion for a few seconds to get to the bottom of this man’s answers.

"What gave you away was the bracelet on your wrist. Mist people who know what their looking past can tell it's from a camp whether it be greek or roman." He stated.

"Well now that I know your real story, that probably means that your reason for visiting San Francisco is probably a lie. What’s your real reason for visiting?" Octavia asked once she came to the new realization.

"Can't lie to you kid because you a reason. I am making deliveries over there for a few friends and family while following orders from Azgeda and Floukru to go looking for you. They had a feeling you'd get in some trouble once the letter was sent." He said laughing a bit.

"Who exactly is they?" Octavia asked now wanting something other than vague answers.

"I can't tell you exactly who they are but if you guess some names I can confirm or deny if they are them." He said while tapping a small beat on the steering wheel.

"Okay. Clarke is definitely one of them, right." She asked with a bit of hope but mainly holding back on her emotions just in case it was all a lie.

"Ha, that’s the understatement of the century. Clarke is basically the only person in Azgeda who actually knows about this entire thing along with a few others. They've heard stories about you from her but they don't exactly know you or the fact that your coming." He shrugged while giving off a small chuckle, remembering the young fierce blonde and her stories involving her old family.
"Wait, you know Clarke?!" Octavia asked getting both a bit mad and excited at the confirmation that her long since dead friend was actually alive and well, at least that’s what it seemed like from Lucas’ voice.

"Yep. Known her since she first moved there. She's had a tough time but she's a stubborn kid and is definitely making a life over there." He said while letting out a light laugh at his words.

Octavia looked at him confused then he saw her face.

"You'll understand once you meet her. She's definitely not the same person you knew back then but try and understand her side of the story once you see her." He reasoned and they were now suddenly on a freeway.

"How much has she changed?" Octavia couldn't help but ask with a bit of worry in her tone.

She knew only one kind of Clarke and if this supposed changed Clarke wasn’t anything like the one she knew, but instead the one in the video she wasn’t so sure about her adventure anymore.

"Well I'm not sure about how she acted before I met her but I can tell she's changed by just looking at her eyes." He said looking a bit sad.

It was silent for a bit before Lucas spoke again.

"So the plan for you is to drop you off with Luna and then she'll take you to Clarke after a few errands and such." He sounded a bit optimistic.

"Okay." Was all Octavia could respond while she thought of his words.

*How much has Clarke changed since the mountain?*

*Did she actually die there?*

*Did she forget about them after getting buried?*
No, she contacted her meaning she knew them, but why hadn’t she contacted sooner?

Maybe she had in the previous letters but Raven always burned them so nothing could be said about that idea.

Lucas could see the doubt in Octavia and felt bad for her.

"Hey, tell you what. How about you sleep for a bit and I'll wake you up when we stop for a bite to eat? You did run for a while so I'm guessing your tired." He said giving her a kind smile.

"Okay. But wake me up exactly when we get food." She answered reluctantly, beginning to form her hood as a pillow against the window.

"Of course. No earlier or later. Clarke wasn’t kidding when she said bring extra money for food." He joked before he relaxed and continued on the road to San Francisco.

At his last words Octavia smiled, raising her hope about Clarke seeing as she still remembered the small details about her. All the memories of good times made exhaustion hit her hard and sleep came crashing down with the happy scenes of her childhood.

Octavia didn’t wake for about another 4 hours, only waking due to a few nudges from Lucas.

"Hey kid. Come on wake up. I'm not sure what you like so unless you want something disgusting you better get up." He joked and watched and Octavia slowly woke up.

"Are we there yet?" She answered in a groggy voice while yawning and attempting to snuggle deeper into her hood pillow.

"Not yet but I did say I would wake you up for food and we're now were at a truck stop. There's a Panda Express, Starbucks, Wendy's, McDonald's, and In and Out. What do you want?" He asked while pulling up into the truck stop, driving around a bit until Octavia could decide.
"In and Out, combo number 3 with grilled onions and a Dr. Pepper." Octavia quickly ordered before snuggling back into her makeshift bed.

"Alright, I'm guessing you’re too tired to get out so I'll just go through the drive thru." He said, quickly pulling into the drive thru. It was empty so they ordered fairly fast before going back on the road towards their ultimate destination.

"So, how exactly did you meet Clarke?" Octavia finally broke the silence with the question Lucas knew she would ask sooner or later.

"You want the short version or the long?" He asked taking a quick sip out of his soda and then switching lanes to avoid getting stuck between 2 trailers.

"Long, I have nowhere to be." Octavia remarked, taking a large bite out of her burger.

"Touche kid. I better not get judged by you because of what I’m involved in because I’ll likely be your ride back to Polis or your house, depends on the outcome.” He stated before continuing.

“I’m involved with gang called Floukru who are part of a group called The Coalition. All the 12 gangs in the TonDC area joined together under the leadership of Azgeda and each of us have a certain responsibility so we remain the strongest group in all of California, possibly the U.S. Floukru is in charge of the piers and docks, we import everything from vehicles to drugs to guns, on rare occasion we’ll deliver rare antiquities. I simply deliver the goods throughout the city, Los Angeles, or wherever our highest bidder came from. I ran into 2 girls when getting a small weapons import and the sound of police sirens flooded the warehouse area. I knew one of the girls was part of Floukru and our number 1 rule is to always help out one of your own. Without much thought, I signalled them to my truck and then pointed at the crates I was loading in the back of my pick up. They didn’t need to be told twice and they jumped in like parkour professionals. Thankfully the crates were all empty cause the deal had just finished so they both jumped inside one and closed the lid." He said laughing at the memory.

He remembered Clarke fighting with Luna to move faster and Luna retorted back with a snide comment about how Clarke was the one who got the cops on them. They fought like blood relatives and it amused him no less, it warmed his thoughts seeing as it reminded him of his own sister.

"Once the lid was closed and they stopped fidgeting, the cops drove up and stopped right in front of me and asked if I had seen any girls running by. I answered with a quick, ‘they went down the road towards the left’. They immediately obliged but what they didn't know is that area was on the infested part of the dock and where I told them to go was a certain warehouse that got their floor
taken out from the giant rat’s nest they found under the boards. Long story short I made cops run over a shit ton of rats and had both Clarke and Luna laughing like hyenas on the ride back home." He said laughing.

Octavia had a smile on her face hearing what happened but was surprised to hear Clarke had involvements with the cops. She really wasn't sure if it was the same Clarke Griffin she knew back then who would hate to go against the rules.

"Why were the cops chasing her?" Octavia couldn't help but ask.

"Oh that's the best part. Luna and Clarke just finished robbing an old sports bar that was home to many notorious bookies in the area and was said to hold one of the largest amounts of money in town. They managed to break in without anyone noticing and escape with the entire cash load. Only problem is Clarke wasn't paying attention when they ran down an alley in triumph and then crashed into an officer. She fell and dropped the bag, letting some stacks of cash out and then the chase began. It was a great score in my opinion." He said shrugging his shoulder and taking a bite out of the burger with one hand on the wheel.

Yeah, Clarke had definitely changed. For the worse or the better Octavia wasn't so sure yet. It seemed from his tone that she was having fun and was relatively safe, depending on how you viewed how dangerous gangs were. The rest of the drive was mainly silent after that. Once they finished their food Octavia went back to sleep before waking up again but this time at the sound of a car horn.

"Mother of Greeks." Octavia mumbled while jolting awake.

"Oh hey kid. Yeah people drive kinda crazy around here. Good news is Luna will be meeting up with you in 5 minutes once I find the spot and parking." He smiled at her while checking the streets and flipping off another driver as he passed them up.

"What time is it?" Octavia asked now wide awake and alert.

"It's now 10:47 am in lovely San Francisco." He said while taking a turn into a modern street that held a few apartment complexes, a Whole Foods, lines of small shops, and a small coffee shop that connected to what she assumed were apartments above it.

"Clarke is probably busy today and I already contacted Luna ahead of time so she should be waiting
inside. I'll walk you in, introduce you, then I'm off to another group in the city to get a few packages." He said smiling.

He quickly found a parking space in front of the coffee shop then got out and gestured Octavia to follow. She followed closely behind while he opened the door for her and then went in.

"Lucas! You old bastard. How's life?" A loud Russian accent voice boomed across the shop, startling a few customers and leaving the rest unfazed.

It scared Octavia when she walked in but she relaxed once Lucas responded just as loud and welcoming.

"Hello to you too Dennis. I'm not sure your customers appreciate your language." Lucas joked before approaching the counter, signalling Octavia to follow.

"Trust me, if they were real customers then they know how I speak. Now, tell me, what brings you to my shop?" He asked while pouring a cup of coffee.

"Would your amazing coffee be an acceptable answer?" He asked, clearly joking.

"Ha, we both know my coffee taste like мудак медведя. My food however is acceptable." He joked while sliding the cup over.

"Let me guess, you’re who Niblida is waiting for." He whispered low so only they could hear his words.

"Yep. I trust you can take care of my friend here while I go on another delivery route." He said, placing his hand on Octavia's shoulder and giving her a reassuring squeeze.

"Of course. Follow me." He said walking out from behind the counter and now stood at the other end of the bar where a small hallway was.

"Great. I'll see you later Dennis." He said waving then looked towards Octavia.
"Octavia please try and understand the situation without a bias view. She's changed and I'm not sure if it's better or worse. If she contacted you that means she trusts you and, coming from her, that's a big deal. I can see it in your eyes that your worried, upset, possibly a bit mad, and confused about this whole situation but imagine her thoughts after everything that’s happened to her. She's like the niece I never had and she has a family here that pulled her back from a dark place and now she wants to get her old family back. I hope you choose the right option for both yourself and her.” He said with a sincere smile and then left without giving Octavia a chance to respond.

She stood there a bit shocked until Dennis' voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Follow me child." Was all he said before walking into the hall, disappearing behind the coffee shop walls and into the unknown.

It took a few seconds but Octavia eventually moved from her spot and followed. In the back were 3 doors. One for the ladies bathroom, the other for the men, and the last had 3 locks on it and a sign that had 2 languages on it boldly written. One is English the other in a strange dialect she had never seen before.

**Restricted Access Only**

*Anyone seen without proper access will be arrested and banned from establishment*

Azgeda, Floukru, Louwoda Kliron, Trishana, Ingranrona, Ouskejonru, Boudalan, Yujleda, Delfikru, Sangedakru, Kripakru, Giakru

Suddenly Dennis moved Octavia to the side a little then knocked. The knock was definitely in a pattern which was followed by a series of locks being aggressively unlocked and the door was suddenly pulled back only to be stopped by a thin chain that threatened to snap at the power behind the swing of its hinges. A scarred tattooed face could be seen through the sliver of light that creeped past the old white chipped painted door. The man looked just about done with anyone’s presence so his features only added onto his permanent scowl matched with shaved sides with pulled back long black hair.

"*Teik em gon Nitblida.* Wanheda's call." Dennis ordered in what Octavia assumed to be the strange dialect on the door sign because it definitely wasn’t Russian in the slightest.

"*Sha, wormana.* " The man in the door said before closing the door and taking off the chain.

"I stopped being that when I became to old and was dismissed." Dennis said in a irradiated tone and
scorned.

"Doesn't mean your still not one." The man said in a sly rasp like whisper.

He opened the door fully and gestured Octavia in. She tentatively stepped forward before coming face to face with a large stairway. She internally grumbled at the new strenuous physical activity she had to do but was quickly motivated once the door was shut behind her followed by the quick rushed movements from all the locks being placed back. She took two steps up before the man suddenly rushed passed her and continued his pace as if nothing was wrong. Octavia had no idea how the man was so fast being a bulky frame and looking extremely tense yet he moved with the silence and grace of a field mouse across a grass meadow. She pushed herself to follow close behind him, with absolutely no attempt at being silent, and reached the top of the stairs only to be greeted by the sight of an apartment/café full of gang hitmen and demigods alike. There were tables with food and weapons while warriors sat and laughed. They spoke in a language similar to what she heard Dennis speak.

"Luna is this way." The guy suddenly said towards the right leading down another dimly lit hallway.

Once he spoke everyone in the room finally took notice to their presence. Just like that the carefree environment now turned guarded and observant towards the intruder that had entered their private establishment. Some leaned more into their tables and grabbed their weapons while others simply retreated in the walls a bit, hoping to be passed over but still holding an eerie aura around them. She quickly followed the man down the hall with her head hung slightly lower than usual but her body still held the confidence of seasoned greek warrior. Once in the hall the talking continued again and she was ushered towards the end of the door filled hall.

"She is through the door on the right. Knock first." Was all Scar Face said before walking away.

*These people aren't one for conversation.* Octavia thought before reaching the said door.

The door was a dark ebony crafted piece, which was in stark contrast to the blue grey walls with white borders. She knocked 3 times before a strong yet smooth voice ordered out a simple enter. Octavia carefully opened the door before putting her head through and peaking inside. The room looked far more elegant than anything in the entire building. The entire left wall was lined with bookshelves, matching the look of lawyer’s offices, full of various books and even holding what appeared to be scrolls. The right wall had a simple table that held a small potted plant neighbored by a Keurig machine and different mugs sat next to a small photo frame. It would have appeared cute and harmless but the wall space above it was lined with an array of firearms and various swords. She then looked ahead of her and saw the only normal looking wall in the entire office. It held a large sized window with wood like open shades with framed diplomas and degrees placed across the wall. Two filing cabinets held one side of the wall, leaving a gap in the middle, while another two filing
cabinets donned the other side. She took notice of the wall once more, this time noticing the different photos of people and places that gave the room a personality. They varied from colored photos to old fashion black and white ones all holding different places and people in different emotions.

"There is no one else here Octavia. You'll be seeing Clarke later."

Octavia now took notice of a girl behind a large dark oak desk. The girl had verbally acknowledged her but ignored her physically, not once looking away from the papers she held in her hands while other documents and large files were sprayed across the entirety of the desktop. It only stopped at the phone in the corner and her own personal items which included what appeared to be a hunting knife next her right hand alongside a ballpoint pen. In front of the desk were 2 comfy looking seats that matched the desk perfectly.

Now normally Octavia would have bit out a comment at the action, but she had a feeling that her normal attitude and remarks would get her either killed or something drastic along those lines. It was a gang after all and all she knew from them was from movies, games, and the news. She took in the girl’s look. She had fairly tan skin with a large head of reddish brown curls. A heavily worn leather jacket donned her well built figure with a simple white top underneath with the beginnings of a tattoo just creeping past the collar against her neck. She looked young but Octavia guessed she was older seeing as she seemed to be the leader of whatever this place was. She had to be at least 20 to be in charge of something like this while looking ready to kill behind her desk.

"Oh. How do you know my name?" Octavia asked without really thinking about it.

"Well, Clarke did tell me to meet you. Naturally, if your meeting someone you should know their name." The girl said looking up from her papers and addressing Octavia for the first time, looking slightly annoyed, since she entered.

"Right. Sorry about that. So, I'm guessing you’re Luna then?" Octavia asked while walking towards the desk.

"That would be correct. Clarke isn't going to be free until the early evening. Something urgent came up and now all leaders in TonDC are a bit busy today." Luna said with a small smile, taking the unreadable look off her face, and a shake of her head to truly acknowledge her presence.

"You can sit. I don't care what you do just as long as you don't leave." Luna said looking back at the papers causing the stoic look to return.
Octavia nodded before taking a seat in the cushioned chairs in front of Luna's desk. It was then that Octavia noticed a majority of the papers had the logo of San Francisco police department on them. That along with files reading Restricted File on them in large red stamps caused Octavia to question how she got ahold of what she assumed to be papers that weren’t meant for the public in any way. Octavia was now really confused and worried on what Clarke got herself into and what her life now consisted of. Before she could really start doubting the situation, a song suddenly came on startling both herself and Luna.

And so I wake in the morning and I step outside
And I take a deep breath and get real high
And I scream from the top of my lungs
Hey what's going on!

Weren't the lyrics that bursted out before Luna pulled out a phone from her back pocket while mumbling what she assumed to be curses in the strange language again. She quickly answered in an irradiated tone, clearly not happy with the situation that was caused by the interesting ringtone.

"Jok you asshole. I have a guest here who got freaked out from your little on going joke. By the way, you still never got rid of this skrish from my phone like you promised." Luna said angrily into the device, spinning around in what Octavia now realized was a swivel chair.

She was silent for a little while the other person on the line spoke, which she would simply nod and laugh at. Octavia was completely scared at the interaction in front of her, not from the intense look and aura of Luna but from the phone itself. All phones whether they were old or new attracted monsters to any demigod's location and this girl was definitely a demigod but to who, she had no idea. She had no idea how she carried a cell phone on her, probably at all times, without having to worry about monsters swarming onto her location. Her fear filled thoughts were quickly phased out once Luna spoke again.

"No shit, you caused something big. Cops are going up everybody's ass about this entire fiasco except you guys." Luna said while standing up and walking around, looking every bit more annoyed with each word she spoke.

She seemed to be ready to yell another thing before she stopped and seemed to deflate slightly. She released a long huff of air before nodding and then stopping to answer. It seemed to weight heavy on her but she answered despite the new emotion that adorned her face.

"Yeah, I heard from him already and he said she's going to be fine. He lost her a few times but she’s
a fighter. Riggs' men weren't as lucky though so we’ll be planning a few more funerals to help him out." Luna said looking a bit sad.

There was a bit of silence on Luna's end besides a few yeahs and shakes of the head before she spoke again.

"No, besides that we haven't heard anything. They all ran but we have scouts on every one of the spies we placed in their group. I'll be sure to keep you updated as soon as we get a message relayed back to us." She smiled then quickly responded to something else.

"Yes, everyone knows not to touch them. All clans have been told and only C is at their location like you asked." She said while sighing.

"Alright. I'll see you back at Conclave around 5ish. Oh, before I forget, Polis lid yo in goufā of hod in. " Luna said with a small smirk.

"Yep. Not lying or messing with you." Luna with a sly smile then looked out the window.

"Exactly. See I knew you had a brain in there somewhere." She teased while crossing her arms.

"Hey, watch your language. Yeah, I'll tell Azgeda Gona your location later. She already harassed me about where the hell you were this morning and then tried out her bite once she found out your involvement." She grumbled out, clearly replaying a bitter encounter hours earlier.

" Jok yu too. Yeah, I know you really mean ai hod yu in. Anyways, call when your close, leida Wanheda. " Luna ended the call with a light laugh.

She went back to her desk and pulled out a drawer on the side. Octavia sat in silence but on the alert of a monster that may come at any moment. The fear of how long the call lasted rushed through her like a wildfire. She expected either a minotaur or small group of harpies to come barreling down the hall or through the window.

"Relax, daughter of love . Phone has been designed by demigods from this very area to make sure monsters can't find us." She mocked.
Octavia looked at her with confusion while Luna simply rolled her eyes and sat back in the chair, leaning back.

"We're not stupid. We have more advanced weaponry and other devices around here than Arkadia and Polis combined. Quite possibly ever imagined in history." She said in an arrogant tone.

"Anyways. I have somewhere to be and I can't leave you here by yourself because you’re likely to get killed by the people outside. So, come on we're going on an adventure." She said pulling out a bracelet and a wrist watch from the drawer then pulling out a gun and slipping it into her waist band as if it were a small fashionable trinket. It was a large black handgun that looked ready to blow anyone’s head out. She had seen swords aimed at her body and had monsters chase her down, but a gun was new to her and despite it not being aimed at her she still feared it.

"Don't worry, gun isn't for you." She quickly responded in a reassuring tone in an attempt to calm Octavia down.

Octavia felt a bit uneasy but relaxed a bit until Luna spoke again about the details of her new place.

"Gun is for protection for where we're headed." She said then went straight for the door without waiting for Octavia.

Octavia was now scared again but immediately got up and ran after Luna who was already at the staircase.

"Don't kill anyone in here and nobody damage anything!" Luna ordered while going down the stairs.

Everyone in the room quickly nodded and answered with ‘Sha, Heda’ and simply continued carrying on their business while Octavia scrambled to catch up with the power strutting, leather jacket wearing, goddess like warrior.

This was definitely going to be an interesting day with the strange girl.

Chapter End Notes

Translations of both Russian and Trigedasleng
мудак медведя- the asshole of a bear

Azgeda, Floukru, Louwoda Kliron, Trishana, Ingranrona, Ouskejonkru, Boudalan, Yujleda, Delfikru, Sangedakru, Kripakru, Giakru

Ice Nation, Boat People, Shadow Valley, Glowing Forest, Plain Riders, Blue Cliff Clan, Rock Line, Broadleaf, Delphi Clan, Desert Clan, Demon People, and Giants Clan.

Teik em gon Nitblida- Take her to Nightblood

Sha, wormana.- yes, general

Jok- fuck

Skrish- shit

Polis lid yo in goufa of hod in- Polis brings you the child of love

Azgeda Gona- Ice Warrior

Jok yu- Fuck you

ai hod yu in- I love you

leida Wanheda- Bye Wanheda

Hi everyone!! Hope you enjoyed this part of the story. It may seem like a filler but actually it's creating all the components of the story and making sure everything goes how I think it'll go well. Side note- i died from Hayley Kiyoko's new single Curious. Like damn, I'm deceased and now i wait patiently as she will drop her album soon. 20gayteen is truly getting better and I hope it rubs off on some of my auditions. Hope you have a good day/week/month/year.
Deal with your Problems, Nurture your Demons

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Clarke's actions affect a few aspects of both her home life and revenge plans, causing her to pay a visit to the doctor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke had no words left to say of the recent ordeal after making a few phone calls and giving the final order for her lieutenant C, aka Chiara, to track Lexa and her group while everyone else was ordered to kill the remaining Arkadians still in the area. Everyone was fair game besides the people with the Commander and anyone who escaped past the bridges that led to the woods and beyond. Many would be stationed at the bridges and exits into and out of San Francisco to get their last kills while others would enjoy the hunt in the city. It definitely would end up with more police involvement after the kills were done and left to decompose, but they all felt it was worth it. Plus, all the gangs had the best defense attorneys in the state on their side along with a few corrupt detectives that would often lose a few things in evidence.

She reached home around 8 am, coated in blood and a few bruises from the war and catching a few Arkadians on the way. Immediately reaching the house and getting Clarke off safely, Pauna went straight to his bed in the basement garage they had made into his room. Clarke attempted to go upstairs as quietly as possible, seeing as her 2 worst people to see right now usually woke around this time of day to begin their gang responsibilities. She prayed to the gods and titans that she wouldn’t wake Roan or Ontari, but mainly Ontari.

Sad to say, Zeus really doesn't like Hades.

As soon as Clarke slipped through the window in to the second story hallway and closed it behind herself, someone cleared their throat behind her catching her off guard and tensing her up tighter than a steel spring under a compressor. She immediately turned around, hoping maybe it could be Roan, only to see that it was indeed Ontari staring her down ready to chew her out. She knew this was gonna be a bad one so she attempted to defuse the situation slightly by speaking first.

"I can explain?" Clarke instantly said even though her voice betrayed her and her response came out more like a question.

This time Ontari simply stared her with arms crossed and intense eyes. Her plan to defuse the situation had backfired badly and she knew this would result with some intense words between the 2
stubborn warriors.

"Can you really?" And just like that the silence was broken and now Clarke could really see how pissed Ontari was about what had happened tonight.

Her stance was tense, shoulders were straight and stiff, her left foot was out a little and tapping impatiently, while her arms were crossed and her hands tightly gripped around her biceps. The sleeves around her arms were currently being stretched under the grip of her finger and nails more than any other time Clarke had seen, she now worried about how bad Ontari would blow up on her. She finally looked the daughter of Zeus in the eyes, hoping for some leeway, but the usual calm light grey coloring was gone and replaced with dark stormy grey with streaks of blue that imitated a rough lighting storm. The possibility of lightning actually appearing within her eyes ran through Clarke’s thoughts seeing as she is Zeus’ daughter and could summon the power of lightning at will. Sadly, her thoughts were cut from going any further when Ontari cleared her throat again, attempting to coax some response out the daughter of Hades.

Instead of answering, Clarke simply stood there while putting her head down a bit and scratching the back of her neck, Ontari catching the action as one of her nervous tells. She knew Ontari must have heard what happened but honestly, things weren’t as bad as people said. They only lost a few people but they left a larger impact on Arkadia's ranks and legion power. With what they did today, Clarke's plan was now getting a bit ahead of schedule meaning the main part of it all needed to be done soon, all they needed for their grand entrance into the mortal world was now within their grasp. Of course Ontari and Roan didn’t know all of the plan, but Clarke was going to tell Ontari about the rest of the plan at their next recon of the site. Her and Luna were already on board with the plan along with a few other clans but not everyone knew due to fear of backlash on what the plan might do to their world now. It was only certain sections that knew about the entire grand scheme of everything and what their goal was and to who they were aiming to get.

"Can we talk in your room, maybe mine? I'm kind of tired and need to take off my weapons." Clarke finally answered in a soft voice, just above a whisper.

At the sound of her voice, Ontari eased up a bit and took in the sight of Clarke completely. She looked like she went through hell and back while dragging others through the fields of Tartarus.

Blood stained her coat and armor, while her weapons were practically alla replaced with blood iron. Her skull mask was still on but she could tell there was damage done to her face under the burden she constantly wore when she went out. Ontari knew every bit of Clarke along with what her armor looks like when injuries happen. She nodded at her request and led them both to the weapons room. It didn’t take Clarke long to empty out every weapon holder she had, dropping them in their cleaning stations, then took out her vials of greek fire. Immediately Ontari noticed that many of her vials were gone, causing some of her anger to spike again at the realization that greek fire was used in a fairly public area. Finally, Clarke took off her mask and sure enough her nose was bleeding a bit and the
corner of her lip was slightly busted. Clarke then walked past Ontari and went into the bathroom to wash up. She checked for any need for stitches, found none, and cleaned out her cuts and wiped off as much blood as she could on her skin.

She shed her armor off in the bathroom, leaving her in a black tank top and black leggings, then led both of them in silence to her room. Clarke was the one to open the door, gesturing for Ontari to enter, and then closed it behind them. She went directly to her bed and sat down on the plush mattress, knowing she would need a comfortable place to stay while she got lectured by her girlfriend. Ontari stood in between the distance from the bed to the door and waited for Clarke to truly settle into her spot before she began her talk.

"Ask your questions and say what you're going to say." Clarke sighed out, running a hand through her hair, knowing this would be a lecture for the books.

"What were you thinking?! You just got shot and instead of taking a rest for at least a day, like we agreed, you wake up and decide to go to Louwoda Kliron's tournament! You didn't even leave a note or say anything to any of us!" Ontari started, letting her anger begin to get the better of her.

"I highly doubt any of you would actually let me go." Clarke said scoffing a bit, immediately regretting the action knowing that it fueled the argument.

"Because you were shot near your spine!" Ontari instantly answered and seemed a bit more agitated.

"I wasn't dead Ontari! Did you honestly expect for me to stay here the entire day for a simple injury that this stupid mark can cure." Clarke answered annoyed.

"You can't always rely on it Clarke. What if one day it can't save you from an injury and leaves you to fend for yourself on your deathbed!" Ontari argued, sounding desperate at the very thought of such a sight.

And there it was. The real reason the whole fight was about. What if the mark couldn't save her from a weapon? They've had fights similar to this before and always each one revolved around the same concern.

"Ontari, we both know this thing isn't going to leave me to die anytime soon. We've seen me get worse injuries, don't deny it, and in every situation I'm left in this room a bit beat up and walk out like nothing happened. This mark is as old as the gods, possibly older, it's survived for this long and
the only way for it to leave the person is by natural causes or by ALL the gods themselves.” Clarke said but this time getting up and directly in Ontari’s face, getting tired of the same point in each fight.

This time she let her anger get the best of her, letting out everything she’s held back in previous fights.

"Those very gods who think they know everything, currently think I'm dead!" Clarke yelled while throwing her arms in the air and ultimately giving up on everything that was going on.

"They say they're our parents and so much more, but what kind of parent doesn't even bother to check if their kid is really dead! You see the goddamn news show stories about parents who keep looking for their kid after 20 years have past, yet I've been gone for 5 fucking years and nobody checked that damn mountain! My father is the fucking king of the dead for crying out loud! He thinks I'm dead!” Clarke yelled letting it all out with a sarcastic ominous laugh.

"I know my mom still hasn't given up on the fact that I'm dead, but besides that, nobody really gave a shit that I actually died. I know my mom couldn't look for me because of the monsters so she has a free pass but everyone else can go and stab themselves with a rusted spearhead." Clarke said letting a single tear slip out as a vein in her neck strained tightly as her words continued.

“The greeks of Polis left the mountain alone this entire time, but they did attack Arkadia in my name which is the only reason I’m involving the select few with what I’m planning for us.” She hissed out, proving her point on how much she despised the gods and giving the reason for involving her old family.

"I fight no matter my injuries because out there I actually mean something to people and I know they have my back. I'm a hero to some and a nightmare to others. If I were to disappear they would want to find the body to prove and respect my legacy. Besides that I have nothing. I'm simply another demigod trying to survive on this piece of junk, shit ride, we call life.” Clarke said breaking down and sitting back on the bed with her face buried in her heads, a weak attempt at trying to reel in her emotions again.

At this, Ontari eased down her anger and did understand what Clarke was talking about. All the demigods in the area were only claimed by their parent and after that, they never heard from them again. Everyone living here was forgotten by family or simply left behind like garbage by people they loved and trusted with all their hearts. People here only wanted to be taken in by some form of family and to be seen. They all felt like simple shadows on a wall but it felt a bit less when they saw others shadows next to them. Everyday people simply pass by as if you don't exist, including the people you thought were your friends and family. Flesh and blood didn't matter to anyone here anymore.
The only thing that mattered in TonDC was who stayed with you during your darkest hours and pulled you out when things got bad. Family here was stronger than any other anyone could ever find. Nobody left the other behind and there was only a maximum of 2 cases where someone ratted them out. Even then, those people were taken care of after but besides that, your family was your own. Like the movie Lilo & Stitch, Ohana means family and family means nobody gets left behind. That was their law besides jus drein, jus daun and a few of their other old ancestor laws.

Ontari’s anger completely left once remembering their laws and ehr shared memories with the broken blonde. She had watched her fall and seen her rise beyond her ashes. She carefully moved towards the bed and sat next to Clarke, still cautious of her reaction. She waited a few seconds before wrapping her arms around her and placed her head above the curled up frame of her girlfriend. The response was immediate on Clarke’s side, snuggling closer to the warmth and love coming from the hold, and placed her head in the crook of Ontari’s slightly muscled frame.

"You do matter to people and you aren't nothing." Ontari said kissing the top of Clarke's head as she snuggled further Ontari's warm embrace.

"You the strongest person I know, not to mention, you have the most heart out of any of us. I know i let my anger and worries get the best of me but that's because I remember that you're a sister to so many people, a dear friend to countless others, a daughter to a few, and the one person who holds my heart." The soft voice of the usually stoic warrior came as a whisper in her ear, while her embrace tightened slightly followed by the soothing motion of a gentle hand rubbing her arm.

"Your better then any of those natrona Arkadians and the most beautiful, head strong, courageous, sometimes dumb and dorky, girl I ever met." Ontari attempted to say fully but a slight crack in her voice came up without any hindrance.

Clarke snuggled impossibly closer into her embrace, finding a deep comfort and truth in the soft spoken words, and sighed out all her worries. It was a nice quiet intimate moment between them that stayed that way for a few moments before Clarke started to laugh a bit. Before Ontari could question Clarke's new mood, Clarke pulled away slightly and spoke.

"Since when did you become a huge sap?" She said smiling and just like that both girls were now laughing.

"I become a sap when my girlfriend becomes a bit sad and needs a girlfriend who will do anything to cheer her up. Also to say a few words that I don’t say as often as I would want to." Ontari said before lightly hitting her shoulder in attempt to prevent the endless teasing that would likely follow from Clarke.
"Now Sap Ontari is gone because you’re smiling that dazzling smile, meaning my job is complete."
Ontari teased which now had Clarke giving her a small pout.

"Aww, what if I like Sap/whipped Ontari better than teasing, brooding, Azgeda leader Ontari?"
Clarke announced, crossing her arms in hope to get some teasing in and some more comfort between
the two of them.

"So you want the wimp me instead of the badass sexy me?" Ontari continued to tease while looking
at Clarke with a smug, questioning smirk.

"Maybe. It's nice to see you be all whipped when I'm in need." Clarke answered back and attempted
to get up knowing what her next move would likely be after her final tease.

Immediately Ontari heard the jab at her and decided to have some fun. She laughed a little before
grabbing Clarke's hand and pulling her back down and into her arms. Her hands slid down to
Clarke's side, aiming for the only weak points of her tough natured love. Clarke knew where this
was headed and immediately started struggling in attempt to get out of her grip.

