Falling Skies

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Falling Skies

by NicciCrowe

Summary

Another Grounder!Bellamy AU fic that no one asked for, but just the one you might have needed.
Heavily inspired by littlefoxfire's fic so you could call this a spin off of their fic. (I needed more, so I just wrote it.)
The Grounders are a lot more diplomatic... sort of... in this version. (As in they choose to try to talk rather than just murder the shit out of the kiddies. I know, shocker,) Post Exodus Ship Fail. "Bridge-gate" never happened, the flares didn't destroy a village, and Lincoln never gets captured, obvi.
I kinda glaze over some past details. Just imagine Miller did most of Bellamy's stuff and the time between Jasper getting speared and the Exodus ship coming down is shorter.

Bellamy the Grounder king offers a deal to the 100, but it might be more than Clarke is truly ready to handle.
Clarke and her group jerked to a halt as figures began dropping out of the shadowy trees, effectively surrounding them. The bird song that had been gently filling the air fell conspicuously silent. She gripped the small knife she carried, which now felt pathetically absurd against the huge, deadly spears and swords that seemed to be strapped to every available surface on each Grounder. What had been a cautious hunting trip had turned to an ambush. She cursed internally at herself, at Earth, at everything.

Panic threatened to seize up in her throat, but a quick glance at the blood-drained faces of her people quickly steeled her resolve. She had to be strong. She had to protect them. She always had to protect them.

A leader of the Grounders stepped forward, face obscured by a horrifying bone mask and dark hair weaved into many intricate braids. Clark felt thick, cloying fear threatening to consume her, but she forced herself to breathe, knuckles white around the hilt of her tiny knife. No one had moved to attack them yet, although pitifully armed as they were they didn't stand much of a chance either way. The image of a spear slamming into Jasper flickered through her thoughts. God help us.

“What do you want?” She managed coldly, lifting her chin. She was proud that her voice remained mostly steady. She met the cold, dark eyes of the grounder looming in front of her.

“The Commander would like to meet you. If you wish to live you will come with us, now,” she said in a clipped tone, her voice strong and regal.

Surprise flooded through Clarke. Meet? They wanted to talk?

A spark of hope burst to life in her chest like a small flame. This is how I save them.

“You speared one of my people,” she said cautiously, not disguising the low throbbing anger in her voice. If there was any chance of peace she couldn’t back down on gaining restitution for wrongs committed against her people, or they’d be mowed down without a second thought. She didn’t know much about these people, but she knew that showing weakness would be akin to signing a death sentence for her and the rest of the hundred. She had to show strength, even if all she wanted was to cry and scream in fear.

“Our Commander would like to speak with you of that, as well as the implications of your falling from the sky here into our territory and how we may proceed from this. He wishes to seek an alliance, and no further killing,” the woman drawled, sounding bored and slightly menacing, as if she didn’t personally approve of this attempt at peace talks. Clarke swallowed.

Relief, mixed with fear and trepidation shuddered through her, and she steeled herself.

“Clarke, you can’t do this!” Finn hissed from next to her, and she shot him a glare. She still hadn’t forgiven him about Raven, and the fact that he had the nerve to demand anything of her set her teeth on edge.

“You don’t make the rules here,” she snapped, and his face fell. She turned to face the grounder who was glaring at her appraisingly. She set her jaw.

“Fine. But I bring my guards here with me.”
“As you wish, Heda com Skaikru,” the grounder said dismissively and Clarke frowned at the apparent title. She turned quickly to Fox.

“Run back to camp and tell Miller what’s going on. Close the gates and double the guards. If this turns south you need to be ready to defend camp, okay?” Fox gave a sharp nod, and Clarke chose one of the boys to go with her back to the dropship. They fell into step with the Grounders as they were led off into the dark woods to whatever fate lay in store for them.

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So, what the Grounder had failed to mention is that their Commander, was a fucking king.

Clarke’s throat closed in trepidation as they were all led past rows upon rows of smaller tents with Grounders standing outside or emerging from the tents to watch them with expressions ranging from curiosity to open hostility, up to a large tent. They were herded inside, surrounded by guards as tall as mountains and armed to the teeth. They wore distinctive metal bands on their biceps that had sharp spikes protruding outward, so her group huddled close, unwilling to stray too close to the imposing warriors. They all followed Clarke’s example and bowed slightly in front of the man they were brought to meet, (well he was almost too young to be called a man but the air of authority and power that emanated from him was unmistakable.)

Clarke dared to lift her eyes and take him in, appraising him with a critical eye.

He sat on a raised dais on a throne made of bones and curved wood, exuding power and danger in and of itself. Animal pelts hung artfully behind the throne in front of a rich red, threadbare fabric. There were a few luxurious jaguar pelts that Clarke could see, and she almost keened with envy. Winter was coming soon, and she knew in the back of her mind that they were woefully unprepared.

*If I can land this alliance, they may give us pelts and ways to keep warm.*

It struck her just then how important this was, and how much her people depended on her to come up with the right solution for them all. This may just be the most important deal she will ever make in her life.

His eyes were smeared with black war paint, painted in jagged lines that arced down his cheeks like lightning. His cheekbones cut precise angles which the paint threw into even starker relief. He wore a deep, blood-red tunic under a worn leather vest with various buckles, matched with threadbare black pants that were patched with leather in various places. Two holsters curved to fit his thighs and each held a wickedly curved knife with ornate handles. Nothing about him indicated royalty except the quiet power in his gaze. His eyes weren’t cold, but they held no warmth in them either. Rather, he looked a great deal like a buyer examining goods, determining if they were worthy to purchase or not.

He was the first to break the silence.

“What is your name, SkaiKru?” his voice was deep and reminded her of thunder, yet there was a lazy amusement in the undercurrent of his tone. Clarke felt something strange happen in her chest at the sound.

“Clarke.” She was proud her voice didn’t shake.

The King smiled. “Well, Clarke com SkaiKru, welcome to Earth. I am Bellamy, the king in this territory. This is my Second, Octavia,” he gesture to the girl (Clarke realized she couldn’t be any older than herself,) next to him, standing with her hands clasped behind her back, looking every inch
a vicious warrior and not a girl of 17. “Why have you come?” She knew he didn't mean to the
meeting.

Clarke took a deep, steadying breath. “We didn’t realize anyone would be here,” she began, meeting
his intense stare. She couldn’t tell if he was looking at her with curiosity or hostility. “We’re some of
the survivors from the old war that went up to space to stay safe from the bombs, but we were
running out of air so they sent us down here to see if the ground was livable. We honestly had no
idea there were survivors down here…” she tried to keep her voice steady and calm.

“Well, we are down here, and you landed your ship in my territory, hunted my animals. Many would
see that as an act of war,” he said archly, leaned his chin on his fingers, raising a brow at her. Clarke
fumed.

“We never meant to cause any harm, or start a war,” She replied vehemently. “You were the ones
that threw the first spear, we’re mostly unarmed and just trying to survive,” we’re just kids! She
wanted to scream. Please stop trying to kill us!

“You are the leader of your clan?” she felt as though his eyes were burning holes in her.

“Yes, there is another who helps me but he is back at our camp,” she said, choosing her words
carefully. Bellamy’s eyes narrowed.

“Is he yours?”

Clarke blinked in shock. What?

“Er, no… he’s not. I’m nobody’s,” she frowned, unsure of why that question was relevant. The
King’s lips pulled up in a satisfied smirk, and Clarke began to feel uneasy. What was going on?

“Nobody’s…” he echoed, a playful smile pulling at his lips now. Clarke was growing more and more
confused by the second. Octavia next to him rolled her eyes, throwing a scathing but adoring look
his way.

“Brother, this is not time for one of your stories,” Clarke barely caught the murmur Octavia threw at
him, and Clarke felt a little jolt. Brother! It made sense that the Grounders down here would have
siblings, but Clarke had not experienced it and she found herself hungrily observing the subtle
interactions between the two, wondering what it was like.

And what story was she speaking of?

“I am interested in an alliance between our peoples, Heda,” Bellamy began after a pause, rising from
his throne and practically swaggering with all the confidence befitting a king down the dais to stand
before her. Her gaze flickered to Octavia. She had called Clarke Heda, too. What did it mean?

“I would like that as well,” Clarke’s heart was pounding in her chest from nerves. What would they
demand?

“Unfortunately, alliances are tricky, and are broken too often, too easily,” he continued, turning to
pace slightly, and Clarke frowned.

“I don’t understand…”

“I would require something more… concrete.” He reached down to play with a curved knife on a
table covered in drawings and maps. Clarke could already tell she didn’t like where this was going.
She could see Octavia’s lip curl into a sneer of disapproval out of the corner of her eye.
“In the old days, alliances were made country to country, even city to city by the joining of families. Blood of the covenant, and all…” he turned from his idle examination of the knife to send her a heavy look, and Clarke’s stomach felt like it was flipping inside of her. How did he know so much of ancient history?

“You want a marriage,” her voice was barely above a whisper, feeling almost as though she was out of her own body as the words left her.

“Family is a much deeper bond, Clarke.” His deep voice washed over her, and Clarke felt dizzy. 

Marriage.

This Grounder king wanted a marriage.

To her.

She heard the sharp intake of breath from her comrades around her, and it took all of her willpower to keep a straight face. She couldn’t betray any emotion if she were to keep the upper hand.

“If… if I could have a few days to think about it…” she hated how her voice failed and halted, and Bellamy’s smirk grew more pronounced.

“Of course, Heda, but my patience does not extend long. You have invaded my territory, and winter is coming. What will you choose for your people? Safety, or death?” he said softly, his pacing ended in front of her. He lifted his hand to leave a trail of fire down her cheek with the backs of his fingers, then turned and swept out of the room, seeming to suck all of the air out of it with him.

Clark was afraid he knew exactly what answer she would come to.

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“No! Absolutely not!” Finn exploded as soon as they were a safe distance from the Grounder village.

“This isn’t your choice to make, Finn. Besides, he’s right. It’s September, it’s already getting colder, none of us are prepared for winter, and the people on the Ark are probably already dead, since the exodus ship crashed.” She swallowed around the knot in her throat. “They can give us pelts, food, shelter, and weapons. In return they get over eighty members added to their ranks. He wants numbers, which equals power, and I want everyone to survive.” It was a no-brainer, really, but that didn’t stop the anxiety from rolling through her stomach.

Finn looked at her as if she had just signed her own death sentence.

Clarke really didn’t care.

As soon as they reached camp, Clarke jerked her head at Miller to signify that she wanted to speak alone. Strangely, Raven followed him closely, but Clarke didn’t stop her from joining. Her input would be valuable, too.

They listened for about two minutes before Miller blew out a deep breath. Raven was looking at her with a mixture of alarm and worry.

“What are you going to do?” he asked, folding his arms over his chest. Clarke heaved a heavy sigh.

“I have to do it. We won’t survive the winter if we don’t,” her voice was quiet, defeated. Raven bit her lip.
“But, I mean… there isn’t any other way?” she asked quietly, her eyes full of disbelief. Clarke shook her head, already feeling resigned to it. If they denied him, they would either die by the hand of the Grounders, or frost. The chances of the Arkers somehow making it to Earth was dwindling with every day. They were effectively cornered, with no other options. Miller sighed, and nodded.

“If we join them, we live. We’ll have to become warriors for them, but…” he was quiet for a moment. “It’ll be for the best. I’ll break the news.”

To Clarke’s immense surprise, it was received by the hundred relatively well.

A few of the kids exclaimed in shock, looking at Clarke as if she were insane, at which she grimaced. Half of the kids looked nervous, or downright fearful, but a good amount actually looked excited.

“We won’t survive the winter without their help,” Clarke said in a raised voice after the initial shock, and all eyes were on her. “If we join with them, we get pelts for warmth. Food. Weapons. Shelter, even education on how to survive, defend ourselves, and live here somewhat peacefully. I’m not sure if they’ll want us to move from here,” she gestured around to the dropship camp. “It’s a possibility, but their village is just a few miles away, and it’s large. There’s houses there, and lots of food. I can negotiate for people to stay here who want to, but otherwise we’ll need some volunteers to move to the village immediately.”

A great murmur broke out, and Clarke looked out on the crowd bleakly.

“You know you don’t have to do this,” Miller said quietly beside her. She grimaced at him.

“I know. But it’s what needs to be done.”
Thank you so much for all of the support! I was floored with the responses I got, and I just couldn't wait to post the next chapter!
This is where things get a little hot, kiddies. Buckle up.

Two days later, almost every member of the hundred had declared that they wanted to move to the Grounder village. The dozen or so that held back were older, and more wary, but said that they just needed more time to think. Clarke was relieved, to say the least, and set out with her small contingent of thirty to be the first members to join the Grounder tribe.

The strange feeling of detachment had left Clarke, and now everything seemed too real. Every scent of the forest was heightened, every beam of sunlight that filtered through the canopy was blindingly bright. The crunch of leaves and twigs under their boots was a cacophony. Was she really going to go through with this?

All too soon they reached the Grounder village, and they were greeted by several guards who led them back through the maze of tents to Bellamy’s large Commander’s tent. She took a deep, bracing breath, and Miller gave her an encouraging nod.

They stepped inside, and Clarke couldn't help but shudder lightly as her eyes meet the King’s. He was dressed in all black, his long leather coat capped with silver pauldrons with intricate carvings in the detailing. The baldric of a heavy broadsword was strapped across his body, with slits for several gorgeously hilted knives cut in along the front. The material of his coat looked conspicuously new, as if it were freshly made for this occasion, and Clarke tried not to think about what that meant.

She stepped forward from the group, and made a small bow to him.

“King Bellamy com... Trikru,” she stumbled over the foreign words, but his look of approval strangely gave her a boost of confidence.

“I believe we have come to a consensus, and would like to further discuss details of the... alliance,” Clarke finished lamely, hating how stiff the words felt on her tongue. She couldn’t quite bring herself to say the word. The look of triumph that surged across Bellamy’s face made her stomach lurch, and not for the first time she wondered feverishly what she was getting herself into.

“You agree to join yourself with me, and our clans?” she could hear the victory in his voice, and repressed a shiver.

“Yes,” she breathed, and all around the Grounders let out booming war cries and whoops, shaking their spears and swords. Bellamy’s eyes raked over her, and Clarke’s breath caught. His heavy gaze promised things to her she knew she couldn’t possibly begin to understand. She heard a choked off gasp from somewhere behind her, and a shockingly cruel satisfaction curled through her chest knowing that her choice was hurting Finn. Did that make her a bad person?

Strangely, she didn’t care.
The ceremony was set for dusk. Clarke had reeled when Bellamy had declared it after their further negotiations (“Will you help us? Give us pelts, food, shelter, and…” “Yes, of course,” he had waved his hand dismissively), for some reason she had expected at least a few days to gear up for it, to make her peace with it. But now everything was set in fast motion, and Clarke felt as though she was being swept along in the tide.

A few older Grounder women whisked her away and set about braiding her hair, weaving small white flowers into the braids artfully. They gave her a soft, dappled deer pelt tunic paired with supple leather boots that were a welcome change from her standard Ark distributed boots that always made her feet ache.

She was scrubbed pink of days of grit, and they rubbed a scented oil on her that reminded her of the hyacinths she had smelled outside of camp on a foraging trip once. When they held up a small shard of a mirror unwrapped very carefully and gently from a fine cloth, clearly a luxury item, Clarke gasped softly.

She hardly recognized herself.

The women set about painting delicate patterns sweeping from her eyes over her cheekbones with white and grey paint, and Clarke watched in awe as she was transformed from the scared girl from the sky into something resembling a warrior queen. She looked every inch like a Grounder, now. She looked like she could be Bellamy’s equal. Something stirred in her chest.

She looked dangerous. Powerful.

Deep down, in a place she kept very hidden, she loved it.

The ceremony was huge, in proportion to what Clarke was expecting. Torches lined the aisle, and it seemed like the entire village had shown up in everything they considered “dressy” (which really meant their nicest leathers and shiniest weapons.)

Heart pounding, Clarke walked alone down the aisle, meeting Bellamy who was wearing a silver circlet, and a flowing red cape that reminded her something of a movie she saw once. She felt her mind rambling slightly, trying to find a normal topic to focus on other than the fact that she was getting married. Right now.

Their palms were sliced and bound together by the priest (or was he a shaman?) by a white cord, and Clarke bit her tongue at a quip about sanitation. She could feel Bellamy’s eyes on her, but she kept her gaze trained forward, ignoring the heat flushing through her. It’s just nerves. It’s just nerves. Oh, god, what am I doing?

She repeated the oath haltingly back to the priest, and then it was Bellamy’s turn. They rose together, and she was forced to finally meet his eyes. They were dark, heavy with promise and heat, and Clarke felt lightheaded as she lost herself in their dark depths. She was marrying a war lord for the protection of her own people, a group of delinquents.

And to think, my biggest worry a month ago was getting floated when I turned 18.

A great cheer went up through the crowd, and Bellamy wound his arms around her, pressing a deep kiss to her lips without warning. Clarke gasped, giving him an opening to sweep his tongue into her mouth, and Clarke lost herself in the kiss. All too briefly, yet not soon enough it ended, and Clarke
was left red-faced and flustered as an entire village and a large contingent of her people looked on.

That was it.

She was married now.

The feast afterwards was astounding.

Roaring bonfires blazed throughout the crowd, and deep drums pounded out a feverish rhythm that some were dancing to, pounding their feet into the dirt round and round the fires, throwing their arms up and heads back, whooping and singing in the strange Grounder dialect that swelled around them in boisterous conversation. Clarke drank the wine that was offered, after everyone poured out a libation from each cup to… whom? She missed the names in the cheering. Her eyes almost rolled back in her head at the dry but pleasant taste of the wine. They had never made this on the Ark, as it was viewed as a waste of water. The fruits were bright and delicious, the meats were succulent, dripping fat and blood and Clarke couldn’t remember the last time she was this full. Maybe on the Ark as a child when rations were plentiful one year… maybe never.

Bellamy kept a possessive arm slung around her so she reclined against his side on their bench. He smelled of wood, and musk, and earth, and she couldn’t find it in herself to even act repulsed by him, though a small voice inside her scolded her that she should be. His voice rumbled next to her ear, as he spoke to well-wishers, and as the wine began its slow dance through her blood she found herself relaxing into him, replete and happily buzzed. He only took that as an opportunity to pull her closer.

At one point, Bellamy was busy talking to a man and Clarke was watching the dancers with wonder, when he absentmindedly picked her hand up and brushed several kisses across her knuckles, before lowering their joined hands to his thigh. He didn’t miss a beat in his conversation, but Clarke jolted out of her reverie, feeling her fingers tingle where his lips had been. Her mind was a bit more sluggish now due to the wine, but she was fairly certain he had done that deliberately.

As the party raged on, Clarke felt herself starting to get drunk, but she was too happy to care. She hadn’t felt this relaxed since before she caught her mother and father discussing the dying Ark systems. She laughed at Bellamy’s jokes, and some of the more wild antics of the Grounders. Even her people seemed to be relaxed and enjoying themselves, mingling amongst the Grounders. She saw a few of the boys get in arm wrestling competitions that they had no hope of winning, but it was funny to watch all the same.

Her train of thought was interrupted by a hot, wet kiss just below her jaw, and Clarke gasped slightly. Bellamy nuzzled into her neck, his teeth capturing her earlobe before worrying it with his tongue. She shivered, unable to keep her head from tilting to give him better access to her throat. How could she be relaxing next to this Grounder so easily? I don’t even know the first thing about him.

“My Helen,” he growled, and something about his voice sent lightning arcs of pleasure through her. What was he talking about? She opened her mouth to correct him that her name was Clarke, but he swooped down and pressed a demanding kiss to her lips that made her forget what she even wanted to say.

Suddenly he stood and pulled her after him, and she barely heard the wolf whistles and lewd calls of encouragement as he practically dragged her to his large tent.

Clarke gasped as his lips met hers with bruising force, backing her slowly through the tent as she let
him devour her. He pulled strings here and buckles there, and slowly she was left in nothing but her pants and boots. He palmed her breasts, the other arm snaked around her back to hold her to him, his leg pressed at the apex of her thighs. Clarke moaned, unable to stop herself from grinding slightly on his thigh as his kiss stoked the flames higher in her. Her nails scraped his shoulder, his scalp, anything she could reach, and he growled low in approval.

