Wild Earth

by DistantStar, StormChaser1117

Summary

Lexa travels the world filming rare animals for her popular Youtube channel 'Wild Earth' in hopes that bringing attention to their plight might save them. In the depths of the Ujung Kulon one day she is expecting to find a Rhino. What she isn't expecting is for a blonde reporter named Clarke Griffin to suddenly pop up with her questions and her t.v. crew, nearly ruining everything.

Notes

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The humidity in this jungle was at eighty percent today. This was the normal relative for the Ujung Kulon. There was also heavy cloud cover that locked in that humidity. Lexa understood this was also the relative normal.

The vegetation here itself was evergreen rainforest with many species of broad-leafed trees. They were packed densely, and reached in a great and covering canopy flung far overhead that all but blocked out, and in some places of this jungle, teased at the cloudy sky.

Monkeys and other prime-mates climbing all over them made it look like the trees crawled with termites or other bugs. They would stop and look at her when, as quiet as she could possibly be, she stalked over thick leaf litter that covered the ground. They noticed her anyway. Ferns brushed the canvas pants covering her legs.

And despite all the cloud cover, and the canopy overhead – the Ujung Kulon was a very, very warm place to be. Little pieces of her hair that came loose from her braid stuck to the sweat rolling down her face. Her clothes stuck to her body and any part of her skin not covered with sticking clothes was covered in insect bites. And she was eating and drinking nothing but trail mix and water.

But – she lived for this stuff. She lived for the insect bites and the sticky hair because someone had to show the beauty of the world. If others could see how beautiful it was. Maybe she could help save it.

She had been on this trail on foot for two days straight, her pack on her back, her camera in one hand and her water in the other hand almost always. She turned a corner of the jungle. Ahead a giant moss covered tree lay across the 'trail' she had been told to follow that was only a few inches wide in places at best. But a fallen tree in this jungle was not always something that could easily be stepped over. It would have to be climbed onto and jumped down from. Stopping where she was the minute she saw this tree she put her water down and turned her camera on, “Lexa Woods,” she announced as she started shooting the fallen tree, “day two in the Ujung Kulon. Did you know this jungle holds over 700 kinds of plant life alone? Many dozen of those are rare types. But what we are looking at here,” she said, starting to pace back and forth while filming the fallen tree to get a good look at it from different angles through the lens of her camera, “is a fallen Tokbray tree. You will notice,” she started walking up toward it now, still watching through the camera lens as she reached it at last, “these features here all these vines and flanges..” she ran her hand along them in demonstration of what she was referring to, “they look like wax dripping down a candle don't they?” she asked “and oh...” she rubbed her finger through the deep green moss growing on this tree, “nice, nice deep moss here. Beautiful. Just beautiful. Anyway,” she said, “all these vines when the tree is ...well.. when the tree is alive and still standing, they grow flowers and fruit at the ends, not just twigs and these fruits are part of the diet for--”

She jumped a mile, dropping her camera into the litterfall and light undergrowth when a small and furry gray paw closed over the lenses of her camera.

Doubling back and catching her breath she found herself staring at a little gray monkey, whom was staring back at her in interest as he sat on the top of the fallen tree, “oh wow..” the words barely left her mouth as a breath before she was scrambling to retrieve her camera and aimed it right at him, “look at this guy. He thought he would surprise us this morning. Anyway, this is a Presbytis comata, less formally known as a Javan surili or an uh ..Javan Leaf Monkey. He has two subspecies as well, depending on which region he's in. The Presbytis comata comata in western Java and the Presbytis
comata fredericae of central.”

The little monkey grew interested in her voice and rose up on his hind legs to stare at her in a little more threatening manner. Lexa chuckled, “well, this one doesn't seem to know fear. Anyway, these little monkeys are of the Old World monkey endemic. But sadly these little guys are also endangered. There are less than 1000 of them left due to the fact that there is only about 4% of his natural habitat left.” she pulled in a deep breath and let it out again, “He's endangered mostly by loss of habitat,” she said. Lexa swallowed and looked a the little monkey, “as are,” she swallowed again because it was difficult to say it. But she knew it had to be said, “most of the animals in this jungle.”

The little monkey screeched at her in anger and ran away then fast as it could, she lowered her camera and watched it vanish into the depths of the broad-leaved jungle, “what a special unexpected treat we had there to get to capture one of those guys on film. Okay,” she said though. She turned and started walking again, but leaving the camera recording as she did to film the jungle ahead as she went.

For the countless time in the past two days she started repeating her introduction to be used at random during all the cut and pasting that would happen during her video once she got it home, “so here I am, Lexa Woods for Wild Earth. And currently we,” she automatically used the plural instead of the singular that would refer only to herself as to include her would-be viewers at home, “are here in the Ujung Kulon National Park, Indonesia. Its a sub-tropical climate. Very wet. Very high humidity here almost year round. And because, because of its equatorial, it also happens to be very warm here also year round. Lots of swamp, lots of trees, lots of...” she turned a bend that was barely there and found herself looking onto a sluggish green branch of the river, “really, really green river.” This would be the perfect shot.

Lexa turned and placed her camera in the trees behind her. Made sure it was on and turned around to face it so the river was at her back, “what we are looking for today,” she flashed a smile and a glance at the river behind her, “is the Javan Rhino. Why this Rhino, you ask? Because sadly in all the world there are only between fifty to sixty of these amazing animals left and all of them live right here,” she motioned twice toward the ground with her hands, “in the Ujung Kulon National Park. We're going to take a raft today. I have one with me,” she shifted her backpack off her shoulder and lowered it to the ground. Then Lexa smiled, “be right back.”

She moved forward and shut off the camera.