"Ontari you better not do what I think your about to do." Clarke threatened while still trying to
escape her girlfriend's hands away from her ticklish sides.

"And what if I am about to do what you think I'm going to do?" Ontari further teased while moving
her hands closer to her sides despite Clarke's frantic hands attempting to catch her own and stop their
movements.

"Don't you dare." Clarke tried to threaten in her best voice but sadly her voice was holding back
laughs that were beginning to slip past her.

As soon as those words left her lips Ontari's hands immediately went to her sides and they were now
in a full on tickle fight. Clarke laughed as she struggled to get out of the trap she was currently stuck
in while Ontari simply held tight while getting the blonde's sides.

"Ontari!.. Stop!... I swear.... You're gonna regret this!" Clarke said while trying to get some words
out between laughs.
"Not regretting this at all, Princess of the Dead." Ontari said while laughing at her girlfriend's attempts to be free.

Clarke continued to struggle and laugh with Ontari before she was finally able to fall over on her mattress, sadly with Ontari still attacking her sides hovering over her.

"Please!... I give!..... Ontari!" Clarke yelled while laughing her heart out.

"Say, Azgeda Ontari is the sexiest and most badass person on this planet and you'll be free." Ontari bargained while attacking her sides, this time with a bit more enthusiasm.

"Never!.... Sap Ontari.... is the... absolute best!" Clarke was barely able to say while she felt each laugh give her lungs a hard time to breath.

"Wrong words." Ontari teased while continuing her assault.

It took a few more moments before Clarke finally realized how much she valued air and the pain in her abdominals from laughing too much were now getting to her.

"Azgeda Ontari is the sexiest being!...... She's the most badass on earth!.... now please let me live!" Clarke quickly breathed out and instantly felt the hands of her girlfriend leave her sides.

Instantly Clarke calmed down her laughs and was able to get a deep desperate breath of air into her deprived body. She immediately wrapped her arms around her stomach and kept her eyes closed with a grand smile on adorning her face.

"That wasn't so hard now, was it?" Ontari teased once more, still hovering over Clarke, enjoying the rare sight of a carefree daughter of Hades.

Clarke simply smiled and shook her head about what just occurred.

"It was extremely hard because now I can't say Wanheda doesn't lose." Clarke playfully whined then opened her eyes to meet Ontari's now calm grey ones.
"Well, I don't think that's true." Ontari said smiling down at the blonde beauty below her, feeling blessed at the sight of the bluest ocean eyes solely focused on her.

"Why's that?" Clarke asked while looking at her girlfriend curiously.

"Because you did win something." Ontari said looking deeper into her eyes, changing the feel in the air to something heavier in a comforting way.

"What is this prize then?" Clarke said while placing her hands on Ontari's waist.

"Think it's best I show you." Ontari said before gently putting her lips on Clarke's.

They kissed softly and slowly, allowing the moment to feel full of their emotions they had both developed for each other since their first meeting. It was their apologies, unfelt touches, and feelings of complete adoration all in one kiss. Slowly things started to escalate when Clarke gave entrance for Ontari's tongue to meet with her own. The gentle kiss now turned into a heated make out session, with slight wandering gentle touches, before they separated for the sake of air. They rested their foreheads on one another while catching their breaths, sharing their oxygen much like how their shared each other's lives, and staring lovingly into each other's eyes.

"Well I think I liked my prize very much." Clarke said before bursting into yet another small sweet smile.

"I did too. Now, can we sleep for a bit or shall we get up?" Ontari asked while giving a chaste kiss to Clarke, still letting the thought of how lucky she was to have her here by her side to run through.

"I say sleep." Clarke answered while pulling Ontari down to rest at her side.

Ontari laughed a bit before pulling the smaller girl into her and wrappings her arms around her waist. Clarke snuggled into the hold and almost instantly fell asleep in their spooning position but not before hearing Ontari speak one last time.

" Reshop, niron . She whispered into her hair before gently kissing Clarke's temple.
Clarke wanted to answer but exhaustion got the better of her. They woke a few hours later around 11 from a loud series of knocks on the door.

"Breakfast is ready, you two better be downstairs in 10 minutes or else! We all have shit to do today!" Roan's voice boomed from the other side of the door, sounding pissed beyond his usual days meaning her heard about the blood shed in the morning.

"Mainly you Clarke! You have a shit ton of calls and people to answer to, mainly the cops though." Roan said before walking back downstairs.

Yeah, her suspicions were confirmed with his last words. The snuggled couple grumbled awake but Ontari still had her arms wrapped around Clarke's waist, still not ready to leave the room and into their frantic lives.

"If you don't want Roan yelling at us later, you better let me go." Clarke mumbled into the sheets with her eyes still shut.

"What if I don't want to." Ontari mumbled while nuzzling her nose against the the back of Clarke's neck.

Clarke laughed a little before opening her eyes and putting her hands a top of Ontari's.

"Come on Ice Warrior. Death is hungry and you don't stop death from eating or else." Clarke playfully threatened before feeling Ontari's grip slowly retract from around her waist.

"You’re lucky you’re Wanheda. A warrior bows before no one except their higher ranking and no one is above death." Ontari teased, before rolling to her side, now on her back, and rubbed her eyes.

"Whatever. Come on Snowflake. I'm hungry and it's too early to face Roan's wrath alone, so come on." She said getting up and shaking Ontari to wake her up a bit.

Ontari grumbled before getting up completely. She sat on the side of the bed while Clarke looked for fresh clothes to wear instead of her slightly dirt and blood splattered black tank top and leggings. She quickly changed into a simple black muscle t-shirt that with the personal design of the heads of
Cerberus from her Wanheda symbol with a simple dark grey sports bra under topped with a burgundy jacket and black jeggings.

"Get your ass up Frosty." Clarke teased while tying her hair up in a messy ponytail.

"I thought we agreed to not mention that name, and for your information I'm up but I'm not changed yet." Ontari said while getting off the bed now and facing Clarke.

"Well hurry up and change then. As for the name, you told me not to call you that after the holiday party incident. I never agreed to that so, let's go Frosty." Clarke teased while opening her drawer and pulling out a light blue t-shirt and a pair of dark blue jeans then throwing them at her.

"Think fast." Clarke warned before chucking them at her face.

Sadly Ontari couldn't think fast enough and ended up being blindsided by denim and cotton. Clarke laughed before walking out and heading down the hall, directly towards the stairs. She waited there for a little before Ontari emerged from her room looking tired and a little mad at Clarke. She wore a red and black shirt instead with a dark green bomber jacket which was a better choice then the first thing she threw at her.

"You're lucky I love you, otherwise I would leave you to Roan in a heartbeat." She said while going down the stairs, passing a laughing Clarke.

"Love you too." Clarke responded before following her down the steps.

They lived in a decent sized 2 story house that they renovated to comply more to the gang's needs, meaning they essentially had no kitchen besides a simple stove, toaster, and microwave. A sink and a few cabinets holding a few pots, pans, cups and plates paired it all together all crammed in the small corner of the bottom floor. They had no dining table so every meal was served on the sofas in the living room atop the coffee table in the middle of the entertainment room. They rarely cooked here but that didn't stop them from their large appetites and having nearly every takeout menu from the city and then some. Almost all meals in a year were take out from local restaurants and bakeries, so today was no different.

They were welcomed to the scent of homemade style waffles from a diner a few blocks down, owned by a retired Azgeda family. They didn't get involved in crimes or heist anymore but that didn't mean they could give some nice hospitality to their old family. Besides feeding them they also would
help hide a few people if needed.

"Great. Your awake." He said smiling and sliding them their foam containers consisting of their breakfast.

They all happily sat down on the sofas before digging into the fresh homemade meals. After a few minutes of eating Roan finally started his dreaded lecture towards Clarke.

"Now today we all have plenty of things to do concerning last night's events. I have to talk to a few cops to see what they have from the scene, Ontari your in charge of checking which Arkadians are still in the area, and Clarke your dealing with getting rid of the rest, checking on the injured, and talking to Luna and a few other leaders about how to prepare for an assault from Arkadia." He said looking at Clarke during the entire talk, knowingly assigning her all the hard tasks that often caused the most stress and tension between gangs.

"Great." Clarke mumbled sarcastically while taking another bite of her chocolate chip waffles.

Ontari elbowed her side after hearing her comment but Roan heard it anyways and started the lecture.

"This is what you get for leading an idiotic charge against Arkadia. You started it and now you have to deal with the consequences Clarke." He said looking at her like a parent upset with their kid about a grade.

"I don't even think I did enough to those Romans who supposedly call themselves gona, they fight more like yongon. They are less disciplined than the warriors of Ripakru and we all know they have very little technique, but what they lack in discipline they make up with speed and aggressiveness all at once." Clarke argued while looking Roan dead in the eye, clearly starting a challenge of authority and who was right in the situation.

"It doesn't matter if they can or cannot swing a sword. What matters here is that you were the one to lead an assault on them in the middle of town. You used greek fire for crying out loud." Roan said losing his patience on Clarke’s careless actions that were still being dictated by past memories and the need for revenge.

"First of all, I’m going to set the record straight and say that we didn't throw the first damn punch. Arkadia bombed the side of the building of the tournament and by the laws of TonDC, if another
rival gang attacks you first you are granted the right to protect your people. That includes letting us fight back and kill." Clarke angrily stated, stabbing her fork into the solid wood table.

"They aren't a rival gang though! They're the JOKKING Romans who reside in the forest! You put lives in danger and now we have cops who grew some balls and are threatening to put us away with all the evidence on that property!" Roan yelled while standing up, towering over the smaller blonde.

"The only lives who were in danger were those of the animals who scamper around during the night and possibly, POSSIBLY, a homeless man." Clarke yelled back, standing up with twice as much power rolling off her in waves.

"You and I both know it's about damn time we sent a message out there. The gangs of TonDC are tired of waiting Roan. We've been ready for an entire year now but you and the leaders you have persuaded to stand alongside with you, continue to hold us back!" Clarke yelled now letting her anger and personal attachment get the better of her.

She knew she was biased on this opinion but she also knew that there were others who had personal vendettas against them as well as her. Before they had a established a united territory, Arkadians would often come into the area and pick on what they considered to be the rejects of Roman and Greek society. Often many would be challenged into a fight, win because of shear force, then later ambushed and slaughtered before their friends and family. It wasn't a pleasant place but now they had all banded together and chased the arrogant fools back to their camp. Clarke’s plan was built to help everyone who was considered trash to both of their mortals and their blood right. Sadly, Roan didn’t see as that and attempted to stop or slow it down by any means available.

"If we piss off the gods and fail, we ALL suffer their wrath! We're just demigods and humans who are trying something that was only tried once in history!" Roan yelled back, referring back to a piece of a story they had found that inspired the idea of it all.

It was discovered out of dumb luck by searching their basement for any weapons they may have missed.

"That Wanheda wasn't ready like we are. We have demigods of all the tribes and not to mention we're about to have something that Wanheda never had!" Clarke yelled before realizing she was about to spill the most dangerous part of the entire plan.

"You keep saying you have something but you never bother to share that, thing!" Roan yelled not noticing that he was now up in Clarke's face and Ontari was currently attempting to stop them from having a fist fight in the room, which wouldn’t be the first or last time for such a thing to occur.
At the action of her trying to stop them, Clarke backed down knowing that it would escalate and she already had enough to deal with as it was. She looked at Roan one more time before shaking her head and walking out. She couldn't hear Roan or Ontari trying to stop her for different reasons. One positive the other taunting and Clarke didn't want to bother so she continued towards the door. She grabbed her keys and phone which were in the bowl near the door, took her riding jacket of the hooks near the door, and walked out without another word.

She didn't hear Roan's taunts or Ontari's shout of protest towards both her or her brother. Clarke went straight down the street where she kept her solid black 2016 Kawasaki ZX-10R. It was the fastest bike in San Francisco that came completely free of charge, well after stealing it with Luna and Ontari from the docks from the local triad.

She quickly hopped on, putting her black helmet on with the tinted visor on, ignoring Roan’s approaching form, and drove away towards downtown. While driving she pulled out her phone, placed on speaker, put it on the phone holder she made for the motorcycle, and called Luna. It was now around 11 by the time she called and she expected the response she got from Luna.

"Jok, you asshole I have a guest here who got freaked out from your little on going joke. By the way, you still never got rid of this skrish from my phone like you promised." Luna answered angrily.

"Hahaha. Never get tired of your lovely responses. Anyway, sorry about interrupting you and your guest but I need your help. By now you heard what happened so I'm not going to explain." Clarke sighed out while zooming down the streets and pissing off other drivers she cut off to reach her location.

"No shit, you caused something big. Cops are going up everybody's ass about this entire fiasco except you guys." Luna said letting a little angrier with each word.

Maybe this was a bigger deal but Clarke still had no regrets about the entire thing.

"No, they're up our ass to. Roan is own cop duty while I'm on ground work. Hey, I sent Reed to Dorian during the fight. Is she going to be okay?" Clarke asked knowing she would definitely storm Arkadia by herself if Reed died because of actions.

"Yeah, I heard from him already and he said she's going to be fine. He lost her a few times but she’s a fighter. Riggs’ men weren't as lucky though so we'll be planning a few more funerals to help him out." Luna said sounding a hurt at the loss of good friends which Clarke understood and felt even
more because she knew their death’s were on her.

“I'll handle those arrangements myself, I sent them to their deaths, the responsibility is all mine. Besides casualties on our side, what about deaths on their end. C should have sent a message, and I'm just wondering if you know anything?” Clarke asked while turning another sharp corner towards downtown.

"No, besides that we haven't heard anything. They all ran but we have scouts on every one of the spies we placed in their group. I’ll be sure to keep you updated as soon as we get a message relayed back to us.” She quickly responded sounding snarky.

"I could practically feel your smug snarky look. Anyway, I'm glad to hear you don't hate me and that you'll keep me updated on their movements. Mainly keep me updated on C’s location. I want it known that nobody even looks at them or even dares to think about hurting a single hair on any of them." Clarke threatened while stopping at a red light.

"Yes, everyone knows not to touch them. All clans have been told and only C is at their location like you asked.” She said while sighing then Clarke took off once the light turned green.

"Great. I'm doing some errands for Azgeda right now then I'll be heading to each gang one by one to talk. Sorry to say but your not first on my list but I'll pay you back by stopping by that tea place on Vine Ave. near those apartment complexes. I’ll bring your special. I'll be done with everything probably around 4 or 5 and be free until either Roan or Ontari call me or track me down. I'll be at the club Conclave and we can discuss what we need to do." Clarke said turning another corner and almost getting hit by a truck who's driver was eating.

He honked while Clarke simply flipped him off and continued.

"Alright. I'll see you back at Conclave around 5ish. Oh, before I forget, Polis lid yo in goufa of hod in .” Luna said.

The news made Clarke freak and look at her phone in disbelief. She nearly crashed into a red Subaru that had stopped abruptly at the next light.

" JOK! Luna you better not be fucking with me! I nearly crashed into a stupid jokking car! If this is your way of revenge for your phone I'll be happy to show you why they call me Wanheda, you little shit.” Clarke threatened while catching her breath, feeling her racing heart thud loudly against her
"Yep. Not lying or messing with you." Luna said sounding completely honest with a hint of a playful taunt.

"Dammit. I can tell your not lying. I don't even know what the hell to do because she wasn’t supposed to be here this early. Umm... well since you have her with you that means one of your men kept tabs once the message was delivered." Clarke said catching her breath and waiting for the light to turn green.

"Exactly. See I knew you had a brain in there somewhere." She teased.

"Fuck you asshole. I can easily bring up your bright ass ideas that got us in deeper shit with the cops. Well I'm getting close to the downtown district to get some supplies we need so can you tell Ontari where I am in about, I say 3 hours and 26 minutes. She'll probably call you sooner but you get why I ask for your help surprisingly, sometimes completely crappy, help." Clarke teased while watching the light change and revving the engine.

While doing so she got a few whistles from a group of guys on the side in front of a Starbucks. She rolled her eyes at them and also caught the eyes of a few staring girls. Yeah this bike definitely attracted attention which was sometimes good but when Ontari was around, she tended to get a tiny bit jealous.

"Hey, watch your language. Yeah, I'll tell Azgeda Gona your location later. She already harassed me about where the hell you were this morning and then tried out her bite once she found out your involvement." She said grumbled out, displaying her anger from earlier.

"Hey, you know your plans can get really bad really fast. I have a scar to prove it, which the mark still hasn't healed for some reason. I'm pretty sure it's telling me to avoid you and your horrible plans." Clarke teased before taking off again.

She then noticed a mark on her motorcycle from a window reflection. When the light hit it at a certain angle you could read some words.

Whistle if you want me to show you a good time
"You are a complete and total pain in the ass. I just saw your actual revenge on my motorcycle. This is truly a fucked up thing to do. I hope you get ready for my revenge because it will be worse than anything I've ever done." Clarke growled out while looking at the words.

"Jok yu too. Yeah, I know you really mean ai hod yu in . Anyways, call when your close, leida Wanheda ." Luna said ending the call while laughing.

Clarke tried to stop her but was too late. She huffed while letting a few more cuss words slip out. She hung up then looked at which street she was on before seeing she was close to her destination. She continued for about 7 blocks, receiving a few whistles, before reaching an old part of downtown with a small corner full of old shops run by ancient looking people. She reached a small parking lot behind an old Chinese medicine shop.

The area around this shopping center was divided in 3 parts to some of the most violent mortal gangs who all had a vendetta towards Clarke. Those gangs/mafias were Pinoy Pride Soulaz, Hollister, and Color Blue Soldiers. She managed to steal and cheat every gangs’ old leaders and now their new leaders wanted revenge for what she did. Sadly this shop was neutral ground for all of them so she was safe from their anger.

Clarke never understood why they got so mad though. She simply stole a few trucks full of weapons and furniture from the Soldiers, robbed Hollister after they robbed a few banks that her, Luna, Reed, and Thomas were going to hit for fun, and then blew up a warehouse or 2 owned by Soulaz. It was all in the name of good fun.

Once again she had no idea why they hated her. She parked in the back, knowing what she needed was in the back. She already knew the owner of the shop and he knew what she was planning. She opened the door and was immediately greeted by a young Japanese man.

"Hey Henry." Clarke greeted the jet black haired strong jawline man.

He was dressed in a simple tight black t-shirt, showing his muscles a bit, and blue jeans with black necklace that held a solid silver pendant. He had black combed over hair with light grey eyes. His voice didn't sound like how he looked at all but that added to his story. It was kind of light and uplifting but his face was strong and bold. He sounded like he grew up in Southern California but he told Clarke he lived in New York for most of his life before moving here to San Francisco.

"Hello Clarke. Heard what you did last night and I can't say I'm surprised." He said looking at her with a smile and a raised eyebrow.
"Can't blame you. You did predict something would happen that would throw me off. That prediction came sooner than I thought." Clarke joked while following him to a large door that led to the basement, decorated with 8 heavy duty locks.

"I knew it was soon but I thought, ‘Hey, let's see how she handles it.'" He said smiling a little then stopping in front of the door.

He simply raised his hand and all the locks unclipped and the door creaked open.

"Really Henry. You couldn't give me a hint." Clarke said looking at him amazed.

Henry was a friend that she met a little over a month of being here in San Fran. After getting chased by Soulaz and Soldiers. Clarke welcomed the help before realizing his shop held a heavy presence of almost god like power. She then found out he had many things such as hydra acid, manticore quills, Pegasus feathers, dragon scales and spit for some reason, and many other creature items.

Many of these items were needed for what Clarke needed to do and she also found out he was an amazing fortune teller. This wasn't a fake act at all and watched many of his predictions became realities. It was amazing and now he was helping Clarke in a completely different way.

"How's she doing today?" Clarke asked while he led the way down the dark hall.

"She turned the ones you brought a few days ago but she's having some trouble with the ones Luna brought in." He said before the started passing by large metal doors with small windows.

"Expected. She got them from her area and you know exactly where I'm talking about." She said before they stopped at a simple wooden door.

"Sadly I do. Wish I didn't, but I do." He shrugged off before knocking on the door and waiting for the response.

They heard a muffled yell, silence, and then the voice of their very needed alli.
"Come in and help me out with this one." The voice said calmly.

Henry rolled his eyes before opening the door for Clarke, quickly following behind while closing the door. A woman was strapped down to a fairly comfortable cushioned mental chair with a gag in her mouth while a girl in a white lab coat tried to keep her arms down.

"Are you going to stand there or help me?" The girl with her back turned said while struggling to hold down the woman who was definitely getting stronger by each second.

They both rushed to her aid. Clarke on the right, Henry on the left. They held her down fairly well while the woman in the lab coat rushed to a nearby table and grabbed an injection gun full of a red liquid.

"Clarke I'm going to need one of your famous knockout punches to her temple, otherwise this will be a lot harder than it already is." She said, rolling up the coat sleeves and preparing for the reaction of the new dosage.

Without hesitation Clarke delivered the blow fast and powerful, leaving the girl completely dazed and down for a few seconds. It was enough time for the lab coat to move the girl's head to one side and inject the needle right into a fairly prominent vein. The girl slowly went limp which gave Henry and Clarke enough time to get the restraints back on her biceps, forearms, and wrists. Once secured the girl now came to life, even more pissed than last time. Her eyes were now completely red outside the irises while her veins bulged around her neck as she thrashed around at all of them, hoping to rip free from her restraints and get them by any means necessary.

"For the love of Hades, what was in the dosage this time." Clarke asked while backing away from the girl while Henry and the lab coat both followed.

"Upped the juice with another drop of hydra acid and a pinch of your dark magic. Starts bad but ends beautifully if they're strong enough to survive." She answered while wiping the line of sweat off her forehead.

"Better end up well Tsing. Timeline changed. We need to move faster." Clarke said while looking at the woman who use to support Cage and Emerson.

"This will do the trick. That I can guarantee. We're in this together and I don't let down my allies." She smiled while watching the girl thrash around more violently, noting the effects of the new
They all watched the girl slowly lose her humanity and become another being entirely. A being of pure force and destruction under their control.

"You better Tsing. I saved your dead ass after the mountain so you owe me big time." Clarke said looking directly at her.

"No better pay then Granny's recipe of Reaper Red." She answered with a light timid laugh.

Clarke rolled her eyes before watching the girl in the chair again. It would only be a few more seconds before she was completely under their ideal control. If this dosage made better outcomes then that would just help the army they already started 2 years back even better. The very army that currently resided downstairs, where they made a makeshift food hall, homes in the sewer lines of San Francisco, and subway lines of both new and old.

An army of monsters lived under their feet and a new form was being created right here, right now.

Life was going great for them, while slowly turning dark for everyone else.

Chapter End Notes

Trigedasleng Translations

Natrona- traitor
Reshop, niron- Goodnight, love
Gona- warrior
Yongon-Children
Jokking- fucking
jok- fuck
Azgeda Gona- Ice Warrior
skirsh-shit

any not mentioned are in the previous chapter.

HEY! Another chapter is up, which is seriously surprising me and I'm actually not that stressed anymore. I had a chem test today and I actually knew my shit so things are looking up for once. I'm extremely appreciative of all your kudos and comments, like you all have no idea how much it pushes me to do a lot of my things and also improve my writing from what it use to be. I love you all and with that I will leave a small music
recommendation because I found an extraordinary band called Sofi Tukker which is mainly around the premise of European beats. If you're into that stuff go check them out, and if not, it doesn't hurt to take a quick listen.
The Past is a Burden for the Guilty

Chapter Summary

The past often haunts all of us. The ones who see it as their burden alone often break under its weight no matter how tough they seem or how well they think they have it under control.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It wasn’t until 10 am before Anya was fully aware of her surroundings and no longer passed out after sitting up for more than 10 minutes, however, she still couldn’t get off the couch in the middle of the living room. Thanks to Clarke, and how she left Anya to be found, Anya had a fairly large gash going down her leg from the rubble they pulled her out of. It wasn’t their fault that there was a rusted steel cable under Anya’s leg that they couldn’t see, therefore making the extraction of her body scrap directly besides the object and tear her skin open like a knife through cheese.

"Just get me a goddamn wheelchair and then we can leave." Anya tried to bargain for what seemed to be the 20th time since Lincoln and Nyko explained her injuries once she was conscious.

"For the last time, we're going to be running through the woods. Do you really think that will get you through the dense forest fast enough without slowing us down?" Indra stated in a tone that everyone knew was the final word about the topic.

She placed a plate of food on the coffee table in front of Anya while smacking her shoulder to confirm her stupid thoughts. Anya grumbled a few unkind words before grabbing the plate and tearing her meal apart. She was starved from her injuries and care but was thankful for her friends. Lincoln and Nyko were upstairs sleeping while Indra kept an eye on Anya, confirming that she wouldn’t try anything stupid before she was ready to. Soon it would be Lexa’s shift to watch her, but for now, she stayed wide awake upstairs, sitting on the windowsill and replaying what Clarke had said not more than a few hours ago.

"I will let your traitorous blood join the rest of your pathetic warriors."

She replayed the scene of Wanheda riding on her beast. The spine curdling feel of death looming over coming off in waves around her.
"I am the one who killed them all and payed with my life"

She paid more than her life though. She paid with her soul, mind, and anything that made Clarke the real Clarke.

"I am the bringer of death"

Clarke never liked the idea of death. Lexa remembered Clarke telling her about her childhood and how confused she was when she found our Hades was her father. Her mother was one of the nations best surgeons with the least amount of patients lost, often bringing them back from the brink of death, and that’s what she had admired about her mother. She gave people a second chance instead of letting them pass on. The very idea of death was foreign to her and she hated the thought of it all ending in a single moment.

"Then you die with the natrona. I'll personally place each and every one of you in the deepest pits of Tartarus."

Lexa knew enough Trigedasleng to know she was called a traitor and basically damned them all to hell. Well technically it was worse because she wanted them to be condemned in monster's hell.

"I've dreamed of this day for 5 years now. May we never meet again."

The hate in those words still could be heard as if Clarke were in front of her now. Clarke has been alive for 5 years and has thought of nothing more then killing Lexa with her bare hands.

Those words cut deepest within Lexa’s heart. She changed Clarke thanks to her decision at the mountain. All she wanted was to protect her people from Emerson, who had threatened to take out Arkadia and everyone at the mountain right then and there. She didn’t want to choose that option but it was the one with the least casualties, even if it meant sacrificing the girl she had fallen for at such a young age. Lexa made this killer and all the deaths that happened last night were just as much her responsibility as the very blades that ended them all. This was a revenge fueled war and many were paying the price of her mistake. Her choice killed half of their reinforcements and severely injured the other half.

She learned Clarke had no hesitation in killing anymore and could easily end any of them with a few simple moves of her strangely crafted blade. She knew that she could have killed Nyko and Lincoln in their encounter, but instead she kept them alive. It was a message to Lexa. She could have killed
Anya but instead she was beaten to a bloody pulp and left to be found by them while she was on the very doorstep of Hades himself. This was all for Lexa to know, Clarke was in charge and they were all simply pieces of a much larger scheme.

Lexa continued playing back the memories before she remembered what the girl with the axe said to her.

"Soon enough, you and your camp blood will be shed by Wanheda and your sacrifice will welcome his rise from the shadows."

Who exactly was her reference to him? They hadn't heard a prophecy being announced for the past 5 years so that means it was nothing major, or so Lexa hoped.

What she didn't know, however, was that Titus and Nia both pledged not to utter a single word about the piece of the prophecy they had received to any Arkadian unless all the events spoken within the piece were placed and actually posed a threat to their safety. Sadly, Titus didn’t know about Nia’s loophole seeing as Roan, Ontari, and Clarke weren’t campers of Arkadia. No one knew of this information except the children of the Big 3.

Lexa had to figure out how to handle this on her own. She knew this was her fight and hers alone, no other lives would be lost under her command for as long as this mission would last. Not while she could end it all with her surrender. The quick scene of saw Clarke as Wanheda flashed past her mind, this time it slowed just enough to see a small sliver of the old Clarke within her eyes. It was a bit of a stretch but it gave a new found feeling of determination to erupt within her. If Clarke was still in there, then Lexa would be the one to get her out. It was going to be a hard task but Lexa felt that she could get through to her in some way. If anyone could, she would.

She had to.

She just needed to make sure everyone else got back to camp safe and sound then she would come back and face Clarke alone.

The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Once they got back to camp, Titus would make sure nobody left their home until they had a solid plan, but if Lexa simply pushed everyone through and she went back before anyone noticed, she was golden. She started thinking of a plan while everyone else began descending the stair and joining the still slightly delusional Anya.
"Why don't we get a cab here, let it drive us across the bridge and to the edge of the state park, then steal a ranger's horse over there or something." Anya suggested while they looked at a map of San Francisco.

"Sure. That'll completely work without the chance of us getting arrested and then dying in our cells from a surprise slit to the throat! They own the police for Zeus’ sake!" Indra argued while feeling more frustrated with every plan they had come up with so far.

"Technically it's Hades' sake since Clarke is his daughter and is trying to kill us." Anya said trying to lighten the mood a bit, but it only earned her a harsh glare from Indra and a slightly less harsh look from everyone else.

"Okay. No more jokes. Jeez, just trying to lighten this really dark situation we're in." Anya confessed while looking at the map for another way out.

They both fell silent as they examined the map again, trying to find a way off without potentially getting caught, killed, or otherwise more injured than they already were in the shortest time possible.

"What about the sewer system?" Nyko's voice suddenly boomed behind them, scaring the very life out of both of them.

"ZEUS' LIGHTNING BOLT!" Anya yelled while falling off the couch, yelping slightly in pain of her injuries.

Nyko laughed while Lincoln appeared behind him smiling.

"I hope you die Nyko. I think I opened a wound because of your quiet ungrateful ass." Anya grumbled while on the floor and holding her aching sides once more.

Nyko continued laughing for a little before suddenly hissing in pain and holding his rib cage, where Clarke had stabbed him.

"Ha, even the Fates agree with me!" Anya boasted while slowly pulling herself back on the couch.
Indra simply gave him a death glare before looking back at the map and then realizing his words.

"Before you scared us senseless, you said something about the sewers?" Indra asked.

Nyko controlled his breathing before nodding.

"Heard you arguing about how to leave. All your ideas are above ground. Nobody thought of traveling where they can't see us." He said offering with his gentle smile.

"My idea is either the sewer system or the subway then run it across the bridge back to camp. Chances are someone left transportation for the few who are still here." He reasoned while walking to the kitchen.

Anya and Indra both looked at each other knowing it might actually work. They highly doubted Clarke and the gangs of TonDC kept an eye on the underground. They just needed the maps for the subways which they should find somewhere in this house thanks to their friend Jared who prepared for everything. They then wondered where he was but brushed that thought aside once Lincoln pulled out the subway maps.

"Do you know if any lines are abandoned and able to transport us to the bridge." Indra asked looking at Lincoln as he studied it.

"Umm. Well from these 2 subway maps, the orange line was taken down to make way for the red line. By the looks of it, I say it's still there and a perfect way to leave under the radar." Lincoln offered while placing the map down and leaning back into one of the recliner chairs.

"How far are we from the abandoned line?" Anya asked while drinking some nectar she packed with their supplies before they came.

"The nearest subway line entrance is an entire bus ride uptown but we realized they don't attack in human heavy areas so if we leave around lunch hour, they won't attack." Nyko said taking a sip from his mug full of tea as he leaned against the kitchen counter.

"Are you positive? We can't have any mistakes happening otherwise we get caught and meet Clarke's blade again." Anya said shaking the thought of the blade blood dipped blade out of her head.
She couldn't quite place her hand on it but Anya knew she'd heard of a sword like that somewhere. Probably at camp but she couldn't remember exactly where and it bugged her to no end.

"That sword is definitely something I've never seen before. It was a half and half of some sort of hybrid metal." Lincoln said while rubbing the small bandaged up area on his arm.

Seeing Lincoln touch his injury made Anya remember the pain of each blade stroke on her skin during the fight. That was definitely something she wanted to forget but she would carry the mental scars for the rest of her life because of it.

"During the fight I heard what they called her blade. Apparently it's been given the title of Theristis, or the greek translation of the word Reaper." Indra said remembering the talk she heard next to her during the fight.

"Fitting name. Commander of death taking command of a being that takes a life." Nyko scoffed, clearly hating the idea of such a blade under such power.

"For sure half of the blade is obsidian. Nobody knows how she managed to craft an unbreakable stone but she somehow did. The other half is a mystery to everyone. It shines like blood in the light but I know no metal that shines or moves with such grace as that blade. Even Lexa's sword would be no match for this." Indra said shaking her head, the images of the fight reappearing in her head.