She had no idea when her lust for this Grounder king had begun, or even reached these heights, but suddenly she was burning. She had no idea who he was, what the implications of being married to him were, or even this alliance, but with his teeth on her throat and his fingers busy pulling at the clasps of her pants so he could slide his hand between her legs, she found she didn’t quite give a damn.

His finger teased slowly over her clit and Clarke let out a moan, pulling at his shirt so that he was as exposed as her. He removed his hand to her disapproval, but only briefly so he could shrug the rest of his tunic off with the cape which had ended up on the floor at some point.

“I…” she began, wondering if they should slow down, or talk about this, but Bellamy was suddenly pushing her down onto a huge bed covered in impossibly soft furs. He yanked her pants swiftly down her legs, depositing them next to her shoes. He quickly rid himself of his own, and crawled over her, looking like a panther stalking its prey. Her eyes greedily raked over his well-defined muscles, bunching and moving together under his golden brown skin like poetry.

He caught her bottom lip between his teeth as he spread her legs with his knee, and Clarke was suddenly filled with trepidation.

“Bell-” she began, but her words were cut off and instead a loud moan erupted from her throat as his fingers slid up her slit, gathering her wetness and began working mercilessly over her clit. She bucked into, or perhaps away from his ministrations, shuddering in pleasure as he played her body like a finely tuned instrument. His lips were everywhere, branding, marking, burning a path across her skin that ignited her like flames. He held her legs open with a dark chuckle when she tried to close them for a brief respite from the pleasure, and Clarke felt a deep burning heat building in her abdomen, curling out towards her fingers and toes, leaving her gasping.

“Please… oh, god… please…” she cried out, eyes rolling back into her head as she bowed off the bed, the pleasure cresting through her like a great wave. She keened and whimpered, and yet he didn’t slow his fingers. She bucked in his hold but he wrapped his arm firmly across her waist, holding her down and she shuddered, moaning wantonly as the pleasure began to build again, too much, too soon. She screamed, her hands scratching wildly at his shoulders as white hot pleasure crashed endlessly through her already hyper sensitive body. His tongue laved at her breast, pulling her nipple between his teeth and Clarke wasn’t sure how she was ever going to come back down to earth.

Bellamy pulled her down towards him, and slid into her with no warning in one smooth thrust, making Clarke cry out again. He was so big, and it didn’t matter how ready he’d made her she still gasped, digging her nails into his shoulders to get him to slow down.

“Relax, princess. Give yourself to me,” he whispered seductively in her ear, and began to slowly pump his hips into her, hitching her knees over his arms so she was splayed out for him. Every thrust pushed him deeper until he was finally fully seated in her, and Clarke couldn’t find it in herself to be self-conscious about the noises she was making. She’d never felt anything like this. He surrounded her completely, filling her vision, filling her, his scent, his skin her entire world in that moment. He sped up his thrusts until he was pounding into her relentlessly, and Clarke gave him back as good as he gave. She scratched him for all she was worth, sinking her teeth into his shoulder to muffle the
cries and moans he was tearing from her. He growled at that, laughing and fucking her harder, making her see stars. He leaned down and laved her nipples with his tongue, taking turns to bite at each one, plucking and pulling and sucking them and she felt it like there was an impossible line connecting her nipples and her clit and it shouldn’t feel so good but it does.

“Such a good girl, taking my cock,” he purred, slamming his hips into her. Clarke’s eyes flew open at his words. A wave of lust punched through Clarke, and she moaned, feeling his cock brushing hidden nerve endings she never even knew existed. What on earth was he saying to her? And why did she like it?

“So dirty, princess, you like being fucked by the savage king, don’t you?” his voice rumbled in her ear, dark, and Clarke couldn’t believe what he was saying but his words made her clench around him tighter, and she felt another orgasm beginning to bloom in her abdomen. He laughed, one of his hands moving up to wrap around her throat as he changed the angle and speed of his thrusts, moving slower and deeper now. Clarke couldn’t stop the dirty moans ripping out of her throat as he whispered filthy things in her ear, things she couldn’t believe turned her on, things she didn’t understand in his dark, rough language, but suddenly the pleasure arced with no warning and she saw white, coming so hard she screamed his name.

Bellamy moaned, pumping his cock deeper into her, teeth latching onto the junction of her shoulder and throat as he chased his own pleasure. Clarke was lost in the maelstrom, barely clinging on as he fucked her through her orgasm, and she impossibly felt another one building, rising.

“No… no, please… I can’t take anymore,” she begged, feeling like if she didn’t get a break from the pleasure soon she would pass out. His answering laugh was dark.

“Oh, you’ll take it, princess,” he growled, fucking her with renewed vigor and Clarke is sobbing from the pleasure, legs trembling around him as he wrapped his hand around her throat once more, squeezing a little tighter.

She fell apart again right as he did with a deep groan, and she could feel his cock pulse deep inside of her. It shouldn’t turn her on, but she should be repulsed by what she just did with this Grounder, this savage, as he’d said, but the feel of his cock releasing into her made her moan, long and drawn out and dirty. Her pussy fluttered around him, and they both groaned at the new wave of pleasure.

He stayed inside of her for a while, lazily kissing her and trailing his fingers over her body and eventually the little spasms subsided, and he slowly pulled out of her. She couldn’t stop the little moan at the loss. She could feel the hot drip of his cum slide out of her onto her thighs, and she looked up the line of his muscular body to his satisfied smirk.

He slipped out of the bed, and she dazedly admired the curve of his ass as he moved to the water basin, grabbing a cloth and wetting it. He returned to her, cleaning her gently before washing himself, and scrubbing the pain off of his face. He returned to the bed, dragging the furs over them and pulling her flush to his chest. He landed a heavy kiss on her lips, and Clarke felt dizzy all over again as he broke away and settled behind her.

“Why did you call me princess?” the words were out before she even realized what she was saying. She can almost hear his smile.

“You may be my queen now, but you’re still a princess in many ways,” he said, his voice almost teasing, and Clarke gave a dry chuckle. His deep, gravelly voice was more soothing than she expected now that they were calm, and the blazing heat of his body next to her made her feel toasty and cozy all over. It was a dangerous feeling next to this man who she knew was also a killer. A self-
proclaimed savage.

He began to speak in his language, words intermixing with it that sounded foreign and familiar at the same time, and she let herself be lulled to sleep by his voice.

The last thought she had before she drifted was *what would my mother have thought of my choices?*
Sing to me of the man, muse, the man of twists and turns

Chapter Summary

Getting to know each other~* <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At first Clarke didn’t know where she was, when she woke.

She emerged from sleep slowly, enjoying the warmth she was cocooned in, even snuggling back into its source. It had been a very, very long time since she had felt so comfortable.

She felt soft kisses pepper across her jaw and down her throat, tickling her and she giggled, trying to squirm away, but was held fast and the kisses grew heavier.

“Good morning my queen.”

Clarke jolted into reality.

She froze, and Bellamy seemed to realize that she needed a second to adjust. His fingers trailed idly up and down her stomach and over her hip. She twisted, looking wide-eyed up at him. An amused smile played at his lips, and his brow rose.

“Did you believe it was all a dream?” he asked, and Clarke felt flustered for several different reasons at once.

“Well… no, I suppose,” she frowned, cheeks flushing red as she shifted and felt a soreness between her thighs she’d never felt before. (Her time with Finn had been gentle and relaxed compared to… she couldn’t even think of it without blushing furiously.) Bellamy’s lips split into a grin.

“Well,” he murmured, lowering his lips to her jaw again. “I, for one, could not escape you even in my sleep.” His voice pitched lower as his kisses grew more heated, trailing down her chest to her abdomen, and he spoke between kisses. “I dreamt of you, of having you. I dreamt of all that we will do together…” Clarke’s eyes fluttered shut as the hypnotic tone in his voice washed over her. “We will be unstoppable, my Helen,” he growled, spreading her thighs and licking a slow, wet line up her slit to her clit.

“Oh! Ah, Bellamy…” she gasped, arching off the bed slightly. He hummed, setting to work laving at her labia, swirling his tongue around her clit and teasing it in a rhythm that quickly had her muffling cries into her hand, her head tossing side to side. Clarke had never felt such pleasure in her entire life. Her legs began to tremble around him, and her fingers dove into his dark brown curls as she tried to anchor herself to something, anything. He hummed in approval, moving down to slide his tongue into her and Clarke cried out, pulling his hair slightly as he fucked her with his tongue, bringing a finger up to rub her clit gently in small circles, slowly increasing the pressure as he drove her wild around his tongue.

“Please… please… oh, fuck… please…” Clarke gasped, feeling herself so close to the edge and she was begging him to take her over it. With a groan he moved back up and sucked deeply at her clit,
flicking his tongue over it rapidly and Clarke screamed as she tumbled over the edge, her nails pricking his scalp which he only seemed to enjoy more. Before she was even through her orgasm, Bellamy moved up quickly and positioned his cock at her entrance. She cried out when he thrust into her, another orgasm cresting over her and he gave a shout of pleasure, grinding his hips deep and hard into her. Clarke went to grab his shoulders but he stopped her, collecting both delicate wrists with one hand and pinning them above her, his other hand slipping down to squeeze her ass. He fucked her deep and hard, his eyes filled with fire as he held her gaze.

“Mine,” he growled, moving his free hand to her clit and Clarke sobbed from the onslaught of pleasure, feeling helpless. She’d met this man a few days ago and already she was surrendering to him and everything he could do to her, but she couldn’t stop herself. She began moving her hips up to meet his thrusts, leaning her head over to kiss his bicep, biting the muscle lightly. Bellamy groaned, and she felt his cock grow even harder in her, if that were possible. Suddenly, she was flipped over, and Bellamy spread her legs while she was on her stomach, thrusting into her again. She moaned as his cock brushed her g-spot over and over in this position, his stomach flush with her back. She felt him gather her hair in his hand, pulling slightly so that he could reach her face to kiss her.

“Good princess,” he bit at her earlobe, his voice all dark heat. Clarke arched her back, desperate for more. She was close to coming again, but for some strange reason she wanted him to fall apart with her.

“M…more…” she gasped, and it had the exact effect on him that she wanted. He growled, fucking her harder and landing his hand sharply on her ass. She cried out, the sharp sting sending a stab of pleasure straight to her clit. His breaths got heavier and heavier, and without warning he bit down on her shoulder, and Clarke couldn’t hold back a loud moan, her pussy clenching down on him as she came again. He gave a loud grunt of pleasure and gave one last thrust before stilling inside of her, his teeth still latched onto her shoulder. She mused that it’d probably leave an obvious mark.

She lay limp-boned as he pulled out of her slowly, giving a kiss to where he bit her before cleaning them up again. Clarke felt sleepy again, but Bellamy suddenly tickled her foot and she yelped, scrambling to sit up straight and glared at him. He gave a throaty laugh, perched on the edge of the bed with all the kingly arrogance in the world.

“I wish otherwise but we cannot sleep in bed all day, Clarke.” He smiled at her pout, and began pulling on clothes. She sighed, running her fingers over her braided hair. It had kept nicely while she slept and through… their other activities. Typically she had to spend ten to twenty minutes every morning grappling with the tangled strands. She fought her blush, and reached out to pull on her clothes as well. There was a soft grey shirt that, while threadbare, still felt pleasant on her skin.

“It’s too bad, if there were cotton or sheep around we could make new clothes,” she mused, and Bellamy looked at her in interest. Without the fierce paint framing his deep brown eyes he looked much younger, and undeniably handsome. It was distracting.

“I have read stories that speak of looms. Do you know how to make these?” it was unnerving how his gaze seemed to pierce right through her, and Clarke frowned in thought.

“I think I remember the basic mechanics of it… one of my people might remember better than me,” she said, thinking of Raven. Bellamy nodded, looking pleased.

“It appears we have much more to offer each other than we originally thought. This will be a very rewarding partnership,” he winked, pulling on his big leather boots lined with fur, and held his hand out to her. Clarke fought down another blush, pulling on her new boots on as well, and took his hand, feeling slightly timid. Being with him in the privacy of their tent was one thing, but facing the
entire clan and her people with him, as a joined entity was another.

She found him gazing at her, and she was surprised by the deep calm she saw in his eyes. “Do not be afraid, Clarke. You were Heda, before, and you are still Heda now, only with me by your side.”

Clarke didn’t let her face betray her, but she was stunned by his words of encouragement. How could a vicious war lord king like him be so… kind? She swallowed, and nodded, keeping her face neutral. He nodded in return, and led her out into the village.

- The next few days passed in a flurry of activity. There were things to arrange with her people, where they were staying in the village, weapons training for everyone (even the few eleven year olds, to Clarke’s dismay. Bellamy had looked at her gravely, and said, “They must learn to fight now or they will be vulnerable later.” And yes, she knew that but still, eleven.) They arranged for messengers to return to the dropship campsite and bring the rest of the hundred to the village. Bellamy wanted the entire group to move to the village, and for good reasons Clarke couldn’t argue with, so she sent Miller and Monty to help persuade the rest of the less sure kids, and to help pack up the useful supplies they were bringing with them to the Grounder village. If they understood the risk and vulnerability in being removed several miles from their new protectors, they would come quicker. Bellamy had explained they weren’t the only clan in the area, and although the Commander (another?! thought Clarke,) had unified the twelve clans, the occasional skirmish over resources was still commonplace, and not necessarily frowned upon by the coalition. (“We have to keep our swords and minds sharp somehow,” Bellamy had said to her with a roguish wink. Clarke just gave an unconvincing smile.)

The Grounders were also busy fortifying the few actual buildings they had in preparation for winter. One day after they had finished their daily good morning, Clarke turned to look at Bellamy and asked him about building wooden log cabins instead of using scrap metal and odd bits of wood. Bellamy’s eyes blazed at her with a mixture of intrigue and pleasure, and he attacked her with kisses. (They were an hour late emerging from the tent.)

Every idea she suggested was met with welcome, and she found that she actually had a lot to offer with organization and building advice. A few of the hundred had studied architecture on the Ark, and were quick to launch into deep discussion for planning further buildings that were safer and warmer than tents.

Her obvious other area of expertise was medicine. One day a little Grounder boy was limping along, and she wrapped up his sprained ankle and gave him some basic instructions and a comforting smile. She turned to find Bellamy with a strange expression on his face, but he quickly masked it with a smirk, and turned to continue discussing plans with the builders. He did that a lot. Clarke would look and find him staring at her with a strange expression, but he would either quickly look away or change his expression immediately to mask what he was feeling. It would be disconcerting, but Clarke also found herself staring at him sometimes when he was otherwise occupied, or not looking. She couldn’t quite figure him out, and it was bothering her.

To be king of such a war-centric society, one would imagine the need to be war-like yourself, even exceedingly so. From the sparring matches she watched, these were vicious warriors. Octavia more than any. She was like a tiger when she fought, all teeth and lightning fast strikes. She had yet to see Bellamy fight, and when he wasn’t out hunting more times than not she found him reposing on his throne, or against a tree reading. They were ancient, crumbling books, but he handled them gently, almost reverently. Clarke mostly busied herself with helping along daily activities in the village, and in the medical tent. She spent countless hours working with Lincoln and Nyko, the two healers in the
village sharing knowledge, and even sometimes arguing about what the best treatment was for certain ailments. The medical supplies she had at the dropship arrived with the rest of the hundred a few days after the wedding, and she explained to them in detail what she used everything for. Thus Clarke became known as the third healer in the village. Grounders were now coming up to her with small and large issues, not just the kids from the hundred.

The hundred were slowly starting to resemble the Grounders more and more. The girls were sporting braids, as well as the boys who had longer hair. Their light jackets were being mended or added to with warmer materials like fur and leather, as well as their other clothes. It was surreal to watch. They were all starting to learn the Trigedasleng that the Grounders spoke, also, but it was slow going, especially for Clarke who had never had a natural gift for languages.

After returning from gathering herbs with Nyko one morning, she plucked up her courage and walked up the dais to stand next to Bellamy’s throne and look over his shoulder to see what he was reading.

“The Odyssey!” she exclaimed, her hand jerking out to touch the book but she held back at the last minute, not wanting to damage it. His eyes shot to her in surprise.

“You know this tale?”

“Oh of course! We had it in the archives on the Ark, but I’ve never seen a copy in person…” her voice trailed off in awe, clenching her fists so she didn’t do something stupid and harm the book.

Bellamy was silent for a long moment, contemplating the passage he was on. He then flipped to the beginning, and began in a slow, melodic voice.

_Sing to me of the man, muse, the man of twists and turns_

driven time and again off course, once he had plundered

_the hallowed heights of Troy._

_many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,_

_many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,_

_fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home._

Clarke let out a breath she didn’t realize she was holding as he finished, her heart pounding.

“Even after thousands and thousands of years, even after the world ended and began again, this story lives on,” she murmured into the heavy quiet that hung around them, filled with awe at the idea. Bellamy's eyes met hers, full of an unnamed emotion.

“Do you know much about the people before the fire?” he finally asked, and Clarke nodded.

“Yes, we learned about them in school. They had amazing technology, which we used most of on the Ark, except for cars and planes, obviously, which were how they traveled on roads and through the air. I can’t help but wonder, though…” she trailed off, and Bellamy cocked his head to the side. She met his curious gaze. “What good is technology like that if it makes you lose touch with your humanity? If it destroys the earth with bombs and flames.”

Bellamy’s eyes flickered back and forth between hers. “I think humans will do anything for power, and that their greatest flaw was hubris. Maybe the gods punished them for their arrogance, and set
humanity back so many millennia so that we would learn our lesson.”

Bellamy fell quiet, and she smiled, resting a hand on his shoulder and leaned in. “Clever king,” she whispered in his ear, then turned to go back outside, but not before she saw a smirk erupt on his lips.

Clarke realized as she stepped outside, that when he called her Helen, he was referring to Helen of Sparta, or was it Helen of Troy?

Chapter End Notes

"Clever king" is a reference to Odysseus, who was referred to as clever, and the king "of many wiles".
Even as a Grounder, Bellamy is an uber nerd, and I stand by that forever.
Try Not To Miss Me Darling

Chapter Summary

Clarke is slowly losing control of the situation, in all the best ways.

The first skirmish caught them by surprise.

Bellamy was out on another hunting trip with a group of warriors and a few of the hundred that had been chosen as Seconds, and Clarke saw the sun nearing the point in the sky it always hit when they arrived home, and decided to meet them at the gate.

She stood by the entrance, frowning and looking out into the woods. They were late, but that didn’t necessarily mean anything. They might have gotten a bigger kill that was taking time to carve up, or perhaps someone was injured and they were taking it slow on their return. Countless possibilities flickered through Clarke’s mind, but as the sun sunk lower and lower, anxiety began to creep into her thoughts.

After an hour of waiting, she jogged back to the center of the village, searching for Octavia. The girl didn’t speak much to Clarke, choosing to remain moody and silent, scowling at her from a distance, but right now Clarke was Queen and she needed her. She paused only to help a few people that approached her, and asked after Octavia’s whereabouts. She didn’t find her in her tent or where the kills were cleaned, but she kept looking, trying to keep her worry at bay.

She finally found Octavia perched on the table in the healer’s tent, talking to Lincoln with a flirty smile. Clarke blinked, filing that information for later, and turned to Octavia, trying to keep her expression steady.

“They’re late,” she breathed out, trying not to show how worried she was. Octavia raised a brow.

“Sometimes they are late, why do you worry?”

“Because they’re almost two hours late. They’ve never been that late before.” Octavia frowned at this, seeming to mull it over. She said something quick to Lincoln in Trigedasleng, then hopped off the table, and indicated for Clarke to follow her.

“If they do not show up before nightfall, then they may have been attacked,” her voice was level, but tight. Clarke swallowed.

“Attacked by whom? Another clan? The Mountain Men?” she worried her lip, remembering the frightening stories Bellamy had told her of the Mountain Men a few nights ago. Those who enter the mountain do not return.

Bellamy is with them. He could be hurt.

“I’m not sure, Heda. Podakru’s territory borders ours, and they have jealousy of our woods, and want more animals to eat,” Octavia said, walking with Clarke towards her and Bellamy’s tent. Once inside, she pulled out a map, scanning it until she found the line between the territories. Cursing quietly, she looked at Clarke. “The area my brother said they were hunting in is close to their border. It seems the Lake Clan thought they could infringe on our territory without us noticing,” her eyes
spoke of her disdainful answer, and Clarke turned her eyes back to the map.

“Do we send out reinforcements, or wait?” she wondered quietly, eyes sweeping along the area between their camp and the woods Octavia had indicated.