Going back to her pack she knelt and unzipped it and tugged the small, yet heavy duty inflatable boat free. It took half the space inside the pack. The rest of the space was filled up with her sleeping bag, the waterproof liner she used with it, her emergency kit, flashlight and extra batteries, water, and air pump. Unrolling the raft on the prickly-ish jungle floor made her a little nervous that it may get a tear but she didn't have much of a choice. All the same, she was careful as she could about it but heard a shuffling noise as she reached behind her for her air pump.

Her hand touched something slimy yet hard ..quite large. There was a loud grunt. Lexa glanced behind her and jumped to her feet turning to stare at the Rhino ambling its way down the bank right behind her. He didn't seem to care she was there. And she heard these were shy animals. This one seemed more annoyed at her than anything for being in his jungle and slid out into the water.

Her heart in her throat she suddenly was able to unlock, to move, to get her camera from the tree. With her hands shaking she turned around with it, turned it on and pointed it toward the river, “you won't believe what happened!” she started speaking with excitement. Her legs were jelly from it, and so were her shaking fingers. She was sure she was going to drop the camera right into the green water of the swamp and she was sure, from the loud pounding sound in her ears, that her heart might
have taken up residence there. But then the Rhino floating lazily in place in the river with just his eyes, horn, and the top of his face and back peeking out at her snorted at her, and somehow that pulled her back and reminded her that she not only needed to breathe to soothe the aching burn in her lungs suddenly but also that she needed to speak, “you ..you guys won't believe it! I was inflating my raft and this ..this beautiful guy walked right out of the jungle and almost on top of me! Look at him,” she said in awe, “isn't he? Isn't he beautiful?”

The Rhino snorted again and blew bubbles in the green water as though to say she had lost her mind. And maybe she had. But she had done it. She was actually filming a Javan Rhino. She shuffled further down the bank almost to the edge of it and zoomed in on his face, “we're going to have to ask what his name is. I think the locals, have named them. But these guys, I mean... everyone at home..” she couldn't quite string sentences together properly, “these Rhinos are actually the smallest Rhino. They are actually quite gentle too. This guy is the R.s. Sondaicus. Also known as the Sunda Rhinoceros or more commonly the Indonesian Javan Rhinoceros. The Javan Rhino, this guy right here,” she was repeating herself too much. Her nerves from excitement did that. At least though she was managing to get her sentences somewhat in an order that made sense, “these guys used to be the most widespread of the Asian Rhinoceroses. I mean he lived throughout South-Eastern Asia--”

The rhino in the river started to swim a little, just a few feet from the bank and her heart sank a minute because she thought he was leaving. But then he stopped moving and started blowing bubbles out of his nose contentedly in the water again. So she sighed in relief, lifted her camera to film him again, and went on, “I mean ..they used to range everywhere from the Islands of Java and Sumatra all through Southeast Asia into India and even China. These guys though, sadly, are an extremely rare member of the Rhinocerotidae family. Because as I have said earlier. In all the world,” her voice broke a little bit now and she blinked a couple times staring at the magnificent animal, “there are only about 50-60 of these animals left. And all of those live right here in this little tiny triangle of land that is Ujung Kulon National Park, at the Western Tip of Indonesia. These guys were um, victims of poaching for their horns and again, if you consider all the area I just said they used to live in, from habitat loss.” she finished with a soft exhale. The Rhino in the water looked so peaceful. He looked as though he was finally accepting her--

But suddenly his eyes widened. His nostrils flared and he sank into the river and swam off faster as he could. Leaving her standing, wondering if he had been real because he was gone so fast. Leaving her blinking in shock--

Then she heard why he had left so fast. Clinging to her camera she whirled on the crashing noises in the jungle behind her. They grew louder and louder and she had to do her best not to back up into the river because whatever it was coming right for her..

Then suddenly a girl burst through the jungle trees, huffing and puffing, her blonde hair tangled and tumbling loose from a mock-up safari hat. Lexa was still trying to understand what was happening when the girl slipped and slid in the mud and caught herself by grabbing the trunk of a tree before turning to her, looking up with bright blue eyes. Two men with cameras and lights clambored out of the jungle behind her also nearly slipping down the bank but catching themselves at the last minute. Then the blonde was shouting with excitement into a ..microphone, “I'm Clarke Griffin, Arkadia Station News.. tell me, Lexa Woods. Why are you here in this jungle?.” the microphone was thrust into her face.

“Are you kidding?” Lexa demanded. She got herself together. She felt her temper flash as she looked toward the now vacant spot where her Rhino had been floating in the river. This ..girl... had scared it away, “a reporter all the way out here?” this was new. It was new and it was ruining everything.
But Clarke pressed on, “we wanted to know why you are out here looking for a, an uh...”

“Rhino.” Lexa snapped. She motioned to the river behind her, “which you have scared off with your crashing.”

“Did you find it?” Clarke asked with exuberance, “did you find the--”

“Who are you again?” Lexa demanded, glaring at the girl. She clutched her camera tight in her hand. She was not about to let anyone have her content. She cursed herself for having given up what she was doing out here. Even if the girl was stunning and had the most beautiful blue eyes full of excitement she had ever seen. Lexa snarled to herself. She could not have just thought that--

“Clarke Griffin...” for the first time, the girl started to falter in confidence as though she was realizing she might not be welcome. The excitement went out of Clarke's eyes as though someone had hit a switch. Good, Lexa thought, serves her right for making her lose her Rhino. The reporter motioned to the camera team to stop recording. Clarke went on, “we wanted ...we were hoping we could interview you to add publicity to your--”

“You just scared my rhino away,” Lexa informed her again. She stared hard at her. She looked at the green river behind her again and stared at the girl some more. It was only then that this Clarke seemed to realize what she had done. Clarke looked at the river, she looked at Lexa, “I just want to help--”

“Help?” Lexa asked, “help what? Help your news station get a big story? 'YouTube adventurer makes her way to Ujung Kulon?' Do you think expeditions like this are cheap?” she motioned around them, “I saved forever for this, and you just come in here with your cameras and microphone and crash it?”