The way Clarke was able to move with the blade was like an art. It was passion and ferocity all in one object. The sword proved a delicate touch to any hardened warrior. With Clarke's speed, technique, and drive, nobody would ever bring her down for as long she wielded that blade. She broke Anya's silver and celestial bronze infused sword as if it were glass. Simple, fragile, glass.

"How's that even possible? Lexa's sword is the best made sword in all of Arkadia and Polis." Nyko said looking at them in disbelief.

"Yeah, well mine was second and now it's dead." Anya said also remembering how Clarke pulled out her blade and broke her own with a single blow.

"What do you mean?" Nyko asked again but this time coming back to the living room with his tea.
"As in, during my fight with, she brought her blade was down upon mine and it simply shattered it to pieces as if it were a glass figurine. Blade and handle no longer were one. Pieces of that beautiful work of art are still on the floor of that godforsaken pit along with the rest of my blade." Anya practically growled out while clenching her fist, turning her knuckles an unnatural shade of white.

Nyko practically choked on his tea while Lincoln stared at Anya as if she had grown 2 heads.

"She cut through your blade?!" Lincoln said in disbelief.

"With.. her own?!” Nyko managed to say past his coughing fit while trying to catch his breathing.

"Your blade was bronze and silver!” Nyko and Lincoln both yelled in unison.

"Yeah and now I have only one while the other lies in the tomb of the war zone. Whatever blade she has is something all of us should avoid and fear as long as she wields it.” Anya said while trying to calm herself down from the events that preceded after.

The fight she had against Clarke was unlike any she had ever experienced. She had faced minotaurs, hydras, and even gorgons by herself and never once feared for her life. With Clarke however, she had feared for her very existence within a few moves on the girl of death’s behalf. She could feel the very power behind each strike of the blade against her own and still felt as if the girl still hadn’t shown her full strength which scared her beyond anything else. The girl herself had changed into something no one should ever be, a being solely driven an unquenchable thirst for vengeance. Anyone who lived as such was no longer living, they were simply surviving to live another day in hopes of being one step closer to their prey. That very existence paired with her strange weapon would give any warrior fear beyond any monster that came their way.

The blade itself seemed to a thing of destruction on its own. Her mind traveled back to the fight and the feeling she felt each time the very thing was pulled out. She remembered the dark aura rolling off Clarke as clear as day but now became aware of the aura the sword gave out as well. It held a feeling of neither good nor bad, if possible it seemed to hold simply nothing, yet seemed to be hiding everything within its metal. Her memories now drifted on the very look of the blade.

The blade itself was that similar to the famous Spartan hoplite sword but upon a second remembrance, she realized it wasn’t. The blade was only slightly curved towards the end while the rest straightened out similar to a classic sword before connecting to a cylindrical grip with a custom looking designed guard almost encased the sword into the handle but opened out a little to catch any blade that would try and go down towards the user’s hand. They took the shape of insect pincers while ornated with mixes of black and silver on certain parts. Her eyes now looked back at the blade.
itself, seeing that it was indeed made of 2 different metals. The edge half of the blade was made entirely out of the blood dipped looking steel while the other half that faced towards Clarke was made of a the shining, smooth, unbreakable rock of obsidian. The entire thing put together was nightmare made and matched perfectly with the new version of the daughter of the underworld. Before the memory could go any further into depth, her mind pulled itself out and brought her back to the room she was currently in surrounded by her closest friends.

She had no idea how long her memory lock happened but she came back to the scene of everyone looking at her in awe of this new blade. They were all off in their own thoughts, pondering why Clarke didn't break their weapons during their fight against her. Now that they thought about it, Clarke had many opportunities to kill them but she would simply dodge or give them a large blow to the face or gut. It was then that they realized Clarke was simply messing with them the entire time. It scared them a bit more knowing Clarke could have easily taken their lives during that time but she chose not to. Before the thoughts all of in the room could get any darker, Nyko spoke up and brought them back to their original topic of escape.

"I'm almost 100% certain that the line will get us out with no problems. Jared left these maps for a reason and his information is almost never wrong." Nyko said getting his own courage up and trusting their missing friend.

"Alright. We need to start getting ready so that means start packing. I'll go and deal with Lexa."
Anya said while pushing herself off the couch.

Everyone watched her to see if she was actually prepared to run down tunnels without help from anyone. Surprisingly, she only wobbled a little bit before straightening herself and walking towards the staircase. Before she went up, she stopped and looked at everyone who continued to watch her ascend the stairs.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get up and start doing shit." She smirked then continued going up the stairs.

They all nodded and started packing while Anya worried about what she was going to face upstairs. Everyone below wondered the same question. With Lexa's moods, Anya was going to face Closed off Lexa or Pissed off Lexa, either way both ended up in them walking downstairs with a bruise or 2.

Anya carefully approached the door then knocked softly.

"Hey kid, you decent enough so I can come in?" She asked jokingly.
It was dead silence as the response which is what she expected.

"Lexa, I'm going to come in so whether you're dressed or not I really won't care." Anya said while opening the door.

Lexa was packing her bags when Anya came in, which confused and worried her.

"And your packing because?" Anya asked while walking over to Lexa.

"I assumed you would want to leave as soon as possible so I decided to pack." Lexa finally broke her silence.

Anya sighed realizing they were now going to deal with Closed off Lexa for awhile. She dealt with this for 5 years now so she knew how to work around this facade.

"Okay Lexa, I'm trying not to address the manticore in the room but knowing you, we need to address the damn thing." Anya said, going towards the bed in the middle of the room and sitting on the edge knowing this would become a long and deep talk between the 2.

Lexa stared at her oldest friend before caving once Anya patted the spot next to her. She didn’t do it right away, instead she stood in front of her with her arms crossed like a defiant child. It turned into a stare down that Anya ultimately won like she had been for the past 5 years. Lexa quickly sat down next to her, but chose to stare straight ahead in hopes to stall the dreaded conversation Anya wanted to have.

"Lexa. I've known you basically your entire life and that means I know when there's something eating at you." She stopped and watched to see if Lexa would possibly say anything but nothing came.

"I'm just going to go out and say it. You feel that everything that just happened with Clarke is your fault, and if you deny it I will punch you in the face." Anya threatened and watched as Lexa flinched at the mention of Clarke.

"Adding onto that note, I know you’re going to try something extremely stupid and heroic in order to
try and stop that girl.” Anya said and now this time Lexa turned to face Anya.

"It's not stupid if it saves all your lives." Lexa responded looking slightly angered at the accusation presented by Anya but quickly let it fade away.

"How are you going to do that Lex? How are you, a single warrior, going to stop a warrior who has control of an entire city, and can take down multiple warriors at once who are easily twice her size and speed? Whatever your thinking is the right answer is no answer anyone would give. Your answer is what everyone would deem as stupidity and suicide." Anya stated clearly, clearly reading Lexa like an open book.

"Think with your head and not your heart! Your smarter than this!" Anya yelled trying to get the girl next to her to finally spill.

She knew it was harsh but she need to push her over the edge entirely in order to get her to talk about everything that had occurred and what still festured in her mind. And it worked. Lexa spilled everything almost immediately.

"Thinking with my head is what got us into this situation in the first place!" Lexa boomed out while jumping onto her feet to face Anya.

"I chose you guys instead of her or any other plan at the mountain! I made this problem! She's like this because of me and now all the lives we lost last night, is entirely on my hands!" Lexa roared out letting every emotion she's been holding back the past 5 years out.

"For the past 5 years I believed Clarke was dead and nothing more because I didn’t want to think of anything more! I thought I had killed the girl I fell in love with and it hurt more than anything on this world! I made that choice all on my own and I've lived with the guilt ever since then! You all feel bad about it but I'm the one who made the choice, I'm the one who ended her life and broke the peace between Greeks and Romans so many fought for." Lexa confessed then continued.

"Everyday that passed after her death felt as if I was losing my own soul because of the guilt and nightmares that plagued my mind everyday. I was no better than a titan at that point and even then I thought titans were better because they at least keep their end of a bargain for the most part. If they do backstab you, it's because if a loophole nobody had even considered. I didn't do any of that Anya, I just dropped the entire thing to save you and our camp! My family and friends." Lexa said while a few tears began streaking down her face.
"I couldn't lose you guys but I knew what I did wasn't the right choice either, but I didn't care! I only cared about not losing any of you and dismissed the very existence of Clarke and her people." The tears now were unknown rivers to her as she continued.

"I watched as she broke when I told her my decision. I saw something die within her eyes as another thing seemed to awaken when I left her. I could tell something bad was going to happen but the deal forced me to keep out of it in fear of all of our lives. I couldn't go back and help but that didn't mean I couldn't stay nearby and watch." Lexa said sounding more and more defeated.

Anya never knew Lexa went back to watch so this came as a surprise. She remembered that she had set them down in a clearing far away from the mountain to rest and now realized that’s when she likely went back.

"I couldn't see inside the mountain but I could hear a large commotion going on inside. It took a whole hour of waiting and listening to the battle before seeing her friends run out." Lexa stopped and looked into empty space remembering that memory.

"They came out looking like they were dragged ragged through Tartarus and back. The Blake siblings were the first ones out, both supporting each other up with so much blood on them. They looked like the living dead but they stayed strong enough to get out a good distance away from the place. They stopped a good 20 feet in front of the entry, looking worried, scared, and broken. I worried for Clarke then realized Raven wasn't out yet either. I knew how close they were so if Raven was still inside that meant so was Clarke." Lexa stopped to wipe some tears off her face before taking a deep breath and continuing.

"I could hear another fight going on but this one made the entire earth shake causing cracks to appear on the mountain side. Anyone could tell the cave was now unstable and was about to collapse but that didn’t stop Bellamy and Octavia from getting closer and yelling for Raven and Clarke to get out as the cave began to crumble. It was another few seconds before a few words could be heard from the cave and then a small scuffle followed by a hollow thud. I worried for both of them and was about to go despite the warnings but then I saw the outline of 2 people. One person carrying the weight of the other while rocks fell around them. They walked a few more steps before I could properly see their faces. Raven had blood covering the side of her face and was badly limping while Clarke was on her side, holding her arm around her shoulders, looking ghostly pale and she dragged them both out. She lifted her head and I could see her vibrant blue eyes losing their light, it hurt me more than anything you could ever imagine and the pain only grew when saw the blood coming out of the side of her mouth, the gash on her head forehead, and the pool of blood in the center of her chest." Lexa said sounding so far away and lost in thought.

"I knew she needed help but I couldn't pull out 2 people in time. Decisions were running through my head but before I could pick a plan, Clarke stopped Raven whispered something then shoved her out of the cave while she collapsed and the cave dropped on top of her." Lexa finished while a new set
of tears made their way down her cheeks.

Hearing this new bit of information made Anya feel a whole new wave of guilt and sorrow for Lexa, herself, and towards everyone in Polis. She knew Lexa felt guilty for leaving Clarke but now knowing that she watched her die made her realize just how deep her guilt truly ran. Lexa saw Clarke in her final moments and could do nothing to help. She was simply an audience for the show being played that day.

Now she knew why Lexa beat herself up about it all these years. Why Lexa hated anyone mentioning the very name of the girl because she would only remember that last scene that sealed both of their fates.

Anya knew how sickening their love for one another was and could tell they were something special. She never knew 2 people so well matched for each other than those two, even at such a young age. If soulmates were real, they were definitely the definition of it. If you were to look up the word their picture together would’ve been right next to it. That's who they were.

When she heard what Lexa did after getting rescued by her, she knew Lexa wasn't going to simply brush it off like another training exercise. The choice was going to haunt her to the very last of her days. She had hoped that maybe someday she could forgive herself somewhat and possibly find someone else to make her happy but now she knew nothing could ever get her over this. Especially now.

"I thought she was dead. I thought she was at peace with her father down there. It gave me some happiness knowing she didn't have to deal with this demigod crap anymore now that she was gone. The gods are bastards for just leaving us here with absolutely nothing but enemies who try to kill us. We're left here and can't ever get a normal life or build a home without the constant threat of looking over your shoulder." Lexa broke out while letting her anger fuel her words towards the gods.

In all honesty they were assholes when it came to their children. They were jerks when it came to problems that didn't involve them and even ones that would directly involve them. It was how the gods were and always would be.

"It gave me some happiness knowing she didn't have to see what had happened after the entire mountain thing and it seemed only fit that I lived with the consequences. That was the only thing that kept me going everyday. Knowing I had to suffer for the wrong I did to Clarke and Camp Polis." Lexa said while letting out a few sobs that would tear anyone down internally and it completely crushed Anya hearing and seeing it all happen right in front of her.
"I didn't expect to ever see her again and if I did it would be because I died. I never wanted her to have to live like I have everyday. I'm not actually living Anya, I'm just surviving! That's all I've ever done but when I met her, she showed me life should be about more than just surviving. Life was meant to be lived and not just passed by like a boring office job. She opened me to a whole new world and it was only there with her in it." Lexa said still crying but a smile was now on her face at the good memories she had shared with the young blonde.

"Seeing her tonight for the first time in 5 years broke me more than any training exercise or any battle ever could. I changed her from what she use to be. I made the monster we fought. This wasn't Cage's fault nor was it the Gods faults. This is all on me. That choice was my own and now I have to deal with what I created." Lexa said getting her face back together, putting her walls back up but this time twice as high and three times as strong.

"We lost so many people for what I did. I watched our friends fall, our brothers and sisters shed their blood at the blade of her warriors. I watched Jared get hacked down and then stepped on like a doormat by both her and some of her warriors." Lexa said letting anger bite into her words.

"Fucking Jared saved me from dying when he should've let me die!" Lexa yelled out while approaching a small desk against the wall that held a vase, a few picture frames, and a lamp then threw everything down in a single action.

The glass shattered on the floor along with the very feeling of both Lexa's and Anya's hearts.

"Clarke is a murderer because I forced her hand! I made her see that life isn't about living, it is only existing! Surviving longer than everyone else with only the ones you know who won't leave you, which is basically no one at this point for her! Staying true to only yourself and keeping your heart closed off because it's weakness! The only way to survive is caring for yourself and loving no one because in the end, either you're leaving or they are!" Lexa yelled letting the very little memories she had of her father and aunt play through her mind.

At this last sentence Lexa fell forward and straight into the arms of Anya who got up to catch her. Lexa was now completely open to her and the flood she'd been holding back for 5 years now showed itself. Anya held onto Lexa tight as she watched the only family she ever had truly trust her with everything. She knew Lexa was holding something back all this time but she knew only time would let Lexa show it. It didn't break her any less, but it was good that she finally let someone else in while releasing some of her burden. It took a few minutes before Lexa's tears died down. A choke was let out then a deep breath then words.

"She waited 5 years to kill me Anya. 5 years wasted on thinking of my choice and making her own choices that would help her survive without anyone. I made the girl we saw last night and I was the one who put all your lives on the line. I'm so sorry Anya." Lexa confessed while hugging her tightly.
"You have nothing to be sorry for squid. Nothing at all." Anya cooed gently while rocking them back and forth, gently stroking her hair as she rested her head in her lap.

They stayed in the silence of the room letting their words surround them but a few words were unsaid by Lexa and were now becoming her new weight to bear upon herself once more.

_I'll make it all better Anya. I promise I won't let anyone else die because of my choices. I swear it._

Chapter End Notes

Look at me go! I'm thriving and surviving better then ever. I'm living and have never felt happier. I put a few of my past fears behind me recently and I've honestly never felt better. Can't say the same about Lexa and the gang however but they'll get there one day, not soon though. Or maybe they will, who knows. Enjoy your lives and please take care of yourselves, self care is more important than anything so please do. LOVE YOU ALL!!
The Black Bird Flies

Chapter Summary

Polis’ black bird learns of her friends’ disappearance and finds her own courage to find the girl herself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Back in Camp Polis, it had been 24 hours since Octavia left and Raven was now beginning to worry for her best friend.

She first heard about her disappearing act at breakfast, when the night patrol switched with the morning patrol to eat. They knew Octavia had perimeter patrol and stable cleaning duty, after losing a bet with Murphy, so nobody really worried for her during the early morning. If she didn’t come, nobody would worry too much because everyone knew how much Octavia valued sleep beyond anything else including food. It was midday when her patrol partner, Reese from the Athena cabin, approached Raven at the forge asking about Octavia.

"Hey, is Octavia alright?” Her British accent startled Raven, nearly crushing her hand with her hammer that was aimed towards undenting a shield from the Ares chariot.

She moved her hand out of the way just in time while jumping back in fear of getting further injured with something else in the area.

"Sweet mother of Zeus! Reese you scared the crap out of me.” Raven hissed at her while putting her supplies down, tugging her forge goggles and respirator down in an aggressive, while trying to calm her breath.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you Raven.” She apologized while holding back her laugh after watching the usually composed snarky genius now looking disheveled and completely unfocused.

Raven knew Reese fairly well, they had a bit of a history 2 years after the mountain deal that lasted for a decent amount of time. It was a small thing but they ended up breaking it off on Raven’s behalf who felt that she wasn’t prepared for something like that just yet. Both agreed on ending it but still agreed to being friends due to the fact that nobody could get to their level of entertaining banter. They would tease each other whenever they talked and ,once in a while, be friends with benefits.
"I'm sure you didn't. Anyway, you said something about Octavia?" Raven asked getting a small nearby towel to wipe off any coal dust still on her arms that the gloves didn’t cover.

"Might wanna wipe your face too. You look like a panda." Reese teased with a small smirk.

Raven gave her a smug smile, knowing she probably had smoke residue on the outline of where her goggles rested on her face. She had an idea at how intense this one would look seeing as she was in front of the fire double because Monty only heated up a few weapons and metal sheets he would make into boogie boards for the mud hills on the south side of the camp.

"But I’m twice as cute, anyway, what were you saying about Octavia?" Raven asked while wiping her face with the only semi clean towel they had in in their entire cabin and work area.

"I asked if she was alright. She ran off during the last few hours of patrol, supposedly hearing something past the barrier. I thought she just wanted to leave to get some sleep but I haven’t seen her since then." She stated while hoping for an answer from her only reliable source.

"Sorry to disappoint, because I rarely if not ever do, but I have no clue as to where that girl is. Haven't seen her since yesterday morning. My guess is her cabin or-"

"The training grounds. I know, I checked, nobody has seen her since yesterday." Reese interrupted Raven.

"Not even Bellamy?" Raven asked, feeling the pit of her stomach begin to drop.

She knew something was off with the story because Octavia would never leave patrol unless completely necessary. Raven still wasn’t over Clarke’s death so her mind still jumped to drastic worries when something happened to anyone in her group.

"Bellamy switched for morning patrol so I highly doubt it." Reese said looking even more concerned at the new information, or rather lack of.

"Alright. Stay right here while I change then we can go asking around." Raven said taking off her forge apron.
Reese nodded while Raven took off towards the bunks. She quickly grabbed an old grey long sleeve and some less dirt smudged looking pants before throwing on her signature red jacket. It took a few minutes to change plus another few to change her leg brace.

She hated the constant reminder of the mountain that hung around her on a daily basis but she knew it was also her only reminder of her lost sister. The injury should have healed had they arrived at camp a week earlier but the poison that was on the blade that cut open had already gotten settled within the wound. It was nearly amputated but the added aid of Abby Griffin was enough to save it and simply have a brace around it so avoid pain while helping in mobility. She now had different kinds of braces for different tasks, her forge brace could handle the heat but it was fairly bulky and right now she needed her training brace that gave support around her muscles and allowed nearly the same mobility back when her leg was without injury.

She quickly grabbed her bow and custom arrows just in case, then went back to the forge. Reese was still inside, looking at newly made blades that her and Monty had recently finished using a metal they had recently discovered from a returning party that fought a small hoard of monsters. They blades now looked like liquid bronze just a few shades redder but were twice as light while still holding a stronger more durable impact.

"Alright let's go." Raven announced, pulling Reese out the exit and away from their trail run blades.

They immediately went towards the training grounds and started asking around, only receiving the same answer, nobody had seen the daughter of Aphrodite. They continued looking around before heading towards her cabin and asking her bunkmates.

"Haven't seen her since yesterday." Became the popular response between most of the perfume stuffed models.

That was until they reached Aphrodite's most stuck up kid, Danny Elder. He was a dark blonde, 6 foot 3, nicely muscled guy with a thick Australian accent.

"Yeah, I saw her yesterday." Was all he said while lounging in a hammock on the patio of the cabin with a smug smile on his face.

It took all of their restraint from shoving him out of the string supported frame but they powered through nonetheless to get answers on their friend.
"Great. Mind saying around what time?" Raven said while crossing her arms in an attempt to stop her violent urges towards the local egotistical dick of the camp who grew far more arrogant once Clarke left, along with her quick remarks that often humbled the boy.

"Not really. I mean I can but that would just be wasting your time. The real question is what I saw that might have gotten her attention and inspired her actions last night." He said while placing his arms behind his head and looking far too cocky than any sane mind could take.

Raven wasn’t known as a patient person upon her arrival at the camp, and after losing a part of her family, patience became nonexistent in her vocabulary. Especially when it came to Danny. She hated him since she first arrived, after he had picked on her for not being the most graceful with a sword. Thanks to Bellamy and Octavia though, she got better and now could beat a vast majority of the camp. She missed the days where they would argue with Danny and then get challenged by the boy only to completely obliterate him at whatever he chose.

"Not a good choice Dan." Reese said while shaking her head knowing Raven was done with his words.

Danny looked at her confused, not realizing his mistake until Raven took a step forward and grabbed onto the hammock when it swung towards her. Danny nearly fell out but quickly caught himself before looking up and nearly yelling. Raven’s face was now directly in front of him and held a fire he had seen very few times in the latina’s eyes.

"Danny.... Dear, dear, old Danny." Raven started out looking all smiles and unicorns with the eyes of a rabid, yet cunning, dog.

"We've known each other since I first stepped foot here. We've had our fun and memorable moments." Raven said letting out a forced laugh with an even wider smile that the Cheshire cat would envy.

Reese knew where Raven was headed with this and simply watched as Raven slowly built up her rage to strike fear into the heart of the smug boy.

"Now, I know that you’re smart enough to know what I'm capable of. Heck, you were there when I attacked Arkadia and had my fun." Raven said now letting her eyes show her emotion and her smile turn from forced happiness to a predatory snarl.
Danny was now realizing his error in trying to get something out of their problem and slowly started fearing for his life, remembering the damage he witnessed caused by the black bird.

"Now, you’re going to tell me what the fuck you saw and where my friend went. You’re going to give me every last nitty gritty little detail that useless brain can possibly remember and then you’re going to owe me a favor, and by favor I mean anything I request from you will be done without question. Got it." Raven demanded while staring down into the dark blue eyes of a now terrified Danny Elder.

"And if you don’t tell me everything or I find that you left something out and it effects how I find Octavia, I'm going to start something that you can never stop. I'm going to raise Tartarus into your life and you won’t even know what hit you. You’re definitely going to know when I hit but nothing is going to save you. Not even Kane could stop me from what I will do if you don’t tell me all the information I want." Raven threatened while tightening her grip on the hammock, her knuckles now turning a ghost white.

Immediately Danny broke like an egg and Reese simply laughed at his pathetic attempt to save his own ass.

"Yesterday a box was left on her bunk with golden numbers on it. I didn’t open it, I swear to the gods! She came back with a letter in her hand before I could see inside it. She didn’t even notice me and went for the box. It had all sorts of stuff, like sweets which I asked for and she told me to piss off then grabbed a VHS tape out of the thing. I have no idea what’s on it and she ran back out before I could even ask about the bloody thing. I know Jasper is the only person here with a VHS player so ask him. That's it. That's all I know! I swear on the River of Styx, I know nothing more! Please don’t kill me." He spilled out before pleading for his life, looking close to peeing himself while tears threatened to pour out of his eyes.

Raven turned toward Reese and smirked. Danny was truly a pathetic wannabe jock, this was just good fun to watch his pride go down the drain once more. She looked back at him before letting out a small scoff and shoving the hammock down, dropping the 6 footer to the floor with a small yelp then walked off towards Jasper's cabin.

This was actually a separate cabin built by Jasper and their friends after he smuggled in human gaming systems and such inside. He asked Monty, Octavia, Harper, Raven, Bellamy, and Clarke to help build the new space for the camp’s entertainment, but mainly for them.

They built it when they were 10 and Bellamy was 11. It started out real crappy but then Kane came by after a few days, worried about its stability and safety of anyone who went inside, and helped
them built a stable standing structure with the comforts of a small home.

It was a good memory but it also hurt Raven every time she passed by it. It was one of the last memories she had with her best friend/sister. It was a pure moment back then but now it was a burden to her. She never stepped inside because at the end of building the place, Clarke had created different drawings on the walls that decorated the entire structure. They were sketches of graceful fierce hydras, noble standing minotaurs, gentle looking cyclops, fearless pegasus, boldly presented chimeras, death defying manticores, and a soul piercing masterpiece of a strong standing hell cat in the center of it all. She left her mark on the place along with everyone's names carved on a post in the back in beautiful calligraphy with the help of Kane.

Basically it was a shrine of Clarke, and Raven still wasn't ready to enter it anytime soon.

"Hey, Jasper! Get out here!" Raven yelled from outside while Reese stood beside her.

Reese didn't know why Raven never went inside the entertainment room after all these years but she knew it had something to do with Clarke. She did know Clarke fairly well through sword training and stable cleaning, and it hurt her deeply when she heard the news, but since she only hung out with her on occasion her death didn’t affect her as long as the rest of them. Reese remembered when she found out of Clarke’s parentage, often causing her to be the target of many insults and uncalled injuries during training, but it didn’t stop her from getting to know the sweet natured girl. Over time she saw how close she was with Raven, essentially being each other’s partner in crime at anything and everything.

During their second year at Polis, they managed to burn down the arena during a training exercise on a waterfall. Nobody knew how they did it, but they somehow managed to burn it down. What surprised everyone even more is that they weren't even using anything that could cause a fire even if it was an accident. They were working on obstacle training with teammates, meaning only a single rope was given.

It remains a mystery to this day on how Raven and Clarke started an out of control fire, but as a joke they nicknamed the new obstacle course area, Burning Griffin Ridge.

It took a few seconds before Jasper poked his head, ski goggles on the top of his head, looking curious at the image of Raven standing so close to the very thing she told everyone she would avoid until ready.

"And how can I help the lovely Black Bird of Polis and her companion on this fine day?" He said smiling.
"We need your help." Raven quickly ordered, wanting to be as far away from this structure as she could be.

"With what? I have new Unity Juice freshly made and Monty just finished growing some nice tea leaves." Jasper said with a knowing smirk.

"Not that kind of help. We heard Octavia was here yesterday before she went to do her chores." Raven said, hoping to speed up their conversation.

"Yes. Why, she still not show her face around camp?" Jasper asked looking worried now.

"Nope. She left me during patrol and nobody has seen her since." Reese interjected.

"Sorry to hear that, but she only came here to play a VHS tape. And before you ask, I have no idea what was on it, but I do know that whatever it was did do something to her. She basically ran out of here like she'd seen a ghost. She ran towards the direction of the Aphrodite cabin." Jasper said trying to remember what he saw.

"That's all?" Raven asked.

"Yeah, that's all I remember. I really wish I knew more or at least what was on the tape. I thought she would have showed her face by now but seeing as you haven’t seen her either, now I’m worried about what she got into this time. Bellamy should be off shift by now so maybe he knows?" Jasper said scratching his head, hoping to find their youngest member of their camp family.

"Let’s hope he knows. Thanks Jasper. If you remember anything please tell us and if she shows her face, please drag her to the forge and yell for me." Raven said, now feeling even worse about her closest friend.

"Of course, I'll start asking around. I may know a few Apollo people who may know something we might be missing." Jasper said then took off to find his connections in hopes of finding anything about their lost member.

He left no room to say anything, leaving both girls to take in the new lack of information they had
discovered. It left an even deeper pit of unease within Raven’s stomach and it brought back the feelings she felt back at the mountain. Nothing good could come out of this feeling, she just hoped she wouldn’t find another corpse in the ending of this circumstance.

"Okay. So now we go get Bellamy then?" Reese asked, pulling Raven out of any deeper nightmares.

"Hell no. He's going to freak out if we tell him that his sister is missing and that there is no trace anywhere. We’re going to do this my way to avoid any unnecessary panic. Just take me to where Octavia ditched you and we’ll go from there." Raven said, sounding on the border line of a breakdown but still holding it back with a fair amount of force.

"Hey, she didn't ditch me. She made the sound seem like a legitimate reason." Reese defended herself, trying to salvage her dignity from getting ditched by a much younger camper.

Raven rolled her eyes knowing Reese got ditched. She also knew Reese was extremely proud and hardly ever lost so getting ditched by a daughter of Aphrodite was a low blow to her self esteem. She understood the feeling however, Octavia had often exceeded many expectations and would often tear down many from their glorified pedestals. It was what the girl did best and what made her an important part of her life and a vital personality of their broken group.

"Suuurre Reese. Keep telling yourself whatever you need to feel better." Raven teased while running off into a light jog towards where she knew Octavia held her post.

Reese grumbled knowing Raven knew, but she still wanted to deny it in hopes of salvaging just about anything. Reese was one of the camp’s best but Octavia was coming up behind everyone and taking names without stop. She was coming close but she hadn’t reached Kane’s expectations due to her fun times with Raven, Bellamy, and Jasper that often ended in some kind of mass destruction on a large section of the camp. If she hadn’t done as much property damage as she had, and focused on her responsibilities, she would have been the camps top warrior.

She ran after Raven, who stopped near their post, but quickly led them away from it towards the outskirts of Polis’ border.

"Why are we this far out?" Raven asked sounding a little out of breath at her sudden change of direction.

"We like to go as close to the border as we can to make sure everything is okay, instead of the half
assed patrols many do." Reese said then started slowing down.

They were near the dead oak tree at the western end of the border. They called it Dead Tree Way because 30 years ago an oak tree was struck by lightning, caught on fire, surprisingly not spreading, and turned the mighty tree dry and creep chilling. It still stood to this day, strong and proud, creepy but a good landmark.

"She left you at Dead Tree Way?" Raven smirked, now knowing how she slipped past everyone and was yet to be seen in camp.

"Yes, why? What's so funny?" Reese asked crossing her arms, not knowing of Raven’s information that was only privy to her group.

"The fact that you didn't try to track her and supposedly are called one of the best in camp, proves to me just how dense you can be. Not to mention, stuck up." Raven said letting out a few laughs, standing besides the tree, waiting for a good moment to show their secret.

"I did try and track her! That girl has the speed of a newborn hydra. I don't even understand how not even a twig is left untouched?!" Reese defended herself, still confused on how the girl lost her.

"Because we all trained together and she's Octavia. Lucky for you, I'm fluent in tracking my friends so we should be able to find out where she went." Raven boasted while sending Reese her signature smirk and finger guns.

Reese simply rolled her eyes while Raven looked for the key signs of the young Aphrodite daughter. She knew Octavia had taken their hidden trail that led out of Polis and in the direction of a mortal town. It's that route they took to smuggle in new games for Jasper, good scrap metal for the Hephaestus, quality cosmetics for the Aphrodite cabin, and small sweets for all the other cabins. It was their black market road to riches. Raven had no idea how to track, but she knew if Octavia ditched Reese, she would use this route.

"Come on Chosen One, she went this way." Raven said, confidently walking towards the woods and the barrier that kept them safe from monsters.

Reese grumbled something but Raven had no idea what, feeling far to giddy at the prospect of knowing where Octavia went while showing off to Reese. They went past the warning rock and towards the treeline that went past the protection barrier around the camp. Reese immediately started
freaking out while Raven whistled a simple toon while she crept closer to leaving the safety of the camp.

"Raven." Reese whispered harshly, fearing the idea of crossing the protective barrier.

Raven halted before spinning around on her heel with a long whistle, startling the girl and giving her a nice laugh at the reaction she was able to pull out of her.

"What's up?" Raven said giving her a tight smile, knowing the reason why the rule follower was worried.

"We’re at the edge of the border." Reese stated while gesturing with her hand, knowing another step would mean triggering the silent alarm while losing the protection of the sacred barrier.

"Yeah. I know. Let's go." Raven said turning back around and nearly taking the final step out into the mortal world.

Before she could Reese quickly grabbed her wrist and pulled her back, attempting to drag both of them past the warning stone. However, Raven stood her ground which resulted in coming face to face with a now angry Reese.

"Are you insane?! We are not going out there!" Reese yelled, trying to reason with the girl that often acted upon instinct.

Raven rolled her eyes while pulling her wrist out of the girl’s grip, knowing nothing she said would stop her from leaving in search of her friend.