Octavia pondered for a minute. “We wait,” she finally said. “If they do not return tomorrow by midday then we will follow. Bellamy brought strong warriors, I would not have surprise if Podakru were busy licking their wounds in defeat tonight,” an undercurrent of fierce pride shone in Octavia’s voice, and Clarke sighed deeply, nodding in agreement.

“Fine. But they have ‘til noon, and if he’s not back by then we’re going to get him.” She met Octavia’s gaze, and the girl almost smiled. Clarke counted it as a small victory in their relationship.

That night Clarke curled up alone in their bed, which just felt too big and cold without someone beside her in it. (She wouldn’t admit to herself that that someone could only be Bellamy.)

Great shouting woke Clarke up the next morning, and she jolted out of bed, scrambling to get dressed. She ran out of the tent towards the entrance of camp and gasped. The hunting party was back, and they were completely covered in blood. Her eyes scanned the crowd frantically, pushing her way through until she saw him.

He was grinning, carrying a deer between him and another warrior, his face grimy with blood and dirt.

“What happened?” she demanded, looking over him worriedly.

“We had to teach some lessons,” he answered casually, shrugging. Clarke’s eyes widened, and she turned to count every person in the group. All were accounted for, and she felt a tension leave her shoulders she hadn’t realized had settled there.

“Everyone who needs it come to the medical tent, now,” she said brusquely, and several of the warriors with blooming bruises or cuts followed her sheepishly.

All in all there were no severe injuries. The worst being a long laceration across a warrior’s back who had been slashed by a sword. She stitched the wound and packed it with a poultice that Lincoln had shown her to ward off infection and speed healing, and wrapped it, instructing him with a glare to take it easy for the next few days while the wound healed. He rolled his eyes, but thanked her, walking gingerly off.

Finally, Bellamy walked into the tent as she was washing her hands, and she raised a brow at him.

“How hurt are you?”

He didn’t answer, choosing to just pull off his coat, then his dark grey tunic that was stained black with blood. She saw the gash on his upper arm and grimaced.

“Sit here,” she indicated the treatment table, and he did so silently, still gazing at her with that enigmatic look in his eyes.

She set about cleaning his wound, trying not to stare at his bare chest. Is it really fair that he looks like this? There were some minor bruises and scrapes across his skin, and she cleaned what she could, rubbing ointment on the worst bruises.
“I don’t think you need stitches, it’s not that deep, but it will probably scar,” she sighed, packing another poultice onto his wound and wrapping it carefully. The heat from his body seemed to envelop her, even from a foot away, and for some reason his silence was making her heart begin to race. She finished tying off the bandage, but didn’t move her hands from resting on his arm. After a few breaths, she looked up and met his gaze.

His face was closer to hers than she’d expected, and she felt a small shock jolt through her. Without a word, he wrapped his arm around her, his hand pressing against her lower back and he drew her closer to him. She could feel his warm breath fan across her face, and her mind was suddenly blank.

His eyes flickered down to her lips, and Clarke swallowed, heat beginning to build between her thighs in anticipation. He pressed her forward again, his lips meeting hers in a slow, heavy kiss. Clarke let herself be swept away by it, her tongue moving with his. She realized his hands were moving to her hips, pushing her pants down and she gave a little gasp.

“Anyone could come in here!” she protested, but her pants were already around her boots, and she found herself stepping out of them anyways. Without warning, he picked her up by the waist, pulling her onto the table with him so she was straddling him.

“Bellamy…” she gasped into his mouth, and his hands were unlacing his own pants and pushing them down enough so that the head of his cock was positioned at her entrance. She barely had time to take another breath as he pulled her hips down and sank her onto his cock, crying out quietly at the feeling of him filling her. He gripped her hips, moving her up and down, and she held on for dear life as he filled her over and over, the head of his cock butting her cervix with every thrust. He held her close to his chest, his teeth nibbling at her jaw, kissing her pulse point, all quiet passion. She chanted his name softly as he began thrusting up into her every time he pulled her down. Clarke shuddered, meeting his gaze heavy with lust, and he sped up his pace, lifting and pulling her down onto his cock over and over until she was trembling and crying out his name, her head falling back as she came apart around him, and with a few more hard thrusts he was groaning and spilling inside of her, his cock twitching, making her moan. He pulled her close, burying his face in her shoulder as they slowly came down from their high, and the only thought in Clarke’s head was of how utterly screwed she was.

It was a peaceful day when everything blew up.

Clarke was laying against a rock in the sun, closing her eyes for a minute of relaxation. The buildings were mostly out of the planning stage and on to the building stage, so she didn’t have much else to offer besides healing minor scrapes, bruises, and splinters the workers came to her with, and it was too nice of a day to sit inside the medical tent. She hummed a soft tune, feeling the warmth sink into her skin, for the first time in a while feeling truly blessed not to be trapped in the metal coffin of the Ark. Sometimes she still expected to wake up back in her cell, so she tried to take a minute every day to touch the grass and the dirt and be thankful.

She heard a familiar shuffling next to her, then a soft thud as Bellamy sat down next to her. She wondered if it was odd that she knew the exact sound of his movements already.

“Enjoying the warmth, princess?” he asked, voice muffled by what sounded like an apple he was chewing. She smiled, holding out her hand, and he sliced her off a piece, placing it gently into her palm. She took a bite, savouring the bright tartness. The small orchard was only a few miles away, but the hundred would have never found it because they would have needed to cross through Bellamy’s territory. More things to be thankful for, she thought with amusement. Apples.
“It’s just too nice to sit inside…” she sighed, opening one eye to look at him. His face was flushed from the heavy lifting of beams for the houses he was helping to build, and his smile was like the sun breaking through the clouds. Stop it, Clarke.

“Your hair looks like gold,” he murmured, brushing a lock of it from her face and tucking it behind her ear, and she smiled softly, ignoring the lurching in her chest as her eyes flickered to his lips the way his were focused on hers. He leaned in slightly.

She never got to reply.

A loud explosion reverberated through the air, and Clarke screamed. She was thrown to the ground by Bellamy who covered her with himself. The ground shook, and the village erupted into panicked noise, warriors rushing around and shouting in Trigedasleng to each other. She met Bellamy’s concerned gaze with her own shock and fear.

“Are you alright?” he asked, and she nodded, quickly scrambling to stand with him as they surveyed the village.

“Erik! Gon si wada op!” he shouted to a warrior nearby, who nodded and ran off with a few others he’d gestured to to follow him. Clarke looked around frantically, then gasped, pointing. Bellamy and everyone near her followed her gaze to the large cloud of smoke billowing into the sky about a mile away.

“The Mountain Men?” she whispered, gripping Bellamy’s arm, mind whirring with the possibilities. Was it a bomb? He grimaced, shaking his head.

“I do not know, Clarke. My men will return soon to say what has happened.” Clarke swallowed thickly, feeling her nerves erupt with anxiety. Bellamy took her hand, and led her back to their tent.

Octavia and several other warriors were already there, and Bellamy’s face settled into hard, determined lines.

“What are our options?” he began with no preamble, and Octavia launched into a defensive outline on a map of how they could protect the village, and where and how to move the pregnant women, children, and elders, the most vulnerable of the clan.

“There are caves here, aren’t there?” Clarke blurted out, pointing to the river that cut through the territory where Jasper had been speared. She remembered seeing some rocks that looked as though there were caves that went in deeper Bellamy looked speculatively at the area she was pointing to.

“There are, but it may be too far to move some of the most pregnant women, and the infants,” he said frustratedly. Octavia continued for a spell, discussing their numbers and where they would best be deployed. Clarke chewed the inside of her lip, wracking her brain, trying to think of a solution for where to move the vulnerable people of the village when the warrior Bellamy had sent to investigate the explosion came running into the tent.

“More Skyepeople!” Erik cried, and Clarke’s entire world froze. She stared, slack-jawed at the warrior, her brain trying to process everything at once. Bellamy’s piercing gaze flew to her, and Octavia shrieked, unsheathing her sword. Clarke barely had time to blink before Bellamy whipped out his dagger, and deflected Octavia’s blade which was aimed at Clarke, and she suppressed a yelp of fear at the clang of metal too close to her head for comfort. She took a step back, staring at Octavia who was spitting mad, yelling at her brother in rapid Trigedasleng. Clarke caught words like “betrayal” and “lying”, and her heart sank.
“Pleni!” Bellamy growled at his sister, his deep booming voice silencing the room. He then turned to Clarke. “Did you know they were coming?” he demanded, his voice cool. Clarke could only shake her head, still reeling in shock.

“I thought they were dead…” she whispered, and Bellamy met her wide-eyed shock for a long moment longer before nodding decisively.

“Clarke did not know her people were coming,” he spoke to the room, his tone final. Octavia growled in fury, but sheathed her sword, standing down reluctantly at her brother’s word. “Your people already here are in our clan, they are our people now. Will these others join us as well?” he asked Clarke, and she bit her lip.

“I don’t know… They have a… a power complex,” she grimaced, looking back at him, willing him to understand that it was out of her control. “The adults that are leaders on the Ark are… very brutal with their laws, and don’t listen very well, but I can try to talk to them,” she was silent for a moment, her resolve hardening in her heart. “They can either join us, or face winter and the other clans alone.” Her jaw set, and she felt the kernel of strength she’d discovered in herself when they landed on the ground grow as Bellamy smiled with pride at her.

“Wise words, Heda. We can lead an envoy tomorrow, and begin negotiations. Would you explain to the rest of the New Ones our decision, and gauge their response? It is not my wish that they leave us and return to the rest of Skaikru, unless Skaikru joins us, that is,” he looked to her, and Clarke nodded.

“I agree. We’re much better off here, trust me,” her voice turned bitter and cold. “They sent us down here to die, after all.” She hadn’t forgotten how her mother had killed her father, or the Chancellor’s dismissive, cavalier message to them as they hurtled down to Earth not knowing if they would live or die. A pleased look flitted across his face at the ice in her voice.

“Very well. It is decided,” Bellamy’s tone was final, and the warriors all bowed and departed, except Octavia who looked back and forth between them with a speculative look in her eyes, the vestiges of her anger still not quite gone from her face.

Clarke turned to her, taking a steadying breath. “Can I ask you to help gather up the kids so I can talk to them?” she asked, offering a proverbial olive branch and an ‘I’ll-totally-forget-you-threatened-me-with-your-sword’. Octavia pondered her for another moment before nodding, and bowing to both of them before leaving the tent. Clarke blew out a heavy sigh.

“Your first war council,” Bellamy murmured, his voice brimming with pride. Clarke’s eyebrows rose, and she laughed at his ‘proud parent’ tone.

“All grown up now,” she joked, and Bellamy threw back his head and laughed heartily. Clarke couldn’t help but grin back at him.

“I could not have chosen a better queen,” he growled, still grinning and pulling her in for a deep kiss. Clarke let herself melt into him, fitting the curves of her body to his, and pretending for just a little bit that this wasn’t a politically arranged marriage; that it was just her and Bellamy, working together seamlessly, complimenting each other in ways she’d never expected to in her wildest dreams.
Clarke’s whole world ground to a halt at that simple fact. *She’s alive.* Five minutes into her tense meeting with Kane Abby had burst through the trees (having followed the Skaikru’s party against orders,) and fell onto Clarke, crying. Staring her mother in the face as she cried and fussed over Clarke, barraging her with questions, Clarke felt as though she had left her body again, and was watching as a third party observer. She took a careful step back, standing closer to Bellamy, and that fact was not lost on Kane, whose eyes narrowed at the byplay. Bellamy’s hand touched the small of her back, and she took a deep bracing breath, coming back to herself just through that small, grounding touch of reassurance.

“I’ve come to tell you I have made an alliance with *Trikru,* the clan who owns this surrounding territory. The hundred have joined with them, and we are one and the same now,” Clarke said evenly, keeping her face blank. All she could see was her father’s face when he was floated playing on repeat whenever she looked at her mother, and it made her nauseous. The Ark guards shifted nervously, and Kane scowled.

“You had no authority to—”

“To what?” Clarke cut him off imperiously. “To make an alliance? To save ourselves? We would have died, if not by the hand of a clan but by winter. I am the queen of *Trikru* now, and Bellamy is king,” her voice hardened, and Abby stared at her, mouth agape. Clarke ignored her. “We are open to negotiating the joining of the Ark with our clan, under mine and Bellamy’s command, no one else’s,” she shot a hard look at Kane. “Or you will suffer winter alone; and along with the elements, whatever clan decides to make war on you, since you have invaded our territory and will be forced to leave. If you do not join us, you will leave our territory, and you will receive no aid from us.” She kept her voice cold, leaving no room for argument.

“You are a citizen of the Ark! This is preposterous!” Kane blustered, and Clarke laughed. A part of her was shocked at her nerve, but she was not the same timid girl that had landed on the ground. She saw Bellamy’s face break out into a lazy grin out of the corner of her eye.

“We stopped being citizens of the Ark when you sent us down here to die,” she sneered, rage firing in her chest for the two kids that died on impact, for Wells, for Jasper, for every single one of them that got sick because they didn’t have any medicine, or was killed by acid fog. “You have two days to decide, but make no mistake. Our patience is thin, and we will not make exceptions just because we used to be a part of your society.” Clarke turned her back on the wreckage of the Ark, on her mother who looked as though Clarke had slapped her in the face, and marched back through the trees with Bellamy close beside her. He hadn’t said a word during the entire interaction, just watched her with barely restrained pride.

“You are a citizen of the Ark! This is preposterous!” Kane blustered, and Clarke laughed. A part of her was shocked at her nerve, but she was not the same timid girl that had landed on the ground. She saw Bellamy’s face break out into a lazy grin out of the corner of her eye.

When Clarke returned to the village, the hundred were eager to hear the news of her meeting. Many of them looked as though they wished to return to their parents, but Clarke reminded them gently of the promise they had all made, not to mention that not all of the sections of the Ark had made it to Earth, and a few were still unaccounted for. They were *Trikru* now, and if their parents had survived
and wanted to be with their children, they had to come to Trikru, not the other way around. She made a small speech to everyone, reminding them of the drastic improvement in their quality of life since they had joined the Woods Clan, and many of them settled down, some looking stricken at the fact that their stations didn’t make the journey to the ground. Several still looked unsure, and Clarke made a mental note to talk to them individually to see if she could assuage their fears.

She sighed. Leading was hard.

Finally, after speaking with a few of the hundred that came up to her with special concerns or questions, or simply needed comfort after hearing of their families’ demise, she went back to her tent, her steps dragging heavily with exhaustion. She felt keenly for those kids who had lost their families today, and she had no idea how to ease their pain, or what they would do if the remaining peoples of the Ark refused to join Trikru. Could she really turn her back on them? Did she even have a choice?

She moved past the throne and long table littered with maps and plans to their bedroom, and found Bellamy sitting under the furs propped up against pillows, reading by the candle light. She shuffled to the wash basin and scrubbed her face, trying to rub the stinging exhaustion from her eyes with a sigh.

“Here,” Bellamy said quietly, and she turned to look at him. He had set his book aside, and was waving for her to join him on the bed. She sighed, moving towards him, feeling strange. Theirs wasn’t a partnership of sharing feelings, and she wasn’t sure what to say to him. He pulled her to sit in front of him between his legs, her back facing him, and he began to knead at her shoulders and back. She let out a long breath, her eyelids fluttering closed as he worked the tension from her tired, aching muscles. It was a pleasant sort of pain, and she let herself melt into his touch, not for the first time wishing they were anyone else than who they were. She wished Bellamy was a normal boy, and she was a normal girl, and they didn’t have to act or pretend or put on any shows for their people. She didn’t even quite understand why he continued to act in private, but she was sure it was all part of the game, so she played along, pretending it didn’t kill her a little inside each time.

“What is the most difficult part of leading?” he asked, his voice soft as he rubbed a particular knot next to her spine. Clarke frowned as she thought about it.

“I think… making choices for people’s benefit, even when they don’t understand that they need it. Especially when they think they need something else, or don’t want what you’re asking of them,” she thought back to the kids who had wanted to run off and go see their parents, who she had to tell no. She was purposely keeping families apart for the greater good of a joined society under one command; that would increase their strength and chances of survival.

“And why is that difficult?” he continued, the warmth of his hands seeping into her skin. Clarke fought to keep her thoughts straight.

“Because sometimes they hate me for it,” she sighed, and she felt him nod behind her.

“I don’t know… chaos? There would never be a cohesive decision made because everyone always has such different opinions… ah,” she hissed as he hit a particularly tender spot, but he didn’t lighten his touch, keeping the pressure there until the knot relented, and she groaned.

He hummed. “So is a true democracy a bad form of government? Why have I not made a senate, or council to share power with and to convene on every decision made?”
Clarke frowned, mulling this over for a long time. “Well, you sort of do, I suppose. In the war council we were all throwing around ideas, and you considered each one before making the final decision, the one that was best for all of our people,” she bit her lip, thinking. “Democracy is only bad when it becomes corrupt, right?”

“What do you think?” he shot back, and she huffed, beginning to realize what he was doing to her.

“I think so, Socrates,” she quipped, and a laugh rumbled from his chest. “When the government is authoritarian, like the Ark, the democracy is corrupted by the rigidity of the laws. There’s no human compassion to temper it; but sometimes in a democracy nothing gets done if a majority opinion can’t be reached—which is where you come in. You listen to the opinions of the people, and make the final, informed decision. Miller and I did something similar like that, after a lot of fighting and arguing,” she said. “His father is a guard on the Ark, so I think he felt compelled to lead. Now I think he’s just happy learning how to use a sword, and flirting with Monty,” she snickered. Bellamy’s hands stilled, and he pulled her gently back so she was laying on his chest, his chin resting on her head. Clarke refused to acknowledge the flood of emotions that rioted in her chest.

“Being a leader is difficult for all those reasons, and even when it seems as though your people are angry with you, remember that they know deep down you are trying to help them and do what is best for everyone. Do not be afraid to remind them of that, either,” his deep voice rolled around her, and she could feel it vibrating behind her back in his chest. She sighed, and nodded, noticing her stress from earlier was all but gone and the tension all but vanished from her shoulders.

“Thank you,” her voice came out in a whisper, and he leaned down to rest his cheek against her temple, pressing a kiss there that made heat flush through her and her heart flutter against her will.

“Any time, my queen.”

Clarke tried to breathe through the mess of emotions in her chest, while keeping her face neutral. His lips skimmed along her cheekbone, down to her jaw, and she sighed, letting her eyes close and her head roll back against his chest. This man would destroy her, she knew that plain as day. If she was heartbroken over Finn, there was no way she was getting out of this unscathed. Will you ever get out of it, though? This is for life.

Clarke’s heart hammered as he gently shifted her so he could move on top of her. She met his eyes, feeling as though she would drown under the onslaught of her feelings. Leaning on one arm, he tilted her chin up with a lightly calloused finger, his golden skin throwing her paleness into stark relief. Her breaths were shallow, trembling as she felt the heat pooling deep in her, the want constricting in her chest until she was burning with it.

“What do you want, my Helen?” he asked, and Clarke could barely think. She could feel his desire pressed hard and hot against her thigh, the heat of his body enveloping her. Everything about him made her feel like she would combust at any moment from the need.

“You,” she breathed, her hips circling and arching without her realizing, trying to get some friction on her aching clit. He let her shift so his hips were wedged between her legs, and she felt his hard member press against her clit. He stayed very still though, his dark eyes boring into her, his fingers framing her jaw gently. She couldn’t stop her hips from grinding her clit against him, and she moaned, moving harder, needing more friction. Bellamy’s cheeks were flushing a deep pink under the dark gold of his skin, and his jaw was clenched, evidence of his tightly held control.

“Ask me for it,” the gravel of his voice seemed to vibrate around her, through her. She pressed her hips up again, moving desperately against his hardness, and she felt him settle more of his weight on her so he was pressed harder into her. She moaned again, wanting everything, wanting to run away
and hide, wanting him, wanting to be alone to work through the strange conflicting emotions.

“Please, Bellamy,” she almost whined, her nails scraping at his back lightly. He pushed her jaw gently so her throat was exposed to him, and she focused on breathing. He dropped a kiss against the small dimple in her chin, trailing down slowly, his kisses far too chaste. Clarke shuddered underneath him, moving to pull at her shirt. Bellamy helped her tug it up and off, but at the last minute kept it around her wrists, tying it in a light knot around them. The breath rushed out of her as she tugged on the knot, the heat between her thighs flaring hotter.