But Clarke insisted, “let me give you coverage.”

“You only want my story,” Lexa pointed out to her, “leave me alone.”

She gathered her raft, her camera, and her pack and shouldered it all quick as she could. Lexa walked off, leaving Clarke where she was, on the bank of that green river. She turned the camera over in her hands as she did though.

At least she had it. At least she saw her Rhino.

She even had him on film. Right here, in her own camera. She turned it over in her hands she started walking back toward her camp that was two days away and then to the village somewhere miles beyond it.

Even with Clarke Griffin interfering and trying to get her work she had managed to film her Rhino. She put the thoughts of the blue-eyed girl behind her best she could and couldn't help but smile.

Because it had still been a very good expedition. It had still been a very good day.
Caught on Camera

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Clarke is a reporter for Arkadia News. She covered the downfall of a rival station, Mt. Weather, only to have her Boss give her story to another reporter. Why? Because he wants her back in the field again for a bigger story all caught by the camera of YouTube Adventurer, Lexa Woods.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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(TWO WEEKS EARLIER)

In her chair at the news desk Clarke was trying to do a couple things at once: the first being that she was trying to ignore Murphy’s smirk. He knew she had wanted to give the report on the closure of the Mount Weather facility. After everything she had done, getting her foot in the door there and even following around some of their more elusive ‘employees.’ She was even the one that found out about their missiles—

But at the last minute, Jaha had given her story to Murphy. And she was assigned to talking about the storms in the area having a higher acidic content than usual..

But the second thing she was trying to do was keep the fake smile plastered on her face as she stared at the camera. Behind it and to the right Octavia was counting down on her fingers, three, two, one.. she made a slashing motion over her throat.

Octavia then announced, “annd we are off the air!”

Murphy smirked and slid off his chair, “better luck next time, Clarke.” he said, and turned his back on her and strolled away from her. Good riddance. She never trusted him. Not after he had just
stood there and watched Finn Collins running that family down with a car to get a story when he should have been calling the cops. No, Murphy had just left his camera rolling.

He should have been fired for it.

But Jaha gave him a chance instead. Jaha, said that Murphy apparently could stomach more than others could. Jaha had said that Murphy was a lot like he used to be–

“Clarke!” Kane’s voice called from the back of the bustle of people moving now starting to leave the busy studio, “Jaha wants to see you.”

Clarke felt her teeth grind together. Of course, he did. She relaxed her jaw and pulled a deep breath into her lungs, “yeah,” she answered. She slid down from her chair and grabbed her bag that was waiting at her feet, “I have lunch with Mom. Can you tell him I will be by–”

Kane had come close to where she was. He shoved his hands into his pockets and looked at her apologetically, “he says ..he says right now.”

Clarke stared at Kane for a second. He shrugged at her as if to say he really didn’t have a choice in this either and that he was hoping she would just go without arguing, “fine.” she said, at last, adjusting the strap of her bag, “I’ll get it over with, then.”

“Thanks, Clarke.” Kane said to her.

She nodded and walked past him but at the last second stopped and turned, “but you get to go tell my mom I won’t be able to make it. My phone doesn’t work the greatest.”

“Still haven’t been able to get a new one, huh?” Kane asked her.

She shook her head and admitted, “not yet.”

“I’ll tell your mom,” Kane said to her.

“Thanks,” she answered, then she turned walked away through the now empty studio area and down the halls to the office area at the back of the building. The door to Jaha’s office was opened but she knocked on the frame anyway, “Mr. Jaha?” she asked.

He was at his desk writing something in a leather-bound journal. His writing slowed and he looked up as she entered, “there you are, Clarke.”

She stepped through the door of his office, “listen, I have lunch with my Mom. But I heard you wanted to talk to me.”

“Lunch with Abby?” he asked back. She only nodded. She didn’t like him calling her mother by her first name. Not after what happened with her dad. But she didn’t say anything else. Jaha just offered her a larger than needed to be smile and sat back in his chair and put his hands behind his head, “well, I think you are going to miss that,” he began. He motioned to the chair across the desk from his, “please, come in and sit down.”

She crossed the room mechanically pulled the chair out and sat in the offered seat. Clarke set her back on the floor next to her, “so,” she asked, just wanting to get this over with, “why am I here?”
“Straight to the point?” he asked her. He snorted a little under his breath as though this was amusing to him, “I wanted to say you did good work on that Mount Weather story. But I wanted you away from all that.”

Clarke just nodded. She wanted to ask why did he give her story to Murphy then? And why was she here then, in front of him? But she wanted to keep -needed- to keep her job. So she just nodded and tried to phrase it professionally, “then I don’t know why…”

“Why I gave it to Murphy?” he finished for her.

She only nodded and kept her face grim and stared at him, “yeah that.”

Finally, he sat back in his chair, “because I have something better for you, Clarke.”

“Something better?” she asked, trying not to be too hopeful. Jaha was tricky that way. He might be assigning her to watch the water table lines in the failing section of the city sewers for the next month for all she knew.

He looked at her directly, “something you actually helped uncover and did not even know it.”

“Something I helped uncover?” that was unexpected.

He nodded, “Oh yes.”

“And,” she asked carefully now because she felt herself getting just a little hopeful, “what exactly is this thing?”

In response, he just grinned at her, “we’ll get to that,” he said, “but first.” Jaha moved and opened a drawer in his desk. He pulled a laptop out of it, set it on the desk in front of him and turned it on. Then he looked at her, “why don’t you come on around this side of the desk for a moment, Clarke. I have something to show you.”