"Well you’re not, but I am." Raven said turning around, nearly taking the final step but stopping at the sound of Reese’s yell.

"Raven! We need to tell Kane if she left the camp. This is a serious matter! If Octavia is off campgrounds we need to tell Kane and get the proper supplies to search for her." Reese argued while grabbing Raven's wrist again and stopping her from going any further.
"Reese. I know Octavia and I know Bellamy. I know this camp better than you, so I know what's up with Octavia. If you want to tell Kane, be my guest. I, however, will keep going with or without your help." Raven said letting some of her anger out and then ripping her hand out of Reese's grip before continuing with her reasoning.

"She's my best friend Reese and that means I'm going out there to find her without getting any of us in trouble. If you want to then okay but be prepared for a worried/pissy Bellamy and an anxious Monty, Harper, Jasper, and Aden." Raven said then turned around and took the final steps past the barrier.

She took 5 steps out of the camp’s safety before turning her head to see if maybe, Reese would follow. The barrier around camp was like a one way mirror so Raven couldn't see her, but if Reese were still there she could see and hear Raven clear as day.

"Reese if you don't come in the next 5 seconds, I will leave without you." Raven said, waiting for a few seconds before she starting her countdown.

"1...

Raven didn't expect to see her and that's how it went.

"2...

She sorta hoped the smarts in Athena would make her realize that Raven did need a partner so she wouldn't die.

"3...

Maybe Reese was a last second person, Raven thought to herself, hoping to get some backup for this unexpected journey.

"4...

Maybe not.
"This is your last chance and if you think I'm joking, just watch me." Raven threatened.

Still no Reese.

"5... See ya Reese." Raven waved then continued walking.

She took a few steps before she started to jog in the direction of where they kept some overnight bags and supplies. No Reese followed her when she ran off so this was now a solo mission for the search of Octavia with little to no plan.

Raven was glad she brought her agility brace and thanked her wonderful mind for packing extra braces in their hollow tree trunk storage unit. Once grabbing her supplies, she stayed on the smuggle road for awhile before getting off it and heading deep into the woods, towards Octavia’s private tree unit, hoping to find a clue left by the girl. Raven prayed to the gods she might have left something, while jumping over a fallen tree and keeping a tight grip on her bow.

She reached the hollow tree a few minutes later before quickly looking through it.

Sadly, Octavia’s bag was accounted for meaning she traveled with her extra bag she kept at her bunk. She worried more at the thought of that because that bag was only used for longer journeys that would often hold countless more dangers. She grabbed the extra, knowing she would need the extra supplies and continued searching. She walked towards the direction of the nearest road hoping that there might be clues along the way.

She walked for about another 20 minutes before found a piece of the never ending puzzle.

"When all else fails, follow the path of torn down broken trees, decorated with claw marks. Just great." Raven said sarcastically while following the path of massive destruction.

The path cut through the forest like a wild goose chase, but once you looked past the circles, the u-turns, and zig zags, you could see it all aimed for the highway.

"I pray to Zeus and Hades that you’re not dead O. You better be okay." Raven pleaded to herself while walking through the destructive path.
While following the trail she saw the footprints of someone and the prints of a large creature. The prints were 1'5 feet wide and 2 feet long all following the footprints across the dirt. Raven followed the path for another 30 yards before seeing the trees and forest floor decorated with hydra acid.

"Really, O. A fucking hydra. Why couldn't it be those glowing butterflies we found last year." Raven mumbled to herself knowing she had to keep real quiet now if a hydra was nearby.

She followed the trail and by early sunset, she reached the road. The hydra acid was now disappearing but small traces could still be seen on the road. The trees held evidence of the creature and what seemed to be its downfall while the road held tire tracks going to the side of the road then taking off on the north side of the road. That's where the footprints ended, meaning Raven now had no idea where to go.

"Dammit, come on Dad. I need something to find Octavia. You were with her mom at one point, why not see if maybe you can get me some course of direction to help find my last remaining family." Raven prayed to the skies in hopes of her Hephaestus hearing her pleas.

The sky shined a calming orange sprayed with a rose red with absolute no clouds in the sky. It didn't look like a sky written message would be showing itself soon so Raven decided to let herself vent.

"Dammit O! I told you not to do anything stupid, yet you do it anyway! You could be dead for all I know!" Raven yelled into the forest.

At the last ring of her voice, the area fell silent, all animals that were in the vicinity were now hushed letting the silence now take hold of the situation. Raven now had no idea and with the added silence her thoughts came rushing in, no noise to mute their concerns. She had no clue on where Octavia went but she knew she couldn't turn her back now all thanks to her stubbornness and great concern on Octavia's wellbeing. Her mind brought up the worst scenarios, mainly the mountain and how they were all beaten. She wouldn’t let another family member leave for Hades’ domain for some stupid reason they thought was better left for them to decide alone.

Whatever Octavia saw was something that would affect them all and Octavia knew that, yet she still chose to take this on her own. Raven wanted nothing more than to know what was on that tape, causing the spontaneous journey but she was never that lucky. The tape was a one time thing that only Octavia would know, but that didn’t mean another clue wouldn’t show itself. By this sense, the gods took pity on the young girl and presented the single piece left behind from the daughter of love to the daughter of fire.
Hephaestus took pity on his daughter and revealed a piece of paper hidden in a bush beside the road. The letter sent to Octavia had slipped from her bag when she landed on the side of the road and embedded itself within the twigs, tearing part of it while other parts were smeared due to nature’s mud floor. Despite the gods all seeing eyes, they still had no knowledge of Clarke’s existence and they also had no idea what was written on the letter. The Fates had covered up the existence of the girl from the eyes of the arrogant beings, knowing the outcome of the plan and playing to their advantage. Not to mention, the mark hid the girl from many things including from the Fates themselves at times. In this case, they had made sure that the letter would be torn to only reveal the meeting location while mud and hydra acid took out Clarke's name and any info of her whereabouts.

The Fates knew where things were headed and Clarke’s cover up was still a necessary choice in order for things to fall where they needed to be.

They were the Fates after all, and they always covered up for their friends.

The wind picked up and the piece of paper loosened from its spot in the flattened bush before flying to the leg of a lucky black bird. The paper caught in Raven's brace, letting the sound of a light crinkle catch the attention of Hephaestus' favorite child, Monty being a close second depending on the day and what Raven did to piss off Kane.

"What the hell." Raven said to herself while grabbing the scrap paper.

It seemed like a simple piece of litter to the girl and she nearly casted it aside, but she caught the sight of ink words against the smeared mud paper.

Dear Octavia,

If your wondering how we knew this was you, we know Raven holds grudges and wouldn't dare open a letter addressed to her sent by Camp Arkadia. You may not know who we are but if you want to know, meet us 2 days after the spring equinox in Pomona at a corner restaurant near the Fox Theatre.

Bring no friends, weapons, or anything that could give away the location and/or compromise identity. If anyone is seen following you or helping you to catch me, the meeting will not happen and these letters will stop arriving. Not to mention we know the ins and outs of Camp Polis and if you don't believe us look under your bed and you'll find a box made of redwood lumber with gold carvings initials of the last coordinates of the Dark Mission.

Raven was completely baffled by the letter and how whoever sent it knew of Octavia’s and herself
habits. It scared her to no end seeing as they would only know of such things by watching closing. They even knew of their dreaded past and their fallen family and that was far too much in her eyes alone.

They definitely caught Raven's attention now and knowing Octavia, she probably went to the return address of the letter to confront them face to face. Octavia was never one for patience, so of course she would go off and find these people by herself to get answers. Raven knew there was more to the letter but she didn't have all the luck when it came to fully answered requests from the Gods, but she thanked them for what she got because now it gave her a reason to continue further while raising questions as to who these people were and what they wanted with them.

"Thanks dad. I won't forget this." Raven thanked Hephaestus and let the breeze carry her gratitude to Olympus.

Raven continued to examine the paper for any clues on its whereabouts, but to her disappointment, it was a simple straightforward letter. Raven was starting to regret not reading the letters that arrived that day, but then again how would she know it would hold such a thing and cause all of this. Still she held regret on her mind for not doing a simple task.

If Raven had possibly read it first, Octavia could still be at camp with their family, safe and sound. Of course if she had read the letter she probably would have burned it and whatever the letter said might never have been answered which would slowly eat away at her conscious until the end of her days.

She hated not knowing and if Octavia went after these people, this was definitely something worth knowing. She had risked her life to go and find these people and now it was up to Raven to keep her alive long enough to get answers.

She continued walking on the side of the road, walking in the tree line to avoid being seen by drivers or possible scouts from Polis who could be out in search of both her and Octavia. No doubt Reese probably informed Kane by now, who more than likely assembled multiple rescue groups to bring them back safely with little risk.

She walked until nightfall before deciding to make camp and settle down for the night. She had done this sort of stuff before, when they would go out for their runs to the mortal side of the world so it didn't worry her as much as she would have thought. She simply set up her sleeping bag and made a makeshift shelter out of fallen branches and a few dead trees. She didn't make a fire seeing as there was still the chance of a hydra being nearby and the fact that it was a pleasantly warm night.
Before completely succumbing to slumber, she looked at the letter one last time in hopes of anything revealing itself to her. There was something about the paper that made it seem different, something that made Raven more and more curious with each look. It seemed to be holding a secret but it kept it to itself, away from prying eyes.

"What are you hiding little paper? What are your secrets?" Raven whispered to it before holding it up the the moon lit sky.

It was slightly cloudy that night but of course the Fates wanted Raven to know some of this grand endeavor. Without another passing second, the clouds parted, allowing the bright calming rays to cast themselves as a blanket around Raven and her camp. It acted as a protective wall for a little before the rays began to grow brighter and shine directly on the back of the paper.

Raven watched with curiosity as the back of the paper seemed to glow a bit before the ink on the front switched to the back and swirled around, imitating that of a whirlpool. It was like watching Mickey mouse use Merlin's wand in Fantasia. The ink was alive and eager to show Raven its secrets. Raven watched with careful eyes as the ink danced around the back of the paper for a little while before suddenly stopping.

It spooked Raven a bit when it stopped moving, then it suddenly came back to life and attacked the back of the paper. The once calm playful ink now turned rabid with rage while making its design. Anyone could feel the anger behind the design it painted as it spread across the paper, similar to a virus eating you from the inside out, It seemed to have no end behind its rage until it froze and then disappeared from the paper all together.

The forest lay still in that moment. Nothing dared to make a noise in its silence, not even Raven. It stayed like that for 2 seconds before a handprint suddenly slammed itself against the paper, scaring the life back into everything that fell under its spell. It was similar to that of a horror movie scene that had Raven holding her chest not daring to even look at the paper. It took a few seconds before she spared a glance at it.

It was a symbol she had never seen but it scared her nonetheless. She traced her fingers lightly over the newly made symbol and watched as letters started to form around the dark hand.

"I like come Azgeda?" Raven tried to say but of course Trigedasleng gets everyone not attuned with the language.

"The fuck is this?"
Raven stared at the paper for a moment before deciding her options. She was going to Pomona to get some answers then would go after Octavia, who was hopefully still alive. She folded the paper up then tucked it in her bag and fell to the heavy feeling of sleep.

Tomorrow she would start her adventure while Octavia just started hers.

Chapter End Notes

STRESS! Why is stress a thing? Why must it exist? It's a giant inconvenience and just stops so many things. If you can't tell I have much stress back in my life but writing for all of you helps. I have so many tests and then I have to pay for something more atop other large payments. I both do and don't regret joining my extra curricular activities but oh well. It's February now which means it's single's awareness month. Love yourselves and the people who support you because they do help you when you're feeling down. Also, grab the courage you feel you're lacking and ask the person you like out. Seize the moment, I believe in all of you. With that last note, I leave you all until the next chapter.
The City Below

Chapter Summary

A further glimpse into the world hidden by the daughter of the underworld and the sea meet. During a quick tour unexpected guests arrive along with a message of bad news.

Translations will be at the end along with notes. Please read the notes because I have a few questions as to where to drive the story that I'm a bit undecided on that need your opinion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"How many do we have now?"

"Nearly 800. The next batch is almost ready so that big number is almost reached."

"ARRRGH!"

The man strapped down yelled through the muzzle they had placed on him 10 minutes ago. While he may have appeared to be man, his eyes and bulging veins across his neck told the story of a beast. The constant creak of the restraints continued to remind both the doctor and warrior of the untold capabilities behind each person they changed.

"Well Tsing. I have to say, you’re not useless unlike your former colleagues." Clarke teased while walking around the small metal table that held all their needed medical supplies to safely get someone through the procedure.

"Don't get me started on those morons. I hated working with them, but I was safe and getting payed." Tsing said while adjusting her latex gloves to prepare the last part of the transition from man to beast.

"Pass me another vial of the turquoise liquid. This one will have to be put under, like the others, before he can go play with the rest of them." Tsing said while getting another injection gun ready.

Clarke grabbed the small vial and tossed it to her, earning her a small scold from the trusted doctor.
She watched as the vial was placed in the gun, a small click sounding off to let them know it was ready for another injection. Both looked at the slowly rabid turning man, examining him once more. He was a fairly tall guy, around 6’2 or 6’4, with nicely tanned skin and shaved sides with a small fluff adorning the top of his head. He wore their standard outfit, a faded black muscle tee and somewhat baggy green army pants.

"Where the hell did you guys get this one?" Clarke asked once she saw a tribal bear paw tattoo on his shoulder, bicep area on his left arm.

"Umm, I believe Necalli brought him in. I have no idea as to what part of town he got him from, but I say he's getting better at picking candidates." Tsing said while touching a certain spot on the guy's neck and saying a trigger word.

“Rahulik.” She casually said, watching the man slowly settle down.

Clarke, Luna, and Tsing had essentially set up an encampment to create super demigods and warriors that would listen to them alone and their 1 side partner. The program started with the basic taking away all old memories that would cause them to stray away from their plan. If they somehow did manage to remember, they would react with great pain and try to kill whoever triggered the flood of memories that caused their pain. They had trigger words for all of them, but not everyone had the same words. They took the extra precaution, in case anyone figured out their system, so they separated them into groups. Each group worked with a different set of words for the same actions. The only words that were the same was the command to mobilize to travel, form ranks, and attack. On some occasions, many shared the first set of words that molded them to be how many were today.

The word Tsing just said was Estonian for calm. He belonged to the new group they were about to introduce into the community and Estonian would be this groups central language with a few different languages for added safety.

The new recruit was now fully down and willingly showed his neck to Tsing. He had already began to accept them but it would take some time for him to fully accept them without any doubt. Tsing carefully put the needle in, injected him, then kept track of his vitals as he fell into a slumber. It took about a minute and a half before he was completely out.

"So what are we calling him?" Clarke asked.

They had given new names to each of their warriors as a sign of rebirth for greater things and also to get them to forget their old life. It wasn't hard for many here seeing as they were all found broken on
the streets, many being nearly dead homeless people while others were physically terrible drug addicts. All that were brought were always checked to see if someone would miss them, ruling out the cops from looking for people.

"Necalli and Limecky already met him and their thinking along the lines of Elias. I agree with their choice seeing as his old name was Randy, so it'll be far away from his old life." Tsing said while putting down the injection gun and taking off the light blue gloves.

Clarke hummed in agreement of their choice before continuing her questions of their new recruits.

"Overall, what do they think of Elias? I know Limecky is picky when it comes to the newbies." Clarke said remembering their most trusted Reapers.

Necalli and Limecky were part of the first group to try Tsing’s chemical cocktail enhancer and were the only 2 that survived the entire process. Clarke had made sure to spend as much time as she could spare with them during their transition, helping to create a strong relationship between them. It took a bit of time but they slowly trusted Clarke more and more until they would do anything the blonde said without hesitation. The same process fell with Luna as well, yet they were still sometimes reluctant to follow her if only to tease the girl. Tsing was always there to make sure their health was okay, monitoring her mixture’s effect that she called Reaper Red. She would constantly look for any side effects that could harm them in the near future or that could cause any damage to any part of them. After all, their entire group died from the same dosage except them.

The first batch created and tested on their human test trials was later realized to be extremely unstable within the human anatomy, causing the group of 30 to drop to 15 immediately after getting injected. The magic and chemical mix was far too much for their bodies to handle, causing many to die from cardiac arrest and violent seizures. After 24 hours of the mixture within their systems, the group of 15 dropped to 7. The 8 that died was due to organ failure in their kidneys, liver, and lungs. It was horrible to see but they had to keep moving forward despite their loses. After an entire week, the group was down to 3 and that's when they started trigger words and getting rid of their old lives.

The last 3 were Necalli, formerly known as Mark Linez, Limecky, Sarah Barhouma, and Kalger, Jacob Vacuna.

It seemed like they would all survive until they reached the last trial. It was a test to see if they were loyal to their new life or still loyal to their old one.

Mark immediately proved to be done with his old life as a drunk, incompetent, drug user to become Necalli. Sarah took some persuading, but she eventually saw how bad she had it and dropped her old
life as a messenger for a low life, abusive, drug dealer and abusive household and embraced her rebirth as Limecky.

As for Jacob, he didn't want to leave his life despite living in unsanitary conditions, had a boss who would simply use him as a punching bag and drug mule, and was disowned from his family. It still puzzled Clarke, Tsing, and Luna to this very day as to why he didn't want to forget his old life and become Kalger.

He had nothing to fight or live for as Jacob, but he never chose to let go. They were about to let him walk just days before his mind snapped and he to fell victim to cardiac arrest. It was sad to say the least, they had taken a liking to his personality and hoped to stay in contact with him once he left, but they needed to have their full attention to their last 2 survivors.

They accepted their new lives with a new found confidence and trust towards the 3 girls, and surprisingly Henry. They were now the generals of the Reapers and could easily take down anyone who dared to challenge them. They had been trained by Clarke and Luna on how to fight, so naturally they had become the best. They still weren't good enough to take down Clarke or Luna yet but they would last a long time before exhaustion took the better of them.

They had become close friends to both Luna and Clarke now and were also the only warriors who could speak English, it wasn't the best but it would hold well when they needed to speak it, along with German and Trigedasleng. All the Reapers were fluent in Trigedasleng but they later developed their own language called Blood Tongue.

The new dialect was a cross between Trigedasleng, English, Spanish, and other random sounds and letters that made it sound nearly impossible to understand or be learned fluently. Clarke, Luna, Tsing, and Henry were all being taught this new dialect mainly by Limecky and on occasion Necalli. It was always fun learning with them before they parted ways to their separate parts of the same world.

"Limecky is 67% certain that he will not do well with the rest and 33% that he may survive and prove his worth. Necalli says we should keep an eye on him just in case so I turned on all the cameras and sensors. All we have to do is drop him in with the others." Tsing said smiling, interested at how the new recruits would interact with their settled in warriors.

"Great. Who's coming to get the new recruits?" Clarke asked.

Tsing thought about it then walked back to the metal table that held a clipboard hanging on its side. It held all the recent medical charts in the front but the papers in the back had all the names of each new patient and their transfer information. She stopped at a page, quickly read through it, then looked at
"I'm fairly certain it's going to be Nigreki, Maltor, and Astra." Tsing answered.

Clarke nodded before taking the restraints off Elias. He was knocked out cold but they still kept the muzzle on for precautions. They learned a few things the hard way during their time testing which led to funny memories. Once done, a knock on the door came followed by the head of a golden brown haired girl poking her head through the door.

She looked at Tsing, opening her mouth to say something, before quickly silencing herself after realizing Clarke was in the room. Her face went from neutral to surprise and excitement.

"Come here Astra." Clarke said with a big smile while facing the girl with open arms.

The girl quickly ran up to Clarke and jumped on her with a big hug. Her arms wrapped around Clarke's neck while her legs wrapped around her waist, basically throwing all her weight on Clarke. Lucky for Clarke, Reed and Dax would often do the same thing so she got used to unexpected leaps. Clarke did stumble back but quickly regained her foot and hugged Astra back just as tight.

"Nice to see you to strikon ." Clarke laughed before feeling Astra's legs release her.

The young Latina was a few years younger than Clarke and they had created a sister relationship almost immediately after finding her. The girl was found 5 trails after the first by Clarke after wandering through the roughest part of TonDC in the middle of winter. Clarke took pity on the girl and brought her here instead of Azgeda because Ontari would be furious to see Clarke come back that late at night.

Clarke made a small room for the young girl in the back of the medicine shop and stayed with her. Astra was completely quiet at first before slowly opening up to Clarke and then discovering that she to was a demigod. Daughter of Athena, homeless, and without a family. How could Clarke not take her in and be extremely protective over her. She acted like Raven too so that didn't help. It was hard for Clarke since she still couldn't be with her family but seeing Astra made her pull herself together so this girl could have a family that had her back without fail. Surprisingly the girl was an extremely fast learner so she picked up fighting before taking finding out and taking an interest in Reaper Red. She studied it with Tsing and was able to modify it without any of them knowing it until one day she dosed herself in her room.
Clarke and Luna found her curled up on the floor looking extremely pale while her skin felt like ice. Clarke panicked when she saw the sight of her new family member almost dead on the floor. She stayed with Astra in her room for 3 days straight, watching her vitals and keeping any seizures to a bare minimum. It was midnight on the 3rd day when Astra bolted up in a thrashing cold sweat and erratic heavy breathing.

It scared the crap out of Tsing and Clarke who had fallen asleep on the chairs they placed in the room. They quickly ran to her and calmed her down before she fell back to sleep. Clarke was overjoyed when she saw her wake up and felt even better when her skin color, body temperature, and vitals all began to recede back to normal. The next morning when she woke up nice and easy is when they noticed the side effects of the new strain of Red.

The girl's once simple rich dark brown eyes were now completely changed. Her left eye was an icy captivating blue while her right was a warm bright hazel. Along with her new look came better endurance, awareness, speed, strength, and strategic thinking. It was an amazing blend of Red but there was a downside effect that occurred that worried Tsing greatly.

Her blood had turned solid black and occasionally anger consumed mood swings would occur in certain situations. These weren't minor swings, these were full out rage against whoever made the swing happen until they were either dead or extremely close to it. It was like an animal had awakened in her and only Clarke could calm her down with the mark of Wanheda. They couldn't chance any completely out of control rage in their small city in any way. They never attempted to make the mixture again, but the affects never left so they kept Astra with them where she was given the job of keeping eyes on the new recruits and helping Clarke with their plan.

"What are you doing here? You usually don't come for the welcome wagon to Purgatory." Astra said smiling big and bright.

"Well I came because something happened, and also I wanted to see your ugly face." Clarke teased while messing up the smaller girl's hair.

"Hey! Come on Clarke." Astra said while backing away and attempting to fix her hair.

Clarke laughed then looked back at Tsing who merely gave a small smile and shook her head at their interaction.

"Now that the greetings are done, can we move Elias now?" Tsing said pointing at the unconscious body.
Astra rolled her eyes before walking over to the guy. She sized him up then looked at Clarke.

"You grab his arms, I'll get his legs, and on the count of 3 we lift. Tsing you hold the door." Astra ordered before getting a grip on his legs.

They all quickly moved to their positions then waited for Astra to give the count off.

"Okay, on 3. Ready.... 3." Astra ordered and they quickly lifted the body as best they could.

They quickly rushed to the door where Tsing held it open, revealing the rest of the helping crew. They brought carts for each body which for today's initiation was only a group of 9. They had 3 more people in transition with the group, but they weren't ready to interact yet. Clarke said her greetings to the rest of the group before they all started joking around while taking the new people down to Section A of the underground city, aka the townhall of Hell.

"Alright, once we get there, lay them down easy near the southern wall." Clarke said once they reached the industrial elevator.

Everyone nodded and loaded each cart inside the space. They all knew the sleep inducing injections would wear off soon and when people first woke up, many weren't exactly great company to be around. Everyone woke up a bit differently but they all shared some levels of anger and erratic behavior. It was like being in the same room as rhino who just got shot with a dart and saw who you were.

Once they reached the final level and the doors opened, they all quickly got to work. The doors revealed a large open area, with 3 hallways that could hold a big rig easily. This place was often used as a training grounds for many, and on occasion they would set up a small market or set up a mess hall. Today it was empty, thanks to their announcement earlier in the week warning of new comers. Once they placed them all down, against the red brick walls, before Clarke quickly placed their dog tags on their necks for the other's to know how to address them. She then signaled everyone to get out and into the observation deck. They all nodded and quickly scrambled out and helped each other up, towards a small staircase that led to a small metal door. Clarke was the last out before closing the doors of the elevator and quickly running towards the deck. The deck had been set it up at the start of their city to check side effects, but now it was used to laugh at the newcomers and their awakenings while still observing for any side effects that might occur at any point in time.

Despite the good intentions, they had many good videos of the best and worst awakening moments.
The worst was probably a guy named Otan. Right when he woke up, he stumbled around like a drunk, and then suddenly charged at the nearby wall and knocked himself out. Nobody realized how fast he went but it ended up with him being out cold for 10 hours and during that time everyone came to poke his body and draw on his face. It wasn't anything too immature like drawing a penis but they did write,

*Moron, Newbie, Stupid,*

And a few other words in Trigedasleng to insult him. Then the younger ones came and drew a mustache and monoclonal on him before tattooing a few symbols on him so he knew which group he belonged to.

"I bet my old hoodie that Regner wakes up the same time as Elias and they fight." Maltor quickly bet.

"Wait. The hidden blade hood or the anti stab one?" Nigreki quickly asked.

"Anti stab." Maltor said smirking.

"I want in but I say Cya wakes up the same time as Regner, then Elias, then Cya takes them both on." Astra quickly chimed in.

Maltor looked at her with raised eyebrows then put his hand up rubbed his fingers together asking for her price.

"I bet my double edged axe/staff against your hoodie." She said smirking.

Clarke shook her head, laughing at their bets. She knew they were all wrong after getting reports from Tsing about the most vicious and strongest ones in this group based off vitals and reactions. It was a young, speed demon, girl named Tori and a tall, brute of a man, they had given the name Brutus. They were both fitting names for the new warriors.

Tori was fast, quick with anger, and precise when it came to targets. Proof could be seen on the walls of her treatment center and also the fact that it took nearly twice as long for Clarke to beat her up the last time she escaped her room and went for the exit. The longest a fight ever took place for Clarke was 5 minutes and 3 seconds, with Tori the first fight went up to 7 minutes. The last fight took
almost 15 minutes. The girl could take a hit and deliver one too, she would definitely be a candidate for their other side project.

Brutus on the other hand, was a tall, extremely muscled, man with arms the size of tree trunks and the broad torso of a grizzly. He was essentially a walking tank and when he turned angry, it made the hulk seem like a friendly guy to have over for tea. He was terrifying with his size but also the scars that ran from the top left corner of his forehead, going down and across his left eye, over his nose, down his face, getting the corner of his lips, and stopping just a bit past his chin atop a strong steel looking jawline. It was the work of a harpy and a major hate against demigods. He killed it with only his fist and a broken piece of a bed frame, but he was now blind in that eye which was now pure white, proudly on display. It was his signature of strength along with the scars that were scattered down his arms.

Both of them would bond well with each other over time, but they would definitely fight first. Clarke really couldn't help herself getting in on that bet with the information she had.

"I'm in but I got my poison tipped stygian iron sword on Tori and Brutus waking first and fighting what will be a most brutal, yet highly entertaining, fight of the century." Clarke said smirking.

Everyone immediately turned towards her in shock. They knew she loved that sword and how great that sword could really handle. It wasn't like her blood blades but it was a close second to them with how light it felt in anyone's hands and the damage it could deal.

"You sure about that bet Clarke?" Maltor asked looking cocky about his bet, thinking he was right and not thinking of all the times Clarke had bet and been spot on.

They didn't see Tori like she did and they all thought Brutus was a bit slow. She was going to prove them wrong and enjoy her winnings.

"And I'll even add in my forearm metal sleeves with the claws." Clarke said sweetening the deal, knowing she could get more out of the gullible boy.

"Alright. Your on. I'll add my compact crossbow." Maltor said crossing his arms over his chest then looking back towards the group of sleeping warriors.

"I'm pulling out Mal. Clarke never bets those claws unless she is certain that she's going to win." Astra said while putting her hands up in defeat.
She knew Clarke well enough to know when a price was too high and the odds were against her. She remembered each bet and had slowly been learning, so she knew that when Clarke bet her 2 best items the deal was sealed.

"Whatever." Maltor shrugged off her warning and continued to watch.

Clarke shook her head at his actions then looked at Astra and mouthed 'good choice kid' before watching the warriors again. It wasn't long before all of them started to stir in their sleep and now it was just a matter of who was going to wake up first and fight. They waited for a few short minutes before Elias started to stir.

"HA, looks like your sword and claws are mine." Maltor smiled without checking Tori and Brutus' state.

As they say, never celebrate early.

It was 2 seconds after Elias started to stir that both Tori and Brutus suddenly went rigid, their eyes being the only sign of life as they frantically darted in every direction. Nigreki and Astra got freaked out by their sudden movements then looked at Maltor. He too was fairly shocked, borderline terrified, but held it down as they watched their next actions slowly.

Tori was the first to move properly, using her arms to push herself up. Brutus on the other hand was flexing his hands and slowly waking every fiber in his body to fully stand.

Tori slowly stood up while placing her hand against the wall for support. She then started cracking her neck and looking around like a caged animal. Her vision went from unfocused to predatorial trained once Brutus got to his own feet. Everyone could see Tori looking extremely uneasy about this new person who was nearly twice her size and double her weight. Brutus was now standing tall and examining his new surroundings with his good eye, almost immediately locking on Tori. He was curious for a few moments before he became aware of her hostile posture. He looked at her then cracked his neck and knuckles, sizing her up, knowing of the inevitable fight between the 2.

Tori saw this as a challenge and quickly moved to a fighting stance. Brutus was a bit slow but was quick to act when she went at him.

She ran at him and went in for a swift kick to the gut. It was able to land, and to anyone else they
would have doubled over in pain, but the impact hardly affected him. He only managed to sway back, ever so slightly, before placing a playful grin across his teeth. Tori saw his facial feature and realized that this fight wouldn’t be like the fights she had with Clarke.

It was definitely on now.

Brutus quickly struck down at the speed of a sword slash, despite his large size, only to have his fist crack the concrete below as Tori dodged it by mere inches. She was now more alert, looking slightly terrified, but quickly shock it off and punched Brutus across the face, busting his lip instantly. The impact was unexpected on Brutus’ causing him to stumble back before shaking his head. It took a second before he registered the pain on his lips, allowing his tongue to check for blood almost instantly tasting the warm copper. At the discovery of injury, his playful demeanor quickly changed, letting the anger consume him he charged at Tori with the force of a minotaur.

Tori was shocked and attempted to roll out of the way but her react was a second late and Brutus was able to get her leg. He pulled her down against the floor, then slammed his large fist against her rib cage, sickening cracks instantly making contact with the room.

"That's gotta hurt." Astra winced while watching the fight.

Clarke watched closely at Tori's expression, knowing she had something up her sleeve, while Brutus settled for another punch before wrapping his hands around her throat. To anyone else, it would appear as if Tori was about to die, but Clarke knew from her files, this girl was far from over.

Everyone watched as she put her hands on Brutus' giant ones and attempted to pry them off, failing miserably. Her face was slowly turning different shades of red while her legs struggled under Brutus' size.

Her tipping point was near.

Clarke watched as Tori closed eyes, took a final breath in, then suddenly opened her eyes, revealing black eyes similar to those of a shark.

Her beast was out.

Tori suddenly got her legs out from under him and wrapped them around his waist. Brutus was
startled by her sudden show of strength before she punched a certain pressure point in his shoulder, freeing her of his grip. On the instant release, she grabbed his forearms, crossed them over one another, then flipped him over her, using her grip on his waist for momentum, so she was now on top of him.

She quickly brought his hands up then slammed them down against his own body so hard, one of his wrists cracked. She then let go of his arms then wrapped her hands around his throat, putting all her strength into squeezing the life out of him.

It was all so sudden that nobody noticed the residents of the tunnels were all watching the new warriors with great curiosity. They never had a man of this large of strength and only had ever seen 2 women unleash that much power upon first arriving here. It was truly a sight to see and many wondered who was going to win and become in charge of the new batch.

It looked like Tori was going to win but then Brutus was able to lift his hands and wrap it around her throat so they were now both choking one another.

It was now up to who was gonna pass out first or die first that would determine the winner. The color in their faces were changing at the same rate but neither one of them appeared to be letting go in the slightest, if anything it looked as if they were tightening their grips on one another.

The match was at its all time intense but before the winner was determined, the power went off followed by the slow blinks of rich red lights flooding their underground city. Everyone had froze at the new scene before, knowing this meant only one thing.