“Ask me for it,” he repeated against her collar bone, biting lightly at it. She squirmed underneath him, grinding harder against him but it wasn’t enough.

“I want…” she tried as his lips ghosted over her nipples, and she whimpered, feelings his tongue peek out to lave at one, using his fingers to roll the other and pull it lightly. “Oh, fuck,” she groaned as he sucked at her breast, sending a lightning bolt of pleasure straight to her clit. “I want you in me, please Bellamy,” she finally managed, her mind melting into absolute mush as a lazy growl rumbled from his throat.

“All in good time, princess,” he purred, moving to the other breast to lavish it with attention, his fingers moving to tease the other breast now. His free hand pulled at the clasp of her pants, then pushed them down her legs until they were tangled around her ankles. Clarke officially couldn’t move freely, and she whimpered at the loss of contact on her clit. He shushed her gently, rolling her so she was on her side, and he moved so he was behind her. She heard his clothes rustling, then suddenly he lifted her top knee so he could slide his cock between her legs, the head bumping against her clit as he coated himself in her arousal. Clarke moaned, her hips moving of their own accord, trying to grind down on his hard member. He chuckled darkly, letting the head of his cock catch by her entrance several times, but never pressing inside, only sliding forward to tease her clit. Clarke was going to go mad if he didn’t fuck her soon.

“Bellamy!” she pleaded, and with a deep laugh Bellamy finally parted her lips with the head of his cock and pushed slowly inside of her. Clarke gave a long, drawn out moan as she felt his cock drag against her sensitive nerve endings. He pulled her knee up slightly, giving him more room to thrust into her, and Clarke cried out as he hit her g-spot, feeling so stretched and full around him. He was going too slow, fucking her with deep, lazy strokes that only stoked the fire in her, driving her lust to an unbearable level. She tried to move her hips back on him but he moved away, and she growled in frustration.

“Do you want more, princess?” he murmured, pulling at her earlobe with his teeth.

“Yes,” she cried, almost delirious with want.

“Tell me,” he continued, his voice low and filthy as he pressed deeper into her, making her moan.

“Fuck me harder, please, Bellamy,” she begged, her cheeks flushing red at being made to beg him so explicitly. He grinned against her chin, his hand moving down to free one of her legs from her pants. He moved so he was kneeling behind her, her leg hitched around his waist and he threaded his fingers through her braids, and he leaned over to whisper in her ear.

“Like this, princess?” he slammed his hips forward, making Clarke cry out at the new angle. He held
her leg against him as he began pumping his hips into her, whispering dirty things in his language that made wetness flood between her legs. Clarke tried to muffle her moans against the pillow, but he jerked her head back firmly by her hair, tutting at her.

“I want to hear you coming around my cock, Clarke,” he growled, and Clarke’s eyes widened as his words made her clench down and she cried out as he fucked her harder, making her orgasm swell and crest through her like a storm. “Yes…” he hissed, his fist tightening in her hair. Clarke’s nails dug into his thigh that was practically next to her stomach, that’s how close he was to her, straddling her bottom leg.

Bellamy moved his free hand from her hair to her ass, palming it appreciatively as he circled his hips, grinding into her with every thrust, sending Clarke reeling. Her leg he was holding trembled, and he let it fall, turning her so she was face down. He pulled her hips up, lining his cock back up at her entrance and slid in to the hilt, groaning.

“So tight for me, hod…” he gripped her hips and Clarke arched her back, trying to tease him. It apparently worked as he moaned appreciatively, palming her ass and giving it a few good slaps, making her cry out with each one. “Such a good girl for me, you love my cock, don’t you?” he punctuated his words with heavy thrusts, and Clarke’s thighs trembled from the onslaught of pleasure. She found herself nodding mindlessly to his words, shifting back onto him with his every thrust, pushing him deeper into her. She felt his hand between her shoulder blades, holding her down against the bed. Another orgasm was building quickly in her and she knew he could feel her tightening because he sped up his thrusts, the sounds of their skin meeting and her moans completely debauched. Clarke felt filthy, being fucked like this, but she loved it, and she let herself go when his cock hit that spot in her several times, sending her careening over the edge in ecstasy and she screamed, biting down on the pillow below her. She heard him gasp and groan her name brokenly as he thrusted one last time deep in her, spilling into her. She felt his whole body jerk behind her coupled with a low curse and she moaned, an aftershock pulsing through her. He gave a strangled moan, his fingers digging bruises into her hips, clearly as hypersensitive as she was. He let them both collapse onto the bed, breathing heavily while coming down from their high.

He was warm and heavy against her back, but Clarke couldn’t find it in herself to care. He peppered kisses along the back of her neck and shoulder, running his fingers lightly over her skin. Clarke squeezed her eyes shut, trying not to fall any deeper, but she knew it was a losing battle.

As she was drifting to sleep, she thought she heard him murmur something against her skin, but before she could understand she drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep.
Ai Hod Yu In

Chapter Summary

Reunions and Clarke sucks at Trigedasleng still somehow.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the end, Clarke didn’t need to persuade the Arkers to join Trikru. The survivors of Farming Station had staggered up to the wreckage Alpha Station with horror stories of the Delphi Clan that were enough to make Kane and Abby second guess not joining Clarke’s new clan. Many people were also growing restless, the parents of the hundred disgruntled that they were being kept from their children, and they were very vocal to the council about their opinion that joining was smarter than facing winter and the possibility of defending themselves alone.

A slow procession of all the survivors wound from the wreckage of Alpha station, taking most of the day, as many were trying to carry as many supplies as possible in one trip. It was always possible to go back, but they never knew what could happen in the meantime.

Clarke stood by Bellamy’s side as he sat in his throne, surveying her mother, Kane, and several other high ranking officials of the Ark as they knelt and swore allegiance to Trikru. Kane formally renounced his title as chancellor, handing Bellamy the pin, who shot a covert, confused look at Clarke, handling the small pin as if it were a child’s trinket. She pressed her lips together to keep from breaking out into a grin, and just shook her head slightly to say I’ll explain it all later.

Clarke stepped outside with them, then, to give a long lecture to the rest of the former Skaikru about expected behaviour around the village, and ordered every guard turn over their shock batons and guns. Predictably the guards protested indignantly, but a stern brow raise from her and a menacing glower from Bellamy quickly silenced them.

“We are your leaders now,” Clarke’s voice rang out, clear and stern. “You will do as we say. You must earn your place as warriors in the clan before you can be allowed weapons. First, you will learn how to use a sword or bow, depending on which you have more talent with, then we will discuss the usage of guns. This joining is forever,” she stressed, making eye contact with every former Arker before her. “We aren’t going back up to space. You are joining a new society for the rest of your lives, for your children’s lives, and their children’s. A better society that is fundamentally different from the Ark. You will not challenge our command, you will learn and follow the customs and laws of Trikru, or you will be banished. If that is unclear to anyone, you may speak with me later. If it is disagreeable to anyone, you may leave now, but know that your decision to leave is permanent, and we will not accept you back into the clan.” She kept her voice even, but cool, making sure her eyes rested on Kane longer than the others to drive her point home.

“Very well. We only want peace and cooperation between our peoples… Heda,” Kane hesitated over the foreign word, and Clarke shook her head.

“There are no peoples, now. There is only one: Trikru. If you obey us, you will be welcome here,” she finished, finding a sliver of bravery in herself and resting her hand on Bellamy’s arm, anchoring their unity in everyone’s eyes.
The reunions were Clarke’s favourite part of the day, by far.

She had instructed the hundred to stay in a part of camp away from the proceedings so that the former Arkers would focus on what she had to say and not be distracted by their long lost children, but now she got to watch in delight as many families were made whole again. There was grieving, too, for the families who lost sons and daughters to the ground, and for the families that didn’t survive the journey to the ground, or even the culling. Laughter and tears flowed freely, but for the first time in months her people were together again. They were on the ground, where none of them had even dreamed they would be before. They were as safe as they could be, and for once they had the whole world ahead of them. Everyone was back on equal ground, from guards to factory workers, there were no classes anymore. There was only she and Bellamy, leading their peoples together.

It was beautiful.

Clarke sat with Bellamy on their bench that night amid a huge feast celebrating the joining of Skaikru to Trikru. Torches and bonfires lent a flickering red glow to the festivities, and many of the younger children were running around wildly, wrestling each other and playing games.

Bellamy played idly with her hair, unbraiding and re-braiding several parts that had begun to get frizzy or had unraveled over the days.

“There is a warm spring nearby I would like to take you to,” he mentioned while gently combing out a tangle with his fingers. Clarke sighed.

“I know, I really need a bath, and my hair is probably gross,” she grimaced at him, but he just laughed.

“You are as lovely as the day I met you... but I would like to bathe with you,” he said with a wink, his voice dropping a few octaves lower. Clarke ducked her head to hide her blush, but Bellamy chased her, nipping at her jaw and she laughed, trying to squirm out of his reach as his kisses below her jaw began to tickle her.

“Bellamy!” she whispered fiercely, trying to keep a straight face as his hand teased its way up her thigh, fingers curling to the inside. She saw her mother glaring at them from the crowd, and Clarke grimaced, turning back to look at him. “We have an audience now,” she muttered pointedly, and he shrugged.

“We did before, and we do now. You are my wife. There is no shame in touching you,” he said dismissively, and Clarke gave him a dry smile.

“It seems our customs towards... um, relations,” her face twisted around the tacky word. “Are very different. Men and women in my society aren’t supposed to touch too much in public, even if they’re married,” she finished with a hiss, darting a pointed look to where his fingertips were rubbing dangerously high against her inner thigh.

Bellamy’s grin turned wicked. “In my society,” he drawled, his fingers inching ever higher. “It is a fun game to make your wife cum at dinner without anyone noticing,” he grinned, facing away from her now. Clarke was suddenly fiercely thankful that a heavy table cloth covered the table they were eating at, and Bellamy sat so casually pressed against her side you would never suspect that underneath it his fingers were teasing over her clit, rubbing firm circles over it. They both continued eating, Clarke determined to keep as straight a face as possible, as if he was simply resting his hand
on her leg as many couples do.

A Trikru warrior came up to the table to discuss logistics with Bellamy, and of course he didn’t miss a beat while unbuttoning her pants and subtly pushing his hand down so he could curl a finger inside of her. Clarke took a deep draught of her wine, using the opportunity to screw her eyes shut as he fucked her with his finger and she fought a moan against the pleasure. Clarke furiously busied herself with her food as Bellamy slipped a second finger into her, and she had to take a few deep breaths, her walls clenching around his fingers dangerously. She could see his smirk out of the corner of her eye, and she wondered how red her face was turning as pleasure curled through her with every brush of his fingers.

At least she could blame it on the wine.

Bellamy took that moment to shift his thumb so he could rub her clit while fucking his fingers deeper into her, and Clarke clenched her teeth, feeling the heat pooling deep in her belly in a telltale sign of her impending orgasm. Her walls began to flutter as he curled his fingers in a come hither motion while thrusting them in her, keeping his wrist perfectly still. Her breathing was getting harsher as the pleasure built in her, and Bellamy was still talking to that warrior and she was about to start fucking herself on his fingers if he didn’t do something—suddenly he pinched her clit between his thumb and the side of his forefinger, curling his fingers faster and faster. Clarke’s hand fisted around her fork, and she pretended to be leaning her head on her cheek resting for a bit with her eyes closed as the pleasure washed over her. Blessedly the warrior bowed and made his leave.

Without warning, he released her clit and her orgasm slammed into her with enough force to take her breath away. She cut off the low keen her throat threatened to spill as he fucked her through it with his fingers, rubbing her spasming walls mercilessly, her hips jerking slightly. Clarke let out a deep, shuddering breath, as Bellamy slowly removed his fingers, re buttoning her pants. She looked around, and no one was staring at them in shock or disgust. No one had noticed at all that Bellamy had just made Clarke cum all over his fingers, which she saw him bring to his mouth subtly to suck the taste of her off. Clarke was so horny she thought she would jump his bones right then if she didn’t physically remove herself from the situation, so she stood quietly after a spell, and murmured in his ear that she was going to go relax in their room.

Ten minutes later, Clarke was laying naked on their bed as Bellamy came striding in, looking like a Greek god in his armored jacket and red ceremonial cape. Clarke was so far past caring as she let her legs fall apart, running her fingers from her knee to her hip, then back down again. Bellamy’s eyes were flames as he quickly threw off his every garment, never taking his eyes off her. Once he was gloriously naked, he crawled right onto the bed, settling his head between her thighs.

“I’m going to eat this sweet pussy of yours, Clarke, and I don’t want you to make a sound, just like before,” he growled, and Clarke shuddered, already feeling echoes of pleasure shoot through her at his words. He made a trail of kisses up the inside of her thigh, skipping over her wet center, then made another line of kisses up her other thigh. Clarke arched her hips, desperate for his touch, all while trying to hold back the wanton moans that wanted to escape her throat. Bellamy fell on her like a man starved, devouring her pussy as if she were his last meal. She bit down on her fist in her mouth, her gasps turning breathless as his tongue flickered relentlessly over her clit. He moved suddenly, sucking her clit into his mouth and pumping his tongue against it in a hard rhythm that had her arching high off the bed, shuddering and coming against his mouth, a clipped cry escaping her control.

“Ah, ah,” Bellamy tsked, licking the wetness off his lips as he shook his head up at her. Clarke trembled at his disciplinary tone. “I told you not to make noise, princess.” He moved off the bed, and Clarke sat up, about to protest but he gripped her ankles and tugged her all the way to the side of the
bed, then practically picked her up and turned her over so she was bent over it, ass displayed in the air for him. Her fingers curled into the furs in anticipation.

“Hmm… how should I punish you?” he murmured, his hand smoothing over one cheek, palming it. Clarke moaned, arching so her ass was higher in the air, earning a sharp slap to one cheek. “Such a naughty princess, hmm?” the head of his cock teased against her entrance, and Clarke tried to spread her legs but Bellamy’s knees trapped them together. “No, I think you’ll take me like this today,” he said matter-of-factly, pushing slowly inside of her. Clarke gasped, she felt even tighter like this with her legs forced together, and she felt the delicious burn of her inner muscles trying to relax to accommodate him while being squeezed around him. He slid slowly, inch by inch into her, and Clarke bit her fist again, trying to stay quiet as he stretched her. Once he bottomed out, he gave a long groan, rubbing his hands up and down her back and ass.

“Shh, be a good girl for me, now, Clarke,” he purred, pumping his hips in and out of her. Clarke shook her head frantically, trying to say she couldn’t stay quiet, and with one particularly hard thrust she broke and moaned, loud and dirty. Bellamy tutted behind her, not sounding disappointed at all, and he pulled her arms back by her biceps, holding her immobile as he suddenly picked up his pace, fucking her hard and fast. Clarke didn’t hold back now, moaning filthily as his cock pounded into her, electric currents of pleasure arcing through her. He moved her arms so her wrists were pinned to the small of her back by one of his hands, and the other was free to land a few sharp slaps on her bottom. Clarke cried out with each one, the pain sending fissures of pleasure through her, and she felt wetness flood between her legs, dripping down her thighs. Bellamy was keeping up a steady stream of filthy encouragement, both in his language and hers, and Clarke pressed her face into the blankets, feeling an orgasm beginning to build in her.

“Oh god, oh god, oh god, Bellamy!” she screamed as she clenched down and came hard on his cock, her body shaking as waves upon waves of ecstasy poured through her, washing away every piece of her. He gave a loud shout, slamming his hips into her and emptying himself into her with a breathless moan of her name, before collapsing down and covering her with his warm body, his cock still pulsing inside of her. She moaned weakly, her inner walls still spasming every so often around him, eliciting breathless moans from both of them as they let the ecstasy fade slowly and mellow.

“Ai hod yu in,” he murmured into her skin, and Clarke frowned, she had never heard that phrase before.

“What?” she murmured, but he just gave her cheek a long, lingering kiss before pulling out of her carefully. They both groaned, and he went and got a cloth to clean them both, leaving a long, sucking kiss on the back of her thigh that was sure to leave a bruise. It was satisfying in a strange way, like she was marked as his.

“I hope the noise of the feast was enough to muffle that,” she mumbled, cheeks flushing. Bellamy flipped the covers back over them, nestling close to her with a cheeky grin.

“You mean sex is supposed to stay private, in your old society?” he leaned his chin on her shoulder, his warm breath fanning across her face. Clarke pressed closer against his warmth with a small ‘shiver,’ (it was chilly in the room after all, she told herself,) and Bellamy squeezed his arm that was wrapped around her.

“Yes,” she frowned, looking at him. “It’s not something private in Trikru?” He shrugged.

“Pleasure between couples is something to be celebrated. It creates life, brings happiness… so we don’t try to hide it,” he mused, and Clarke felt a little jolt go through her. She still had the implant from the Ark, so she didn’t have to worry about getting pregnant, but… did he expect her to? Did he
want that from her? **Should I tell him?**

While Clarke was busy wrestling with her thoughts, Bellamy’s breathing deepened and evened out, and she forced herself to relax. The party was still in full swing outside, but Clarke had no desire to return to the judgmental looks of her mother, or seeing Raven and Finn together, though when she thought about it now the hurt was only a dull echo, not the sharp, aching disappointment and hurt it had been before. She contemplated that as Bellamy began snoring softly against her shoulder, and she stifled a giggle, allowing her hand to move up and play gently with his dark strands without waking him. His hair was surprisingly soft, and she reveled in the silkiness between her fingers. If anyone had told her two weeks ago that she would be in bed with a Grounder, thinking about how cute he was she would have locked them in the drop ship for insanity, but with every passing day she found more and more of her fit with Bellamy in such unexpected ways. **Should it happen this fast? Was this normal?** She knew her connection with Finn had happened very quickly, but she'd always chalked it up to the stresses of the ground making emotions run higher and connections easier to make when survival was hit or miss with every passing hour.

She knew she would eventually have to face the music with her mother, but for now she could just lay here with her king and forget everything else in the world for a night.

**Chapter End Notes**

So I'm sure you're wondering, jeez, why is she updating like once a day this is crazy! I'm home for meniscus surgery on my knee, and I can't walk and do a lot of stuff so all I have to do for amusement is writing and playing video games, haha. That being said, my surgery is scheduled for Thursday, so I'm going to try to finish the story before then, and then I'll probably be writing one shots and other Bellarke stuff after that while I'm on the loopy pain meds lol. Thanks so much for the continuing support!!! <3
O Beware, My Lord, of Jealousy

Chapter Summary

So I guess I should mention that I really don't like Finn.
TW: severe dominance, manhandling/dubcon touching
(this chapter is almost entirely smut I'm sorry)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next day Clarke was busy restocking the medical tent. The large influx of population meant that their need for medical supplies would naturally increase. The village was a flurry of activity as new accommodations were being erected here and there. They even decided to fell a few more trees to increase the size of the village, and build more cabins with the wood. It struck Clarke that this was how civilization advanced thousands of years ago, and they were following in their ancestors footsteps again. She amused herself with pondering what “age” they were in. Were they really in the new Iron Age if they had shock batons and radios?

That had been a large transition for the Grounders. Technology clashing with an essentially medieval way of life was jarring to say the least, but Raven was the pioneer as usual, teaching any Trikru who would stop to stare for a minute what she was tinkering with, and how to do it themselves.

Clarke decided she needed a break and left the tent to go to the little secluded stream they had to draw up some water. Right as she went to take a sip from her water skin, Finn was suddenly next to her. She jumped in surprise, but saved face by giving him a bland smile.

“Clarke, I know the Grounders don't do divorces, but I think I know a way out of this,” he whispered, grabbing her upper arm. She stared at him in confusion, trying to pull her arm back, but he only held tighter.

“What the hell are you talking about?” she hissed, glancing around quickly to make sure no one had heard him, but they were alone. “Are you out of your damn mind?!”

“If we can get to Mount Weather and talk to the Mountain Men, they might be able to join us and fight the Grounders,” he whispered fiercely, stepping into her personal space. She backed up, looking around again now desperate for anyone to help her but everyone was out hunting or over in the main part of camp.

“For what the hell are you talking about?” she hissed, glancing around quickly to make sure no one had heard him, but they were alone. “Are you out of your damn mind?!”

“If we can get to Mount Weather and talk to the Mountain Men, they might be able to join us and fight the Grounders,” he whispered fiercely, stepping into her personal space. She backed up, looking around again now desperate for anyone to help her but everyone was out hunting or over in the main part of camp.