She got up. She did as asked. When she got there she was staring at the laptop’s loading screen. He went on though watching the screen and not her, “do you remember when I had you tail that Hunter, Bellamy Blake?” he asked her.

“Yeah, I do,” she answered grimly, “if it wasn’t for the fact I had that vest on, he would have accidentally shot me.”

“But you learned a lot, yeah?” Jaha grinned at her unrepentantly, “and it got you on the desk.” he motioned to the door she had come through. He didn’t give her a chance to answer instead he looked at the screen. The desktop image was that of their news station building, Arkadia News Worldwide. He cleared his throat and clicked open a browser, “anyway environmental stuff is big these days. People are saying there’s no global warming, people are saying there is. People are even starting to believe again that the Earth is flat–”

“I don’t understand where this is going.” Clarke suggested.

“Well,” he shrugged, “alot of people out there are into stuff about Earth, and environment and green energy and getting better. And a lot of people are actually into YouTube. And sometimes that’s where they go for this kind of news…” he typed in the YouTube web address. And without a word, he then typed the name: ‘Lexa Woods’, into the search followed by ‘Wild Earth’
As a listing of her episodes came up he leaned back in his chair, “which brings me to her.”

Clarke had seen some of her videos. They always made her smile or laugh or realize things about the world that she hadn’t known about before and wondered how Lexa – who could not be much older than her – did all this. It was actually a great secret. It was in her comments a lot. Still, she asked about the girl as though she was not aware of Lexa’s growing fame in the animal world, or the internet world for that matter, “Lexa Woods?”

“Right,” Jaha said, scrolling down the endless list of videos. He clicked one. It was the one about the Hawkbill Sea Turtle. Which she hadn’t even known existed by name. Until Lexa’s video, she had thought ‘a sea turtle is a sea turtle’ Lexa’s video had taught her otherwise though, and also that this particular turtle was listed 'Critically Endangered.'

“Hello my you-tube audience,” the image of Lexa on the screen started talking. The wind blew at her hair, even when she had it tied back it caught the sunlight. Lexa was in a diving suit and had a silly grin on her face, “today’s episode is about the Hawkbill Sea Turtle. And we are going out to find him. As you can see,” Lexa motioned down at what she was wearing, “we have to go diving to find him.” she grinned at the camera and looked over her shoulder at the ocean behind her. Then she looked forward and smirked, “but you’ve probably figured that out already. Since I am wearing this and all and standing in front of the ocean…”

“Lexa’s hot, Clarke.” Jaha stated beside her.

Clarke was mesmerized by this girl whom pulled on her face mask and snorkel and ran out into the ocean. By mistake, her eyes glued to the screen while the waves swallowed Lexa up, she answered him, “hell yeah, she is.”

“That’s not what I meant,” he smirked at her. His tone caught her attention and jerked her from her staring spree and made her look at him again, “wait ..what?” she blushed bright red.

“I mean, she is hot. As in, a lot of people want to know about her. They want to know what she is doing and where she is. I mean,” he motioned to the screen, “look at her follower count. Look at her comments..” he scrolled down and down and down but the comments never seemed to end. A lot of them were asking, where was she going and what was she filming next time and if it was possible they could meet her and get her autograph. A lot of them said how much they loved her show. A few even asked Lexa to marry them. Clarke was glad suddenly she was always too nervous to leave the beautiful adventurer a comment.

That made her realise something. It brought her back to when she had come into this room, “what does this have to do with Bellamy Blake? And also what does it have to do with something I helped uncover? Does this have to do with him somehow?” she hoped not. Blake was an asshole, unlike his sister ..whom was just …intense and happened to work at the station. Which was how Bellamy got on the air…

“No, this actually doesn’t relate to Blake, at least not directly. It’s just you were good in the field, I mean, the literal field…”

“Until I got shot.” she reminded him again.

“Right, that, well,” Jaha adjusted his chair, “this actually has to do with your other story you were working; Cage Wallace and Mt Weather.”
Clarke looked at him cautiously, “Mt Weather?”

“Yes,” Jaha sat back again, “some years back the Wallace’s of Mt Weather held a competition. Young people from across the globe were to send in videos of things they liked to do. It didn’t matter what it was, everyone from rock collectors to cave explorers to martial arts buffs to amateur filmmakers sent videos in. The grand prize was you would get a weekly t.v. show broadcast by their station for ..whatever it was you were doing. Well Miss. Woods here,” he tapped the top of the laptop screen, “sent an entry in.” He put his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair, “she did not win the grand prize. In fact, Bellamy Blake and his hunting show did win.”

“Which is where I came in?” Clarke asked she hadn’t heard of the rest of it until that point. But then, of course, no one around here talked about the main competition much. As it turned out she was aware that, along with the many other both legal projects and -as recently discovered- illegal, Mt Weather also had a t.v. station as well. As did Polis, a city a good distance from here. But Polis was too far away to cause any true competition. She had secretly applied to work at that Station but had heard nothing about it back yet. “You’re jumping ahead a little bit Clarke, just slow down ok?” he said to her.

She didn’t answer. Because she really just wanted to get this over with and out of here. After all, if she left now, she might be able to stop Kane from making a complete fool of himself in front of her mother.

“But Lexa Woods did place. In fact, Bellamy Blake was first place. Woods placed second. As a prize, they gave her a very high-quality camera capable of recording high definition audio and video and also take regular stills. It could convert these things and upload them to storage online with the touch of a button. Needless to say,” Jaha gave a half smile and dropped his hands to the desk again, “Lexa didn’t walk away empty-handed. And she’s been using this camera,” he motioned to YouTube, “to make these videos.”