Someone was in their city. Someone was walking in their land without their clearance and that meant open season within their minds.

Clarke immediately sprung into action. She ran towards the platform door, slammed it wide open, pulled the tranquilizer rifle from its holder next to the door, shot Tori, Brutus, and every new recruit, then began shouting orders.

"Partes per Beta Gamma, misit ad omnes cuniculos. Ego Alpha et in quadrigis 2 minutes. Nemo relinquat post cuniculis vel advenae!" Clarke yelled out in Latin then watched as all the warriors ran to her ordered stations

"Astra and the rest of you, move the new recruits by any means necessary. Call Luna after and tell
her I need a meeting with Him. " Clarke ordered then jumped over the rail of the stairs to reach the ground floor as quickly as possible. She ran towards the west wall to the small camera panel they set up on the wall for security measures, hoping to catch a glimpse of their uninvited guest and possibly catch a glimpse of them.

Despite their city seeming a bit chaotic with somewhat of a system, the reality of it was that it was highly organized down to the security of their land. Leaders pushed their groups to the hidden sector of the underground city while others alerted the messengers to get Alpha squadron to their location.

Now, many would wonder about the legends of Alpha squadron or as they were usually called, the Phantom Regiment.

They never showed up to new recruit initiations because these warriors were ghosts in their small city. They always stayed in the shadows, never talking, but everyone knew they were always watching. The only time anyone would catch a glimpse of them would be for special ops missions for executions needed on certain gang leaders and high powered officials that were in the way of the Clans power. The rumors behind their appearances ranged from filed teeth to tear out any person's throat to eyes as red as blood. In reality only one of the warriors on the squadron had filed teeth while the rest had sword skills faster than a speeding bullet, the strength of grizzly bears, precision of a hawk, the agility of a shadow, and a heart as cold as Clarke's when it came to following orders for the greater good of their people.

Clarke quickly scanned through the sectors on the panel by the time she went through half of them, she felt their presence.

"The Western and Southern parts are clear. I'm going through the Eastern sector now so be prepared to go full blackout if it's Eastern." Clarke quickly ordered before hearing the light taps of fingertips hitting the bone parts of their armor, communicating in morse code to maintain their code of silence when taking orders.

It took a few seconds before Clarke found the intruders in the Eastern sector, directly in the Echo chambers. There was very little light in that area but it was connected to old subway lines so noise traveled through there a lot, it was also their most vulnerable sector in the facility due to the old lines be the main support for that area.

"They're in the Echo chambers near the old subway line. Begin heading down there while I try and get a look at our guests. Once confirmed on both their location and visual contact, I'll decide how to handle them." Clarke ordered in a cold tone before hearing a small shuffle followed by immediate silence.
They began their trek down into the chamber, while Clarke continued watching the live feed to know who these people were. She knew that was their weka point but the Echo chambers were extremely hidden and were only found through the city's old lines, which many avoided. These lines were ancient lines and the only way get into their city labyrinth was through a complex series of twists and turns. Curiosity got the better of Clarke so she continued watching the security camera to get a glimpse of the people who were in the tunnels.

The cameras had no audio but she could see that the group was checking the caves and now gesturing for some companions to follow. It was 2 people in the camera's light but their backs were turned and wearing hoodies blocked any means of identifying who they were. She could make out a sword on one of their backs but besides that, nothing else could be determined. It took a few seconds before a figure made its way past the first 2 people and straight into the light of the camera.

Clarke's blood immediately spiked causing the mark of Wanheda to burn bright on her back.

The screen showed Lexa walking around and checking while the 2 hooded figures turned around revealing them to be Anya and Lincoln. Clarke immediately slammed the panel closed and took off in the direction of the Echo chambers while pulling out her own sword, allowing it to scrape across the floor and let the sound of metal scraping concrete resonate within the tunnels.

She caught up with the Regiment, who all figured out the message on how to deal with these intruders once they saw Clarke's sword out. She calmly walked past them, holding an iron grip on her sword and her muscles tense with anger.

"Take them all out. I want to see each of them on the ground begging for mercy." Clarke ordered.

They all nodded and smiled under their mask while pulling out their weapons.

"Leave the green eyed girl to me. If I see anyone move a single hair on her head, I will personally deal with you in the middle of the fight." Clarke threatened.

"Yes, Wanheda." The cold hiss unison of affirmation sent a shiver down the tunnel as smiles spread across each of them, excited for the fight, before taking off into the Echo chambers.

Clarke was shocked at their response. They hardly talked, including when accepting her orders, only communicating through morse code by tapping certain parts of their specially made armor. It was definitely weird but she shrugged it off, to consumed in vengeance and her thirst for more blood of
Clarke knew it was extremely risky to allow these warriors almost complete freedom but she really just wanted to face Lexa one on one without anyone butting in to save their dear Commander. They would give her space and possibly kill the others but she knew her Phantoms liked to prolong pain so she might be able to stop them from killing. Maybe not stop losing limbs, but she could probably stop death. After all she did need at least 4 of them alive for what they had planned.

She walked with them towards the chambers before hearing the small whispers of the voices she wanted so badly to silence. She gave out quick hand signals, splitting the group into 3 sections so they could surround them, then quickly signalled their formation pattern of attack. It didn't take long for them to figure out which tunnels to choose for better success of attack since the constant whispering bicker below gave away the Romans position loud and clear.

"I told you we should have taken a left back there. I'm pretty sure this isn't below Edison St."

By the sound of the gruff voice Clarke was sure it was Nyko.

"I'm not sure any of this is on the map. There should have been a fork after that last right." Anya's voice now said with an annoyed tone.

Clarke wanted to laugh hearing them talk about using a map as their guide within their city. All city record maps completely avoided this area because it was a small portion of the famous ancient Labyrinth, but it had lost all its connection to the original one but still created a tricky confusing maze that no mortal could document. Clarke discovered it soon after creating the Phantom Regiment and creating more sectors of their ever growing city. They discovered it after a small fight using sledgehammers led to one breaking open a stone wall revealing the chamber.

Clarke waited at a main chamber that opened up to reveal the chambers had 3 levels, with Lexa's group at the bottom and Clarke's surrounding forces at the second levels 3 hallways out of 6. She watched as the split groups organized their drop attack while waiting for Lexa's group to enter.

"Lexa hurry up. I don't care about your sudden worry about being down here. I'll drag your ass to the clearing up ahead myself." Anya threatened.

"I have a weird feeling in my gut that hasn't gone away since we went down here. If anything it has gotten worse since we stepped into this chamber of sorts." Lexa argued.
All of the Regiment wanted to laugh seeing as Lexa's worry was all to true. They were about to walk into an ambush and more than likely, lose a limb. Clarke watched as her warriors held back their laughter and started making joking gestures towards one another mimicking the oncoming group of Arkadians. It took a little while before the group showed up into the clearing, snapping Clarke's warriors out of their moment of laughter and back into their murderous nature. They were all wearing cloaks that covered their armor underneath along with their weapons on their waists. It appeared to be Nyko and Indra holding large duffel bags with unknown objects within, slightly worrying them as to what could be in the bags.

"This definitely isn't on the map." Lincoln said.

"Well, I have no idea where we are and I haven't known since we entered from the cement sector to the brick area. I lied since then and Indra knew." Anya suddenly confessed while looking up at the 3 levels above their heads, scanning the quiet area.

"What!?!" All of them yelled while Indra simply rolled her eyes and continued to examine the levels and entrances on each floor that were currently hiding all of Alpha squadron and Clarke in its shadows.

"Not my fault all these maps are completely different from one another. Plus, Lincoln was helping me navigate half the time so it's his fault too." Anya argued while leaning more on her uninjured leg and looking more closely at the structure around them.

"We've been down here for almost an hour! Maybe more!" Lexa yelled looking around with more precision now as well.

All the hidden warriors sunk deeper within the shadows once seeing Lexa's gaze change from light suspicion to full hawkeye watching, welcoming the comfort of its cold embrace while hiding them better within them.

"I get it, but it's not like we're gonna die here. If worst comes to worst we get lost and find a sewer lid that pops us up in the middle of TonDC." Anya shrugged her shoulders.

At her response everyone quickly went into bickering, turning their focus away from the walls and shadows currently holding back monsters.

Clarke quickly signalled the groups with a quick raise of her fist and putting up fast hand commands
letting them know exactly which formation they were using now. The 3 groups were split into 2 groups of 3 and 1 group of 2, not including Clarke. Alpha squad was a group of 8 with 3 highly skilled archers. The plan they were preparing was code named the Devil's Fire Pit. Once seeing Clarke's signal, all archers quickly loaded 2 arrows on their handcrafted bows, while another member quickly lit the tips with a special kind of greek fire. It blazed an enriching shade of purple that would connect with another source of the same kind of fire, allowing shapes to be formed if they plotted right.

They all waited for Clarke's release signal to aim at the still bickering group of Arkadians.

Clarke waited for at least one of them to notice just to see all of their reaction times. It took a few seconds before Indra noticed a small light at the very edge of her peripheral vision. Her gaze adjusted slightly to properly make out the light, only to see the small flames with what looked like the silhouette of a warrior. Her eyes widened, her mouth beginning to open to warn her company, but she was far too slow for Clarke’s quick flag down with her hand, releasing all arrows towards their intended destinations. All her warriors couldn't hear what Indra warned once releasing the arrows into their formation, but they knew something interesting was about to take place.

They made a hexagon around the group in purple fire then they all dropped down forming an octagon around the fire, without Clarke present yet. All their weapons were drawn but hanging loosely at their sides, simply staring down the now slightly scared Arkadians. They all knew they didn't dress like the warriors from the clans of TonDC which now worried Lexa about who exactly were the people surrounding them.

"What kind of fire is this?" Nyko asked under his breath while standing between Anya and Lincoln.

His keen eyes catching the way the fire seemed to want to connect to one another before trapping them within its confinements. It seemed to be alive and craving a connection to anything similar to itself, burning an even brighter rich purple once together.

"I've never seen anything like it, but that won't stop me from fighting these black and red cloaked freaks." Anya growled out while pulling out her weapon.

At the comment one of the archers, Cora the fastest most accurate archer, smirked at Anya's threat. Everyone did, but the comment mainly got the attention of the second in command, Oris.

"Em l'an." He broke the spell of silence, causing the Arkadians to freeze at his sudden words.
Clarke wanted to strangle him for breaking her tactic of the intimidation technique of silence that she knew would have worked if he simply shut up for a bit longer. She rolled her eyes and contained her anger knowing Indra, Anya, or Lexa were now going to demand who they were or who they worked for now that they knew the warriors could speak.

As if on cue, Indra started her bombardment of questions.

"We wish no harm if you're a friend. Help us leave and we'll never bother you again." She tried to bargain.

This time Barco spoke, knowing that there was no point in keeping their original silence if it was already broken. Not to mention he was the most level headed between everyone and often controlled the tone of communication of any situation.

"Em komb'ir. Skat odop." His authoritative voice dropped through every part of the room.

Indra looked at him confused. She had no clue what the dialect was, which made Clarke glad she learned shadow talk from her business partner and taught it to everyone involved with their plan.

"Does anyone even know the language they're speaking?" Lincoln asked sounding aggravated, placing his hand on his axe, while watching the relaxed looking warriors that surrounded them in mere seconds.

"It sounds similar to a certain dialect but I can't remember the name." Lexa suddenly said trying to piece it together but her mind was split between finding an escape, finding any weak points on any of the warriors, and defending her group.

It was then Clarke froze, realizing Lexa also knew some variation of the dialect but not this exact form. Still, she knew the girl would piece together what it consisted of and would likely put together who Clarke was working with because this variation only came from one source. Before she could think further she saw Anya about to make a move over the fire and directly towards Anan and Xaelan. Before even thinking about it Clarke immediately grabbed her dagger blades and threw them both just before she took her jump. They blades grazed the tips of Anya’s toes, creating an X jutting out of the ground. She looked down for a split second before looking back up at her original targets, only now seeing 3 silver arrow tips aimed at her heart and a different warrior before her.

"Wer'n ya go'ner, yu say'en?" River spoke this time, giving a slight snarl at the end of her words just
for the fun of watching fear raise within the brown eyes of the Roman.

Anya was awestruck at how fast she had appeared in front of her when the other 2 were just in front of her seconds before. River simply smirked under her black and crimson patterned mask, waiting for the fight Clarke had promised them. She motioned Anya back with the flick of her wrist that held the grip of the 3 arrows currently aimed at her heart and neck. Once Anya backed up a few steps, she backed up as well, going back to their original formation, but still keeping her arrows trained on Anya. Since no one heard any objections from Clarke, they all decided to get in offensive stances with their weapons drawn, showing jagged swords, spears, and tri-tipped arrows coated in substances.

"Meiko set raun yu melon!" River yelled while pointing her bow at the rest of them, changing dialect to Trigedasleng to get them properly in line, now catching the attention of the Arkadians upon hearing the new dialect.

"Did she just speak what I think she spoke?" Lincoln asked looking at his companions for reassurance at what his ears had heard.

"That was Trigedasleng." Indra stated, looking shocked at the fact that they knew the dialect of Trikru.

At the new information, Lexa quickly jumped at the opportunity to properly communicate with the small group of highly trained warriors.

"Chon ge yu Heda?" Lexa quickly asked before placing her hands above her head, following the orders River had commanded, hoping that her cooperation would get them talking.

"Shof op!" River yelled gesturing towards the arrow ready to fire.

"Em pleni Riva." Clarke said from above, now ready to beat the crap out of Lexa, also to hit Oris upside the head a bit for ruining part of their formation plan, and lastly to show to her partner in the shadows that she wasn’t entirely useless like he taunted her so many times and ordered her to prove her value.

Everyone turned their heads towards Clarke's direction of sound, still slightly off from the echoes the tunnels produced within the chamber. She sighed heavily before gripping her sword handle tight, calling upon every bit of power from the mark of Wanheda before jumping down. It was a good 25
foot drop from where she was to the ground floor, so naturally people who never see any being drop from that high don't expect to see them land on their 2 feet as if it were a simple jump from 2 steps. To cut it short, Lexa's group was a bit startled to see a person suddenly drop from that height after throwing 2 daggers at Anya's feet just moments before.

Thankfully for Clarke, her hood was over her face and the mark had changed her features once more, to the red hair and war painted eyes. This time felt a bit different however, but Clarke couldn't tell what it was exactly but she felt more connected with her emotion of rage and sinister side. It was strange feeling that had her slightly disoriented but in a good way.

"Who the hell do you think could be in charge of a group like this, oh Great and Mighty Heda." Clarke bit out under her hood, mocking the girl before her.

At the sound of her voice, everyone froze while all the warriors around them bowed their heads over in respect to their leader. Lexa looked like she'd seen a ghost, Anya looked just about ready to leap over the fire to strangle Clarke, Indra looked determined about their chances, while Nyko and Lincoln absent mindedly rubbed their injuries while trying to figure out how the hell to escape the mess they had stumbled into.

"I don't know how you managed to find 2 of my most favorite areas in the span of less than 24 hours, but this time it won't matter." Clarke tried holding back some of her emotions but her anger was fairly prominent now.

"I held myself back during our fight for my own reasons but you taught me that plans never really stay the same, right." Clarke continued to jab at Lexa where she knew it would hurt, she knew it was a bit of a low blow as of now but she had been holding all of this in for 5 years.

It was clearly working, Lexa never let her Commander mask break but anyone could tell from her forest green eyes that her words were like daggers to her heart.

"You're probably wondering what the fuck I'm doing down here after just being at the underground fight club. Since we're probably going to kill 3 or 2 of you and keep the rest down here, I'll spill." Clarke smirked while giving a small hand signal to her warriors to prepare for the fire to drop.

They all nodded before quickly put their smaller weapons back, and pulling out their specialized deadly blades. They all carried double blades that had all been crafted by their partner in the dark with the help of Clarke and Luna’s designs. They were made from stygian iron but slightly different giving the color of a shiny chrome black while the edges were imperial gold. It sent shivers down Anya’s spine, looking similar to Clarke’s blade that had cut her open just hours earlier.
"Thanks to your quick thinking back at the mountain, I died cold and alone under the crushing weight of jagged rocks. Now, before you ask how I’m alive, don’t even ask me how the hell I’m alive because I don’t even know. I both blame and thank the Fates and the person I’m working with for choosing me to bare what I assume is the famous Mark of Wanheda.” She gestured towards her spine while doing a simple shrug with her shoulders.

Clarke started laughing in a cold way that sent a wave of uneasiness over the Arkadians, including her Phantoms.

"This was probably the worst pain I’ve ever felt in my entire life and I had a sword go through my body followed by the crushing pressure of rocks. This thing felt as if someone burned my flesh with a rusty dull iron then twisted it in deeper into my spine before throwing me in a tank of below freezing water." She growled out, taunting the backstabbers she had before her by recalling her pain and fuel for her vengeance.

She composed herself a bit before continuing her speech and explanation of why she held such hatred towards them all.

"I thank my new family for keeping me alive and keeping me from going insane due to the whispering voices that haunted me night and day during the first month of getting the mark."

Clarke had to take a deep breath after remembering the horrible whispers she heard everyday directly against her ear. She remembers the ice tone they used, each sound of every letter, at one point almost feeling the very breath and slight spit against her skin.

_Death follows you, daughter of Hades_.

_You couldn’t save your friends without paying a price, all because you were to weak to survive._

_Nobody is looking for you._

_You’re a nobody in their eyes._

_Not even your own blood searches for you girl._
You were left at the mountain like a piece of hydra dung.

Your weak! Insignificant in anyone's eyes. No wonder the daughter of Athena left you behind to save her people, you're nothing compared to them.

Even she knew you weren't worth her time. What makes you think she would actually stay with a scared little girl who can't even save her friends, or herself at the very least.

If you really think you're not weak, you're only fooling yourself.

You've done nothing to show you have any real strength, real brains, or at the very least real skill as a proper greek warrior.

Gods toss you aside like rotten fruit. You weren't ever properly trained in Polis, nor were you ever going to be. They held you back and made you into the mess I see before me.

I can help you truly become a greek warrior. I can help you show the gods that they're wrong, help you show the girl that shattered your very soul that you're worth so much more than she'll ever know.

You have great power deep within your blood, child of death. Help me Clarke Griffin, and I'll help you with the Gods along with the Arkadians.

She did bad things during her first weeks with the mark and the constant harsh voice within her head, she really had to thank Roan and Ontari for everything they put themselves through for her. Not dwelling on her past for too long, she continued talking.

"Figured out what the voice was later on and what it wanted to show me. It revealed to me what my real purpose was and how to execute it perfectly." At the last word, Clarke’s coy and playful tone quickly changed to a bitter tone.

"Before I thought I could help heal people at Camp Polis and possibly get into mortal medicine in their world but I couldn't do that under the boot of those moronic, egotistical, ass hat fucktards we call parents. They treat us like Pegasus crap, never actually caring whether we live or die because
they can live forever and make more of us whenever they feel like it." She said scoffing at the thought of the high and mighty gods on Olympus putting minimal effort with each of their children.

"I died and was buried under the very walls that held my blood and nobody gave a shit. Not you, not my supposed friends, not Polis, not even my own father. My dad's the king of the underworld and he still believes that I’m dead! For Titans sake, at least give a crap about one of your only children. I’m the only kid he has on this side of the damn world."

"I was gifted this nightmare on my back to make things right, to put an actual leader on the throne that will be made of the ruins of what will become Mt. Olympus. If your wondering how such a thing will even occur, let's just say I don't really have to worry about time or death. You guys on the other hand aren't so lucky when it comes to either." Clarke smirked before raising her sword.

"Say hello to my father for me and tell him the shadows he has hidden from grow when midnight strikes."

Her warriors quickly took the blade in their right hand and spun it over their heads, slicing down on the air in front of them, the air created with the move killing the flame that surrounded the Arkadians instantly. Once out, they went into an attack stance while their eyes glowed a bright acidic yellow green similar to a hydra acid as their pupils changed into slits.

It scared Lexa and her group at their sudden change, and nearly broke Clarke's focus. She'd never seen this change before on them, it was definitely turning into an interesting day of sorts. It was only a split second of distraction before Clarke let the energy of the mark spread towards the Regiment.

It was something she learned after listening to the cruel voice beside her ear. It told her that the mark could manipulate emotions, make anyone lose control of their actions without realizing it until after the mark releases its grip on their mind. She could see out of their eyes, hear their thoughts, manipulate their bodies like puppets, all while fighting her own fight without missing a beat. She never felt the pain of their injuries, so even if they lost a limb, she could still force them to fight.

The phrase "one man army" was made after people witnessed Wanheda posses a small town, full of barely surviving farmers, go against a fully armed and trained army that was twice the size of the town residents, and win. It was a rare sight but that was because the strength it took to hold any number of people drained the holder of the mark both physically and mentally. Only a few of bearers, which were rare themselves, were rumored to have control of the ability. All who beared the mark had tried it at one point in their lives to see if they were capable of retaining such a gift.

Clarke’s first time using the skill was on a small group of Azgeda members who had gotten into a
gang fight with the Bay Sho Mob. She managed to keep control of 4 people and win the fight without a scratch on any of them, coming to the realization that she held the potential of maintaining the gift. She trained with it on different groups with the help of Luna and her people. She ultimately trained the gift on the Regiment, teaching them how to improve while learning new aspects of the rare thing while improving it. It should have been like those times but this time felt different.

It was more engaged and filled with an almost burning venom like sensation flowing in her veins. She could feel the burning directly within her heart and eyes. It stung but it wasn't a horrible pain, it felt more similar to the pain of when one doesn’t blink for an extended period of time and when you finally do, your eyes burn. It was like that and enough to leave her slightly distracted for a quick second.

Anya was able to see Clarke's slight disruption of focus and immediately lunged at her. Her own rage fueled her lunge, wanting to get the daughter of the underworld back for basically breaking every bone in her body and then breaking part of her spirit.

Her Roman made blade glowed against the dim lighting within the room before slicing horizontally towards Clarke's gut, but what happened next wasn't the scene anyone would have guessed in years to come.

The blade was sliced but no target was found. Instead, Anya got a large cloud of black sand that simply waved around the room like a magician's smoke escape.

Everyone froze, including Clarke's warriors. Nobody saw where she went or how she did it.

She was simply gone.

It took half a second later for Clarke's warriors to suddenly freeze up again, but this time they gave no warning as to what would happen. It looked like they were about to collapse, fooling the room, and then springing into action with blades cutting without end in sight.

None of the Arkadians were prepared for the assault but they were able to block the first surprise assault with no injuries. Their weapons were locked with 4 blades being pushed down on their own weapons by closed eyed warriors who looked completely ballistic within their entire body, yet completely relaxed upon their face.

All of them had warriors to deal with except Lexa. She stood in the middle of the group, shocked at
what just occurred before her, not seeing her companions in large struggles against what they would forever preserve as the most brutal opponents they had ever faced. All that went through Lexa's mind was, where in the gods' names did Clarke go?

It took about 5 seconds before her answer was answered by the feeling of an object crushing her down on her throat, slowly choking her, taking the air out of her lungs.

Clarke had shadowed traveled behind Lexa with a staff made of enchanted black ebony wood wrapped around with vine like silver pieces, with silver painted celestial bronze ends that would deal serious damage to anyone's body when properly used.

Lexa quickly tried to gain the upperhand but Clarke's grip was far tighter and supported compared to weakened strength, not to mention the force currently crushing her windpipe was even worse. She could feel something was off about Clarke but couldn't quite tell. She could however feel Clarke's soft breath pressing against her neck each time she tried to push the staff off her throat to get some air. It was far to controlled, seeming similar to the breathing pattern of a light jog. It felt cold against her skin, causing goosebumps to rise with each area of exposed skin it touched. It would have held an intimate touch had it not been accompanied with the presence of murderous intentions. The light touch of a once caring breath against her skin brought back the innocent memories created so many years back. The shy kisses they shared under the stars, late night confessions of what they hoped for the future, silent moments of simply holding each other as the silence of wherever they had camped wrapped them in a bubble that seemed almost indestructible. Sadly, the reminiscent spell was shattered by the venomous voice of a broken girl.

"I'm going to enjoy feeling your spirit go through Hades' gates and pass by the feet of Cerberus." Clarke whispered happily directly against her ear, some restraint present in her tone due to the extra pressure she now added on the staff.

Black dots started to cloud the corner of Lexa's vision but it soon went away when the feeling of the staff was released and her hearing was now invaded by the sound metal getting blocked by the staff.

Lexa had crumbled to the ground to catch her breath but it didn't take long to see Anya fighting Clarke with a new found ferocity she had never witnessed from anyone before.

Clarke on the other hand, was smiling while blocking all of Anya's blows. It seemed like child's play to her, moving effortlessly with her staff, mimicking the crystal colored rivers that flowed through Arkadia. Anya on the other hand embodied the power of the rock slides that occured in the middle of summer. Each blow sounding more severe than the previous one, dealing a lot of damage if they had actually managed to touch their intended target.
"I see you’re still mad about the fight." Clarke suddenly teased, laughing lightly at the sudden brash actions being delivered by Anya.

Anya simply answered with a growl and more high speed slashes aimed anywhere on Clarke’s body.

"Aww don't feel too bad. You're actually the only one to leave that place alive. Your pride is another story though." Clarke continued to tease, getting a good laugh at the Roman’s attempt to injure her, while doing another complicated series of defensive blocks with her staff.

It then dawned on Lexa that Clarke was playing defense with Anya the entire fight. It confused her greatly because in the short time she saw Clarke, she never played defense unless it was all part of a bigger plan to deal more damage on her opponent. It was like watching a dance for a little while before Clarke looked away from Anya, across the fighting ring they had created, seeing her warriors on the floor and semi unconscious.

"I see the Minerva smarts finally came upon you to help with my warriors. Impressive coming from you and your rash actions." Clarke continued to tease while subtly transitioning to offensive attacks.

Anya was blinded by her anger so these subtle changes weren't seen by her in the slightest. She continued slashing and jabbing at Clarke before Clarke suddenly hit Anya's swords down and slammed her across the face with the end of the staff. She stumbled back from the well aimed blow, blood slightly spraying out of her mouth, while Clarke simply stood there with a wicked smile slowly creeping along her face.

Anya wiped the blood off the corner of her mouth, regaining her footing, taking large heavy breaths, giving Clarke the most terrifying death glare Lexa had ever seen Anya.

"I've beaten cyclops, harpies, minotaurs, and hydraz. You are no exception to the list even with that symbol on your back. You’re still a living, breathing, blood pumping, being, meaning you can die just like any other monster." Anya spat out, a few drops of blood spraying in front of her and tightening her grip against her remaining dual blade.

Clarke was surprised at her choice of words for her verbal assault before she started laughing. It took a few short moments, 3 seconds to be precise, to go from dying of laughter to being completely composed and speaking in a coy manner once more.

"You call me a monster but know that I am your creation. Your leader’s actions created
consequences that none of you could ever imagine." Clarke defended herself then her posture straightened and her eyes shut.

It was then that Lexa saw the difference in Clarke. Black lines, that looked like veins, could be seen on the sides of her neck along with black veins going around her eyes, gathering like a some kind of soul deteriorating disease. In a swift motion she twirled her staff over her head then twisted the body itself, blades shooting out of both ends. This time they were made from the red metal identical to the one on Clarke's half and half sword.

Her eyes shot open revealing bloody red pools brought out by the black that surrounded her eyes like a demon.

"A monster is only as bad as their original creator Anya." She said in a tone that ran ice shards through veins and settled them deep into bones.

It was then that 3 distinct cries of pain could be heard.

Anya and Lexa quickly whipped their heads around only to see Nyko, Lincoln, and Indra all stabbed in one part of their bodies that would cause death if they weren't treated soon due to blood loss.

"There we go. Now it's your turn." Clarke's rang with annoyed anger.

Before either Roman could figure out her next move, the sound of gears turning, a spring releasing its tension, the clatter of metal against dirt invaded the chamber, and a final cry of pain caught Lexa's attention. Anya was now down on the floor once more, clenching her left side, a blade now decorating the side of body going through and through, pairing itself with a growing pool of blood on her armor.

She then turned her attention to Clarke, who was walking up to Anya with a smirk on her eerily calm features, flipping her staff the other way so the top blade was skimming the once again broken body of Anya. She kicked her blade further away, scoffing at the weapon, judging how primitive the design was. She placed it under her chin then pulled her face up to look at her darkened features directly.

Anya's face was split between extreme anger and extreme pain but fused together by her heavy breathing, clenched jaw, and raw intense eyes that hungered to jam her blade through the blonde's chest.
"I have to say Anya, I am impressed by your skills but your rage makes you blind and predictable. You'd think a child of Minerva could keep a leveled head in battle instead of being an emotional wreck dictated by previous opinions, much like a child of Mars or Venus." She clicked her tongue in disapproval then took her blade off Anya's chin, letting it drag just hard enough to break the skin and mark the fallen Roman once more.

Lexa simply stayed where she originally was, petrified by the scenes that had unfolded in a matter of seconds, before realizing Clarke was coming for her next.

"And yet again we see another child of Minerva being overwhelmed by emotion. What would your mother think?" Clarke teased before crouching down to Lexa's eye level, left hand resting on the ebony staff while her right simply rested against her knees.

"What's the matter Commander? Head over heart not working so well anymore." Clarke poked another hollow hole into her chest again, knowing those words were what started this crusade.

Nobody expected the next thing that happened but it happened anyway.

"Clarke... I'm sorry... For everything I did to make you hate your family and friends… I didn’t mean to turn you into this... I hope you find peace once you strike me down."

Everyone was taken back by Lexa's tone, including Clarke. It sounded broken, tired, and extremely guilt drowned. Nobody expected this reaction from Lexa,

Except Clarke.

She had expected Lexa to pull out her best emotions, to try and get the blonde out of her empowered state. The people she worked for prepared her for any sick Roman trick they would try. She knew their real intentions and she definitely knew Lexa didn't care for anyone besides her rat infested camp.

But she had to fool her long enough to see if her bosses were right about who might show up to save them.
Clarke repeated those words a few more time before shutting her eyes and relaxing her shoulders and letting the tension leave her body.

To anyone else it would seem as if Lexa’s words got to her but in reality, it was Clarke taking back some of the powers she had displayed and keeping it in for a bit longer.

Her hair went back to being its original blonde wavy locks, her eyes returned to their desolate blue, and her features softened to her real, sort of rough, warrior looking face. Her warriors dropped to the floor as if they were rag dolls, but in reality they knew the plan as well. The mark did influence their movements, but their thoughts were still their own and they could take control of their bodies during the possession but with the benefits of increased strength, speed, and a mental line of communication with everyone affected by the mark. They even went so far as to fall over Indra and Nyko just to add onto their pain and look as if they were nothing but entirely possessed husks.

Clarke continued her act, dropping her spear and slumping over slightly, she slowly opened her eyes slowly, letting her cold mask drop, replacing it with a well rehearsed broken down, guilt filled face she had donned so many months before. She shut her eyes for another moment, bringing her hands up to her head to seem a bit dazed, as if waking up, then stuttered out her first sentence.

"Wha... Huh.. Where am I?" She forced her voice to sound tired and confused.

Her gaze dropped on Lexa then she looked around, letting alarm flood her senses, giving her all into the act she was currently selling fairly well if the Roman’s faces had anything to say.

"Lexa? Anya?... no... No, please not another nightmare. Just leave me alone! It's the one thing you’re good at!" She said before collapsing and letting the tears she had held back for since the mountain, flow out, looking completely vulnerable in front of Arkadians.

She felt the confusion and tension run high throughout the room but it wasn’t to the point of where she wanted it yet. It took about a few more weak sounding mumbles and silent sobs from their pain riddled bodies before she heard someone become brave enough to get closer to her and gently place an extremely nervous hand on her.

By how gentle, yet firm, the grip on her was, she knew it was Lexa.
It would always be arrogant predictable Lexa to try and piece her back together if given the chance.

Clarke looked up with her mask of tears and disbelief in place. She flinched at the touch and shook her head playing the innocent scarred child down to the word. It was working seeing as everyone in the room now seemed to lose their tension and looked at her with pity and guilt, thinking that she was being influenced solely by the mark.

_They better feel guilty before I plunge a blade in their throats._ Clarke thought to herself.

She ducked her head down into her knees and stayed like that, knowing Lexa would come and either embrace her in attempt to make her realize it was her instead of a nightmare or gently coax her with a gentle voice and soft hands against her own.

Sure enough she heard the words of a soft spoken back stabber.

"Klark... Please look at me, niron.... It's really me and I'm not going to leave you or hurt you ever again." She said gently placing her hands over Clarke's.