“Finn, that’s crazy, we just solidified this alliance, why on earth would we want to break it? Also we know literally nothing about the Mountain Men,” she could barely contain the fury in her voice, giving her arm another sharp tug, but he wouldn’t let go.

“I know you’re letting that Grounder… rape you,” his voice became strangled, and Clarke’s face twisted in indignant disgust. “But I can save you! You won’t have to let this happen to you anymore!” he pleaded, his voice and eyes feverish with a sycophantic devotion Clarke wanted absolutely no part in. For the first time she found herself repulsed by Finn, and she could feel her skin crawling where he touched her.
“You have it so fucking backwards, Finn,” she growled, moving to walk past him but he crowded her against the wall of a building. Panic started to flutter in her belly. “He is not raping me! Jesus Christ, let me go!” she swung out without thinking with her other hand to push him away, but he caught her arm, pinning her wrists to her sides as if she were a child acting out, and he looked at her earnestly.

“Clarke, please, I know it’s hard, I know it’s hard admitting it but I-I’m here for you; I’m here for you, and I can save you! This can work, and then we can be together. Just us,” his voice dropped to a whisper, and he dipped his head towards her lips ignoring her struggles.

“What is going on?” an icy voice came from behind Finn. He froze, and Clarke made another desperate bid for freedom but Finn held her firm, turning to glare at Bellamy who was standing there menacingly with a murderous glint in his eyes. Clarke’s stomach dropped a hundred feet. No. No, no…

“Bellamy!” she cried, hoping the desperate call for help was obvious in her voice. Finn spun around, pressing Clarke against the wall as if he was protecting her, and Clarke wanted to scream in fury as she struggled to move from out behind him. Bellamy stalked forward, looking every inch the deadly war lord he was. If Clarke wasn’t almost choking with fear she’d probably be turned on and jesus why did her mind have to go there right now, but she shook her head as if to clear her thoughts and gave one last hard shove against Finn, turning quickly and darting out from behind him. She practically ran to Bellamy who caught her by her upper arms and held her in a vicelike grip. Out of the frying pan and into the fire? she thought frantically.

“Clarke!” Finn called, making as if to grab for her and in one lightning fast movement Bellamy had his sword drawn at Finn’s throat and Clarke was shoved behind him.

“Bellamy, wait! No!” she cried, grabbing at his arm to stop him. His glower shifted to her, and she almost withered under his gaze, but she held her ground.

“He was just being stupid. It’s not worth killing over,” she pleaded, and his eyes narrowed at her, his chest heaving with ire.

“Is he yours?” he gritted the same question as their first meeting between his teeth but with so much more hatred and ice in his voice. Clarke shook her head vehemently, her hand tightening on his bicep, and she willed her words to make him see reason.

“No. He belongs to Raven, I swear. It’s just a stupid crush he had that no longer matters to me. He doesn’t matter to me,” the words hurt coming out, but she knew she had to say them. Finn gasped, and she knew he was staring at her with that kicked puppy look of his but she refused to move her gaze from Bellamy’s. the fate of her people rested on this, and her fate as well. They faced off for a moment that seemed to stretch out into eternity, when he finally lowered his sword, making sure to nick the delicate skin of Finn’s throat so crimson blood flowed down to his collar in a thin line.

Without a word, he sheathed his sword, and grabbed Clarke by the upper arm, pulling her away. She was simultaneously relieved that she’d diffused the situation, and pissed at being manhandled so much in the last ten minutes.

“Stop,” she gritted out of her teeth, tugging at her arm and his eyes flickered to her, still flaring with rage but something in her face seemed to get to him and he softened his hold, slipping his hand down to grip hers. He still walked briskly enough that she had to almost jog to keep up, but she could hardly blame his anger. Finding your wife pinned to the wall by another man who was trying to kiss her couldn’t be the best start to anyone’s day.
He stormed straight into their tent, yelling for the guards to get out and leave the immediate area. Clarke swallowed, for the first time feeling a kernel of fear in her gut. Bellamy wouldn’t hurt her. She knew he wouldn’t hurt her.

Bellamy burst through the hanging separating their room from the rest of the tent and shoved her hand away as if it electrocuted him. For some reason that sent a stab of pain through Clarke, and she held her hand to her chest like he’d burned her with his rejection. He stormed to the other side of the room, moving to the wash basin and splashing water on his face, bracing his arms on the edges and breathing harshly. Clarke stood there, breath caught in her throat.

After a long minute of silence, Clarke opened her mouth to speak but he cut her off, his voice throbbing low with fury.

“How long has this been going on?” Clarke gaped, shaking her head even though he couldn’t see her.

“Never, Bellamy! This is the first time he’s approached me since we got married, I swear,” strangely she felt tears threatening her eyes. Everything was crumbling around her and she felt helpless to stop it.

“Has he touched you?” he demanded furiously, rounding on her. Clarke swallowed, trying to keep a straight face as she met his anger straight on.

“A long time ago,” she admitted quietly, and Bellamy let out a bellow of rage, tearing the baldric off his shoulders and throwing his sword across the room where it made a satisfying whack against the bed frame. Clarke flinched, trying to keep her breaths even and the tears at bay. Would Finn’s reckless idiocy ruin the alliance? Would she lose Bellamy because of him?

“How does he touch you? Hmm? Better than me?” Bellamy was suddenly in her face, his cheeks flushed with wrath. Clarke glowered at him.

“I fucking told you, Bellamy. It was a long time ago. I haven’t been with anyone but you, even for weeks before I met you!” her voice was rising now as her anger ignited, at him, at Finn, at herself; but Bellamy wouldn’t be placated so easily.

“I saw the way he looked at you, Clarke, he loves you!” he bellowed, and Clarke flinched. His hand came up to grab her jaw, not hard enough to hurt but firm enough that she couldn’t move her head away. He loomed over her, his eyes twin flames.

“It doesn’t matter!” Clarke wanted to cry, and she grabbed at his shoulders, wanting to shake him into seeing reason.


“If you’d listened to anything I just said you would know that you’re not, and never were,” she hissed, grabbing the lapels of his jacket in an equally firm grip, asserting herself. She’d be damned if she ever let a man intimidate her. The moment drew out, the tension so thick it could be cut with a knife.

Without warning, Bellamy crashed his lips onto hers, his hands ripping at her clothing, tossing them haphazardly onto the floor. He turned them so he could back her towards the bed, pushing her down onto it none too gently. She toed off her boots as he tugged her pants down, almost ripping them in the process. He discarded his own clothing before she even had the chance to move, and he crawled over her, pinning her wrists above her head.
“Did he kiss you like this?” he growled low, leaving biting wet kisses down her throat that were bound to leave marks. Clarke shook her head, feeling as though she was in a free fall with no way to regain control.

His teeth latched onto her nipple and she cried out, riding that delicate line between pain and pleasure. He moved his hands off her wrists and ripped her panties off, paying no heed to her breathless protest as he slipped his fingers between her legs. For some reason Clarke knew she shouldn’t move her wrists from where he pinned them, so she kept them there, her breasts rising and falling with every harsh breath.

“So wet for me, Princess,” he taunted her, teasing her entrance, keeping away from where she really needed him. She whined, her hips arching off the bed in a wordless plea. “Maybe this was what you wanted all along. My jealousy…” he continued, his voice still carrying a dark current of anger. She shook her head vehemently, scoffing.

“Get your head out of your ass, Bellamy,” she spat, and she barely missed the shock that flickered through his gaze before his eyes narrowed. He landed a firm slap against her cunt as punishment for her cheek and Clarke couldn’t contain the little cry that escaped her as the sharp pleasure-pain jolted through her.

“My sharp-tongued little queen,” his lip curled into a smirk. “You will never again think of other men after I’m through with you.” Clarke wanted to scream in frustration that she hadn’t been in the first place, but his lips were on her clit and he sucked on it hard, flicking his tongue mercilessly against it. There was no teasing or build up; Bellamy was out for revenge.

Clarke didn’t bother holding back the long cry of pleasure, her hands flying down to bury her fingers in his hair, nails scraping against his scalp. Bellamy’s rage fueled lust made him relentless, and the pleasure was so sharp it was almost painful. He slipped one, then two fingers inside of her, pumping them into her in a relentless pace that had her legs shaking around him.

“Bellamy… please… Bellamy…” her head tossed back and forth, but her pleading only spurred him on further. He fucked her harder with his fingers, and Clarke’s eyes rolled back as he hit her g-spot with every stroke while tonguing her clit until she fell until oblivion, screaming out his name as her orgasm barreled through her.

Bellamy pulled out of her, hitching her legs over his arms and lining himself up with her fluttering entrance. Clarke’s nails dug into his shoulders as he teased her entrance, bumping the head of his cock against her hypersensitive clit that was still throbbing from her orgasm.

“Do you want it?” his teeth caught her bottom lip, pulling. Clarke’s hips arched up mindlessly but he backed away, keeping her pleasure just out of reach.

“Bellamy!” she cried, trying to get nearer to him, but he tutted at her.

“Did he ever tongue fuck you like that, Princess?” he growled, moving down to suck another mark onto her neck. “Did he ever make you cum like that?” Clarke shuddered, her inner walls clenching at his words.

“The first…” she gasped, and he raised a brow at her. “You’re… the first,” she panted, and she saw as something snapped in him. He surged forward, filling her to the hilt in one thrust and Clarke let out a long, sobbing cry at the pleasure-pain of being stretched so suddenly. Her walls fluttered around him as he began a punishing rhythm, snapping his hips into hers, his abs rippling with the effort. He took her wrists in one hand again, pinning them above her head and his teeth latched onto her shoulder. Clarke moaned mindlessly with pleasure, but just as her walls began clenching down
with her impending orgasm he withdrew from her, and she cried out in protest. Her eyes shot open, and she opened her mouth to demand he keep going, but he just smirked.

“I did not say you could cum again, Clarke,” he said, moving his fingers to tease lightly at her entrance. Clarke was going to lose it if he didn’t start fucking her again.

“Please Bellamy,” she begged breathlessly, and he grabbed her hips and flipped her over without warning and pushing inside of her.

“If I ever catch him near you again, touching you again, even breathing your fucking air, I will take his hands,” he growled in her ear, punctuating each sentence with a hard snap of his hips. Clarke cried out with each one, hands scrabbling at the covers as the head of his cock hit her cervix over and over, rubbing dangerously over her g-spot. He pressed his chest flush to her back, staying buried inside and only grinding his cock in and out of her slightly. Clarke tried to arch her back, tried to gyrate her hips, anything to get more than this teasing movement that pressed his cock hard against her cervix with every forward movement of his hips but she couldn’t move an inch. Her walls fluttered around him desperately, but he was too heavy, and she was trapped.

“Do you understand me?” his deep rumbling voice seemed to fill the very air around her.

Clarke whimpered, nodding, too far gone to make a coherent statement. She could always argue more when he wasn’t buried inside her so deep she could practically feel it in her stomach.

He pushed up onto his hands, the fingers of one hand gathering her hair in his fist, wrapping them around the back of his hand once. She arched her back finally, resting on her forearms as he pulled slightly, delicious little pinpricks of pain in her scalp making her breathing stutter.

“I. Will. Not. Share. You.” he snarled, and fucking her hard with each word and pulling on her hair a little harder. Clarke let her mouth fall open in ecstasy, her mind utterly blank of anything but the feel of him inside of her, the burning stretch adding fuel to the pleasure. “Say it, Princess,” his deep rumbling voice seemed to have a direct connection to her clit and she tried to make the steady stream of moans tearing from her throat into something resembling words.

“Yours, oh god…” he let her hair fall, and his hand came down on the bed as he fucked her harder, his own groans of pleasure tearing from his throat. Clarke was so sensitive, so ready to fall over the edge. “Please Bellamy, can I cum? Can I c-cum?” she gasped, feeling the heat gathering hotter and hotter in her lower belly. She was starting to lose control.

“Only mine,” his voice was right in her ear, and Clarke cried out at his words. His cock was shuttling harder in and out of her, and she was only hanging on by a thread.

“Only yours! Ohh,” she felt her muscles start to pulse without her control and he nipped at her ear lobe.

“Cum for me, Princess,” he rasped in her ear, and Clarke screamed, falling over the edge at his command, pleasure flooding through her in waves until she thought she couldn’t take any more, her pussy clenching hard around him. Bellamy shouted in ecstasy above her, slamming his cock into her twice more before jerking and shuddering above her, bottomed out as he released inside of her. Clarke’s breaths came in gasps and whimpers as the aftershocks of pleasure still pulsed through her. She could feel Bellamy’s arms tremble, barely catching himself as he collapsed on top of her, his cock still buried deep in her. Clarke twitched and moaned occasionally as the aftershocks slowly lessenened in intensity, then finally lay there, completely spent. At some point his fingers had threaded with hers, and he was breathing deeply behind her, his forehead pressed against her spine.
“Bellamy…” she whispered, and he hummed, suddenly soft and pliant in the wake of his spent rage and lust. She turned, and he slipped out of her with a soft groan from both of them. She met his gaze, her fingers coming up to trail gently down his cheek. He had never looked more vulnerable than he did in this moment, and Clarke could feel herself slipping even further for this beautiful mess of a man.

“Only yours,” she repeated barely louder than a whisper, leaning in to leave a soft kiss on his lips. He kissed her back gently, rubbing soft circles on her cheek with his thumb.

“You…” his voice caught, and Clarke’s heart lurched. She desperately tried to quiet it, and not get her hopes up for anything. “You are too important to me to lose,” he finished, his brow furrowed in frustration as he gazed into her eyes as if they held all of the answers. Clarke smiled gently, leaning her cheek against his hand. The bud of hope in her chest was impossible to kill, so she hid it away, buried it deeply. She was too important to lose, too valuable an asset; that was all.

“You won’t lose me,” she reassured him. He wouldn’t lose his alliance. “And I am yours,” she added, wishing she didn’t have to hide the real meaning in her words.

“I am yours forever, because you’ve stolen every part of me, including my heart.

“And I am yours, hod” he echoed in a whisper, kissing her again. Clarke sighed, opening her mouth so their tongues could languidly wrap around each other, and he pulled her close. She wished she was better at the Trikru language, so she could understand him more, but she figured it was a term of endearment.

At least I have him like this, Clarke comforted herself, nestling further into him.

They couldn’t stay in bed all day, but Bellamy seemed reluctant to let go of her. Clarke dozed on and off for an hour, once waking up to Bellamy tracing her cheekbones, her nose, her lips, and her forehead lightly with his fingertips. She watched him for a while, as played with her hair, and she wondered at how she could feel so much for a man she had only just met, at how a warlord could be so soft and gentle where no one else could see him. She wondered if this was the real him; raw, and unmasked.

Eventually they both admitted they couldn’t laze around in bed when there were so many things to do. He dressed quickly, while Clarke sighed, picking up the shreds of what used to be her panties, and leveling sardonic eye brow raise at him. He had the good grace to look contrite.

“Sorry, hod,” he grinned sheepishly, swooping down to leave a loud, smacking kiss on her lips before moving to a chest and rummaging around before he produced a new pair, made out of soft red cloth and lace. They looked exactly like the clothes the people before the bombs wore. She gaped.

“Where did you get these?!” she exclaimed, taking them carefully from him and admiring the lace trim on the edges. They never, ever had lace on the Ark, it was seen as too frivolous a luxury.

“Here and there are bunkers beneath the earth and a long time ago I found one with clothes in strange clear pouches, and when I saw these… I figured I would save them for… my wife one day,” he finished with a mumble, looking everywhere but her. Clarke felt her cheeks pink, and her heart stutter.

“Bellamy…” she drew them carefully on, admiring the way they hugged her hips. They felt like they were made yesterday, and after a life wearing synthetic fibers and old threadbare clothing it felt like an incredible luxury.

She threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly, throat conspicuously tight in the wake of her
gratitude. He hugged her back after a brief second, leaning his cheek against her hair.

“My queen deserves the best,” his lip pulled up at the corner, and he brushed her cheek gently with the backs of his fingers before turning and leaving the room, taking with him all of Clarke’s equilibrium.

Chapter End Notes

You all knew it was coming!
Lexa is salty, and Clarke (and Bellamy) are high key exhibitionists (much to Raven's dismay)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Something had shifted between her and Bellamy. She wasn’t sure when it happened, or precisely what had changed, but the only way she could think of to describe it was they were more… relaxed. Their blow out fight over Finn had been the beginning of it, she finally concluded. A week had passed and although she still caught Finn staring at her occasionally with a despairing look, she found it easier to ignore him every day. The first time Bellamy had caught him staring he made to stand up quickly from their seat at the table but Clarke grabbed his hand, soothing her fingers over his knuckles gently. To her great surprise that calmed him down immediately, and he spent the rest of their meal with his arm around her, feeding her bits of food and generally being all over her. She couldn’t even say that she hated it, because she loved it. She had never felt so wanted before in her life, but every time he would do things like this she had to wrench her thoughts away from looking too far into it. She still didn’t know all of their culture, so she couldn’t assume his actions meant anything more than showing the whole tribe how unified they were.

Clarke supposed hoping for the peace to last was too much to ask.

An emissary came from Polis, from the Commander of the 12 clans, asking to meet with Bellamy and Clarke. At her confusion, Bellamy explained that according to the Commander he had overstepped his bounds in accepting a new clan into his, and now the Commander felt threatened by the sheer size of Bellamy’s clan. They were some 800 strong, now, which gave Bellamy a considerable advantage over the other clans just from sheer size.

“But… that’s ridiculous! Just because Trikru is bigger now doesn’t mean that we’re going to start conquering everywhere else,” Clarke huffed, pacing back and forth before the long planning table in their tent. Bellamy leaned against a pillar, arms crossed as he watched her.

“With our increasing population, we will need to expand eventually,” he reminded her, and Clarke scowled.

“Then we’ll defeat the Mountain, and take that land. You know, since all of the clans are joined why haven’t we just attacked them already? They control a huge swath of the forest that we could have,” she furrowed her brow, moving to look at the map. Bellamy grimaced.

“We have tried, and every time we get too near the acid fog makes us stop. There is no getting around it,” he moved to her side, looking at the map as well. Clarke frowned, thinking hard.

“Alright. But I’m not giving up on this idea,” she tapped the map of the Mountain, and Bellamy smiled.
“If you wish to bring down the Mountain, then my queen will get what she wants,” he said, drawing her against him. She rested her hands on his chest, admiring the solidness of his muscles, and he backed her up against the table, lifting her so she was perched on the edge. She hitched her knees around his waist, enjoying the feel of him against her as he leaned down to capture her lips in a searing kiss, his tongue flickering out to taste her bottom lip. Just as she opened her mouth to accept his deep kiss a disapproving cough sounded behind her, and Clarke pulled away, trying to scramble ineffectively out of their very compromising position while simultaneously trying to twist to see who it was, but Bellamy didn’t move, keeping his hands on her waist and gazing evenly at the intruder.

“What can we help you with, Abby Griffin?” Bellamy asked, the lazy challenge in his voice unmistakable. Clarke’s face flamed red, and after smacking his chest several times and muttering furiously at him to let her go, he finally took a step back and allowed her to stand. Clarke tried to straighten herself, setting her jaw and meeting her mother’s tight expression.

“I’d like to talk to my daughter, please,” she said stiffly, and Bellamy chuckled, nodding.

“Of course, Abby. Clarke,” he smiled cheekily at her, and Clarke rolled her eyes, shooing him away. He left with a roguish wink, sending her an air kiss as he made his way out of the tent, nodding his head amicably at Abby before sauntering out.

Abby turned her glare to Clarke. “What are you doing?” she began, barely contained fury in her voice. Clarke’s mouth flattened, displeased.

“I really don’t have to explain myself to you, nor anyone, but since we’re here I’ll break it down for you. You killed dad. You fucking turned him in, knowing fully that Jaha would kill him, then sent me along with a hundred other juvenile delinquent with barely any survival training and no supplies down to Earth to die, to save your own damn skins. Then, a month or so later after several deaths and injuries to my people, with war and winter looming over our heads, I was given the chance to save everyone. To not only save everyone but give us a chance to thrive, not just survive. That is the only explanation you will ever receive, and that is the only justification that I need, so save the patronizing tone,” she spat, crossing her arms. Abby had that wounded look again, but Clarke felt the heavy weight of her father’s watch on her wrist, and held her ground.