“And sooo?” Clarke began, trying to figure out where he was going with all this. Then she had a thought though, a question really, that made her wrinkle her forehead and ask, “how do you know she’s using it?” she asked, “I mean, she can be using any camera.”

“Because the camera is a special edition made by Mt Weather. It’s expensive.” Jaha offered back. Clarke merely raised an eyebrow at him and shifted her head to the other side to study him. This did not answer her question. He just grunted at her in amusement though and added, “also I’ve uncovered with the closure of the Mountain something else about Lexa Wood’s prize camera.”

“And this is?” Clarke prompted. Because she knew how Jaha liked to drag things out for Drama. In fact, she was certain as she sat here right now, that he could have said everything he’s already said and anything else he was about to say within a handful of sentences if he wanted to and gotten her out of his door and on her way and done with it – if he had wanted to. But that wasn’t how Jaha worked. He liked dividing all his thoughts up into pieces so they looked so much bigger and important than they sometimes actually were and she suspected this thought was going to be the same.

“They put a GPS chip in it.” Jaha informed, “to track her, where ever she went. They were that interested in what she did–”

“Does she know?” Clarke demanded instantly, for some reason she felt her temper bristle. She glanced at the laptop. Lexa Woods seemed like a very honest person, who was very passionate about what she did. And even though Clarke did not know her. She already couldn’t stand the idea
“She does not.” Jaha stated, “this chip was placed without her knowledge into this camera that she had been given because during the contest they saw an advantage, and put two and two together.
They could use Lexa to find locations -and animals- for Bellamy Blake to take his hunting show to. They wouldn't have to search for themselves. Money can buy anything even rare animals if you approach the right person and pay high enough. But that fell apart,” he added in at last, “when Bellamy Blake’s license was revoked and his show canceled because he accidentally shot a human.”

he motioned to Clarke and smiled.

Clarke felt relief flood her, and she felt a breath she hadn’t know she was holding escape her.
Inadvertently she had saved Lexa’s beautiful animals. And she started to smile, “and you want me to expose this?” this was amazing. She never thought she would have a chance to–

“On the contrary,” Jaha stated, his matter-of-fact voice breaking into her elation, “The chip was forgotten about as the plot fell apart with Blake’s arrest and the subsequent downfall of Mt. Weather.
We stumbled upon this information as fallout from the liquidation of assets we purchased in an auction. I have the GPS information, Clarke.” he then paused. "We’re going to use it. We’re going to use her–”

When he said he had the GPS information, she only looked up in surprise. When he had said, ‘we’re going to use her’ Clarke felt her stomach turn in a sick twist–

“We’re going to use it to send you after Lexa, where-ever she goes. We’re going to use her and all this animal rights crap she does, to give us a boost into high ratings. If you can get any content from her we might be able to start our own show with it. People want environmentalist stuff these days.
You should have seen 'Save the Whales' back in the eighties. Lexa seems to be the current version of that,” he said, “and to top this market we need a hold on it right now. And Lexa,” he said looking at the image of her frozen now in pause on the screen running into the ocean, “she might be just what we need to do that.”

“No,” Clarke said, at last, the sickness in her stomach finally making her open her mouth, “Mr. Jaha, this is wrong. Lexa Woods loves and works hard for what she does—”

He stood up as though challenged, “you can’t say no, Clarke.” He looked down at her through eyes that were almost -almost- suddenly condescending, “do I need to remind you this is your job?”

“I know that.”

“Good,” he answered, his smile returning, “you may go.” he motioned toward the door, “I will get you the information by morning. Oh, and it seems your first trip is in Indonesia. Be ready for the jungle.”

“She’s… she’s there already?” Clarke was surprised he already knew this.

“Oh no, that part is on her blog. She never says exactly where though. But the tracker will get you that.” Jaha grinned. His face fell suddenly though, “you cannot tell Lexa Woods about the tracker. Because if word got out,” he shrugged, “well, a lot of people around here could suddenly be out of work—”

“Yeah, I understand,” she said bitterly. She did. If nothing else, Jaha was an opportunist. He was an opportunist and he was using not only this GPS tracker but also Lexa’s own blog as a basis to
stalk her. Clarke took a deep breath in and focused on the feel of the air filling her lungs so as not to lose her temper. She understood quite well that the fact that Jaha illegally stalking someone with a hidden GPS could potentially sink the t.v. station.

Her own job was one thing. She could move in with her mom or even Octavia if she had to. But causing everyone here to lose theirs, was another.

She was stuck.

“Besides, Clarke,” he called after her, “you are about to go on the paid vacation of a lifetime through this; accommodations all covered. You get me what I need. I will be sure you get everything you need too.”

She looked back at him once. Just in time to see him smile at the end of that sentence. And she wished she hadn’t. But she knew she had to make the best of this.

Clarke left Jaha’s office, and the building as well.

She still had time to eat half a lunch with her mom if she hurried. But she didn’t think she could stomach food at the moment.

She had too much on her mind to even try, now.

Maybe at least… maybe at least she could put a spin on this somehow and make some good of it. Maybe at least she can get Lexa a chance at least and maybe she could get her some coverage in spite of Jaha’s greed. Maybe she could get Lexa and her cause some publicity somehow. Her dad always said there was good in everything.

Maybe it was time to find some, now.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.
Please visit me at my tumblr for more of my writing. It is the main home of my fics now.
Have a good day.
Lexa has ventured onward to Hellshire Hills Jamaica. She is looking for an iguana, but also finds the same reporter from a few weeks before, Clarke Griffin.