Clarke gently lifted her head and looked in the soft looking jade eyes she had once loved with all her heart. The same ones that did possibly care for her a long time ago before they fed her to the devil’s palace. She knew they would never truly care for her but it would be a gift from the Titans to do what her bosses wanted her to do. Oh how she would absolutely love what she was about to do.

She let her fake guard be replaced with another fake mask of realization and immediately embraced Lexa. She let sobs break through the room again while she clung onto Lexa with everything she had, which was basically anger, but a guilt ridden person only feels what they want to feel.

"Shh, Clarke I got you. I'm never letting you go again." Lexa whispered in her ears and hoped to the Gods that this was over while wrapping her own arms tightly around the blonde.

To Clarke however, she was about to prove Lexa's new promise wrong. After all you, can't hold onto someone when your stabbed in the gut and bleeding out, and that's exactly what Clarke did.

With the hidden blades in her sleeves, she quickly brought her arm down to Lexa's side, pulled the blade out, and stabbed it in between her ribs, piercing her lung. She felt Lexa's breath hitch directly against her ear, a quick inhale ghosting her skin, her posture tensing up completely before the
daughter of death whispered in her ear.

"Jus drein, jus daun."

All of Lexa's group attempted to get up once they saw what Clarke had done. They all took one painful move towards Clarke before all of her warriors got up once more, beating them with their bare hands, and beating them into submission once more with the added held of the hilts of their weapons.

It was then that Clarke felt the presence of the people she had been expecting to show up quite a while ago. Lexa had now slumped over and was feeling the effects of a rare Azgeda poison run rampant through her veins. She tossed Lexa over to the side, letting the large thud of a slowly dying body echo through the tunnels, before getting up with her spear in hand once again. She looked down at Lexa and smiled as her lips turned as th4 obsidian and crimson war paint reappeared around her eyes, the black veins making themselves known again as her eyes slowly became overwhelmed by pools of the same colors that made up her war paint.

"Welcome to Azgeda, Lexa. I'm going to welcome your uncle and mom now so let's see if they'll enjoy the hospitality." Clarke said while laughing with a crooked smirk.

At that point all her warriors had beat Lexa's warriors to a pulp and had stabbed them with the same poison as Lexa, prolonging their agony just a bit longer. They then pushed them aside and went to stand behind Clarke as she faced a tunnel, waiting for their new guests.

"Get ready. Hold your ground for as long as you can without revealing any part of your identity." Clarke ordered to her Phantoms before letting the mark take complete control, the ancient design now spreading the ink all across her back, spreading down her arms in tribal designs and stopping just past her elbows, and releasing the power it could release against her body.

The aura of the room itself darkened with the newly released power, the old walls crumbling ever so slightly by the sheer force of the sudden burst of power. She could hear the sound of horses feet thundering towards them along with distinct voices shouting commands to reach their destination faster. The warriors tightened their grip on their dual swords while Clarke simply took a quick check of the blade at the end of her staff, making it a spear. She could see a light beginning to show at one of the tunnels growing brighter.

"Come on you glorified bastards." Clarke mumbled to herself while tightening her grip on her spear.
As the last word left her mouth she heard a loud boom of thunder break through the room along with the striking pain of lightning stabbing her spine. She merely stumbled at the force of Zeus’ mighty lightning bolt while her warriors fell to the ground, now unconscious at the impact of the hit.

"Wasn't expecting for Mr. Tall and Stupid himself to glorify us with his presence." Clarke grunted out while she regaining her firm footing.

By the time she stood Athena, Hermes, and Zeus could clearly be seen within the tunnel and were now within range of her spear aim. All of them were atop their chariots dressed in half battle gear. Without thinking, she threw her spear at Zeus, catching him off guard after he had assumed the bolt had hit all dangers within the chamber, getting his shoulder directly. Once in, the spear opened up in the middle, shooting out 2 more blades towards the other gods. Hermes was grazed across his neck while Athena blocked it with her shield. Zeus however was directly hit, causing his control of his reigns to veer off a little, nearly crashing into Hermes, before pulling it out and tossing it aside. It never hit the ground seeing as a shadow consumed it out of eye range of the gods.

At this point Clarke knew she was defeated but that didn't stop the grinch like grin from spreading on her lips. She placed her hands above her head before sinking down to her knees and coughing out blood, now feeling the affects of Zeus' legendary bolt.

Zeus pulled up directly in front of Clarke while Athena gathered Clarke's fallen warriors and Hermes tended to the almost dead Arkadians. Zeus looked absolutely livid about the situation they had been drawn to, the unheld power of Wanheda now reappearing on their radar, but quickly became stunned once seeing that it was Clarke wielding the mark of Wanheda and taking note that she was indeed alive and well. Zeus stood in silence upon seeing his niece, attempting to figure out how she was standing before him without a single wound on her, looking perfectly healthy and grownup with no evidence of a mountain falling down upon her body or signs of stopping what would have been a bloody battle been the Titans and Gods once more.

Athena herself was confused on how the daughter of Hades was still alive. She had consulted the Fates herself after the incident had occurred to see if anything had survived the fall of the mountain, hoping to prevent a future problem. They had told her that all their foes had perished under the mountain and that nobody was left. They had nothing to fear of the deranged boys who had intent to wreak havoc upon the natural order they had created. Now thinking back on their words, they had held a double meaning which she had overlooked due to high tensions that now ran rampant between the 2 camps and were disturbing their balance of their greek and roman forms once more.

"Hello Uncle. So glad you finally came to join our little reunion." Clarke laughed out before spitting out the blood that had slowly been gathering within her mouth, then smiling a blood stained smile that looked directly out of a horror movie.
Clark could feel the copper liquid coating the insides of her mouth and scraping her insides out. The bolt had certainly done a number on her, but she had been reassured by her partners that she could survive Zeus’ bolts. The mark would save her from dying but she would feel the pain of the hit. The pain was similar to receiving the mark but a bit less. It hurt none the less but she contained her pain in hopes to deliver her message towards the very gods she planned to overthrow.

"Clarke?" Is all the God of the Sky could say.

"Have to say Zeus, your lightning bolt isn't all it's cut out to be." She said before she felt the exhaustion of taking the hit fully crash down on her.

Her eyes started to drop ever so slowly, fighting so hard to keep her weakened state from showing, but she had to get the last message out. Zeus could see her struggling to stay awake, clearly forcing herself to fight past the blow, but he didn't know why. It did however worry him that she managed to survive a direct hit by his bolt. Any hit of the bolt caused almost everything to die. As he attempted to figure out why she was pushing her body beyond the point of exhaustion, the next few words revealed the answer and had everyone in the room run tense with fear.

"Kronos said that it wouldn't be a shocking experience to be hit by it. Calls you an entitled child while Prometheus, Coeus, Hyperion, and Iapetus call you names even I dare not say. " Clarke forced out with a large smile before falling face first into the ground, knocking out, allowing the mark to heal her internal wounds from Zeus' bolt.

The room remained silent and motionless once those words were uttered. Nobody even dared to move. Nobody dared to believe her words.

"Pick them up. We'll check where the maze leads to later." Zeus weakly said.

"Are yo-" Athena tried stopping her father but he interrupted her with anger and authority she had only seen a few times within their time together.

"If her words are true then we must take them away from here. Take them to Arkadia or Polis, anywhere but Mt. Olympus or near the doors of the Underworld. If she speaks true then Mt. Olympus is no longer safe." He ordered, sounding more worried with each words and thought that passed through him.

Both Hermes and Athena nodded, knowing there was no room for argument, before carefully
loading the Roman bodies of each warrior into their chariots. They had left the bodies of Clarke’s warriors, believing them to be dead when in reality the power of Wanheda had protected them from death as well. Zeus on the other hand carefully approached Clarke's body, still taking in the scene and info that had all come crashing down in mere seconds, before gently lifting her up within his arms. Her Wanheda features had all disappeared, leaving only a peaceful looking blonde that had once brought a smile upon death's face.

"I'm sorry Hades. May the fates have mercy on her." Zeus whispered before walking towards his chariot.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, all you lovely people. Today is Valentine's day (Single's Awareness day) and I just wanna give all my love out to everyone whether you have a special someone or not. If you don’t, congrats I will be your special someone and I love you and everything you do no matter how weird or dorky. You're adorable. Lots of love you guys and I really hope you enjoyed this chapter because it is by far the largest chapter I've written so far. Like it surprised me when I was done to see how far this thing went. Welp, have an amazing day and I have no idea when I will post again because I have upcoming projects and such. My questions are next.

Do you guys want the Octavia/Lincoln pairing and Raven/Anya or have Octaven be a thing? Do you see Octavia or Raven supporting Clarke's plan or some other character? Who or what would you like me to introduce, this includes other fandoms because I'm interested in expanding this.

Trigedasleng Translations

strikon-little one
Em l'an- she’s mine
Em komb’ir. Skat odop- She’s coming. Just wait.
Wer’n ya go’ner, yu say’en?- Where do you think you’re going?
Meiko set raun yu melon!- Hands on your head!
Chon ge yu Heda?- Who is your leader?
Shof op!- Quiet!
Em pleni Riva- Enough River
Jus drein, jus daun- Blood must have blood

Latin translations

Partes per Beta Gamma, misit ad omnes cuniculos. Ego Alpha et in quadrigis 2 minutes. Nemo relinquat post cuniculis vel advenae!- Groups Beta through Gamma, go and hide in the tunnels. Team Alpha meet me in 2 minutes. Nobody leave the tunnels or go after the intruders!
Going Out with a Bang

Chapter Summary

Waking up within Arkadia's medical tent was the farthest thing Raven would've ever guessed to be how her day went. Having her sister return to her, seeing the gods, and being within a few feet from her most hated enemies was even farther than anything she would've guessed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Waking up in an infirmary wasn't exactly how Raven planned her day to be going.

Waking up to an intense throbbing pain against the entire front of her skull, cuffed to what she guessed to be a medical cot, and then instantly realizing the Roman design of Arkadia's infirmary was the farthest thing from her plan. The very scene before her was something out of a nightmare which she had no clue as to how she ended up here with no memory as to how this all occurred.

It was a terrifying thought the more she thought about it before the memory as to how she could have gotten behind enemy lines began flooding her head.

"I pray to anyone of you up there to get me out of here, I'll even promise to stop my future attack on this place if you get me out of here." Raven muttered to herself while looking at the cuffs that currently held her right wrist and left ankle.

~ Many hours earlier~

When Raven first set off on her adventure to find Clarke and Octavia, she had planned on going to Clarke's childhood home. The source of all their good times and the last thing all of their friends had of Clarke that still held everything within its walls.

Abby was not only Clarke's real mom, and Raven's adoptive parent, but also the entire group's parent. Whenever camp came to end for those who had to go to school, the group would often come and hang out together within the Griffin household until the very last day of summer, just before school began. They called it the ultimate sleepover, baby camp, and many other names but overall it was time to remember Clarke and help out her mother, who was clearly still grieving the loss of her only child. She held onto Raven nearly twice as much since the death of Clarke, not that Raven
minded in the slightest, but the woman also lost a small light within her eyes since the news was brought to her by both Kane and the group. It often pained Raven to see the woman that raised her and her sister in arms never show a smile that fully reached her eyes. Never laugh as joyful as she use to, all due to the death of a child and the permanent injury of her other that might’ve been prevented had their supposed allies actually done their job description.

After Clarke's death, Raven saw Abby as her last connection to Clarke, and the last chance at having a family. Sure, it was small and somewhat broken, but it was also loving. Both inhabitants of the house supported each other far better than any of the other group members could. Both held reserved personalities and disliked the idea of seeming weak infront of others, but within their home and only between the two of them did they break down their walls in hopes of healing a wound that was cut far to deep within their hearts. Nobody took it harder then they did, but both had come a long ways since the first few months of the incident. She had thought of no better place to start her search than of the home of her fallen sister. At the beginning, the idea seemed to be a stroke of brilliance, hoping to discover a clue someone might've left behind similar to Octavia’s box, but failed to realize that she never memorized the streets or any directions back home seeing as she always fell asleep during the drive.

It caused a slight hitch in her plans but Raven Reyes never gave up, so with a tight grip on the piece of paper and a new found determination, she followed her gut and trekked through the forest.

Sadly for Raven, her gut was quite often a terrible guide, add her years of mischief and love of explosions, the Fates now wanted some fun to be had with the girl. Naturally another's luck is another's misfortune.

After an hour of walking through the woods, the hydra from Octavia's earlier adventure had a very large craving for greek demigods and a vengeance against trucks, after getting thrown across the road and sent crashing into splintering tree trunks. To shorten the terms, it was pissed and starving for flesh. With its starving determination, it didn't take too long to discover Raven's scent and track her down within the dense brush of the forest.

Raven had stopped by a decent sized, slightly rough flowing, river for a quick recharge when the half starved, bruised ribbed, hydra came barreling out of the treeline with all of its mouths wide open and ready to devour Raven whole. Luckily for Raven, when she gets scared or feels extremely threatened, the gift of a few special Hephaestus kids gets shown.

The gift of spewing out fire.

Without a second thought, she had shot the beast square in the chest, pushing it back and toppling over to bruised side.
Raven quickly made a mad dash down river, following the flow hoping to find a place to hide. She never liked the idea of retreating, loving to face an enemy face on no matter the odds, but she knew a creature this large could only go down when with partners. She continued running until she couldn't hear anything following her and allowed herself to catch a quick breath. At this point she had reached a very large, extremely fast running section of the river that led to some unfriendly looking rapids full of jagged boulders.

"Sweet baby Zeus. O better have a good explanation for running away and making my sorry ass risk my life." Raven huffed out, taking a few more deep breaths to calm her nerves.

The section in where she stopped was fairly quiet, besides the deafening sound of the roaring rapids ahead, silencing even the birds that perched above her within the trees.

Raven waited for a little, thinking the hydra might pop up at any moment, before concluding that she likely injured the overgrown lizard and lost it once running. She smiled to herself in victory and then made a plan to continue on her journey. She walked along the river's edge, fiddling with the bow string across her chest, creating a new travel route within her mind. The sudden attack had riled up her mind and caused her to drop some supplies, but thankfully she still had her bow and lid covered quiver slung across her body, giving her some comfort for her new situation.

Of course the Fates had other plans, cutting the celebration and thought process short by leading the hydra behind her and then allowing it to head-butt her into the river without warning. The hydra itself was mad, sad, and hungry, but mainly mad so naturally he lashed out and just wanted the rude demigod out of his sights. He had chased 2 of them now and both had resulted in injuries on his torso that would remain there for at least a week. He didn't think on where he hit her until after hearing the splash of the river followed by a loud painiced gasp of the demigod catching her breath while being taken down the river. It was then that he realized he had lost another opportunity of being fed decently. It quickly attempted to chase down after her before realizing it was useless, proceeding to kick the dirt under its claws similar to that of a pouty child.

As for Raven, the fates decided karma was in order for the Arkadia attacks. The river suddenly pushed with more rigor and directly towards the harshest part of the rapids. Raven stood no chance against the current that forced her underwater more times then she could count. She tried grasping onto just about anything just to keep her head up but the rapids soon turned into baby waterfalls and with those came more unsuspecting boulders jutting out of the river.

"HEEELP!" Raven yelled once before getting thrown off yet another baby fall and straight into a large boulder.
Her head collided to the rock with a sickening snap followed by another snap of her arm.

I'm gonna kill O if I manage to live this. Raven thought to herself as the corner of her vision slowly became consumed by dark spots, leaving her cold and scared before falling under completely.

Luckily for her, depending on whose side and opinion was deciding, the river led to one destination and one destination only.

Camp Arkadia.

A still recovering Echo and a slightly worried Nia discovered the bloody skulled latina against the southwestern river banks while on a stroll. They were discussing their concerns of their plan after receiving word from Clarke since their last message. It was a simple stroll along the river near the outskirts of Arkadia, having nearly no concerns of eavesdropping due to the lack of foot traffic in the area, when they stumbled across her body washed up along the shore with half of her face covered in blood.

They were quick to check if it was a Roman but once they saw the insignia of Hephaestus on Raven's brace, bow, and quiver, they knew she was Greek. Echo quickly went to check the girl over for injuries but was stopped by the arm of Nia. She looked at her mentor, only to discover that her focus was solely on the girl, before she pulled out a small hunting knife. Echo worried for the girl’s safety, carefully watching as Nia approached the girl. She crouched beside her and placed the knife directly below the girl's nose. A small hint of fog appeared on the blade but the girl's chest wasn't rising and falling as it should be.

"Echo, help me with the girl." Nia quickly ordered before performing CPR.

It took a few pumps of her chest before she jerked up and threw up a surprising amount of water. Soon she was gasping for air and mumbling senseless things.

"O... stupid.. gonna kill.... Griff Griff.... I saw..." Then she slowly shut her eyes and hit the ground again.

"Hurry and help me pick her up." Nia quickly ordered while grabbing Raven's shoulders and hoisting her up.
Echo stared at her mentor confused seeing as she never once cared for any injured person once in her lifetime, not once lifting a single hand unless it was students she had taken directly under her wing. This was slightly terrifying to see a caring Nia but it also made Echo think on what made this girl so worthy of such a grand gesture.

"Echo, this girl is clearly from Polis. She likely knows Clarke and more than likely will be needed for the prophecy to be fulfilled. Now quite standing there like some brainless harpy and help me with the girl." She ordered, holding back her further insults as to why her favorite student was acting like the Quinn when it came to any mental using.

Which now brings the story back to a slightly distraught Raven still lying handcuffed to a med cot with no recollection on how she arrived.

"Hello. Anyone useful and trustworthy there?" Raven tried only to get the simple respond of silence.

She huffed before flopping down on the slightly cushioned cot and then wincing in pain thanks to her side injuries caused by crashing into the rocks within the river.

"And the Greek awakes." A voice suddenly startled Raven.

A tall lean girl appeared behind the curtain, revealing another room within the medical tent. She seemed to look somewhat injured with a few cuts on her face and a bandage wrapped around her hand. Raven could tell this girl was someone that wasn't to be messed with but if she was on your side, she would be a great asset. The girl continued observing Raven, sizing her up, before focusing on her face. It was almost like she could see inside Raven but not completely. The intense spell like stare down was quickly broken once she spoke.

"Nia will be here shortly so if you have any questions say them now before someone with a lesser mind comes in." She said looking somewhat bored yet skeptical on how Raven would react.

"By lesser mind, do you mean stupid, or someone who doesn't share your ideas which currently seem somewhat skeptical considering my current situation." Raven immediately stated without using the small filter she held.

The girl seemed shocked by her response but played it off with a sly smirk and a scoff.
"Yeah, this girl is definitely up to something," Raven quickly concluded.

"Well I'll be damned, she did say a certain Greek had a mind only rivalled by that of Archimedes himself." She said before approaching the cot next to Raven and sitting down on its somewhat supportive material.

"To answer your question, I mean someone who will think my agenda isn't up to date on moral code. I am pleased to meet you Raven Reyes. The name's Echo." She said giving a small smile.

"Well, I'm glad my reputation precedes me in a place as dishonorable as this. Tell me, why am I in an infirmary and not in a cage for the crimes I have committed and who told you of my brilliant mind?" Raven asked looking curiously at the girl, Echo, beside her.

"Well I can't tell you too much until Nia comes, so until then I'll just tell you some details. When we brought you, we were quick to hide your identity so people simply know that you're a mysterious Greek who got washed up on our shores. As for why we saved you, that relates to a whole other topic that will be discussed once Nia gets her after dealing with other pressing matters." Echo stated.

Before Raven could question further, distant horn calls could be heard. Echo visibly tensed up before shooting off the cot. The calls continued to increase which were then followed by multiple shouts.

"Prepare the med tent!"

"Get another prisoner cot ready!"

"Make room for the gods!"

At the last request Echo quickly stood over Raven in a very threatening way, her hand faintly tracing the handle of a discretely hidden knife. Raven wasn't even sure if Echo had it the whole time but it sure as hell seemed to be life threatening. Whatever was occurring outside the tent was large enough to startle the calm looking warrior, and possibly cause her to be used as collateral damage.

"Everything I have told you must stay between you and me. If any word of what I just said gets out, not only am I getting the fall, but your name and crimes against Arkadia will also be known. Do you understand?" She rushed out in a low whisper while the commotion outside continued to increase, getting closer to the tent.
Raven stared at her confused for quick moment before getting motivated by a quick gesture using the knife. Raven gave a brief stern nod, giving Echo the permission she needed to continue. She did a quick scan of the room before looking back down at Raven and speaking.

"I have a feeling I know who your new cot buddy will be so the only warning I will bring you is to not show that you know them and do not let them give you away either. If you want to keep both them and yourself safe, keep your lips sealed and pretend not to know anyone that enters the tent. The other healers and warriors here will be dense enough to believe it." Echo quickly finished before putting her hand down and carefully walking towards the edge of the tent flaps, most likely as an escape route.

"We will continue our conversation once our new guest arrives and nightfall hides our secrets better. Goodbye Raven Reyes, I was never here." She said before slipping out, leaving no evidence of anyone being there.

Raven stared at the spot Echo had just escaped for a few moment before sinking further into the cot with a large breath of relief. That moment was short lived thanks to the sudden intrusion of a large group of Romans, a few badly beaten bodies, and then the large presence of what Raven could only assume to be Zeus judging by the large lighting bolt casually swinging along his side. He carried a body of a blonde girl whose face was covered by both her in need of a shower hair and the swarm of Romans.

"Set Lexa and her friends down in the north side of the infirmary and Zeus place Wanheda down on the south side of the infirmary next to the other girl down there." A new voice suddenly ordered.

Quickly followed by that voice was none other than Titus Kipa, famed camp counselor of Arkadia. Nobody at Polis liked the man, seeing as he looked like a stick up the ass, grade A douchebag, and not to mention his love for talking as if he were a god among mere mortals. The guy had serious pride issues that Polis completely despised and also some control issues that could compete with the Fates themselves.

The orders were quickly carried out and sure enough Zeus approached Raven without so much as a second glance. His attention was completely focused on the girl he carried and Raven soon discovered why.

Once he had placed her body down, the hair moved out of her face and anyone in the room could now see the identity of the girl carried by the God of sky.
All the air left Raven’s throat as she laid her eyes on the thought to be dead sister who looked more like she had just survived death yet again.

Waves of shock overfilled Raven before they collided with waves of joy and astonishment.

Clarke Griffin, daughter of Hades, thought to be killed back at Mount Weather was currently laying right next to Raven. Breathing fairly well and looking like she went through Tartarus and back. Her thoughts were quickly blocked once a grand figure stood between her vision of her long dead best friend.

"Raven? What in Olympus' name are you doing here?" Zeus quickly whispered out, making sure to avoid the Romans from hearing him, and looking a bit more stressed than usual.

His appearance also surprised Raven, when he brought Clarke in he was in the image of the Roman's, now he dressed in full Greek attire.

"Umm... to be honest I'm not even sure how I got here. I was looking for Octavia and the next thing I know, I'm being chased by a hydra. I woke up here and now I'm completely shocked that you come carrying my sister." Raven quickly said, not even considering her manners towards the god of gods.

Zeus also looked appeared to be shocked by her response but immediately softened up at the mention Clarke. Despite knowing that he showed no care towards the Greeks when their warrior fell and were basically left for dead by the Romans, he did care for them but had no idea on how to help them. He felt the tear within the relationship of the 2 camps but knew that that the Romans held more to give when it came to choosing a side. Each God on olympus now favored a side in order to keep their 2 sides from destroying one another. Hades had chosen the Greeks followed by Ares and Hephaestus. He let out a large sigh before taking a quick glance behind him at the sleeping figure of the new Wanheda.

"Clarke Griffin, daughter of Hades, a long thought believed to be dead soul. Yet here I come showing you that she is indeed alive but I can assure you she is not as you remember." He said looking both sad and conflicted at his words, seeming to have an ongoing argument within his mind that seemed to hold no good news on either side.

"Raven, I want you to know that your coming days will be some of the most crucial of your lifetime. Choices will be given to you but know that not everything is as it seems." He warned before looking across the infirmary at the still fairly large bustle of the Arkadian healers who had completely ignored them, including Titus.
"I know you hold a large grudge against them, but remember that they were once your trusted allies. You're a smart demigod for your age so I know that your mind will show you what's right when the time calls for it. For now rest, I'll tell the others nothing about your connection to Clarke in order to keep the both of you safe, you have my word." He promised, his signature blue eyes looking very warm and trusting.

"I must go now and deliver the news to Hades along with the rest of the gods. Goodbye Raven, I hope for your sake our paths don't cross again, also your father is very proud of you above all of his other children. He wishes to visit but other matters have arisen that need his council." He said reassuringly and then walked away.

He walked out of the infirmary without saying another word and left a completely baffled Raven still laying on her cot with millions of questions rapidly running through her mind. None of the Arkadians noticed his leave, far too focused on their current nearly dead looking patients.

"Enough, you've all done what you can, now it is up to Lexa and her warriors to heal themselves or die trying. Everyone exit the tent and leave them to rest." Titus suddenly announced again, bringing order to the chaos and then driving it out.

All the healers and warriors quickly exited in an orderly fashion and now Titus stood next to the bed of who Raven just realized was none other than Lexa Woods.

The girl who sentenced all her friends to die, caused her to become handicapped, and force both her and her friends to witness what was thought to be the death of Clarke Griffin. The girl who caused Polis to go through hell, was currently 30 or so feet away from Raven while she was cuffed to a medical cot.

"Fuck you karma." Raven mumbled to herself, looking up at the clothed roof above.

The fates laughed at the daughter of Hephaestus while watching the hours turn from midday to late night. The healers came by during dinner to check on their campers, still nobody bothering to check on either greek currently sleeping besides each other.

It pissed Raven off to no end, seeing as she was only keeping her eyes closed in order to stop herself from seeing Lexa, tearing apart the post she was tied to, just to beat the girl a few times.

Yeah, she had some deep hatred but she did see her sister die and almost died herself so it was somewhat excusable.
It was nearly midnight when Echo came back again, this time with food trays for both Clarke and Raven.

"I come in peace Black Bird so you can stop pretending to be asleep." Echo said while setting up the food trays for both greeks to enjoy once they were up.

Raven immediately opened her eyes and turned to face Echo.

"About time Echo. I've been starving since I woke up and your people haven't checked on me or Clarke since bringing in either of us in here. What kind of infirmary is this if you don't take care of your damn patients?! You guys are honestly assholes, like I thought it was just me being biased, but now I know you are assholes," Raven huffed while sitting up to get to the food.

Her right wrist was still cuffed to the post but it was mostly fine. Clarke on the other hand was still out like a light and hadn't gotten any color back in her lifeless looking body. The only sign that she was still alive was the very shallow breaths she continued to produce throughout the course of the day paired with a slight twitch of her fingers on her left hand. It scared Raven to no end, seeing her sister close to death once more after just getting her back after so many years.

"Everyone here is an asshole, but there are a few like me who want to help you and Clarke fix the way things are." She pointed out before handing a cup of jello and spoon to Raven.

At the mention of Clarke, Raven immediately jumped at the opportunity to ask the multiple questions that bombarded her thoughts.

"How is Clarke alive and more importantly, how do you know her?" Raven quickly asked, throwing Echo off at the sudden ask.

She knew the questions were coming but she didn’t realize how desperate the girl would sound. It wasn’t something she was use to. The concept of dealing with people and how touchy feely some could get always annoyed her but in this case she understood where this girl was coming from after spending some time with Clarke herself.

"Umm.. that's a long story that needs Clarke to explain a lot of the holes in that particular story. She should be waking up soon, hopefully, and then we can get both of you out of here." Echo stated before handing the cup of jello over to Raven.
"Eat because you'll both need your energy for when we cross the border. I already have bags ready for both of you at our exit, including your belongings. We just need to wait for her to heal and then I'll bust you both out of here." Echo said before sitting down at the foot of Raven's bed.

"What do you mean, wait for her to heal? She's not a magician. She needs a fucking healer to check her out and probably a bunch of other medical stuff I don't know." Raven argued while looking at Clarke's extremely pale body with a small bit of dried blood coming out of her mouth and nose.

"Look just trust me when I say this. I know what she can do and this is something that explains a lot of things. Just sit, eat, and wait for midnight. Zeus' bolt hit hard so the mark will heal her once it's midnight." Echo said looking at the still body of Clarke.

She knew how the marked worked. It took some time for it to recharge for each injury healed, usually just needing a few seconds but for worse injuries it need at most half an hour before it did its job. In this case the mark needed even more time because it had been hit by the most powerful weapon to ever exist. It would need full cover of the night to get every available power it could. Before Raven could ask what Echo was talking about, a bell tone rang off in the distance of Arkadia, signaling everyone of midnight’s arrival. The air suddenly picked up ever so slightly, causing clouds to roll in and cover the light of the moon, allowing shadows to cast their way deep into the territory of Arkadia. The candle lights in the infirmary suddenly blew out thanks to a sudden strong breeze that rushed within the tent. At the drop of the last light within the tent silence and the cold air of the night covered the tent, then small whispers suddenly could be heard creeping all around them.

It was small murmurs and incoherent sounds all bunched together before they all came together and uttered a single word.

"Wanheda ."

At this point Raven thought the jello may have had something in it, only to freak out more when snake like shadow figures creeped along the floor and walls of the infirmary, slowly yet swiftly going towards Clarke. They surrounded the perimeter of her bed in a small circle and stilled around her body, at that moment Raven realized Clarke had stopped breathing and may have just died before she could get any answers.

She quickly moved towards her sister, scared of losing her again, only to be pulled back down by both her cuffed wrist and a silent Echo. Raven immediately gave a stern look to Echo and was about to protest against her actions only to have Echo cut her off.
"Sit down and don't move. The mark will do it's thing unless you disturb its process." She whispered, not even looking at Raven but focusing on Clarke.

Raven began to believe that Echo was insane but then Clarke's body suddenly seized upwards and a large gasp of air broke the silence of midnight.

In an instant the shadow figures dove at any part of Clarke's body they could reach, causing tattoos to form over all her exposed skin. Clarke's eyes were still shut but they weren't peaceful in the slightest. They were shut tight and appeared to be holding back extreme amounts of pain while she jerked around in violent ways, constantly contorting in pain with certain bodies parts jutting up then slamming back down.

Markings now appeared on her face along with a slight glow coming out of her back, under her coat. To Raven this all reminded her of the horror movie Jasper had brought them where the girl was possessed by a demon and a priest had come to exorcise the girl.

Suddenly the whispers began again but came out more like harsh tones being choked out by multitude of gravel.

"Wanheda.... gonplei non ste odon."

Clarke continued seizing violently before suddenly stopping with her back arched upwards and her mouth opened wide, opening and closing ever so slightly like a fish out of water. The moonlight suddenly flooded the tent, directly on Clarke, dropping her back down and causing her to look like a sleeping peaceful girl instead of her earlier beat up corpse look.

Raven sat on her the bed looking like a fish out of water with a small blob of jello on her pants. She had no idea what she had just witnessed but she was scared to even ask what she had witnessed. It was beyond anything she had ever seen and it worried her even more to know that this all likely happened to Clarke after surviving the mountain.

"And now I wake her up." Echo sighed out while getting up.

She grabbed the small goblet of water from Raven's tray before standing over Clarke and then pouring it on her face.
It definitely woke Clarke up but it also caused Echo to be on the floor with Clarke having her in a death grip head lock. They squirmed for 4 seconds before Echo's face began turning different colors, hands desperately grasping at the arms that held her throat, and attempting to say words.

"Claarghke..et's mee!.... eht's Eko.." She struggled to say before she was suddenly released. 

Raven simply stared at Echo fall to her side while clawing at her throat for air, what she failed to notice was the fact that Clarke had let Echo go because she saw Raven sitting a mere few feet directly in front of her. The next Raven felt was a sudden jolt from her shoulders and Clarke crouching in front of her as if nothing happened to Echo.

"Raven?" Clarke uttered in a terribly dry voice but to Raven it was a flood in a desert that held nothing but pain and enemies for years.

Tears started to blurry Raven's vision while her hands moved on their own accord up to Clarke's face.

"You're alive." Is all Raven could whisper out before engulfing Clarke in the tightest embrace she could give while being cuffed to the bed.

She couldn't believe that Clarke truly was alive and in front of her. She was actually touching a living, breathing, Clarke Griffin. It was then that she felt an embrace from Clarke, confirming her thoughts that this was indeed not a dream.

Before anymore nostalgia could hit Raven, Clarke pulled back and started inspecting her sister.

"What did you do? Why are you even here?" She said while examining the wound on Raven's head.

Raven was completely baffled by the response and immediately felt rage boil up in her. She grabbed Clarke's hands, startling her, and then looked directly into the same crystal blue eyes she had cried over for years.