“I made a mistake, Clarke,” Abby whispered, her eyes shining. Clarke felt her heart breaking all over again.

“Not good enough, mom. That’s not good enough,” she said, taking a deep, shuddering breath, and looked away. “You know, Wells let me think it was him. He let me hate him, just so I wouldn’t feel like this... Just so I wouldn’t have to live every day knowing my mother killed my father,” Clarke’s voice warbled dangerously, and she gritted her teeth, swallowing hard around the lump that had formed in her throat.

“Clarke…” Abby looked ready to cry, but Clarke cut her off.

“And then he died. He died because a little girl was having nightmares about his father, the man who floated half of my kids’ parents including hers! If not for some bullshit crimes but in the culling that shouldn’t have happened!” her voice rose with her rage, and she rounded the table stalking up to her mother. “All you ever believed on the Ark was upholding your precious laws, no matter who got killed in the process, and yet you broke the law, too. How come you’re still standing here? Hmm? Is that the legacy of the Ark? Special treatment for the few and fuck the rest?” she yelled, fully incensed now. “I lost Wells because his father was a monster! And you want to judge me for how I decided to ‘sacrifice’ myself to save my people? You want to disapprove of my choices because you’re my mother? Because you think you have ownership or power over me still? You lost those privileges
when you floated dad. And any chance of forgiveness was gone forever when you sent us down here. So don’t you dare talk to me about propriety, or what’s right or wrong or acceptable. I saved us. I even saved you, and Kane, and everyone else who was responsible for the misery of the hundred, by making this alliance, so really you should be thanking me for being so god damn selfless,” she hissed, chest heaving with her ire.

“I’m sorry,” Abby said brokenly, and Clarke trembled, shaking her head shakily.

“It’s too little too late, mom. I lost everyone I loved because of your choices, because you couldn’t keep your mouth shut and I can’t forgive you for that,” her voice was quiet now, empty. She turned and swept out of the tent, her heart heavy, but not before she heard her mother sob quietly.

Remorse filled Clarke, but she would never get her dad back. Wells was rotting beneath the earth and it was all her mother and Jaha’s fault; because the Ark let laws rule over compassion and reason.

Bellamy found her sitting by the stream, her fingers playing idly in the currents. Even through all of her despair she could still appreciate the smooth, cold feel of the water streaming past her hand, her bare toes enjoying the feel of the grass on the bank. It felt heavenly, especially since her face felt tight with the tears that had dried on her cheeks from her earlier small break down after her confrontation with her mother.

He sat next to her quietly, not saying a word, just being a solid presence net to her, and Clarke felt her throat knot again at his quiet support. Did he even realize what he was doing to her?

“I guess we have to go to Polis,” she sighed finally. Bellamy hummed in agreement, pulling up blades of grass and tossing them into the water.

“You don’t have to come, one representative would be enough—” he started, but Clarke was shaking her head vehemently.

“No, I’m going with you. I don’t want you to be alone,” she said determinedly. She could see his small smile out of the corner of her eye.

“As you wish,” he answered simply, and they sat there for a while in quiet companionship, watching the water sparkling as it bubbled over the rocks.

Hesitantly, Clarke rested her head on Bellamy’s shoulder, and his fingers reached out to intertwine with hers. Her heart did a somersault at the touch, and she felt the small bud of hope she desperately tried to squash every day blossom further without her permission. She refused to put a name to the emotion bubbling in her chest, but it was becoming harder and harder to deny.

“I’m glad… I met you,” she finished lamely, chickening out. Bellamy was quiet for a moment, brushing his thumb over her knuckles.

“Clarke…” he began, but stopped himself. She raised her head to look at him, brow furrowed, heart in her throat. He looked at her for a long time, before giving her a small smile. “I’m glad, too.”

Clarke tried not to deflate at his answer, but it was hard when there were so many emotions practically trying to burst out of her throat trying to become named.

He leaned down, pressing his lips to hers. She swayed and leaned against him, hand coming out to steady itself upon his shoulder. The kiss deepened, and Clarke couldn’t help the small whimper that escaped her throat. She was so helpless under his touch, whenever she was around him, really. He
always seemed to fill up her entire world and barely leave any room to breathe.

She let him lower her to the riverbank, let him move over her, let him slide between her legs to press flush against her. She lifted her chin let him have access to her throat for more searing kisses. He paid special attention to the marks that were still visible from his bout of jealousy over Finn, and Clarke shuddered delicately. She felt him smirk against her throat, knowing exactly where her train of thought had ended up.

“I want you,” he rumbled, nipping at her collar bone and playing with the hem of her shirt so that his fingertips stroked over her stomach. Clarke shuddered again at the raw desire in his voice. Would she ever get tired of this?

“Anyone could walk by…” she breathed unconvincingly, and Bellamy shot a dark, smug look up at her.

“I think,” his hand came up to cup her breast, running his finger over her fabric coated nipple. “That you like that, Princess,” he moved down to bite over her nipple and Clarke squirmed, heat flushing her cheeks and between her thighs as his dirty words washed over her. “I think you like the idea of anyone finding us, of anyone watching me fuck you into oblivion,” his voice was even lower, his fingers pulling up the edge of her shirt.

Clarke leaned up so he could pull her shirt off, and he set it down behind her head, reaching down to unhook her bra and pulling it off excruciatingly slow so she was exposed to him. Clarke felt her flush spread down her neck to her chest under his appreciative gaze.

“Mmm… so nice,” he murmured, fingers coming around to play with her nipple, his mouth descending on the other. Clarke gasped, hips canting up into his to get more friction on her clit as he sucked and played with her tits mercilessly. He grinded down into her with his hips, mimicking a deep fucking motion and Clarke felt wetness flood between her thighs.

“Bellamy… I need you,” she whimpered, pulling at his shirt, too. He threw off his jacket, pulling his shirt up and off in one swift motion. He sat up so he could unbutton his pants and take them off, and Clarke pulled frantically at the clasp of hers. He batted her hands away, pulling the zipper down excruciatingly slow, and then her pants equally as slow off of her legs.

Bellamy murmured in appreciation, she was wearing the red pair of panties again, and pulled them gently off, too, settling between her thighs. He kissed her, sliding his cock between her wet folds, coating himself. Clarke was embarrassingly wet, but she couldn’t care when he was rubbing against her clit, working her up into a frenzy. They were fully naked in plain sight, anyone could come upon them at any second but instead of being scared, it filled Clarke with a little thrill.

“Hold onto me,” he murmured in her ear, nipping at the spot just behind it and she obeyed, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. He pushed inside slowly, since they had basically skipped foreplay this time, too hot for each other to wait. Clarke moaned, low, struggling to adjust to his size. He began a torturous rhythm, only using his hips to thrust into her and with each one pushed a little further into her. When he finally bottomed out, Clarke was delirious with want, her pussy already fluttering slightly around him. He stilled, leaving a trail of wet kisses across her jaw, nosing her cheek.

“Bellamy,” Clarke whimpered, nails digging into his shoulders. She canted her hips, needing more of him, but she could barely move pinned to the ground as she was.

“Stay quiet, Princess,” he nipped her earlobe, laughing softly. Clarke tried to grind her hips, desperate for any friction.
Without warning, Bellamy pulled out and snapped his hips forward, and Clarke poorly stifled her cry against his neck. He chuckled, shushing her again as he began fucking her slow and hard, each thrust into making heat flood through her. She tried to bite back her cries, she really did, but he was so big and he went so deep every time soon Clarke was letting out a low string of moans, fingers scrabbling at his shoulders. He propped himself up on his elbows, and moved one hand to cover her mouth, picking up his pace. Clarke let herself cry out fully now, pleasure building quickly in her lower stomach.

“You like it?” Bellamy growled, rotating his hips a little as he fucked her. Clarke moaned dirtily, nodding as his cock started hitting her g-spot. She whimpered louder with every thrust as the tell-tale electricity from him hitting that spot began building in her higher and higher. “Such a dirty Princess, I bet you just love being fucked where anyone can see,” he growled, pushing one of her legs over his shoulder and Clarke keened at the new angle, her whole body tightening.

She snapped without warning, her body bowing off the river bank as wave upon wave of pleasure crashed through her, sizzling out to her fingertips and toes. Her scream was barely muffled by Bellamy’s hand, and he growled, fucking her harder, prolonging her ecstasy.

“Yes, yes Clarke, that’s it…” he panted, teeth nipping at her jaw. Clarke whimpered, nails piercing his shoulders. “Such a dirty, fucking, Princess,” he growled, removing his hand from her mouth briefly to bring her other leg over his other shoulder. He covered her mouth again just in time for a loud, filthy moan to leave her at the new angle his cock was hitting her in.

“Cum for me again, Clarke,” he demanded, fingers slipping between them to rub tight circles against her clt. Already hypersensitive, Clarke clenched down at his words obediently, and another orgasm swelled and crashed over her. Bellamy bit her left ankle, groaning loudly as he shuddered, thrusting twice more before burying inside of her and releasing himself inside her.

Clarke moaned his name, muffled as it was behind his hand, still spasming around him. Somehow they had gotten dirt streaks all over them, and Clarke giggled, moaning slightly at the movement. Bellamy let her legs fall, and he leaned his forehead against hers heavily, catching his breath.

They both couldn’t stop grinning as they pulled on their clothes. Her hair was mussed and had bits of grass in it, which Bellamy pulled out, grinning even wider.

Walking back into camp, Clarke was chagrinned to see Raven roll her eyes at Clarke when their eyes met.

“Can you guys get a fucking room next time or something?” she grumbled as Clarke walked past, and Bellamy let out a loud, booming laugh while Clarke just turned bright red.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the delay! I was running errands all day and had a headache, but I wanted to post this now to keep my one-a-day streak going, please excuse the errors as I didn't beta this as much.
Polis

Chapter Summary

Clarke and the famed Lexa meet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The trip to Polis was long and exceedingly boring, and on the second day of their journey Clarke wasn’t feeling well. She woke up with a headache, and she was tense and sore from riding all day yesterday. They still had several more hours of riding today before they would reach Polis. Rather than make the journey in one day with a hard ride, Bellamy had decided they could take their time and set up camp half way, insisting that there was no need to rush. Clarke appreciated the opportunity to sight see, since she didn’t often leave camp. She hoped that now that things were gradually beginning to slow down with incorporating their peoples together she would have more time to venture out past where she, Nyko, and Lincoln collected herbs.

She wrapped her tender knees after a quick breakfast with a bit of extra cloth, trying to prevent her skin being rubbed raw by the saddle. Her horse was a big, beautiful Friesian, but she wasn’t used to riding at all, though she took to it naturally to her (and Bellamy’s) delight. When it came time for Bellamy to help her up onto her horse he caught the grim reluctance on her face and laughed.

“We will have to go riding more often so these trips are not so hard on you,” he teased, and Clarke rolled her eyes, steadying herself with her hands on his shoulders while he lifted her as if she weighed nothing onto her horse. She fought a blush, and swung her leg over so she was seated normally on the saddle. (No matter what day or age it was, a guy being able to lift you so easily was still swoon worthy.)

Bellamy mounted his own horse, and they set out side by side, the rest of their detail following. They’d brought about twenty five warriors and their seconds, enough to protect them but not enough to be an overt threat.

Clarke couldn’t stop staring into the woods, her head swinging side by side to continuously take in her surroundings. They had been on earth for just over two months, now, but she still wasn’t used to the beauty. She hoped she never took any of it for granted, remembering her sharp pining for Earth in the Skybox.

Her headache faded to the background, but it was still a steady presence which she tried to ignore. They didn’t have much in the way of quick pain relief, so learning to deal with minor aches without ibuprofen or other quick fixes would become a necessity. She rolled her shoulders, trying to relieve some of the tension that had settled there, and Bellamy shot a look at her.

“Everything okay?” he asked, scrutinizing her face. Clarke smiled wryly at him.

“Headache, but I think it’s from all the riding. I’ll be good when we get to Polis,” she said, and he nodded.

“We’ll be there soon,” he smiled, and Clarke wanted to punch herself at how gooey she felt seeing
his dimples.

Keep it together girl, she sighed internally, turning back to scan the forest once again.

Polis was amazing. The tower that reared up to the sky from the middle of the veritable city had somehow survived the bombs, and Clarke felt awed by it. They rode through the streets, watching the bustling marketplace. Clarke shivered. There were so many people. She saw some wearing the Trikru insignia, who stopped and bowed to them, or rushed up with words of greeting. Clarke even recognized a few, and clasped their hands warmly.

They were shown by the burly guards at the entrance their chambers, and they dropped off their belongings. Bellamy instructed a few to guard their things, and they went to meet with the Commander.

In all honesty, Clarke was slightly ashamed that she had assumed the Commander to be a man. What she was wholly unprepared for, was a beautiful girl no older than herself, painted with fierce black war paint and sitting on an even greater throne than Bellamy’s. She also wore a deep blood red cape over her shoulder, similar to the one Bellamy wore on occasion. Must be an aesthetic thing, Clarke thought dryly.

“Well met, Heda,” Bellamy bowed slightly to the Commander. It was a strange sight for Clarke to see, but she followed suit quickly and bowed as well.

“And who is this that you’ve brought?” her eyes pierced into her, and Clarke kept her chin high, meeting her gaze. She seemed to see straight through Clarke, and it was slightly unnerving.

“My queen, Clarke,” Bellamy answered, his deep gravelly voice ringing out. The Commander’s eyes cut to him, and Clarke barely caught the surprised that flickered through them.

“So, you’ve finally taken a queen…” she murmured, looking back at Clarke critically. Clarke stood steady by Bellamy’s side, knowing that the entire interaction would move forward based on the Commander’s judgement of her.

“My name is Lexa,” she finally said, standing from her throne. The whole room seemed to sigh in relief, and Clarke felt distinctly that this meant the Commander’s judgement of her was positive. “You are of the Skypeople?” she asked, stepping down the stairs of her dais to stand in front of Clarke. Her beauty seemed even more striking from this close.

“I was,” Clarke answered evenly. “Now I am of Trikru, along with the rest of my people. Bellamy saved us,” she let her admiration of him shine through her voice. Lexa nodded, eyeing her.

“He certainly chose a beautiful wife,” a ghost of a smile pulled at the Commander’s lips, and she nodded. Clarke tried to fight her flush, and she could see Bellamy throw a scowl at Lexa out of the corner of her eye. “I feel more at ease now having met you, Clarke com Trikru. Are you learning our ways?” she asked, and Clarke nodded.

“We are. All of my guards were demoted to seconds upon joining, and those who wished to are working their way up into the status of warrior. I am working as a healer, with Nyko and Lincoln, and learning about your medicine here,” she gave a small smile, and Lexa’s eyebrows rose.

“A healer, too?” she turned to Bellamy smirking. “Wherever did you find this woman, Bellamy?”

He smirked back, crossing his arms lazily over his chest. “The sky.”
Lexa gave a short laugh. “Fair enough. Though we must discuss what this means for the rest of the clans. I know your territory is vast, King Bellamy, but you must be mindful of the Clans to either side of you,” she looked at him pointedly. “Delphi, and Podakru namely. Though it has come to my attention you and Podakru had a small altercation not too long ago?” Bellamy nodded in affirmation.

“They had strayed far onto my land, and you know I do not have much patience for foolishness,” he shrugged, his voice thick with kingly arrogance. Lexa regarded him for a moment, then nodded almost as if to herself.

“Very well. So long as no true aggression was reached,” she said, and Bellamy gave her a solemn nod. Placated, Lexa proceeded to invite them to dinner, which they accepted, and they went back to their chambers to freshen up.

Clarke had barely stepped inside when her legs were suddenly swept out from under her, and she screamed, Bellamy scooping her up into his hold.

“Hey!” she yelled, smacking at his chest as he carried her through the room to a door on the other side. In there was a bath tub that could easily fit four people, already filled with steaming water that she could see was heated by a small brazier below it in a dip in the floor. Clarke’s eyes almost bugged out of her head and her gasp made Bellamy laugh.

“Are you ready for a hot bath, my queen?” he grinned, and Clarke tried (really tried) not to squeal in excitement but this was just about the best thing that had ever happened to her, ever.

“I’ve never been more ready in my life,” she laughed.

Bellamy set her down, and Clarke was almost tearing off her clothes in her haste to get in the water. Bellamy chuckled, following in a much more relaxed suit. She dipped her fingers in the water, almost moaning at the warmth.

Bellamy climbed in first, then took her hand and drew her in after him settling her against his front. Clarke sank down slowly into the water, the warmth seeping into her bones and she didn’t bother stifling her groan. Her headache faded even further as the muscles knotted in her shoulders loosened slowly but surely. Bellamy methodically ran a bar of lavender-filled soap (Clarke took a moment to appreciate what a luxury this simple bar of soap must be in this society) over her body and coaxed her to shift down so he could wash her hair. He undid her braids gently, and massaged the soap into her scalp, detangling her golden strands.

Clarke let herself be lulled by his touch, sighing contentedly. He washed himself next, then after using a pitcher of warm water to rinse them off, let his hands drift over her, swirling lines over her skin. His fingers moved to her breasts, playing with her nipples and Clarke bit her lip, moaning lightly. Her face was flushed from the heat of the water, a light sheen of sweat beading her upper lip as one of his hands dipped below the water, trailing down her stomach between her thighs. Clarke’s eyes fluttered shut as he began rubbing small circles over her clit, and she could feel his hardness grow against her back and she squirmed, feeling a different heat pooling in her lower belly.

“What do you want, Princess?” Bellamy murmured in her ear, fingers still teasing her clit. Clarke arched her back, grinding her ass against his hardness and she heard him draw a satisfying sharp breath.

“I want you, Bellamy,” she whispered, continuing to gyrate her hips slowly against him. Bellamy growled in her ear. Without preamble, he lifted her easily in the water, and positioned himself at her entrance. She let herself sink slowly down onto him, relishing the little burn she felt at taking his thick length. His hands landed on her hips, thrusting slightly to push further in until he was full
seated inside of her. Clarke gasped, feeling so stretched and full it was bordering on blissful agony, she wanted him to move so badly. He kept his hands firm on her waist, not letting her budge an inch. Finally, after she was almost ready to beg him to move, he pulled out just an inch, before grinding slowly back into her. He kept up this maddening pace, staying mostly inside of her, and his hand returned to her clit, rubbing tight circles over it. Clarke moaned, grinding down with his every thrust, pushing him impossibly deeper.

“Fuck yeah, Princess… you feel so good,” he growled in her ear, thrusting a little harder and Clarke gasped, feeling the pleasure starting to pulse faster in her.

“Bell-amy,” she whimpered, her head falling back onto his shoulder as he kept his maddening pace, barely even fucking her, but his fingers worked even faster and Clarke felt herself spiraling out of control.

“Let go, Princess, I want to feel you cum on my cock,” he hissed, pinching her clit firmly between his thumb and forefinger as he pumped his hips a few more times. Clarke clenched down on him, her orgasm beginning to crest over her- slow and consuming like a fire. He released her clit while she was still in the throes and the pleasure peaked suddenly and she cried out, fluttering around his cock. Bellamy groaned, fucking into her harder once, twice, then he shuddered, coming with a strangled hiss of her name, and she could feel his cock pulsing hard and deep inside of her. He kept his fingers pressed against her clit, every now and then pressing into it to send another aftershock of pleasure through her and she whimpered with each one, clenching down on his cock over and over as the pleasure drew out for minutes. Bellamy was kissing her neck, murmuring praise and Clarke felt warm exhaustion seep into her, making her rest heavily back against Bellamy.

Eventually he pulled out of her, and she moaned at the loss. Gathering her in his arms once more, he rose and stepped carefully out of the tub, setting her down gently on the fur rug. She didn’t care that she was leaning almost limp against Bellamy, letting him support her weight as he toweled her off gently, squeezing the water out of her hair. He dried himself off, then he picked Clarke up again, this time letting her legs wrap around his hips and he carried her to the bed. Clarke let her arms drape over his shoulders and her head rest in the crook of his neck as he laid her down in the bed, laying the towel below her wet hair on the pillow and curling up next to her, burying his face in her neck. The whole thing was so tender and gentle that Clarke felt unwarranted tears pricking at her eyes and she let herself drift into an exhausted sleep next to the Grounder king she had fallen for so deeply without any hope of returning from it.

A few hours later she was woken by light kisses on her face and she groaned, swatting at the offender who dared to wake her. A deep chuckle reached her, and she cracked an eye open to glare at Bellamy.