She hadn’t expected to find the little frog. He was not the reason she was in Jamaica. But there he was, tiny and dark green sitting on a rock she had stopped to rest on. She saw him out of the corner of her eye while getting a drink from her water and when she had she almost choked on her drink. Very slowly she stopped drinking, lowered her water and grabbed her camera from the gray rubble of rock piled all around her instead. Lexa hit record, “look at this,” she whispered. Sliding onto her knees she aimed it at the tiny frog and hit record, “he’s just a little tree frog. He’s called Eleutherodactylus Cavernicola. She zoomed in on him a little until she had him in close up, capturing every blink of his eyes, “it’s really quite a big name for such a tiny little guy. I mean, look at how little he is.” she felt herself smile behind the camera.

The frog shuffled forward a little and stopped again, as though trying to figure out if she was a dangerous predator or not and if it should flee, “he’s a, a little scared though.. I’m not dangerous,” she said to the little frog. The gray rock and rubble scattered through this area ground under her boots as she tried to squeeze just a bit closer–

But it seemed to be too much for the tiny frog. Because suddenly it gathered its hind legs under it and launched itself from the rock, flying through the air and into the shelter of the dense, yet slender to moderately sized, trees and vegetation that covered this part of the land.

With a sad sigh, Lexa pushed to her feet and stared after the direction her frog had gone. But after just a second or two she smiled and looked down at her camera in her hand because she had him on film. Turning the camera she set it on the rock pile again and checked her view before stepping in front of it to explain, “that little guy was a tree frog, as I just mentioned. He’s endemic to this area. But not a lot of people know about him really. He likes lowland forests and caves. So I am guessing there is probably a cave around here.” she glanced around in implication before going on, “maybe if we find it we will explore it. But back to the little frog. Like many other animals we look at on this show the little Eleutherodactylus Cavernicola is critically endangered. Mostly because of…” she sighed and said two words she found herself saying too much, “habitat loss.” She reached forward to shut off the camera a minute.

Lexa took a few minutes after that to finish her water. She pulled another bottle of it out of her pack and put the other away again before shouldering her pack better and taking her camera and turning it back on, “so we are currently in a place called Hellshire Hills,” she announced, getting the view of her path ahead, “it is a subtropical dry forest located in southern Jamaica. This particular dry forest happens to be one of the most extensive. There is a lot of limestone and whatnot here. These areas, while in Jamaica tend to be dry as they are in the orographic rain shadow of the blue mountains …over there.” she pointed the direction of the mountains even though they were unseen
from not only this distance but down here in the trees. She kept going though, and while she had to put effort into her steps because of the rocky terrain.

From above Hellshire Hills had reminded her of the hills of Ireland, a deep, thick expanse of rolling green if somewhat less vibrant in color – until they grew closer and it was easy to tell they were not looking at hills of grass at all, but instead, a deep forest. There were beaches surrounding these hills, in crystal blues and even one place, the water looked orange gold.

Realizing she was daydreaming and still filming but not saying anything as she recorded her route through the trees Lexa continued with her prepared speech, “so this area has also been said to be one of the last sizable areas of undisturbed dry forest in the Caribbean. The trees here are mostly black ironwood also called leadwood also there are black poisonwood trees and there are Bauhinia that is a type of Orchid.” she paused in step to pan out and get a wide shot of the trees. Returning the zoom to the area in front of her she kept walking.

It was a bit of an uphill climb at the moment and the trail was getting harder to find now with some of the plants protesting her passage over their land as well, “there is also a lot of other plant life here…” she stopped again to zoom in on some of them. After a few steps and video of plants brushing at her pants legs and boots as she walked she focused the camera straight ahead again, “in fact there are over 270 plant species recorded in this area. Including,” she said, “about 53 species that are endemic only to here.” she stopped in the dense trees and vegetation to get her bearings, “so, onto the animals.”

Lexa started down the next hillside, half sliding because it was difficult to keep her footing on the rocky ground. “now this particular dry forest, well, any dry forest,” she on second thought, “happens to have a lot less biodiversity than, as an example, rainforests do. However, they are still home to a lot of different types of wild animals. Deer can live in them, monkeys, cats, parrots. You can find parrots in dry forests. Also some ground dwelling birds and of course there are always rodents. And it is interesting because ” she reached the bottom of the hill and turned and started along the little valley at the bottom of that hill and the next. Lexa moved tree branches aside as she did, intentionally leaving the so-called ‘path’ now. She kept recording through and reflected again what she had just been saying, “many of these animals have an exceptional ability to adjust into these types of difficult climates. But what we are looking for here today,” she added, stopping for a minute to get herself in the shot standing in a dense thicket of the trees, “is the Jamaican Iguana.” She smiled. She paused long enough to let that announcement sink in, found the path she needed and continued heading inland along it.

Her boots seemed to find a home for themselves in the leaf scatter and rock as she started filming ahead of her, “why the Jamaican Iguana, you ask? Well, while there are 35 different known species of iguana and while you all might be familiar with the green iguana, also known as, believe it or not, Iguana iguana. Yes, that is its actual name. Anyway, while Iguana iguana is common across America and is also the most widespread species. The Jamaican Iguana, on the other hand, is not.” She stopped there for now. She also stopped walking a minute and set the camera down again. Lexa opened her water back up drank from it deeply. She had prepared for this trip for a couple weeks. But it was still warm, and drier here than she had expected. She grunted at herself as she swallowed knowing next trip out she was going to have to plan better.

She paused in drinking long enough to take a breath. And as she did, as though it had known what her thoughts had been, the creature she had been seeking climbed over a rock formation in the trees several yards in front of her. She choked on her water and pulled the bottle away from her face, “Oh you beautiful thing.”

She almost dropped the water.
But she knew not to waste it.

In frustration that she couldn’t make her fingers go any faster, looking up at the lizard to be sure he was still there at the same time she screwed the cap onto the water.

Then she dropped it.

And even as the bottle hit the ground she was grabbing her camera and turning it on to record, “look at that!” Lexa was gasping as she pointed it toward the iguana on the rock. As she was filming he extending his head up into the sunlight. Her breath caught, “look at him. Isn’t he beautiful! I cannot believe I am actually filming this.”