"What am I doing here? That's the question you wanna start with?" She said in a small deadly tone that caused Clarke to realize her mistake.
"Umm.." She tried to respond but Raven quickly silenced her with her onslaught of words.

"We should really be starting with, "what are you doing here?" After being dead for how many years? Your first words to your own sister, who heard you get betrayed, saw you get stabbed, then saw and felt the pain of seeing rocks crush your bloody torn up body into a pulp." She continued saying in a deadly tone.

Clarke immediately looked down and went into a wince once those words finished because she knew her sister was about to explode in a split second. The next thing she knew, a slap could be heard tearing through the tent while a searing pain flooded the left side of her face.

"I cried over you for so long only now to find out you're alive! We fucking had a funeral in your name and have an empty grave near the lake under the tree dedicated to you! Yet you have the audacity to ask why I'm in this shit dump?!" Raven yelled at the top of her lungs which quickly prompted both Echo, who had gotten her breath and pulse back to normal, and Clarke to basically tackle her and then place their hands a top her mouth.

It became a silent struggle of silencing a very angry, somewhat strong, greek warrior who was attempting to punch them in the face while a greek, still extremely exhausted, somewhat sore, warrior and still sore Roman warrior put all their body mass on top of her. It took awhile but both Clarke and Echo managed to hold down her arms and legs while keeping her mouth shut.

"Raven. " Clarke suddenly whispered harshly towards her before continuing to whisper yell.

"Quit moving or a guard will come by, hear us, and then we'll all be caught. " Clarke quickly finished out before her fears were confirmed.

Footsteps could be heard approaching them fast, along with the slight clink of armor and a sword. All of them froze before looking at one another.

"I heard something coming from the medical tent!" A young boy’s voice suddenly called out.

At that moment all of the girls quickly disentangled from one another and attempted to go back to their original poses. Echo on the other hand quickly hid under Clarke's med cot without a second thought. As soon as each of them settled into their spots, warriors suddenly busted through the tent flaps with lanterns. At first no movement could be heard, except the light breeze from the north, before the shuffling of feet was followed.
"Louis, there is nothing here except sleeping injured people. We need to continue patrol or else Nia will be on our asses for being late for check in again." The other warrior responded before walking out of the tent.

The other warrior stayed in the tent for a little before reluctantly walking out of the med tent and running to catch up with his patrol partner.

For the 3 girls, nobody dared to make a move, still worried in the fact that the patrol might double back. It took only a few silent minutes before Clarke opened her eyes and slowly sat up. The tent was bare except for the torches outside the tent and the moonlight that gently held the room together.

"They're gone." Clarke whispered before throwing her legs over the side of the bed followed by the appearance of Echo rolling out from under the bed.

Once both had cleaned themselves off they looked towards Raven who was clearly still angry and mistrusting towards the 2. She sat with a bit of a scowl on her face along with tension going all over her body. It seemed she wanted to cross her arms but her hand cuffed hand prevented any thought on it.

"Do you have the keys for her cuff?" Clarke asked knowing now was not the time or place to discuss the topic with Raven, as of right now they needed to leave.

Echo was a smart person but when it came to stealing, she wasn't good enough to lift the keys from Titus himself. Sadly, that man never let anyone touch the keys or use them unless he was there or did it himself. She gave a simple shrug to Clarke and simply motioned to her to do it.

"Titus has the keys, doesn't he?" Clarke said in a bored and somewhat angry tone, knowing Echo would never want to admit to something she could never do.

"And they say blondes are stupid. You may have potential Wanheda." Echo decided to add a joke but was quickly shut down by the looks from both Clarke and Raven.

"Okaay, I'll just walk over there and look out for any surprise patrols." Echo muttered before walking towards the exit.
It left the adopted sisters in an awkward situation that Clarke did not want to confront until she did her task and was out of Arkadia's grounds. Their desperately needed conversation would need to be in a place that both could scream at each other and possibly fight, but here could offer none of those options without the risk of being exposed and thrown in one of their dungeons.

"I'm gonna need you to stay still while I take the cuff off. It might hurt." Clarke quickly said before taking a small thin blade out of her coat and plopping down next to Raven.

Raven had no time to respond seeing as Clarke quickly grabbed her wrist in a gentle manner and put the blade inside the keyhole. In a matter of seconds the cuff tightened immensely and then suddenly released its grip on her wrist. It was then dumped to the side while Clarke simply put her blade back inside her coat and stood up.

"I know you want to talk about all of this, and we will, but I only got caught to do 3 things. 2 of those task you'll definitely enjoy and then the last one will likely end up with us dead if we don't leave now. If you decide not to come with us, you'll likely be blamed for everything and be upheld by their laws meaning you get their punishments which will likely be at their lashing post, or I knock you out and drag you with us because I simply will not let you take any of their punishments for actions I'm committing." Clarke quickly stated, hoping that Raven would join her so they could talk somewhat peacefully.

Raven stayed silent for a few seconds before quietly getting up and looking Clarke dead in the eye. Clarke stared back at her in a stoic not backing down manner before being greeted by another large sting of pain to her face by Raven's fist instead of a slap. It slightly shocked her but she honestly expected nothing less from her hot headed, stubborn natured, sister in arms.

"Now we can go." Raven muttered walking past her, rubbing her knuckles, while Clarke rubbed the side of her face.

By this time Echo was back in the tent with a smirk on her face after seeing Clarke get hit twice by Raven. She now had a high respects for Greeks seeing as they were way more ballsy then any Roman could ever be. She was now starting to consider joining Clarke's gang instead of staying in Arkadia as secondary help.

"Your punch has gotten a lot better since the last time I fought you." Clarke side remarked before walking to the medical beds that held Lexa and her group.

Raven and Echo both watched Clarke's movements with curiosity before she motioned them over.
"I need to get blood from all of them and then choose 2 of them to be my eyes and ears for the Roman side since Echo will be leaving with us. After that, Raven you can do whatever you want with them for a little and then we move on to steps 2 and 3 before running to our exit. Luna should be at location by then and I'll catch both of you up on everything I haven't talked about. Got it. Good. Great." Clarke ordered before pulling out small empty vials from her coat.

It made both Raven and Echo wonder what she didn't have in her coat. Before the thought could go any further Clarke threw 2 bottles at each of them and then walked besides Lexa.

"Injection needles should be next to each of them on the tables with the medical supplies. Get each bottle at least half way filled." She said before kneeling next to Lexa with a needle ready and the bottle uncapped.

Echo went to work on Lincoln and Nyko while Raven simply looked down at Anya. It pained her somewhat to see the girl she began to fall in love with all those years ago look a bit like crap after the beat down she got from fighting Clarke twice and her warriors once. Long ago she would have loved to see this very image, but seeing it now seemed unjust and it began to leave a strange heavy feeling deep within her gut. She looked bloody but her diamond cutting cheekbones and amazing jawline still looked like they were carved from fine marble by the Gods themselves.

The memories created 5 years ago began to flood her mind with carefree days before the betrayal and the pain caused by Cage and Emerson came crashing down. Her knee began to ache immensely, snapping her out of the memories and back to the task at hand. She realized then that both Clarke and Echo had finished their people and Clarke actually took blood from both Anya and Indra in that time. Clarke hand rested on her shoulder while she gave her a sympathetic look followed by a reassuring pat.

"I'll explain everything once we're out of here. I promise." She said in a small voice before giving one last small smile before walking towards the exit.

Little did Raven know that Clarke slipped an artifact on both her and Anya. Clarke needed eyes and only they could have a connection strong enough to get enough out of it. She had already planted her other spy using another artifact.

"Echo, I need you to take Raven to Arkadia's armory and grab the most powerful things you have within them. Once you've finished, burn the place down as much as you can then meet me near the west gate. Once there we'll shadow travel on Pauna who will take us to Luna at the location." Clarke ordered then began walking up the street towards the larger buildings, directly under the torches light.
"Clarke!?!" Echo quickly whisper yelled, still scared about the patrols walking around at midnight.

Clarke turned around and gave a quick shrug of her shoulders before whispering back.

"I need to get something from the records building. I'll meet you guys at the gate." And then she took off.

Echo huffed before looking at Raven who was clearly confused about the whole situation as much as she was.

"Was she always like this?" Echo pointed towards Clarke before walking towards the dark alleys.

Raven was completely baffled by what was happening, but went along with it anyways. The answers she needed were finally here and it came with the added bonus of destroying parts of Arkadia once more. What more could she ask for?

She quickly followed Echo, but chose not to answer her question. She would love to but she had no idea how much Clarke had changed since the mountain. 5 years had passed and from what she saw, Clarke was a badass with a new passion that burned her old sunny personality to the ground.

It took a lot of creeping behind crates, walls, and barrels before Echo finally led Raven to the armory. It was also then that Raven realized her first hit on Arkadia's armory was on a smaller armory. This one looked more like an over guarded main building with catapults resting out front.

"Alright, the guard change should be happening soon so it'll give us enough time to rush past them and get through the side door." Echo offered while looking down the road to see where the new guards were.

It seemed like a good plan to any other person, but this was Raven Reyes. This planned needed more spark in it and that's exactly what Raven had in mind.

Without a word to Echo, she simply walked out of the shadows and into the direct line of sight of the guards. It was easily a group of 5, each armed with a sword, with the exception of the one carrying a mace, and each wearing a chest plate and shin guards.
"Hey kid, it's way past curfew so I suggest you get back to your cohort before we forcibly take you there." One of the guards warned while stepping forward.

The rest were on high alert and Echo was extremely worried on the fact that she was gonna get caught. She was now starting to rethink her thoughts on Greeks and if there ballsiness was actually because they were completely stupid.

"That would scare me if I didn't actually know how shitty Romans are when it comes to promises." Raven sneered.

At the remark, the guards realized Raven was a Greek but it was too late to act. Raven quickly managed to shoot fire out, knocking the guards down, then rushed the head guard.

She grabbed his sword out of its holder on his waist, and plunged it in his gut. With the sound of pain erupting from his lips, followed by the choking on his own blood, Echo decided to join in on the action. Best she leave Arkadia now then be caught later for helping them out. Not to mention it was likely the best way to leave a bloody trader then a weak coward.

With that she pulled out 2 daggers from her pants, and threw them straight into the throats of 2 guards. This time the blood flow from their wounds caused no shrill scream to run rampant through the silent streets. The last guard was taken down by a swift stab through the chest by a still fairly angry looking Raven.

"Traitor." The guard below Echo croaked out before releasing his final breath.

"That's how the Greeks see us anyway." Echo mumbled out before grabbing the keys from his belt.

"I got the keys. Let's drag the bodies inside and hurry up before the guard change comes." She instructed towards Raven while grabbing a guard and dragging him towards the doors, hoping not to spread a large trail of blood.

While they dealt with their situation, Clarke was trying to slip past her own set of problems. Those problems being guards and a still fully awake Titus.
The man made everything difficult without even trying.

"Chelsea, Kirby, and Tommy you're all dismissed from guard duty for the rest of the night." Titus' voice suddenly knocked Clarke out of her worried thoughts.

Maybe Titus wasn't all that bad after all.

"Alright, have a goodnight sir." They all greeted before walking away.

She remained hidden in the shadows of the building, trying to figure out a quick plan to get what she needed and then burn the building down, but a voice disrupted her thoughts once more.

"You can show yourself Wanheda, or should I say, Clarke Griffin of Polis." Titus' voice slithered past the open doors.

Clarke was shocked by his actions but also realized her job was now much easier to deal with. With that she stood out of her hiding place and walked through the large doors and into the mess they called an archive. Scrolls stacked each wall of the building, some almost falling out, while the second story of the building revealed ancient books ranging from ancient Egypt to just before Rome’s fall. At the very top of the room, directly in the middle, stood an altar for Apollo

"I assume you've already done your homework on me, Titus the Bald Asshole of Arkadia." Clarke announced while scanning the building to see where the scrolls she needed could possibly be.

"I know and have what you're looking for." He said while getting out of the chair he was sitting in.

When he turned around Clarke noticed the papers she needed were on his desk, sprawled out like a hot mess near an open flame. She hoped he wasn't about to do what she believed he was about to do, but then again it was Titus so anything was possible.

"The prophecies will not leave this room at all and I will make sure of that. They don't belong in the hands of a child who doesn't understand what will happen if they are released to the very hands of their employer." He defended.
At the comment Clarke simply laughed and took a few steps closer to Titus. She composed herself in a few short moments after and looked at the man with an ice cold stare that would have anyone worried about their life in that moment.

"You hurt me Titus. Believing that I know nothing involving the Titans and what will happen when they are released from their prison below. Thinking that I'm simply a child with a small anger issue towards dear old dad and his family, that doesn't understand the real power behind beings that could crush the earth in a single day if they so pleased." She threatened while slowly approaching him.

"Then you, Titus, truly are as stupid as everyone decrees you to be." Clarke finished and then summoned her sword in her right hand and slashed at his left side without warning.

Her blade was then met by a small sword produced out of his sleeve. Clarke looked into his eyes, smothered in rage, and then the fight began. Clarke jumped back before she charged at him again. Titus in turn took out another small sword from his other sleeve and readied himself for her onslaught.

Clarke was impressed by his readiness of their fight but it didn’t stop her from continuing her attack to get to her prize. The scrolls were a key part of their plan because they held an important step that their prophecy half didn’t contain. It was the exact key to get the Titans out of their prison without having to sacrifice one of their own, simply paying a small price of blood in a secret place at a certain day and time with all 3 children of the big 3 with the witness of the people they cared about most.

This was the only way that would end with her still being in charge because this exact exit would force the Titans to be under their command no matter what they did. It was their safest bet to keep them all from being backstabbed by their bosses, and the safest way to keep the rest of the world from being completely annihilated by their uncontrollable hunger for revenge and power.

She quickly lunged at the head of camp Arkadia, going for a quick slash across his chest then going for a quick against his gut. Both attacks were blocked, which she expected from the seasoned warrior of Rome. He was one of the longest living Romans within the camp and it wasn’t because he stayed holed up within the walls of Arkadia. He held the most monster kills within their decade on both the Greek and Roman sides, often leading raids of monster groups within their territory. The grumpy old looking man had the mental capacity of a child of Minerva but the war tactics of his father, Mars. It was that exact combination that kept him alive and would keep him going long in this fight.

Once he blocked her attacks, he began his assault using fast calculated slashes that aimed directly for vital wounds on the girl. He knew of the legends and rumors of the untapped power within the mark of Wanheda. He had been reading since the first sign of its resurface within their world. Each legend held a new power but often never repeated the same ability twice which he thought was a consistent
trait, but the recent return of the raid army sent to TonDC described a new version of the legend. She had harnessed the powers of the mark that hadn’t been seen since the first records of the curse along with other parts that had never been documented. He also had a quick discussion between Apollo and Minerva upon their delivery of his best students who also described the girl wielding powers even they hadn’t known they mark could produce. It scared them and they now had to cut off communication all together in order to investigate further.

His slashes were lightning fast, despite his old age, but none were landing in the slightest. He had aimed towards her jugular, her kidneys, the largest veins, and even slashing down from her elbow to her wrist. He went for anything that could possibly slow her down but he had underestimated the power the girl held and would have to think of a new tactic soon. His assault still continued without break, hoping to find a flaw within her defenses but only to find none but she was definitely having the same problem as to how to switch from defensive to offensive. Finally he saw an opening and managed to slash deep against her right side. It was then that Clarke found a new sense of anger awake within her and give her the balls to do her next move.

It was a snap unexpected decision that threw both of them off that finally changed the tables. Clarke quickly blocked both blades at the same time and pushed the man back, and before he could charge again, she threw her blade at him. It wasn’t thrown like a javelin or anything, it was simply thrown at him which confused him greatly. The weight of the weapon was much heavier than he thought so it pushed him back further and forced him to drop his own weapons. His exhaustion began to creep up on him again, not going that relentless without rest in a very long time. Clarke saw fatigue settle within his features and quickly went at him once more, this time going in using hand to hand combat. She realised that he hadn’t been in action for awhile and his old age was bound to get more weak points within his withering body. She easily ran at him and then jumped over the fallen weapons, letting out a somewhat animalistic war cry, then went for a punch towards his face.

Titus was thrown off at her sudden attack form, causing her fist to land its target against his face. He stumbled back before shaking it off and quickly going back towards defensive forms and she began her own assault now. It became a series of spin kicks, powerful jabs, fast meaningful punches, and the occasional grapple aimed towards him. He managed to block a few of each but far to many were beginning to land. It began with more kicks landing on his sides and gut before the fists began making it past and hit directly against his chest and nearly getting his throat directly. He barely managed to block that punch using a quick grapple followed by a flip over his body.

She landed on her back against the tile of the archive, landing directly under a torch. It gave him enough time to catch his breath for a quick second, allowing the pain to flood his sense, but it also gave Clarke enough time to summon the mark and think of a good plan. The sudden power surge could be felt within the building and Clarke quickly bounced up onto her feet, as if nothing happened, while Titus now began worrying for his life. A smirk appeared on the blonde’s face, followed by her hair changing into its blood red and her warpaint appearing on her face. She quickly pulled the torch out of its case and charged at Titus once more. She began using the torch as a club, easily manipulating the flames to avoid hurting her, but aiming them in a way that no matter which way he blocked, ashed would get onto his clothes singe them. No to mention the weight of its attacks wasn’t doing any favors to his already bruised arms caused by the armor she had come with on her
forearms. He now regretted his choice on not searching her and stripping her of her armors and weapons.

Each impact of the torch that met his own forearms that continued to block and protect his more vital body part began to ache. His cloak that had previously absorbed some of the impact was now burned open, causing the flames to now burn directly against his skin. It was agonizing pain but he continued to endure it, all to keep the scrolls from getting into her hands and causing the world’s destruction. He thought about how long he could keep this up for a quick second before he suddenly felt a pain against his legs and was now falling sideways.

It was then that he realized that Clarke had leg swept him while he was distracted. His shoulder was the first to come in contact with the solid marble floor, and with his already weakened state, it caused the bone to pop out of place and leave him defenseless.

His pained moans now filled the building, followed closely by the slow heavy breaths of Wanheda above him. Her hand was still firmly encased around the torch that seemed to burn twice as much now, almost seeming to feed off her power.

“You should’ve just given me the scrolls old man. None of the pain you’re currently feeling would be felt and I would’ve been long gone by now.” She growled out between tightly clenched jaws.

Titus attempted to get up once more but was quickly stopped by another sound of a war cry followed by a searing white hot pain within his abdomen. He shut his eyes at the sensation before realizing what it was. A knife had pierced through his skin and was coated in some kind of toxin, likely one concocted within the streets of TonDC. He opened his eyes briefly, seeing the image of a small knife appearing out of the tip of Clarke’s heavy duty combat boots, holding a far too shiny coating on them.

“Stay still and the poison will kill you fast and easy. Move and my hydra acid mix of melted imperial gold and celestial bronze will burn through your veins worse than the river of Styx ever could.” She warned before walking away, towards his desk.

She reached the desk, using the torch to examine the papers sprawled across his desk, before picking only 5 out of the 7 pages, knowing that the other 2 were still connected to Olympus and used for the Gods to track whoever carried the pages to the back entrance/exit to the cells of Tartarus. She let out a quick breath of relief before folding them in half and placing them within the inner right breast pocket of her coat. She began walking towards the exit only to stop at the slight sound of a metal scraping marble. Quickly turning around, the sudden sound of painful cries spilling out from Titus’ lips was quickly followed by a searing pain embedded deep within her left shoulder.
Clarke had nearly dropped the torch at the feeling of a blade piercing her skin, making a home deep within her flesh, but quickly held tight against the handle before bringing up her right hand to pull out the dagger Titus had thrown in hopes to either hit her heart and stop her, or possibly slow her down long enough to have a patrol walk in and save them all. Her anger nearly doubled in that second, but quickly subsided after seeing Titus now withering in unimaginable pain on the ground, each movement causing more pain to burst within him.

“You had ONE damn job you useless Roman. Lay there and die with some dignity but instead you choose to attack me while my back is turned, acting no better than a coward. You deserve no memorable warrior death where they can retrieve your body to properly send to the Gods. Instead, I will have them watch as this beloved archive is burned to the ground with your body to keep it company. Burn with papers you swore to protect against me with the aid of greek fire, you ignorant bastard.” Clarke quickly spat out before throwing the torch she held into one of the shelves that was filled to the brim with scrolls.

They all quickly caught fire while Clarke simply stood there for a few seconds before walking back towards the slowly dying body of one of the most respected warriors in their lifetime. She threw his dagger beside him carelessly, watching as some of her black blood drops painted the once pristine white marble floors, then reached down to pick up her own sword she had thrown earlier in the fight. She then walked out of the building, pulling out a few vials of greek fire from within her coat, and threw them directly behind her as soon as both boots touched the pavement directly outside the door.

Green fire exploded everywhere, burning all the scrolls at the front of the building in a matter to seconds, nearly throwing Clarke off her feet, but the mark kept her balanced enough to have no part of the blast effect her cinematic exit. The flames instantly ran rampant within the building, devouring all the centuries worth of knowledge in a matter of seconds before touching the still screaming broken man and slowly placing him out of his misery.

As soon as her blast went off, 3 more earth shattering booms rippled across the camp, awakening all the sleeping campers and sounding all the alarms they had. Before guards came rushing towards her location, she shadow traveled directly in front of the western gate, hoping that Echo and Raven had arrived safely at their meetup point already.

“About damn time Blond- Crap are you bleeding again?!” Echo yelled out seeing the blood seeping from her side.

Her hopes had been answered but sadly her words weren’t reaching her lips to cast her injuries aside. Before she could speak Raven quickly ran to her side, supporting her as exhaustion was now beginning to catch with her now that the mark was slowly returning back to its dormant state after being over worked within a 24 hour period. It was then that Clarke noticed that large bags they carried on their shoulders, likely full of the weapons she asked them to get. It made her smile that they had succeeded without injury and that she didn’t lose her sister after just getting her to come
“Thanks Ray.” She managed to wince out before both were now at her sides and leading her out the gates and towards the woods.

They made it a decent way in the thick forest before they heard the shouts of multiple armored Romans directly behind them. The slight crackle of freshly lit torches along with the clattering of layered armor slowly crept within the forest, signalling that its safety would end for the 3 soon if they didn’t leave soon.

“Whoever you are, and whoever aided in your escape, should surrender peacefully before we burn this forest down with you in it!” A large commanding voice rang deep past the trees.

Echo recognized the voice to be Quint and knew that they had to get to their extraction location soon before he found them. She knew how painful punishment via the post in the middle of the main square was and she never wished to feel the stinging pain of the metal tipped whip ever again.

“Clarke, you need to shadow travel us out of here and directly to Luna now. Quint won’t be merciful in the slightest and he will find us, he knows these woods better than Nia and Titus combined.” Echo whispered out, hoping to not give away their location.

Clarke quickly have her a weak nod, knowing the punishments for their crime, before bringing them all to a halt and shutting her eyes. She took a few deep breaths, allowing a sudden power surge to fill the forest once more, her eyes now opened and revealing swirling pools of black and red. It scared both Raven and Echo shitless, but they quickly got over it as soon as she grabbed their wrist, sending them all within the shadows. It felt as if they were being stretched through an endless pit of darkness surrounded by skin frosting air before suddenly snapping back into one piece and into ice cold water. Clarke had landed them directly on the shore of a river, their feet sinking within its frigid temperature. They nearly fell face first into the water from the sudden dead weight Clarke had placed on both of them, exhaustion of both her wounds and using the mark past its normal power usage.

“Hurry up and get onto your feet, all 3 of you! The Romans are close and this boat will only get us out of their boundary if we leave now!” A new voice flooded their senses followed by a firm grip on each of their arms, pulling them up and shoving them in a certain direction.

Both Echo and Raven snapped themselves awake at the new orders and ran towards the boat that floated a few feet from them. They quickly ran through the ice cold water that went up to their thighs before throwing their bags into the vehicle and pulling each other into the vessel. Both collapsed into wet heaps at the back of the small boat before a sudden jerk at the front of the boat forced them to sit
up. It was then that they properly saw the stern looking girl with a head full of curls, standing atop a large swirl of water, carrying Clarke within her arms bridal style. She roughly landed within the boat, spilling more water within it, before placing Clarke on a seat near the steering wheel of the boat.

The mystery girl quickly ran to the wheel, pulling out a key and jamming it within the ignition, then harshly turning it on. The engine roared to life as she frantically turned the wheel to get them out of the area and back to their safety. It began to gain speed but the voices of more Romans could be heard near the shore, shouting out to aim towards the water. The mystery girl seemed to tense up in anger and only answered their shouts be raising a hand, causing a wall of water to appear behind the boat and propel them even faster, directly towards a medium sized river that passed between to large hills. It was then that Raven noticed to pillars on both bases of the hills, followed by more Roman shouts. Putting two and two together, she quickly figured that it was the border discussed just seconds earlier.

“They’re about to cross past our border. We’ll lose them if they make it past the Fates valley gates!” A small voice yelled on the shore but was soon silenced once the boat sped past the pillars with ease.

Fog quickly surrounded them, giving a moment of peace after successfully crippling Camp Arkadia as a whole. Both Raven and Echo nearly began laughing at their accomplishment that most would deem insane, but the moment was cut off by the mystery girl who had now turned off the boat’s engine. Both of them now remained completely still and silent, not knowing the girl before them in the slightest.

Echo had only gotten messages via bird from this girl and they were never personal. The few letters she ever got from the girl were for meetings that involved contact with Nia and Clarke. It was a very strained relationship all in all so this face to face interaction with the girl was something she knew nothing of.

“Would someone please care to explain to me why Clarke looks more dead than alive at this moment and as to why the mark seems to be doing nothing to help her current state?” The girl asked with bite clear within her tone, her back still face to both of them as they still sat on the floor of the boat.

Neither knew how to respond, fearing the reaction of what they now assumed to be the long lost daughter of Poseidon/Neptune. They had no idea what she was capable of and didn’t want to find out.

“Since none of you will respond were going to sit in this boat in tense silence until we reach our location. Once there I expect both you to begin talking or else I’ll make you talk via my foot up your ass, using you as a puppet to answer my questions. Do I make myself clear?” The tone involved with her orders left no room for question, while demanding that they be followed unless they wanted to be beaten into submission.
She finally turned around, a large scowl clearly placed on her face, before walking over to a passed out Clarke. She pulled out a small bag from her pockets, opening it and revealing small bits of ambrosia, then carefully placing them within the daughter of the underworld’s mouth. The healing effects were almost instant, causing the worry written across the girl’s face to disappear before facing the 2 girls on her boat once more.

“My name is Luna DeLeon and from here on out you’re part of the Coalition unless said otherwise by Clarke here. Now sleep, I’ll wake you both once we arrive in Floukru territory.” She declared in a much softer voice before standing back at the front of the boat, her posture radiating a powerful aura.

Neither Echo nor Raven were about to break their untold vow of current silence, so they simply followed the gentle order and shifted against the back of the boat into more comfortable positions. Doubt plagued their thoughts until they drifted into blank dreams while the watchful eye of Luna worried for the scene she had within her boat.

Chapter End Notes

I got another chapter up and it's a giant one once again. I'm proud of myself and my grades are slowly improving which is a huge bonus. Thank you all for your support and answering my questions from the previous chapter, it meant a lot to me that so many of you answered. I love all of you and just can't express how much it means to me that so many people truly responded to it. Side note, I posted a completely new story called Bandits of Misfortune on here that you should check out. If you enjoy a thief au, similar to the Once Upon a Time story-line on how Prince Charming and Snow White meet, then you should totally check it out. There are differences involved to fit more towards The 100 universe somewhat. I hope you like that story as well and I hope you liked this chapter. Until next time, enjoy the rest of your day/week/month/year.

Trigedasleng Translations

Wanheda.... gonplei non ste odon- Wanheda…. your fight is not over
Chapter Summary

After escaping the roman camp Polis, the girls get stuck into another situation that may cause some trouble. Notes about updates shall be at the bottom, thanks ya'll!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was nearly 3 am and the mist they had been traveling in was currently navigating their boat without any problems. With that problem aside, the 3 girls had to deal with a corpse like Clarke once again while attempting to figure out what their next move would be.

“How the hell did this even happen?!” Luna quickly asked, tending to Clarke’s wounds the best she could while scolding the 2 girls.

Raven and Echo felt like children being lectured by their parents, but they were also terrified of the curly haired, beautifully bronzed, getaway driver after watching her display of power within the span of 5 seconds. They both had only ever interacted with one daughter of The Big 3, but seeing a 2nd in action had caused fears to arise once more after hearing legends at their camps of the previous sons and daughters from the most powerful gods.

Each one told showed a new aspect that each child could possess, always being showcased through a massive bloody battle that ended with them being the blood bathed victor with little to no survivors. In this case they watched a girl easily create a massive wall of water and then propel them out of a battle in a matter of seconds, but could’ve easily been capable of annihilating the small battalion of Arkadians on the beach.

If she could produce both tactiques in a split second then who knew what else she could do if given more time.

“Umm… Well… I’m pretty sure Raven can explain it better?” Echo quickly deflected to avoid any more confrontation from the girl who was essentially her boss.

Echo knew the things this girl could do. She had read the police reports on her and found out the true meaning of her street title, remembering each bloody crime scene photo, the autopsy details, and just
the overwhelming amount of blood the girl had on her hands. The reports gave her nightmares for nearly a month before leaving her to fear them in person. Now everytime she stood before the daughter of Poseidon, she could see almost every drop of blood spilled, swirling with her irises.

“Of course the Romans let the Greek fall.” Raven muttered under her breath, knowing that Echo threw her under the bus, causing her belief on Romans to grow.

“I’m sorry Raven, what did you say? Your accusing mumbles covered up the sound of an explanation Echo failed to come up with, due to her fear of what I can do with simply a sheet of paper and a pebble.” Luna nearly growled out, her patience growing thin on not knowing how her best friend came to be like this.

She had worked on the wounds as best she could but it still worried her as to why the mark still hadn’t done anything to heal her. She stood beside Clarke, leaning against the side of the boat, looking down at the 2 girls who sat at the back of the boat on the floor with their pants still soaked from their escape. Everything that had happened within the span of a few hours had caused her stress levels to skyrocket and it didn’t help that the mark was acting like it was. It had never done something like this and she had no idea if Clarke would make it at this point, seeing her skin so pale and her breathing so shallow. The mark was still an unsure factor in their entire plan, but it had yet to fail them up to this point. Luna quickly shook her fear aside and gave the girls a look once more, growing tired of their silence. It was then that she realized that she upped the fear intensity by threatening them with 2 simple objects that could hardly been seen as a weapon but had now been taken into consideration as such.

“Look, I’m not entirely sure how Clarke got in the Arkadia infirmary, personally delivered by Zeus, Athena, and Hermes themselves, but her condition was almost exactly like this. One of the healers mentioned something about Zeus’ lightning bolt so it could be what caused her to end up like this. What I do know for sure is that she ordered me and Echo to raid their armories and then blow them up while she went to go get something else.” Raven quickly explained while looking tired and just about done with everything that happened.

She was exhausted and confused. Within a matter of a few hours she had found out that her supposed dead sister was alive and well, running some kind of grand, possibly illegal, operation against the Romans. Then to add on top of it all, she had just saw the people she hated most in the world, proceeded to kill a few Romans, blow up their armory, and then run with the weight of multiple weapons and the body of her nearly dead sister once more. It was a lot to take in and she needed way more than a few hours on a boat with 2 strangers to process it all. Her thoughts were then interrupted when Echo finally decided to join their discussion.

“She went to get the papers from Titus. The same papers we discussed about stealing within the next month.” Echo quickly added in, knowing that her information needed to be shared in order to benefit their cause and give purpose to nearly losing their lives back at Arkadia.
With her sudden announcement Luna had now become fully attentive, standing up straight and looking directly at Echo in disbelief. Both Echo and Raven froze up in fear at her sudden moves, worried that she would somewhat beat them to a pulp for simply saying that one phrase. Even Raven fully believed that she would be beaten to a pulp by Luna despite not saying the phrase that triggered her sudden mood change.

“Your kidding right?! Clarke did not face Zeus’ bolt and then get up to fight Titus, take the scrolls, possibly fight a few more guards, and then shadow travel you all to the boat?!” Luna questioned, now realizing that if everything she said was true then that would mean she over exhausted the mark and she would likely have to heal the old fashion way until the mark recharged enough to do its job.