"Come on, Princess. It is time for dinner. Your king is hungry," he growled, biting at her throat and she dissolved into giggles at his antics, play-pushing him away. He let her clamber off the bed, and she felt wonderfully refreshed, not to mention being clean felt amazing. After she dressed in a fresh set of clothes, Bellamy made her sit on the bed in front of him and he painstakingly braided her hair, making it similar to the intricate braids of her wedding day. She blushed at the memory, enjoying the feel of his fingers in her hair.

"Ready to go down and dine with the great Commander?" Bellamy asked archly and Clarke huffed a laugh.

"Ready as I ever will be."
I changed the population increase last chapter from 600 to 800, cause I remembered the 300 warriors that would have died when Clarke pulled the lever on the show wouldn't have, so it makes sense if the Ark added the 100 delinquents, plus say, another 300-400 skypeople, that number combined with the woods clan would be significantly higher than just 600.

Also, I have made the executive decision in my story that Polis is where Baltimore used to be. I believe a large amount of the 100 fans have also come to that conclusion, but that's where it is in my story. It's also my assumption that Trikru is Washington DC/Virginia, Delphi clan is from Philadelphia/Pennsylvania, the Lake Clan is by the Roanoke river/North Carolina, etc. (So yeah, if Bellamy's hunting party ran into the Lake Clan they were straying pretty far into Bellamy's territory so they were right to freak out and fight them). i know some maps have them more spread out from each other but i think communication and union between the clans would have been a lot harder if they were super far away. i'm sure there are clans further out in the US but i believe the 13 clans Lexa brought together are sort of similar to the 13 colonies, and are basically east of the Appalachians. Creative liberties, eh.

Next chapter will be Dinner With Lexa and... other thingsss. Surgery is tomorrow so i cant guarantee an update but we shall see how i feel! xoxo thanks again so much for the support so far! reading your comments puts such a huge smile on my face <3
Ai hod, Ai Heda

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

At dinner (really, a more apt name would be feast,) Clarke let Bellamy field most of the questions Lexa had. She grilled him on how many of the Skypeople had joined his clan, where they were living, how many were of fighting ability, and how many children. He answered each question smoothly, at times downplaying the fighting ability that Clarke knew her people had, but she knew it was for the best. If Lexa was to let this joining continue in peace, they needed to secure her favour. A few of the foods were so delicious they made Clarke’s mouth water, but a few made her smile tightly and politely refuse them, the smells overpowering her and making her feel slightly lightheaded. There was music being played somewhere, simple flutes and drums, and the laughter and conversation swelled through the hall and filled the place with energy that was impossible to resist.

Lexa then turned to her, after she finished discussing everything with Bellamy. “So, Clarke. What else do you do besides healing in the village?” she asked, her voice almost conversational, somehow audible over the din created by the feasting attendants.

Clarke took a drink of water to clear her throat. “Well, I help organize the building projects for the new cabins, and kind of just help around if people have questions or need anything from me. But honestly most of my time is spent healing or gathering herbs in the medical tent. I like it, it makes me happy,” she smiled softly, and Lexa’s eyes didn’t leave hers for a second.

“Healers are our greatest gift in this society,” Lexa nodded sagely. “We’re truly blessed to receive another who knows so much.” Clarke caught the ‘we’ Lexa used, and refrained from glancing at Bellamy in confusion.

“Now, Heda, you can’t be stealing my wife away from me, you have plenty of healers here,” Bellamy admonished teasingly, but his knee pressed against Clarke’s, and she realized suddenly that the Commander very well might want her to stay, or at least visit frequently so she could use her talents for herself. She laughed good-naturedly, resting a hand on Bellamy’s shoulder to reassure him subtly with her presence. She felt flushed in this room, and his body heat was only making her hotter, but she didn’t want to pull away.

“I can hardly stand to be away from him for his hunting trips, truly,” she beamed at Bellamy, and his gaze flickered at her with latent heat. She smiled innocently, remembering back to the hunting trip he had come home late and the resulting, mind blowing sex they had had in the medical tent. If his gaze was anything to go by he was remembering the exact same thing.

“A shame,” Lexa sighed, amusement still coloring her tone. “Well, I promise we have lovely quarters here for you Clarke, whenever you wish to visit me.” Clarke smiled politely and nodded, taking another bite of her food as an excuse not to answer.

She realized in the back of her mind that the Commander was flirting with her, and it flooded her with discomfort and nervousness. The last thing she wanted was to start a fight between Lexa and Bellamy, or worse, a feud.

Helen of Troy indeed, she thought sarcastically, and the conversation thankfully slipped back into safer territory. She still caught Lexa’s eyes on her frequently, and Clarke kept her face friendly and neutral, making sure to brush against Bellamy as much as possible to placate his easy jealousy. She
knew Bellamy would wholeheartedly rise to any challenge to his claim on her, but she obviously didn’t want it to go anywhere near that far.

Lexa mentioned the Mountain during one of her points, and Clarke perked up, her head snapping to the Commander’s direction.

“I actually wanted to ask you about that,” she said, leaning forward. Bellamy’s fingers resting on her back, playing with the strands of her hair as he watched in approval. “It’s been so many years, Bellamy tells me, that the Mountain has been plaguing these parts. My people brought technology with them from the Ark. I bet we could find a way to take it down,” she couldn’t hide the excitement in her voice, and Lexa regarded her curiously, intrigue shining in her eyes.

“Spoken like a true warrior queen,” she smirked, nodding approvingly. “I would be very interested in hearing your plans for this, Clarke.”

“We would need to do some reconnaissance to really figure out who the Mountain Men are, and possibly some weaknesses in the Mountain. If they live inside, there’s a way in and out,” she said confidently. Lexa’s eyes were shining with interest, and a small smile pulled at the corner of her lips.

“Your queen continues to be full of surprises, King Bellamy,” Lexa turned to him, and Clarke could see him smirking with pride, his fingers threading through her braids.

“She surprises me every day,” he turned his smile to her, and leaned in for a searing kiss. Clarke blushed furiously, unable to keep herself from melting into the kiss. It was like this every time he kissed her, and she wondered if she would ever get used to it.

Clarke excused herself briefly to relieve herself, and on her way back to the feast she turned the corner in the hall and almost ran smack into Lexa.

“Oh! Heda, I’m sorry,” Clarke laughed nervously, but Lexa just smiled, almost lounging there, eyeing Clarke speculatively. The feast was muted, still a ways down the hall.

“You intrigue me, Clarke,” Lexa began, and her stomach dropped. Oh, not again…

“You’re from the sky but you speak like one of us, truly, from your heart.” She stepped closer, tucking a lock of loose hair behind Clarke’s ear. Clarke felt paralyzed with fear, not wanting to insult Lexa but frightened of what Bellamy might think or do.

“Heda…” she started, swallowing. “I belong to Bellamy,” her brows furrowed, trying to communicate to Lexa how much this couldn’t happen. Lexa smiled wryly.

“I’m aware, Clarke, believe me. I could simply challenge him to a duel to win you, if I so chose,” she mused, and Clarke’s stomach dropped even further.

“I’m aware, Clarke, believe me. I could simply challenge him to a duel to win you, if I so chose,” she mused, and Clarke’s stomach dropped even further.

“I’m happy with him,” she swallowed thickly, heart pounding with fear. Lexa’s gaze moved between hers, almost as if she were searching for something in Clarke’s eyes. She held her breath, not even daring to move.

“Do you love him?” she asked suddenly, and Clarke blinked in surprise.

“I…” she faltered, not sure how to articulate the mess of emotions that constantly flooded through her when she thought of Bellamy. She swallowed, gathering her courage. “I think I do,” she finally admitted, heart racing as the words finally left her mouth, hanging in the air heavily. Lexa gave her a small smile, and nodded.

“Then I will keep my interest to myself, though you are an intriguing woman, Clarke,” she brushed
her fingertips over Clarke’s cheek. “Bellamy is lucky you landed in his territory, and not mine,” she sighed, and Clarke finally felt the tension leave her in a rush. Lexa turned and walked back to the feast, and Clarke leaned heavily on the wall with a thud, mind racing.

She’d just admitted to the Commander that she loved Bellamy.

She loved Bellamy.

Just then, as if summoned by her thoughts, he stepped out from an alcove a few feet away, and Clarke jumped, her face flushing.

“Bellamy…” she stuttered, swallowing. Shit, how much did he hear?

He stared at her, his expression unreadable except for a flicker of shock in his eyes. She swallowed.

“What did you say to her?” he asked, taking a slow step towards her.

“I…” her voice caught in her throat, her eyes wide as she watched him take another slow step.

“What did you say to her, Clarke?” his voice was a whisper, his eyes boring into hers. Her heart felt as though it were trying to pound its way out of her chest. She shook her head, frozen. He was right in front of her now, towering over her. “What. Did. You. Say. To her,” he demanded, his voice quiet, his eyes shining in the dim light.

“You…” her voice came out strangled, and he stepped forward again, backing her into the wall, his hands bracing themselves on either side of her so she was effectively trapped. She couldn’t tear her eyes away from his even if she tried.

“What did you answer to the Commander when she asked you if you love me?” his whisper was so quiet it was almost drowned out by the pounding of blood in her ears. Heat flooded through Clarke in a confusing mixture of lust and fear and it was dizzying. This was it, there was no turning back. If she lied she risked making him angry, but if she told the truth… there was no going back from that. None at all. Clarke felt lost in his eyes, the warmth of his body cascading over her in waves, heating her up further and she struggled to breathe through the onslaught of emotions.

The moment drew out endlessly as he waited for her answer, not backing down an inch, not moving his gaze from her. Clarke scrambled about for any solution, but came up blank. She was quite literally between a rock and a hard place.

Finally, deciding to take the wild leap and damn the consequences, she took a deep, shaking breath.

“I do,” she whispered. Bellamy’s eyes flared, and a muscle in his jaw ticked.

“Say it,” his low gravelly voice seemed to reverberate through her, dark and full of heat. Clarke felt like she was drowning. Her hands clenched into fists, her nails digging crescent shaped marks in her palm. There was no way out of this for her, no way she could escape with her dignity intact to keep her secret. Finally, she gave in.

“I love you,” she whispered brokenly. Bellamy’s eyes fluttered shut, and a deep, shuddering breath left him. He hung his head slightly in front of her, and Clarke felt a new kind of fear, a burning hurt beginning to flare in her chest and prick at her eyes with unshed tears. He doesn’t feel the same, he doesn’t—

“My queen,” he breathed, opening his eyes and they were shining so brightly with hope and desire, Clarke’s head spun. Her mind was wiped blank, and her lips parted in shock.
“Ai hod yu in,” he whispered, and pressed his lips to hers in a searing kiss. Clarke jolted, suddenly connecting the dots to what that phrase he’d said to her weeks ago meant.

*I love you.*

With a gasp, Clarke threw her arms around Bellamy’s neck, crushing him to her as she kissed him with wild abandon, losing herself in him. His arms wrapped around her, and he pressed her just as tightly to him, as if he couldn’t get close enough to her. Clarke responded by practically crawling up him, wrapping her legs around his waist and he staggered forward, pressing her against the wall as he devoured her lips, their breaths mixing harshly.

“Mine,” Bellamy growled against her lips, grinding his hips into the apex of her thighs. “Mine, mine, mine…” his lips moved down to her throat, leaving biting, sucking kisses as he went and Clarke gasped for air, her fingers threading through his hair as he surrounded her, every sense of hers filled with just Bellamy.

He turned suddenly, still holding her up effortlessly and stalked through the halls, moving quickly up the stairs and almost barreling into their room. Clarke caught their guards outside smirking at them right before Bellamy kicked the door shut. He staggered to the wall, almost slamming her up against it as he kissed her again with bruising force. Clarke made herself busy with all of the buckles and clasps of his apparel, and one by one his cape, jacket, and baldric fell to the ground. He set her down briefly, pulling her own jacket and shirt off before removing his, and taking her breasts in his hands, he kissed her again, tweaking her nipples.

Clarke arched up into his touch, moaning as he played with her sensitive skin, her fingers diving into his dark curls at the base of his neck. He kissed her again, almost like he was a man starved and her lips were the only way to get relief. He moved again, and Clarke felt the bed hit the backs of her knees.

Without breaking the kiss, Bellamy hoisted her up onto the mattress, pushing her back until she was splayed out for him. His hand trailed down her stomach, his eyes dark and heavy with desire, and he made quick work of her boots and pants, throwing them off to the side. Clarke blushed as he spread her legs, eyeing the pink wetness of her cunt like it was going to be his last meal.

“This is mine, too,” he growled, moving down to lick a long stripe through her wetness. Clarke mewed, squirming as he set to work laving at her clit, taking turns with fucking her open with his tongue and teasing her with his calloused fingers. Electric heat sizzled through Clarke, and she tried to muffle her cries against her hand but he captured it in his own, threading his fingers through hers and fucking her even harder with his tongue.

“Bell… Bellamy… Bellamy,” she chanted as his tongue drove into her wickedly, his free finger rubbing her clit in tight little circles, sending shockwaves down her spine. It was building too hot, too quickly, his hands moving up now to pin her down as he took her clit in his mouth, sucking hard.

Clarke screamed, bowing up off the bed as pleasure crashed through her, detonating in a thousand little explosions all over her. His tongue pumped recklessly against her clit, drawing out her pleasure, driving it impossibly higher as she cried out, her nails scraping at his scalp.

He finally pulled away, shucking off the rest of his clothing before moving over her, sliding his cock through the flood of wetness between her thighs, coating himself and brushing against her oversensitive clit. She whimpered, grasping at his shoulders desperately as he pushed into her without warning, stretching and burning her in the most delicious way.

“You are mine,” he whispered, his voice completely wrecked.
“Yes!” she cried, and he groaned, thrusting hard into her so he bottomed out. Clarke’s knees hooked around his waist as he began fucking her hard, his forehead pressed against hers and they lost themselves in each other.

“I knew from the day I met you,” he panted against her lips, grabbing her wrists and pinning them above her head. Clarke gasped, her eyes flying open to meet his heavy gaze. “I knew you would be my everything, ai hod, ai Heda…” Clarke moaned in response, the embers burning inside of her already flaring up again into flames. She felt herself tightening around him and he only moved faster, changing his angle slightly and hitting that sweet spot inside of her that made her see stars. His teeth grazed her jaw, and he left a sucking kiss right on her pulse point. Clarke rolled her hips up into his with every thrust, loving the way he took her so completely. She was a slave to his touch, to every stab of pleasure that tore through her as he fucked her with wild abandon.

“Oh, oh, fuck!” Clarke screamed, the pleasure suddenly flooding through her mercilessly as she clamped down on his cock, moaning wantonly. Bellamy gritted his teeth, fucking her through her second orgasm but held himself back, the muscle in his jaw ticking with the force of his self-control. He slowed down, pausing with every thrust inside of her to grind deeper, biting her lip as he whispered to her how good she felt, how tight and hot and wet she was and all for him. Clarke whimpered, feeling the desire flaring up in her again as he built them both up slowly once more.

He released her wrists and took hold of her right leg, pushing it over his shoulder and he leaned forward, pressing her open so he could push deeper into her with every thrust. Clarke wrapped her arms around his shoulders, pressing her cheek against his as she surrendered herself completely to the pleasure.

“Say it,” he whispered in her ear, nosing below her jaw. Clarke shuddered, clenching involuntarily on him at his demand.

“I love you,” she gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders. He groaned, jerking above her slightly.

“Again,” he demanded, thrusting a little harder. Clarke moaned, throwing her head back.

“I love you!” her voice was so wrecked, and he nipped at her throat, pounding into her now as she practically sobbed it over and over again, holding on to him desperately as the pleasure began to crest in her again. Bellamy growled, his free hand curling around her throat as he fucked her into oblivion, and Clarke let the heat overtake her, completely lost to him.

Bellamy let out a choked groan, thrusting hard into her a few more times before burying himself deep in her, his cock pulsing out his release. Clarke’s pussy fluttered around him, making him curse at the sensation, his teeth latching onto her shoulder at the base of her neck as their orgasms drew out.

Eventually, he reached out to the bedside table and grabbed the towel from earlier when her hair had been wet. He cleaned her gently, then himself before discarding the towel to the side and pulling her onto his chest. Clarke curled into him, letting her eyes drift shut and her mind empty except for one thought that seemed to fill her heart to the brim.

*He loves me, too.*

Chapter End Notes

Surgery went well! I'm recovering now and just trying to ignore how stiff and sore I am.
Thanks for all the support!
In Sickness and In Health

Chapter Summary

Clarke gets a bomb shell, and learns that she actually likes something she didn't think she liked before.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Morning light filtered in cruelly through the window, and Clarke whimpered in disapproval. Her head ache was back in full force, and her stomach felt unsettled. She tried to think back to what she’d eaten the night before, maybe it was that strange reddish purple meat… but it had tasted so delicious, and she didn’t understand how it could have made her sick. She frowned, breathing through the slight nausea.

Bellamy hummed contentedly, rolling over to wrap his arm around her but Clarke groaned, pulling away. The pressure of his arm on her stomach made her dizzy and she tasted something metallic.

“Clarke?” he murmured, and she saw his concern and confusion.

“I’m sorry, I just…” she clenched her jaw, then sprinting out of bed, ran to the waste bin and promptly emptied the contents of her stomach into it. She groaned, leaning her sweating face against the cool stone of the wall, and she heard Bellamy rush out of bed to her side.

“Clarke?!” he gently pulled her hair out of her face, using a leather thong to tie it out of the way. She thanked him shakily, breathing carefully but the worst of the nausea seemed to have passed.

“Must have eaten something bad last night,” she smiled weakly at him, and he kissed her forehead, moving to the bathroom and coming back with a damp cloth. He wiped her face and her mouth gently, and then handed her a wooden cup with some water. She swished it around her mouth, then spit it into the waste bin, trying to expel the foul taste from her mouth. What she would have given for some toothpaste right then.

“I’ll send one of the guards to get you something from the herbalist,” he murmured, stroking her cheek before pulling on his pants and leaving to go eat and speak to Lexa. Clarke felt marginally better as the minutes passed, and she got dressed herself just in time for Lara, one of their guards who had rich chestnut hair and hazel eyes usually lined with kohl, to slip in with some bread, honey, and
mint, as well as a pitcher of fresh water.

“Thank you so much,” Clarke said effusively, eating the bread and honey carefully, but her stomach was already feeling much better. Lara bowed her head in acknowledgement before throwing her a curious look, and Clarke furrowed her brows at her.

“Is everything alright, Lara?” The girl looked uncertain, but she took a step closer to Clarke, eyeing her in a way that made Clarke slightly nervous.

“Heda… forgive me for asking, but when did you last bleed?” Lara bit her lip, and Clarke froze, her mind grinding to a halt, the piece of bread halfway to her mouth forgotten.

“What do you mean?” her voice came out breathless, her mind whirring. No, it was impossible. She had the implant…

“Well, my sister, when she became with child, she had the day sickness too, even though we ate the same foods,” Lara said carefully, looking significantly uncomfortable at being so bold with Clarke. “Then she realized her blood had not come that moon.”

Clarke counted backwards in her head frantically, trying to keep her face blank, but she knew she was failing. Her entire world was tilting on its axis. Lara smiled softly, seeming emboldened at the fact that Clarke hadn’t yelled at her, and coming to sit beside Clarke.

“Do not worry, Heda. This is blessing,” she murmured, taking Clarke’s hand in hers. Her hands were a strange mix of soft and calloused.

“How—” her voice choked off, and she cleared her throat, trying again. “How do I know for certain?”

“My sister was tired, her breasts sore, and of course the day sickness,” Lara ticked off on her fingers and Clarke did a mental check of herself from the past few days. She had been exhausted from the long journey here but wasn’t that to be expected? Surely that wasn’t out of the ordinary. Her hand subtly touched her breast and she grimaced, noticing how they felt a little heavier, but Bellamy had played with them a lot last night… but hadn’t they been sensitive then, too?

“I guess we’ll just have to see over the next few days, but… let me be the one to tell Bellamy, okay?” she asked, and Lara smiled.

“Of course, Heda. I will keep it to myself until you wish otherwise.”