She crept a little closer then, barely moving as she did, filming and pausing between steps to make sure she got as much of him as she could without startling him. After she made it about three feet closer he suddenly, sharply turned to look at her. Lexa stilled instantly and didn’t move, her heart skipping in her chest as she filmed her lizard. She found herself only able to say the same to sentences, “look at him,” no matter how much she had practiced what she had wanted to say if she found one. As she was filming though her lizard turned its head away from her, as though annoyed, and slinked off the back of the rock, disappearing from sight.

Letting a strangled noise leave her lips Lexa raced after it and scrambled up the rock, standing on the top she managed to film a few more seconds of the iguana, or at least the hind end of it, as it scuttled off through the trees and underbrush. When he was gone she was still breathless. In fact, she realized only then that she was holding her breath. Exhaling the air in her lungs all at once Lexa grinned widely because she had just filmed the elusive Jamaican Iguana. Even her skin felt jittery with this realization and she was pretty sure she couldn’t walk just yet.

So instead she turned around and sat on the rock. Turning her camera to face herself Lexa tried to find the words she had practiced, “did you see that?” she began, which, made her wince because her excitement was that evident and the words were not what she had practiced.

Lexa cleared her throat and tried again, “so, we’re out here in Hellshire Hills in hopes of filming a Jamaican Iguana. Which as you know,” she let her smile escape and glanced back over her shoulder, “we actually just did. Now,” finally able to remember at least a little of what she wanted to say she tried the introduction of the animal again, “why a Jamaican Iguana? Well as I was saying before, the green ones are quite common but this guy we just caught on film is not so much. In fact sadly,” her face dropped a little as did her spirits, “I chose him because there are only an estimated 50 or so of these beautiful lizards left. They are critically endangered so badly that at one point these guys were thought to be extinct until their rediscovery in 1990. Because of all of this these guys are known as ‘the rarest lizard in the world.’”

She paused for a minute to catch her breath and started into her conclusion, “now, the reason they are so endangered is-at first- somewhat different than most animals featured in my videos. Because the direct reason these guys are endangered in the first place is the *Herpestes javanicus*, or the Small Asian Mongoose. These were introduced as a form of snake control but sadly they started eating the Iguana hatchlings instead,” she paused to think through more of her closing which, as it was, was turning out to be quite longer than she expected, “as a result, the mongoose themselves had to be eradicated so they are no longer the biggest threat the Jamaican Iguanas face. The biggest threat now is the charcoal industry because the charcoal used by burners is made from these trees,” she nodded to the trees just behind her, “so again.” she concluded with a somewhat downhearted tone, “these iguanas, like the one we have just have the privilege to get on film, are endangered by habitat loss. Lexa Woods,” she sat at last, “coming to you from Hellshire Hills, Jamaica.”
At the end of the monolog, she had her iguana recorded. Lexa gave a small smile and set the camera down and slid down the rock carefully without it so as not to crush it in her hand. It was an expensive camera. It was one she could never afford to replace. Or buy, for that matter. But as she turned to pick it up she blinked in surprise because another of the little frogs jumped onto her camera from out of nowhere, “Hey,” she said, her grin returning to her voice. She leaned in a little and poked at the tiny frog to try and get it off her camera. It didn’t budge. It sat there stubbornly blinking its eyes. So she laughed under her breath and poked at it again, “if I kiss you would you turn into a prin—”

“Hi Lexa.” a voice behind her announced.

Lexa jumped and whirled at the same time finishing her word, “—cess.” she stared. In front of her was the blonde girl from a few weeks ago. This time dressed in more appropriate wear for out here but still with sunglasses and tangled hair and still out of breath. Even if not crashing through the trees it startled her into demanding, “are you following me? What are you doing out here?” she looked behind her in time to see the little frog hop away. Lexa grabbed her camera and studied the -now stricken- looking girl. Clarke seemed to get a little paler even though she was certainly burning in the sun. Quickly she whispered in a rush that sounded almost like a warning, “I’m about to ask you that…”

Then there was crashing noises in the trees, crashing and scrambling, causing birds to take flight in the air, and then there was the sound of flashing cameras clicking as the camera team from before suddenly burst out of the trees and scrambled up behind Clarke…

“Yes. now..” one of the guys behind the Camera called loudly ducking behind the cameras again.

“I’m Clarke, Clarke Griffin,” Clarke picked up as though on cue, “Lexa Woods?” she asked, stepping forward, “we would like to know what exactly are you doing? What are you looking for out here in Hellshire Hills?”

Like before, Clarke shoved the microphone into her face. It caused Lexa to look at it in surprise. It caused her to look up at Clarke’s desperate face, desperate and biting on a pink bottom lip and looking at her with pleading eyes. The look alone was almost enough, almost, to make Lexa forget that Clarke, once again, had interrupted her. Even if not severely as last time, she was still out here behind her, somehow.

And she wasn’t going to give away that information like she did by mistake last time they met. Not even for that pleading look that weakened her willpower a fraction.

But it didn’t weaken it enough. Lexa turned away. She took her camera with her precious iguana in it, instead. She turned back around and wet her lips in the dry heat to prepare herself, “I know you want that information, right?”

“We would love to have your story.”

“I bet you would,” Lexa said back. And with that she saw Clarke’s face contort just a little as though it was just sinking in that Lexa was not going to answer her question, was not going to tell her what she was doing all the way out here. Especially not when she believed Clarke was the one that needed to be explaining that, “you stay away from me.” she said quietly, leveling her eyes on Clarke’s before turning to walk away.