She quickly stared down at Echo for confirmation, getting her answer through a short stern nod. It was the last straw for Luna’s sanity for the night before she let her anger get the better of her. She let out a quick yell before kicking the side of the boat, causing a large wave to created on the side of the boat and then shot itself deep within the mist. The boat jostled violently, causing both Raven and Echo to tense up far worse than anything on the planet, and it only grew when she raised her arms in anger, causing 2 small waves to appear at the front of the boat and tilt the entire boat backwards. Before another of their reactions could be made from a flipped boat, she dropped waves, causing everything to drop harshly back onto the water. Luna began pacing with her hands embedded within her hair, completely unaware of what she had done in a few short moments.

Both Echo and Raven flinched at her sudden outburst but quickly composed themselves, having the quick sense to hide their fear from a girl who seemed to either pry your nightmares out of your skull and play them before you, or feed off your fear and continue to twist a psychological rusted knife within the back of your spine just for the fun of it all.

Echo expected the outburst, after dealing with her only a few times and knowing what she had been accused of but never prosecuted for, but it still scared her to her very core. She held Luna fairly high on her fear, matching her and Ontari side by side after reading all the police reports within that area, but she knew that neither of them could reach the fear she held for Clarke after personally witnessing her torture methods to get information out of a gang or simply torture a Roman in a tournament just for the sheer fun of it all. She had at least 1 nightmare a week based around Clarke’s bloody smile after just carving open a young warrior as if they were a pumpkin on halloween being made into a jack-o-lantern. She knew of her side experiments and the fact that only she could control those monsters fully without much of a problem. She also heard in detail of the battle she led that annihilated half of their scouting group led by Lexa herself. The horror on each of their faces as they recalled her actions of catching arrows out of the air at full speed and then throw them like daggers towards another Roman, often aiming for the throat or the eye so they could slowly bleed out and suffer. Each story retold caused other fears Echo never thought capable to be felt within a person. It was quite unpleasant to say the least but that was the very reason as to why she respected the girl more and would work for her until the end of her days. Her power went beyond Titus’ or Nia’s on any given day, but for today that title went solely towards Luna.
“Look, none of us know what caused her to take such drastic actions but it’s too late to stop it. The best we can do for the moment is take care of her until the mark gets her back up again and that can only happen if you control your anger and not turn the boat over.” Echo confidently spoke while still holding a high amount of fear towards what Luna’s reaction would be towards her words.

Raven sat beside her, staring at her as if she had become Cerberus and grown 2 more heads. Just a few moments earlier both of them had just been scared enough that were contemplating whether or not to jump off the boat and swim to shore. Fear was still prominent within Raven’s eyes but she still chanced the idea on looking to see how Luna reacted to Echo’s sudden burst of confidence.

Sure enough the girl had stopped all pacing and was now just staring at her the same way Raven was just moments before. It startled Raven to see another emotion of the girl’s face but it was just for a quick second because confusion was simply adorable on her sharp features. It was like watching a pitbull or doberman go from a full growling beast to a small confused puppy wondering where its toy was. It was a cute moment before it was once again replaced by fear once she dropped her hands and stood in front of them with a death glare deep within her eyes.

“Echo… I want you to remember where you are and what you are surrounded by… I advise you to think about how you just addressed me and remember that I am your only chance of making it within TonDC without Ontari finding out that you allowed Clarke to get in this state of injury. I implore you to think about your chance of survival without me, already knowing that it’ll take a matter of hours for her to find out that it was you that allowed her to reach this state of near death. How do you think she’ll react when she sees Clarke resembling the look of a fresh corpse, then I want you to think of how she won’t care for any of your excuses and will likely leave you worse than the 79th street raid.” Luna growled out, focusing on each word to hold a deeper threat within its meaning.

Echo almost immediately changed her mood when she mentioned 79th street, causing Raven to question her involvement in what was clearly some gang involved incidents. She watched as Echo quickly shut down, keeping her head low, completely submitting to Luna’s stare that hadn’t eased up since her speech was delivered. It took a few seconds before it slowly began to recede back into her cold demeanor, but her power never once faltered even after Echo had bowed her head down to submit to the daughter of the sea.

She gave it a few more seconds before she finally turned around and focused her attention on Clarke once more. Raven now had a chance to see more of the relationship between her resurrected sister and this intimidating goddess of a woman. Clarke hadn’t moved a single muscle since first being placed onto the passenger seat, her skin still pale but gaining some color again only after getting fed ambrosia by Luna herself. The girl seemed to rigid and ready to kill anyone to didn’t know or trust, which was both her and Echo currently, but with Clarke she was a gentle and loving. Anyone could see the worry written across her eyes as she carefully broke small pieces of the healing food and place them carefully within her mouth. It was the caring touch of a sister bonded through only the darkest of times which is what made the scene before Raven seem even more heartbreaking.
The scene before her was almost identical to what she and Clarke use to be like years ago. Back when they would go off and do something stupid dangerous which almost always resulted in one of them being severely injured. Each time would always end up with one of them in the healing tent, in large amounts of pain while the other stayed with them all night until they could get up on their own.

She deeply missed those memories, no matter how painful many of them ended up being, all because the moments just before the injury came they were completely overjoyed with adrenaline and laughter over whatever they had just done. She missed those times of bonding over their stupidity and it now pained her a thousand times over seeing the same scene play before her, without her involvement. It saddened her to witness her noninvolvement within someone she used to be fully aware of, but she knew that there was nothing she could do to change the situation. With a quick shake of her head she buried her feelings and began to figure out how she could help in some way.

She began to get up but quickly stopped her motions after just catching Luna place her forehead against Clarke’s, her hands gently cupping her face, while her lips moved ever so slightly as the light sound of a whisper glided out of her mouth. Raven couldn’t decipher the words but she could tell that it was an intimate moment between the two, and Luna would likely throw her overboard for ruining their small moment. She instead chose to turn to the side and see if Echo had anything to say about any of this, only to discover that the Roman girl was now passed out against the side of the boat.

It came as both a shock and not a shock to see the girl in such a state after what she had been through. Raven took a quick glance back at the 2, now seeing Luna pour water from a bottle gently into Clarke’s mouth, before deciding to follow Echo’s example and sleep. None of them had any idea as to how long it would be until they reached their destination, which was still unknown to her at this point. With a quick shifting of her body she curled up into a smallish ball and closed her eyes in hopes of getting a dreamless night, but knowing that she would likely get harsh visions due to her actions and her close proximity to 2 daughters of the Big Three.

With one last shift of her body she closed her eyes and welcomed the exhaustion that had been slowly creeping up on her during the entire trip in the mist.

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“RAVEN!!”

*The pain filled voices rang directly against the side of her head, forcing her to sit up and see the scene before her.*
War was raging all around her. Fires, ash, broken buildings, abandoned cars, and cracked asphalt were the only things anyone could see for miles on end. It looked like the very scenes many books and scriptures described as the apocalypse, with hell breaking open and tearing the very fabric of reality and allowing chaos and fear to run rampant throughout the streets.

“FALLBACK! FALBACK!” The broken war cry of retreat just managed to make it past the roaring fires and crumbling of buildings.

She attempted to seek out the source of that voice, recognizing some familiarity within its tone. Her thoughts were quickly distracted from the large quaking produced from the ground below her. It was then that she realized that was laying in the middle of a sidewalk with a grand piece of rubble trapping both of her legs below it. Panic and fear were quick to rise up within her body, her mind just beginning to feel the pricking pain of the stone cutting into her skin, cutting off circulation from the rest of her body.

“I can smell your fear worthless demigod.” The rasped voice slid up into her ears, sending her entire body into a state of paralysis while being surrounded by unimaginable cold.

The broken piece of the building that lay atop her legs suddenly grew ice shards around it, digging into her skin far worse than it use to before shattering into a heap of ice flakes.

“RAVEN!” The same familiar voice from before sounded off just ahead of her, this time laced with agony and fear.

She darted her head up, nearly throwing up from the revolting scene that now played before her.

Oceanus, Titan of the ocean, Hyperion, Titan of light, Coeus, Titan of intellect, Iapetus, Titan of Morality, Pain, and violent death, and last but not least Kronos, the King of Titans and god of time.

Each were holding one of her friends by their throats, blood trickling down the corners of their mouths while parts of their faces were decorated with either gashes or nearly black bruises. Their weapons were scattered below their dangling bodies while their hands desperately tried to claw their way out of the iron grips that slowly crushed their throats with each bit of movement. She could clearly hear their stangled breaths grow weaker with each passing second. Without a second thought she quickly scrambled up to her feet in attempt to save them, only to be stopped by an unknown force.
She felt her body wanting to go at the pace she wanted but it felt as if they were stuck in the thickest of jello. Her eyes frantically darted down her body, trying to figure out just how and why her body wasn’t running to save her friends.

“AHHH!” The shrill screams of agony quickly flooded her ears, causing her eyes to dart up and see and even worse seen.

The Titans had now taken their weapons, varying from rusted looking barbaric trident to bone created spears surrounded by barbs slowly impaling different parts of their bodies. Their throats still were being crushed within the hands of the foul titans and she couldn’t do anything to even make a scratch on anything. Her eyes searched for anything that could help her escape whatever was holding her back, but Raven simply couldn’t find or reach anything that could possibly benefit any part of the scene before her. Blood now trickled down their mouths at a more rapid pace as the weapons continued to bury themselves within either their chest or stomachs.

Their screams filled the blank spaces not occupied by the crackling of raging fire and slow crumbling of wrecked buildings. All she could do was watch as the light slowly faded within their eyes while their screams of pain slowly diminished into nothing. One by one they all began to drop their heads finally leaving only Octavia and Bellamy still struggling to stay alive. A desperate plea could easily be seen in their eyes, as one of Octavia’s hands still grasped at the squeezing hand of Hyperion as the other seemed to try and reach for Raven while Bellamy’s hand both tried their hardest to pry off the fingers of Oceanus.

“Tic-toc goes the clock, to find your path reach the dock. Death comes soon but not without a its moon, the one whose mind shines brighter than any kind. Mark these words until the time comes, the children of the 3 will bring all down to their knees.” The low rasp of an elderly woman surround her head while she took in the scene with even more horror.

“Death will take those you love, young warrior. Your beloved Gods can’t stop the revolution that is to become. Say goodbye to all you hold dear.” Kronos announced before pulling 2 daggers out of thin air and throwing them directly into the faces of both Bellamy and Octavia.

Blood was quick to pour out of the wound, the struggling movements quickly freezing up before falling, and now only Raven’s shouts could be heard. Her body remained frozen in whatever bubble she was in and could only watch as the Titans crushed her friend’s bodies as if they were flimsy pieces of styrofoam. More blood and guts oozed from their bodies while the laughter of the wretched beings only grow louder and louder. She watched as their hands slowly engulfed themselves in the dark color of blood. It was horror beyond belief and her eyes simply couldn’t turn away.

It was then that the picture before her began to change. Kronos, Oceanus, and Hyperion all slowly began morphing. Their hands still held tight grasps on her friend’s corpses but the rest of their
bodies had begun to decrease in size. Their faces changed from ones of torment to more delicate features of smooth skin. Their monstrous stance changed to one of a confident warrior while their armor changed from depictions of horror to ones of greek and roman designs any demigod would envy. Slowly each of them began to change into ones of human figures before she could point out the shape they were taking. Hyperion was the first to finish his change. Still holding onto the dead corpse of Octavia now stood a raven haired girl with tribal scars all over her face with Zeus symboled designs decorating her pauldron and side of her chestplate. Her eyes were a striking blue that seemed to hold no room for anything but the cold emptiness of a storm light sky full of raging lightning. Her lips were pulled up into a sadistic smile that seemed far too happy with holding up a mangled body.

It disturbed Raven even more so than before and she could do nothing but watch as the next shit came to be, this time occurring within Oceanus.

The half water serpent half man creature quickly began shrinking, his green scaled legs quickly being covered by cloth and forming 2 legs. His beard was quick to recede while his hair changed from dripping wet to a voluminous head of brownish red curls. It took a few more seconds before horror once again took over Raven’s thought as she watched the Titan of the seas change into the girl who had just saved her not moments before falling into this nightmare of a vision. Before her stood an emotionless Luna, firmly clutching onto the blood soaked armor that was Bellamy. Dread continued to fill up Raven’s gut, the immediate feeling of vomit quickly building up but having nowhere to go thanks to the space she was in. The warm eyes she previously saw were no longer attempting to hide any stoic feelings because they were now bottomless pits of pure black eyes, constantly swirling which caused Raven to think that her eyes were filled with black blood. It scared her far more to see both a sadist and a sociopath directly beside each other, but nothing would scare her worse than Kronos’ change.

“Silly girl. The worst is yet to come.” The Lord of Titans laughed out, his bones soon snapping and his form quickly morphing down into a crumpled state.

His large size and beastly skin were quick to waste away into a pile of rotten smelling filth, revealing new armor colored in black and detailed accents of gold, his gastly looking flesh now turning into smooth lightly tanned skin. The face of the heartless Titan now morphed down in size, causing more sickening sounds of bones snapping to fill the burning street, before it changed in a more delicate face. Golden hair now cascaded down the top of the head before stopping just past the chin. Gone was grand form of the Titan and now before her stood what she instantly knew to be her long lost sister in arms.

Standing tall and strong, showing no evidence of ever falling to the blade of the mountain cowards, but now holding the broken bloody corpse of the last part of her family. She looked at peace with herself but the situation called for no such emotion and instead urged bile to come rushing up Raven’s throat and force its way out of her mouth. The entire scene disgusted her and she had no idea if the vision before her was to be true or not.
“Come now Raven. Surely you’re glad to see your sister rather than revolted by the mere image of her?” Kronos teased in a terribly blended voice of both his and the voice she craved to hear herself ever since the mountain.

Instead of hearing the light rasp that almost always reassured her during her insane plans, she now heard a disjointed mix of a nightmare. She hated now more than ever that her body was stuck in its slow stasis. She frantically looked down at her body, putting all the force in her body in an attempt to remove herself from the dream and either runaway from the Titans or run at them and fight until her last ragged breath. She could hear all 3 of them laughing in their disjointed voices, causing cold trembles to run up her spine and fear to run wild within her veins.

“And the Raven’s wings are now clipped, leaving her defenseless against the monsters on the ground.”

At the sound of Clarke’s voice, clear as day, sounding directly in front of her. Her head shot up in an instant, brown eyes locking with blue seeming all too familiar from years ago. Memories of both good and bad now came flooding down her mind and she could do nothing to stop the tears from falling down the sides of her face. She could see the eyes of her beloved sister, hear the voice of something she found so soothing in times of darkness, but she knew they weren’t true no matter how much she wanted them to be. She bowed her eyes down in submission causing her body to drop down to its knees in an instant and fully bow down to the 3 Titans that stood before her.

“All that I’m doing is for the good of our people.” Clarke’s real voice now sounded before her in a desperate plea.

This time her voice was purely her own, Raven could feel no trace of Kronos coming out the words she just heard. Her head shot up once more only to see that the scene of destruction and hellfire was now gone. All of it had vanished and was instead replaced with grass hills of Camp Polis. They were on the hills that stood tall just before descending down into the lake. The sun was beginning to set and bursts of color flooded the sky, the clear blue water mirroring the effects of the sky perfectly. The water nymphs were out and about, splashing in the water, having no care in the world while the tree nymphs came towards the shores resting besides the grand tree planted by Hades in memory of Clarke. She could hear the remanisent sounds of swords clashing within the training grounds followed by shouting commands from different people.

Slowly she rose to her feet, baffled by the scene that was just moments ago nothing but pure destruction. She stood directly beside Clarke who was now dressed in a simple black t-shirt, jeans, and light training armor.
“A monument for death now a symbol of rebirth and hope. Whether or not you choose to side with me, one of the outcomes you saw will be the fate of the world, but your decision does cause one to become more likely than the other. Choose wisely Raven.” Clarke announced a bit solemnly before gently placing her hand on Raven’s shoulder.

The uncertainty in her voice had Raven worried about what she was about to embark on. The scenarios that had just played before her were 2 completely different scenes from one another but her involvement, or lack of, could cause one outcome to reach its potential faster than the other. She was confused and demanded some sense of direction into whatever dark abyss she was about to fall in, head first.

Before she could ask her question the grip on her shoulder tightened followed by a small pained gasp of air directly beside her ear. She quickly turned her head only to see another image of horror.

Clarke was now broken and beaten bloody, dirt smudged across her face. Gone were her clean clothes, replaced by the ripped armor from the mountain along with the famous finishing wound on her stomach. Her skin was pale and her eyes were slowly losing their shine once more. Blood now ran past her lips slowly as she crumpled down to the floor. Raven was quick to fall with her, just to hold her once more in fear of losing her for the last and final time.

“Save me... Raven..... Save....... me.” Her voice croaked out, her airflow now cutting itself short as her body began shutting down.

Fear began flooding Raven’s veins once more but this time she could do nothing but witness every single detail as her sister slowly faded away in her arms.

“Raven.”

“Raven!”

“RAVEN!”

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“Raven!” A shout went off directly next to her ear and jolted her awake.
Her eyes were now frantically searching all over, still in fear of watching Clarke die in her arms looking bloody beyond repair yet now she was on the boat again, no sign of Camp Polis and no bloody corpse of her sister.

“Jesus Christ, you take forever to wake up.” The same voice sounded off next to her but this time she was able to see that it was Echo looking annoyed and somewhat drenched in water again.

Raven then came to the realization that she wasn’t holding her sister’s lifeless body in her arms anymore. She was no longer in the presence of the Titans and her nose wasn’t being bombarded by the smell of burning buildings and blood. Instead she was now being bombarded by the smell of the sea and what also seemed to be fresh fish.

“Is she up yet or do I need to wake her up the same way I woke you up?” Luna’s voice now sounded off at the front of the boat.

Raven took her eyes off of Echo and now saw Luna standing directly in front of her with fish dangling on hooks directly in front of her nose. The stench of the fish caused bile to run up her throat, her hand immediately flying up to cover her mouth as she desperately tried to stop it from coming out of her mouth.

“Well now I know that both you and Echo don’t enjoy the smell of fish compared to the rest of my people. You’ll do just fine once we get there.” Luna laughed off before walking away back towards the front of the boat.

Raven did manage to get control of her bile but she now had to deal with the terrible acidic feeling of forcing it back down. Her eyes now took note of Clarke’s still limp body on the passenger seat of the boat, only now she was haphazardly wrapped in a blanket that was halfway off her body while her head leaned heavily towards her right side, nearly causing her to fall over. Her lips were parted slightly, but it was enough space to get some drool going down the side of her mouth. Color had returned back to skin but the blood on her body still stained her clothes brightly. While it seemed like Clarke had gotten better, she still didn’t seem to be fully awake and fine. The dream that had just happened moments ago played briefly back in her head again, placing her dying body once again in her arms, before bringing her back to the present.

“Quit staring at your sister and get ready to dock. We’ll be out of the mist soon and it’ll drop us off directly in the middle of my docks.” Luna ordered, sounding aggravated once more.

“Will you calm down Luna. The girl just woke up after what seemed to be an interesting dream and we both know how those feel. Not to mention, we barely managed to escape Arkadia with our lives
and their better weapons and shields. The girl is tired and needs some time to breathe before you throw her in with the rest of them.” Echo defended while standing up.

Raven was surprised by how Echo had defended her, but it was cut short by fear once more thanks to Luna’s actions. The girl had spun around, holding a makhaira in her hand, and stood directly in front of Echo with the sword point pressed against the side of her neck, a decent amount of pressure being applied to know that she meant business.

“Do you think me a fool? Do you honestly believe that I would throw Clarke’s sister in with the rest of my people as if she were new meat to add to our numbers? I know how smart the girl is and I know what she means to Clarke. I won’t allow anything to happen to her or Clarke, but you have shown time and time again that you’re not as useful as you put yourself out to be, so please give me a reason as to why I shouldn’t let this blade slice your throat open ear to ear and throw your corpse overboard?” She all but growled out while applying just the slightest bit of more pressure, allowing the blade to pierce her skin and cause a thin line of blood to appear.

Fear was slightly evident within Echo’s posture but her face remained neutral, only a small sharp breath was released when the blade pierced her skin. Her lips remained sealed shut while her eyes simply stared directly into the eyes of Luna, as if to offer a challenge or simply have a somewhat honorable death. Luna quickly grew tired of her lack of response and continued poking the Roman spy once more.

“I’m hearing no words coming from your mouth Echo. Your brave words seemed to have left you now that you see that my actions do come with consequences. Unlike you, I’m both bark and bite.” She emphasized the word bite by slowly letting the blade go down her throat just slightly, causing the thin line of blood to grow.

“Noumou Luna. Ai don tel yu op bilaik em nou na ge get daun. Em-de laik givnes, non na mou, non na raun.”

At the new voice all of them had now turned their attention towards the front of the boat once more, only this time Clarke was now standing up with her eyes baring down on all 3 of them without any wavering of power.

While her face held power her body was still too weak to carry her fully. Her posture was slouched forward slightly, her left arm was hugging her ribcage, while her left arm held firmly to the back of the seat that she was just sleeping on. Her clothes made it seem like she went through hell and back, coming out mainly victorious, but a few things had gotten her while there. All of them were shocked to see Clarke standing at the very least, but were even more shocked to hear her speak so fluently with authority. In an instant Luna had put the blade down, causing it to retract back into its hidden form, and nearly tackle Clarke in excitement and worry.
Both girls embraced each other quickly, Luna letting out a large breath of relief while Clarke let her weight drop slightly onto Luna while allowing her face to drop from authoritative into one of joy and peace. They held each other for a few seconds before releasing one another and now talking in hushed whispers. Both seemed to be in a slightly heated conversation, completely ignoring the presence of both Echo and Raven, and continued their small bickering up until Clarke quickly said one last fast phrase given with a look that left no room for questioning or commenting. With a loud sigh, and a firm nod, Luna backed off and now stood by her side, hooking one arm under her arm and holding her steady enough to face the Greek and Roman warriors who were waiting to get their own questions and comments out as well.

“Well I assume you both have questions that weren’t answered at the raid, I suggest you ask them now or wait many more hours until we get to our secure location. I only ask that they be as brief as possible because once we reach the docks we need to quickly get both of you out of sight and have no one know you’re here until we say it’s ok.” Clarke quickly said, looking only the slightest bit weakened by her current state.

Both Echo and Raven were confused at everything that had just occurred in front of them, but once again Raven was the more confident type and quickly took advantage of the situation.

“Where the hell have you been these last few years?! I saw you get stabbed by Cage and then get crushed by rocks within seconds apart of each other.” Her anger quickly evident once again as she took a few steps towards Clarke and nearly be completely face to face with her.

“I did get stabbed by that weasel and also got piled on by rocks, but I only just managed to survive because of my abilities for being a child of death, and through the efforts of Pauna, Roan, and Ontari. They pulled me out of the rubble and took me to San Francisco to live with them in TonDC. I couldn’t contact you immediately because I had amnesia and many other problems during my first few years in being there.” Clarke answered, seeming unphased by her retelling while Raven now stared at her in surprise.

Before Raven could ask another question, Echo was quick to ask her own about the events that happened in Camp Arkadia.

“Not to be a stick in the mud about this whole family reunion thing going on right now, but was it really your plan to be caught by the gods, nearly die, have us raid their armory, nearly die at the hands of Titus for some papers, and almost die again by shadow traveling us all to our escape boat?” She asked looking annoyed and completely done with everything that she had just been through.

“It wasn’t my plan at the time, but the timing was right so I decided to change it and go after the
prophecy papers and the map. I had no idea that Raven would be there nor did I know that Pauna wouldn’t show up to take us all safely to the boat and then take all of us back to TonDC. I also didn’t plan on Zeus hitting me with his lightning bolt, but I knew that I would be captured and brought to Arkadia and be allowed to have spies there only after taking you out of there properly. It was time that we extracted you from there if we were to move on with the next phase of the plan. Not to mention, I’m fairly certain that you were tired of being Nia’s lacky and personal punching bag in Arkadia.” Clarke answered.

“Oh, and the reason Pauna could not attend to you guys tonight was because I had him go onto a different task that had the same level of urgency at the moment. I had no idea that Clarke would be this injured because the note I was given had vague instructions as to why she needed him, it only stated that she needed an escape route and that Pauna may or may not be needed. It seemed like adding him into the plan was a bit of an overkill so he’s currently running around TonDC taking care of stuff for me.” Luna quickly added in.

Clarke quickly turned and gave her a confused look, locking eyes with her once more, before the both of them got into a silent conversation with the only gestures being their eye movements and small hand gestures. After a few seconds Clarke gave her a knowing look and seemed to figure out to what Luna was referring to.

“Are the two of you done, because I’d like to ask a few more questions if you don’t mind.” Raven quickly interjected once she thought they were done.

Once Clarke regarded her, she quickly went directly in front of her and placed her hands atop her shoulders.

“Raven, before you start yelling at me for not showing up, I need you to know that I wanted to everyday for these past few years but I really couldn’t because the plan I have been setting up needs my full attention at all times. I can’t currently explain the situation because all parties that are involved in it need to be here. Trust me when I say that I’ve never wanted anything more than to hug you again and have some fun blowing up some training fields as a prank on the Hermes and Aries cabins during their training exercises. If you’re still mad I suggest you punch me right now because there won’t be another time and also because we all need to be clear headed if we want to sneak through the city without Ontari knowing.” Clarke quickly said, hoping to defuse some of Raven’s current wild emotions.

There was a split seconds of silence before Raven punched her shoulder and then embraced Clarke tightly, nearly crushing her current fragile ribcage. It became another loving moment between the two before Raven pulled back to say her last words before they touched the dock, which seemed to now be in view past the fog now.
“I’m still extremely mad at you right now, but it’s being outweighed the joy of seeing you again and it actually being real. I know you’ll explain everything to me sooner or later so I’ll trust you for now Griff.” She said with faint traces of tears beginning to form just out of the corners of her eyes.

Clarke immediately smiled at her response and gently wiped away her tears. She gave her a small nod before turning back to look at Luna. She quickly gave her a brief nod before taking over the situation that was now at hand.

“Alright. Now that we’ve gotten most of our feelings out of the way, we’ll be hitting the dock soon. I need you to run fast and without a single sound. Ontari knows that Clarke has been missing for nearly 2 days now, and she probably thinks that she’s with me because I haven’t answered my phone despite her calling me 24 times now.” Luna said with a small eye roll, quickly walking past them to get to the duffel bags full of weapons.

“I will be taking the bags to stall Ontari with a shipment excuse. She’ll likely be at the exit of the pier near Flouku’s trucks. Once I have her attention, Clarke will then guide you guys towards the other exit and you will all jump into one of the trucks. Get inside the crate labeled Costa Rica with a black tarp draped over it. If she follows me and tries to open any of them, she knows not to open the Costa Rica shipments.” Luna quickly stated while picking up both bags with ease, placing them to the side of the boat closest to the steering wheel.

“What’s in the shipments from Costa Rica?” Raven couldn’t help but ask.

“Fun stuff depending on which Costa Rican dealer it was. If it was from our usual guy then you’ll be fine, if it was from the other guy then I will say my apologies now because his shipments don’t usually end well for my moving guys.” She stated grimly, looking somewhat disgusted by a memory, before shaking it off and looking at both girls again.

“Just follow Clarke and she’ll lead you safely through the docks and into the right crate.” She stated firmly before opening a side compartment on the boat, pulling out a slim fitting trench coat that seemed to have survived multiple wars but still cared its wounds, and smoothly putting in on, clearly having been done over a thousand times.

“We’re pulling up to the dock now, hand them the other coats so we can slip past the other Azgeda guards.” Clarke quickly commented while pulling the boat up to the small open dock space.

Luna quickly cut out the engine as Clarke carefully pulled up directly next to the spot. Before Echo or Raven could move or speak, Luna quickly threw thick coats at them, before rushing to the other side of the boat to catch a rope that had been thrown from the dock. The rope was quickly tied to
secure the boat and the action only picked up from there.

As soon as the rope was secured Luna had thrown both bags onto the wood pier and swiftly jumped of the boat before whispering orders to 2 people that had been hiding in the shadows. Both of them quickly nodded before reaching out and pulling Raven and Echo out of the boat and into the shadows of the pier with them. Luna then quickly picked up the bags while carefully watching how Clarke exited the boat.

She could see the small difficulty Clarke was having, but she also knew that her best friend was also the most stubborn person she had ever met and not once had she ever seen her willingly ask for help unless absolutely necessary. In this case, Luna was fairly certain that Clarke would push anyone aside that tried to help her right now.

“Come on you bag of old bones. We don’t got all night.” Luna teased her while offering her a hand, hoping that she would take it.

Clarke gave her look before quickly taking her hand and getting off the boat and into the shadows of the pier. It took her a bit, but her eyes adjusted enough to see which people of Luna’s gang was helping them. It was safe to say that she trusted that they would be able to get out of this situation without Ontari finding them because Luna had brought her best scout, Liam, and her best enforcer, Ty. Both were some of the best fighters in TonDC and were some of the stealthiest, aside from Clarke, Luna, and Ontari of course. They would more than definitely be enough for this job, only so long as neither Roan or Ontari saw them in their current state.

They were quick to move on, Luna lightly supporting Clarke while Liam lead the way and Ty followed behind them. Despite how late the hour was, people were still on the docks working the odd end jobs that no one wanted, so they were careful to stay away from their line of sight, knowing that some of those workers were sometimes informants to each gang in TonDC.

Raven and Echo had managed to surprise Luna with how efficient they were while moving along the shadows of the dock, but she was still on the edge about trusting them, seeing as Clarke was still in a terrible state. They were close to the street, directly across from where all the delivery trucks were parked and ready to go, but it felt almost to easy to just cross and get back to Floukru territory.

As if on cue, just before Liam gave them the go ahead to cross, a unit of black SUVs and SWAT trucks came barreling down the road with the blaring colors of blue and red now flooding the streets. Liam quickly backed them all behind some crates next to the building they were next to before they all looked towards Luna, who was now slightly panicking about the entire situation.
“Half of SWAT, create a perimeter around the docks, make sure no one leaves without my orders! The rest of you follow me, be on the lookout for any Floukru or Azgeda members, we’re raiding the west warehouses and we’re finally gonna nail these gangs down once and for all.” A detective ordered while standing in front of the group of 30 SWAT members and 10 cops.

After hearing his orders both Clarke and Luna had bigger worries to handle now. They knew which warehouses they were trying to get to and how big of a bust it would be on Floukru and Azgeda. It was only 3 warehouses that were currently stocked with a fresh shipment of firearms and a few narcotics that they were going to use to make a deal with gangs down in Los Angeles. They hadn’t even had time to check all the containers to see what they had, only checking to see if they had others items with the shipment to hide the stuff.

Clarke quickly turned to Luna, turning a bit to fast for her weakened state, but still maintaining a decent composure. Luna on the other hand was currently watching the large police force and trying to figure out a plan to get them away from their warehouses while getting Raven, Echo, and Clarke out in one piece. It was too many variables that could go wrong and bite them in the ass, but she didn’t know how to handle it all without getting some part of the plan fucked up.

“Boss, what do you want us to do?” Liam quickly whispered while looking for a possible route to the trucks.

It was a tense moment of silence, no one really knowing what to do at this point without something costing them a part of their plan. If the warehouses were raided then they would lose their only bit of leverage for their L.A. connections. If all of them went to go and help hide the supplies, the risk of someone getting caught would be high due to the large police presence. If they split up then it was still a risk of being caught by officers because it would be too small of a group to go help hide the shipments.

“Our best bet would be leaving now to avoid getting caught, but then we lose the shipments and warehouses. If we go hide the shipments, there’s still a large possibility of someone getting caught. If we split up there still isn’t enough manpower to hide the shipments and they’d still get caught.” Luna quickly said in a slight panic.

“Then perhaps I could be of assistance.”

_Noumou Luna. Ai don tel yu op bilaik em nou na ge get daun. Em-de laik givnes, non na mou, non_
"na strik. Osir gaf em."—That’s enough Luna. I told you, she was not to be disturbed. She’s the sacrifice, nothing more, nothing less.

Chapter End Notes

What's up everyone, I'm not dead!!! The gay bitch lives after a difficult senior and now onto college I go. I'm so sorry about my terrible updating schedule but a lot of things came up this year that distracted me from this story and my other one. I kinda lost sight on how to continue writing these but I found my motivation again this past month and thanks to the kudos and comments I received while this was left out. Good news is Bandits might have another chapter up within a month and I'm now writing the new chapter for this fic. Thank you all for your patience hope you enjoyed the chapter. Also... HAPPY PRIDE MONTH!!!! Everyone be safe and I give ya'll a whole lot of love and support. If you gonna ask someone out, fucking do it. If you're gonna come out, you have my support and I believe in you. If you don't do any of those things, I still fucking love ya'll!!! Sidenote- I now own 2 cats because I found stray kittens and they've been my support system this year. Bye everybody.

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