Lara made sure she finished her breakfast, a comforting presence, then excused herself back to her post outside the door. Clarke washed her face again, trying to rationalize other reasons for her bout of sickness this morning. Her stomach could have just disagreed with something she ate, it wasn’t completely out of the possibility. With the business of expanding the village she had lost track of her menses but from her count she was about a week and a half late, which, while it didn’t necessarily mean anything since the stresses of the ground were affecting every girl’s cycle, she had to quietly admit to herself she had been fairly regular even since coming down. That still didn’t explain the implant failing, but she would have to speak to her mother about that. The thought made her grimace. The last thing she wanted was to admit that she needed her mother’s help in anything.

At midday, she made her way to the man powered elevator, determined not to miss the entire talks with Lexa. She was feeling better, mostly just a little spooked at this point. Nothing was confirmed or denied, but Clarke was hypervigilant about everything she was feeling now. She scrutinized every little sensation that she experienced, trying to come up with any number of differential diagnoses that
weren’t… well, *that*. She couldn’t even bring herself to think the word.

Bellamy and Lexa were seated at a table in deep discussion when the guards let Clarke through to the room. Bellamy looked up and gave her a small smile. Lexa gestured in welcome.

“Clarke! I am pleased you are joining us. I hope you are feeling better?” she asked sincerely, and Clarke nodded, folding herself onto the bench next to Bellamy who immediately touched her back, rubbing soothing circles on it. Her heart stuttered, remembering just yesterday they were proclaiming their love in the throes of passion. It had added an entirely new depth to their interactions, and she found herself almost jittery in his presence, though it seemed silly.

“Yes, much better. Sometimes my stomach still needs to adjust to the different food here on the ground,” she shrugged, smiling sheepishly. With an understanding nod, Lexa moved back to the topic of conversation. Mostly she just wanted to grill Bellamy on his intentions, and further plans now that he had added an entire new clan to his. He seemed to be doing an amazing job placating her, speaking of moving towards western territories rather than north or south where there would be clashes with other clans. Clarke stayed mostly quiet, only adding her input here and there when it seemed warranted, but she was content to let the war lords hash it out. She was still somewhat mentally tired from the days of corralling the hundred and trying to make sure they all survived, but it was very educational hearing the two leaders negotiating and discussing strategy.

“I understand you are still hemmed in from the Mountain, but if your new queen’s ambitions match her fortitude and cunning, I am sure it will not be an issue for much longer. And you of course have my full support and resources behind you if you do choose to attack,” Lexa said, and Clarke felt a thrill of victory lance through her.

“Thank you, *Heda*. We’ll have a report to you on our progress within the month, I’m sure,” Clarke smiled. Lexa stood, and Bellamy and Clarke followed, clasping forearms in their new agreement. Their success with the Commander was almost enough to distract Clarke from the looming uncertainty currently hiding inside of her stomach.

“We’ll be heading back to the village at first light tomorrow, did you have anything else you wished to do here?” Bellamy asked as they made their way back to their chambers. Clarke shook her head, stifling a yawn.

“No, but I think I’ll take another nap before dinner,” she laughed quietly, and Bellamy nodded.

“Sickness always made Octavia tired when she was younger,” he said, his voice full of fondness. Clarke smiled, trying to hide her nervousness. What if it wasn’t simply a virus?

“Yeah, I think a nap would be best for my headache, too,” she answered, nodding to Lara and Kingston as they pushed through the door into their quarters. Lara kept her face blank, but Clarke didn’t miss the way her eyes flickered quickly over her, checking her well-being. It would have filled her with sappy gratitude that her guards were this loyal and caring towards her already, if she wasn’t so worried about the cause of Lara’s concern.

The second Clarke’s foot stepped inside the quarters and her eyes fell on the bed, she felt a sudden flush run through her. An aching heat pooled between her thighs, and she took a deep breath, her eyes landing on Bellamy as he moved forward, pulling off his jacket. He turned when he realized Clarke had stopped, and he met her heavy gaze with curiosity, which quickly turned to a mischievous smirk.

“See something you like, *Heda*?” Clarke licked her lips, unable to respond through the fierce lust that was slamming through her with no provocation.
Bellamy seemed to preen under her appreciative gaze, taking his time as he peeled off the baldric for his sword, undoing the clasps on his vest until each fell to the ground. Her eyes raked over his chest, and he pulled the shirt off as well, flexing his muscles so that the light shone on them. His body was so unfair.

“Sit,” she found herself saying, and his eyes flared with desire as he backed up obediently and sat on the edge of the bed. Clarke moved forward, hardly recognizing herself as she finally ended up in front of him. She sank to her knees in front of him, and didn’t miss the heavy breath he took.

With nimble fingers, she undid the clasps of his pants, and with his help tugged them down until they pooled on the floor next to his boots which he’d toed off at some point. His cock stood proud against his stomach, already hard and straining. She could see his knuckles white as he clenched the furs to either side of his hips, but he sat perfectly still, his hooded gaze taking her in.

“What would my king like?” she practically whispered, taking the hard length in her hand. She felt him twitch under her touch, a drop of precum spilling from the tip at her words. She spread it around with her thumb, admiring the silky feel of his head.

“I want you to suck my cock, pretty girl,” Bellamy growled, and Clarke felt a rush of heat stab straight between her thighs, wetness leaking out and dampening her panties.

“Yes, sir,” she breathed, not knowing where this eager subservience was coming from. It was so hot to have him demanding things of her, but if her pussy clenching was any indication she was thoroughly enjoying it.

She let her tongue peek out, licking the sweet saltiness of his precum, and he groaned. She hadn’t done this with Finn, had never really wanted to with anyone but all she wanted in the world in this moment was to have Bellamy’s cock deep in her mouth. She scolded herself inwardly for letting him distract her so much up until this point that she had never gotten the chance to do this. She took him deeper into her mouth, laving her tongue over the underside and making sure her lips covered her teeth. She sucked, reveling in his taste as she pumped her mouth onto his cock, curling her hand around the base that she had no hope of ever fitting in her mouth. He breathed harshly, his fingers tangled in her hair as she worked up and down his cock, letting the head hit the back of her throat several times, gagging lightly.

“Such a good girl, ah,” he groaned, fingers flexing in her hair as she did it again and his head went a little deeper. “Such a pretty mouth,” he practically panted. She licked a long stripe from base to tip, ripping a moan out of him before taking him as far as he would go, trying to relax her throat around him.

“Oh, fuck! Yes, take my cock Princess,” he gritted out between his teeth, hips thrusting ever so slightly against his control and Clarke felt so much wetness flooding between her thighs. She was so horny just from the filthy words tumbling out of his mouth and the silk covered steel of his cock pushing between her lips. With her free hand she desperately undid the clasp of her pants, shoving a hand between her thighs and started rubbing her clit furiously.

“Are you touching yourself?” he groaned, holding her head in place as he arched his neck to look down at what her hand was doing. “Such a naughty Princess, you love sucking my cock, don’t you? Have to touch yourself it makes you so hot,” he growled and she moaned around his cock in agreement, tongue working rhythmically over him as he kept her head in place, thrusting his hips slightly so that he was fucking her mouth. She keened, feeling her own pleasure beginning to crest and he groaned again.

“You’re getting off from me fucking your mouth aren’t you?” he whispered and Clarke’s pussy
spasmed and she moaned. “Fuck yeah you are, look at you. Such a dirty girl, loving my cock,” he thrusted a little harder, the head of his cock pushing further into her throat and Clarke focused on relaxing it so she could take him deeper and not gag. “Fuck, Clarke, fuck…” he moaned, and Clarke felt herself starting to peak. She whimpered, hips canting wantonly against her fingers.

“Fuck!” he growled, suddenly tearing her off him and throwing her down on the bed. Clarke gasped, her orgasm interrupted just as it was starting but he practically ripped her pants off, pulling her hips off the bed and thrusted home. Clarke cried out into the furs, her pussy clamping down on his cock as her orgasm washed over her and she heard him groaning behind her. He set a punishing pace, fucking her hard and fast into the bed and Clarke didn’t bother trying to stifle her cries as the burn from being stretched melded with the heat of her pleasure, sweeping her away in its tide. He fucked her through her orgasm and kept going relentlessly, and Clarke impossibly felt the heat building again.

He leaned over her, pressing his chest to her back and wrapped his arms around her, fucking her even harder, his fingers playing with her sensitive nipples and she felt her legs shaking, barely able to hold her weight anymore as she felt the wave of ecstasy building higher inside of her, his cock hitting her g-spot with every thrust and making her see stars.

“Give it to me, Princess,” he groaned in her ear, and Clarke clenched down, almost wailing as his words pushed her over the edge into bliss. She heard him groan and shout her name, coming hard inside of her and she whimpered, feeling his cock twitch inside of her.

“Bellamy…” she moaned, still clenching around him and he could only answer with a wrecked moan, his arms tightening around her.

She almost laughed to herself. If this was a horny mood swing and it led to such mind blowing sex, could she really be that upset? Thankfully, her head ache was gone (one thing orgasms were good for,) and she let him clean them up before pulling her on top of him on the bed. She fell into a blissful sleep, surrounded by his strong arms and deep, steady heartbeat.

Whatever was happening, she knew they would figure it out together.

Chapter End Notes

I can't believe I've neglected poor Bellamy so far, but maybe Clarke just really didn't know that she liked giving blow jobs until now. Those damn hormones...
Back at camp, Clarke was swept away by the flurry of activity. She had hidden a second bout of sickness the day before on the journey home claiming she had to stop and relieve herself. It had been a close call, but Lara eyed her shrewdly as Clarke returned to her horse, a sheen of sweat beading her brow and chewing mint. She grimaced in response, and Lara just raised an eyebrow and turned her horse back around. Bellamy was none the wiser, and Clarke felt slightly guilty for hiding it from him, but she really wanted to be sure (whether for herself or not she couldn’t say. She needed to come to terms with this first before dragging more people into it.)

Halfway through examining a twisted ankle that had happened while she was away at Polis, the smell of the cooking fires wafted towards Clarke with a random change in the wind. She jerked up, hand over her mouth and she rushed out of the medical tent and found a tree to empty her stomach behind.

Clarke knew she wouldn’t be able to keep telling herself (or anyone) the “ate something funny” excuse when she looked up to see Bellamy looming over her as she was leaning heavily on the tree chewing some mint leaves which she now kept stocked in her pockets. She smiled weakly at him.

“Uh…” she didn’t get to come up with a lame excuse as he grabbed her arm, hauling her towards him and his eyes searched her face frantically.

“What is going on, Clarke?” he demanded, wiping the sweat off of her brow with surprising gentleness. Her heart pounded, and she swallowed nervously, grabbing her water skin and rinsing her mouth of the leaves as an excuse not to answer him right away.

“I don’t know, stomach bug?” she mumbled, looking everywhere but him. She knew she was being a coward but looking him in the face just then felt impossible. She felt his fingers grab her chin and pull her so she was forced to look at him. His eyes bore into hers, and she swallowed.

“Clarke.” His tone brooked no argument, and she felt literally cornered (her back was up against the tree she had just beautifully puked behind.) “Don’t lie to me.”

“I…” she swallowed, heart racing. There was nothing else to do than tell him. Could she? “I’m late,” she finished lamely, suddenly irrationally scared of his reaction.

A muscle in his jaw ticked as he clenched his jaw, his eyes still boring into hers but seeming suspiciously brighter now, and he blinked slowly, as if trying to process her words for any other meaning than what they were. “…What?”

“My… monthly thing—period—is almost two weeks late,” she admitted quietly, and his head bowed, much like he did the night she told him she loved him and once again the fear of rejection or his anger fluttered through her.

Without warning, Bellamy’s lips crashed onto hers and she gasped, fingers grasping at his shoulders as he pushed her back against the tree.

“Ai hod,” he whispered against her lips, and Clarke felt the nervousness tightening her chest bubble over into something resembling happiness, which was the last thing she expected from being pregnant.
She laughed, biting her lip at his gaze which was suffused with love and hope and wonder and he had honestly never looked so beautiful before and it was slamming into her like a ton of bricks that *they were going to have a baby*. Her heart stuttered and she wondered at the strange twist her life had taken.

“I wasn’t sure, I just wanted to know for certain,” she tried to explain, but he just laughed, picking her up around her hips and spinning her around.

“My queen!” he crowed, carrying her back to the main part of camp. Everyone turned to look at them, expressions ranging from curiosity to amusement (Monty and Jasper were grinning albeit curious and Raven was smirking, eyeing Clarke knowingly.) She caught Lara’s suspiciously shining-eyed smile where she was posted outside of the medical tent. How did she get so lucky to be surrounded by all of these people she loved and cared for?

For the first time Clarke felt something akin to joy rather than fear or despair. She grinned, swatting at his shoulders to put her down but he refused, laughing and spinning her around again, and suddenly she was laughing and everyone was smiling at the pair and Clarke knew everything would be alright.

Bellamy pressed a kiss to her stomach, and she heard the collective gasps from the small crowd that had gathered. Jasper and Monty’s mouths dropped in hilarious tandem, Raven’s eyebrows rose in shock, and Clarke barely caught Finn’s expression of anguish before he stormed off, but he was easy to ignore with Bellamy holding her tightly and what seemed like the entire village in an uproar of sudden celebration. Of them. Their baby. *They were having a baby.*

Several of the hundred rushed forward, including Harper, Monty, and Jasper, all gushing and asking rapid fire questions. Even Raven abandoned her most recent project, wiping grease off her hands as she came to join the well-wishers, giving Clarke a tight hug. Of all, Clarke was happiest she got to keep Raven as a friend. Cheers and excitement were quickly spreading through the camp and Clarke felt overwhelmed. Bellamy lowered her gently down and kissed her deeply, before accepting all of the congratulations, many of which included hard slaps to the back from his warriors, whereas they gave gentle kisses on Clarke’s cheek or hands.

“*Nomon!*” Lara came over, beaming, and leaving a kiss on Clarke’s cheek. *Mother.* To her surprise, Octavia came over as well, giving her a small smile. Clarke accepted her hand, squeezing it as Octavia’s smile widened to include Bellamy, who grabbed her into a huge hug. Octavia didn’t even pretend to grumble, hugging her brother back just as fiercely and laughing.

What had been a feared secret this morning was now a celebration for the entire village, the air itself seemed to be sparkling with the combined excitement and joy of everyone. Bellamy turned to her then, wrapping her up in a big kiss to many great cheers, and Clarke felt for the first time she had truly found a home.

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*Eight months later…*

“Monty!” Clarke cried in shock, scrambling up from her seat in her tent where she had been worrying over maps and plans. She rushed over, throwing her arms around the bruised and battered boy, who clung to her just as tightly.

“Thank god you’re safe, oh god... What happened to you? Where were you? Where is Bellamy?” she demanded, and Monty smiled weakly.
“Bringing back the rest of the people that were trapped in Mount Weather. Clarke…” he grimaced, and she felt panic flutter through her.

“What, what is it?” she laid a hand on her swollen belly, heart thudding.

“No one from the Mountain survived,” he said quietly, looking down at her feet. Clarke deflated, swallowing hard.

“Not…” her voice faltered. Monty shook his head.

“No even the children. It was them or us, Clarke, we tried… I’m so sorry,” he grimaced. Clarke felt tears well in her eyes, and she nodded, hugging Monty fiercely. Hundreds of deaths lost, but hundreds of lives gained. The ground had very little mercy on those who lived here.

“I would do it all over again. Just to have you back,” she whispered fiercely, grabbing both sides of his face and looking him in the eye. He nodded, and she finally took in the dark circles under his eyes, and the gaunt pull of his cheeks.

“What did they do to you?” she whispered, and he gave a half smile.

“That’s a story for another time. Bellamy saved me, personally,” he grinned, and Clarke smiled.

“When you’d been taken… I thought you were lost forever,” her mouth pulled into a moue, trying not to cry.

“Shh… shh, Clarke, you’ll upset the baby,” Monty cooed, holding Clarke tightly again. “I’m back. It’s okay. I’m safe.” Clarke sniffled, holding tightly to her best friend.

“My queen.” She heard his deep voice come from the doorway, and Clarke whirled around, barreling into her husband who caught her, grinning. She hit his chest a few times with her fists, sniffling.

“Don’t you ever do that to me again,” she growled, and he laughed, leaning down to capture her lips with his.

“I’m safe, hod. Nothing to worry about,” he smiled, but he was sprouting a huge black and blue bruise on his cheek bone and a busted lip. She pouted, herding him over to a seat and fussing over him with her medical kit.

“The shit you put me through, eight months pregnant… I swear to god, I’m as big as a whale! And my feet hurt all the fucking time, and you go off for weeks on end to battle and I have no fucking clue… anything that’s happening…” she grumbled to herself, but Bellamy just looked at her adoringly, stroking her swollen belly while she dabbed at his cut (none-too-gently.) He had been completely pregnancy-gaga over her from the day he’d found out she was carrying. Doting on her nonstop, bringing her flowers almost every day and little gifts like seashells and beautiful pieces of wood he carved from his hunting trips. He barely let her lift a finger the entire time, and snapped at anyone who let her do any hard labour (at least for a few weeks, then Clarke had put her foot down. She may or may not have used oral as a weapon of persuasion to get him to chill out.)

Now, the Mountain had been defeated. Finally. Monty had gone missing with signs of a struggle a few weeks after their meeting with Lexa at Polis, and it had been nonstop guerilla warfare against the Mountain since. They had even discovered how to cure reapers, though it had almost killed Nyko’s friend Arnon in the process. Abby had used one of the shock batons as an AED in a last ditch attempt to save him, and ever since Clarke was a little kinder to her. Now they were practically talking, and Clarke was learning (slowly) to start putting things in the past. Abby had been almost
impossible to avoid anyways, constantly checking up on her during the pregnancy and keeping a watchful eye on her, which Bellamy didn’t protest at all, much to Clarke’s annoyance.

Bellamy filled her in on the thrilling tale, only too happy to play with her hair while she rested in his lap on the bed a little later. With some intense collaboration between Raven, Miller, and the rest of the engineers from the Ark, they had infiltrated the mainframe and taken out the acid fog, which allowed Lexa’s army to march to the front gates while Bellamy and Octavia led a team into a hidden entrance in the tunnels, to free Monty and, they discovered, other Grounders that had been taken by the Mountain and used for harvesting blood. Monty had discovered that, only to be imprisoned for his nosey-ness and used for horrific experiments. Clarke shuddered, thinking about the torture Monty must have gone through.

“You should have seen Miller when I brought Monty out of the door,” Bellamy laughed quietly, and Clarke smiled.

“Thank you for coming back to me, too,” she whispered, tilting her chin up so she could kiss him.

“Always, my love. Always.”

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Two years later…

“Three steps forward, parry!” Bellamy instructed, holding a stick sword against the waddling toddler who giggled, throwing his “sword” down to the ground and running forward to hug Bellamy’s leg. Bellamy groaned, pretending to fall, making a big scene pretending to be in agony.

“I’ve been hit! No! No!” he cried, scooping up his giggling son and tickling him until he shrieked. Clarke laughed at their antics, watching from her seat against a tree as her son wriggled out of his father’s grasp. He waddled over to Clarke, climbing on top of her like she was a tree.

“Mommy! Mommy I did it!” he crowed, and she smiled, nuzzling a kiss onto his cheek.

“Good job, Jakob! Mommy is so proud of you,” she crooned, and Bellamy scooted over from where he’d fallen, pouting.

“Can’t I have a kiss too?”

Clarke pretended to deliberate, until Jakob’s mouth dropped in surprise. Then she laughed, and pressed a long kiss to Bellamy’s lips.

“Of course. My warriors always get kisses,” she said, smiling at her two boys. Bellamy leaned his head on her shoulder, and Jakob scampered off, not one to sit still for too long. They watched him swing the stick around, playing “Papa” like he loved to do. He was a tiny Bellamy, with the same golden brown skin and dark curls, but his eyes were a lighter hazel instead of Bellamy’s deep brown. Clarke felt her heart swell with love, and she pressed a kiss against Bellamy’s cheek. Their lives were filled with something resembling contentment, ever since the Mountain had been defeated. Most of the clans even seemed to be settling down like theirs, less focused on warfare and more on building societies. Families. Clarke smiled to herself. She had discovered a little surprise over the past few days that she had barely been able to wait to tell him.

“So,” she began conversationally. “Ready for another one?” she bit her lip, and Bellamy shot up, rounding on her with wide eyes full of shock.

“What?!”
Chapter End Notes

That is it, my darlings! It felt like a good place to wrap up the story. I will be posting one-shots and stuff from now on, of what we shall see! Feel free to send me requests!

Thank you so much for all of the support. Remember when I thought this story would be like 6 chapters? lol me too. Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!