But Lexa hadn’t turned fast enough. She had still seen the crushed look on Clarke’s face. And that
image in her head only made Lexa grip her camera a little harder in reminder to herself that she was not the one being rude or inconsiderate. At least the blonde was not following her. At least there was not that to have to deal with.

Even if she could still feel the disappointment, even if she could still feel blue eyes boring into her back with every step further away from them that she took. She felt them clearly until she was finally out of Clarke’s sight and deep once more in the shadowy shelter of the Hellshire Hills dry woods.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading :)
The Philippine Crocodile

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Last leg of her trip and its time to find a crocodile. Clarke shows up again and Lexa panics. But Clarke Griffin has yet to show her true cards yet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The rented motor-boat drifted lazily down the sluggish river. It was blue and white, a stark difference to the brown green water, with a very low shiny silver rail that served more as a bar to hang onto for up to four passengers.

But Lexa didn’t take passengers with her on these trips so the extra seats were empty. Instead, she chose to reach more people by using her camera to take the trips she went on to make videos with to share with the world.

She could hear the sound of the water lapping against the sides of the boat as it moved. And she could hear this because she had the motor off though and she let the lazy current push the boat forward, not wanting to startle the creature she was looking for today. In this case, the boat was necessary. This was not an animal she could safely walk up to if she found it on land.

So she opted to look for it in the river. Which was also why she needed this boat.

And it had cost her.

She would have to leave these little series of islands she was growing to love. And go home, back to her own boat off the coast of California. At least for a while until she could save up more money.

She would miss this place, even with its heat. Even with its bugs. It was mad to think of but she was even going to miss her clothes sticking to her skin and her hair, even though she constantly wore it in a braid here, sticking to her neck. She wiped at the back of her neck now and tugged her sunglasses from her eyes. The bright contrast nearly blinded her immediately but she wanted to actually be able to spot what she was looking for and it was difficult because the creature was often the same color as the water and it only took her eyes a few seconds to adjust.

Her camera was mounted on the rail in front of her, catching the sights of the water and the amazingly large and beautiful green trees and underbrush on the banks as they slid by. It was already recording. Behind the camera, she put her sunglasses away in her pack and took out her water instead.

Lexa unscrewed the lid, took a long drink from it and screwed the lid back on, “okay,” she began to speak, “here we are again back in the Philippines. Thing is, I love this place and it has such an amazing bio-diversity of beautiful and, sadly often very rare animals. I’m Lexa Woods by the way,” she put her water bottle down, reached forward over the wheel of her rental boat for her camera,
turned it around to face her and sat back down in front of it. It filmed her face and nature around her as the river rolled on behind the boat now, “and this time we are in a place called the Northern Sierra Madre Natural Park. It is on the island of Luzon, eastern side. Anyway, this park is hugely important because of its species diversity and habitat diversity. It is actually believed to have the largest range of both species and habitat diversity in these islands. I mean.” she said. Sitting forward Lexa turned the camera around again, “look at this place…” she let the sentence hang in the air for a minute to maybe get across the effect of what she was feeling, being here. She felt her own breath catch as she took it all in, “over 711,000 acres of land area alone. Not to mention over another 71,000 of coastal waters. Did you know,” she asked, “that there are 14 major river systems here alone? This place. It is so globally an important place because there are so many species here of plant and animal life that cannot be found anywhere else in the world. I mean, hang on…”

She grabbed the camera up and used it to zoom in on the banks as they slowly drifted past, “look at these trees? So many of them are endemic. I mean ..in this one park alone we have Shorea trees, which is a genus of something close to 200 species of what is mostly rain forest trees. And then there are also,” she extended her hand to point them out, “Hopea in here, which is another genus of plant-life. Mainly they are the main type and also a sub-canopy of trees you usually find here in lowland rain-forest. Some of them though can also become what is called an emergent tree, which is another large rain forest species of tree. Very,” she pulled back from the camera to see the trees on the bank herself and swallowed a tiny bit as she added as even if she wasn’t looking through it, her camera was still recording, “very critically endangered. Yes, sadly plant-life is often just as critically endangered as animal-life itself here. I guess we just don’t think about that a lot.” She needed to start winding up about the plants here, though and move on to the topic that had brought her, “Millettia is also here as well. It is a legume. The leaves are generally very large. There is also Dendrobium here which happens to be a rather huge genus of orchid. But anyway there are so many plants here that it would take forever and countless hours and even episodes to properly name and tell you about them. But yes, like I said, this home is home to many different species of plant and animal life. And animal life.” she smiled and turned the camera around for a second, “is what we are about on this show.”

Turning around to get back to her seat she almost knocked herself off balance and had to grab the rail for balance a second while the boat rocked on the water. It would be a good scene though had it happened, her being tossed over the side into the water. She let go of the rail and went back to the front of the boat to position her camera to record her chair again reminding herself that she knew to be careful and how to walk on a boat. She fixed the camera into its place in front of her chair and sat down and went back to her introduction again to cut and paste, “so we are currently on the topic of how many different types of animals live in this one park alone. Many of them that you cannot find anywhere else on this Earth.” Lexa reached down for her water and opened it and took a drink, “which is what brings us out here today as usual, yeah? All these beautiful different types of rare animals.

There is a creature here called the giant golden-crowned flying fox,” she smiled for her camera with thought of the animal, “now,” she said, “I know some of you who have never heard of this animal might be having visions in your head of an actual orange or yellow flying fox leaping through trees with flaps of skin something like a flying squirrel has but no,” her smile turned into a grin, “the golden crowned flying fox, or Acerodon jubatus is actually a rare endangered type of bat. A megabat actually. Yes, that is a real term, megabat.” she gave an amused chuckle, “for all the scientific and elaborate sounding type names out there that’s we come up with for this guy.” she smirked and shrugged and glanced forward real fast.

There was a bend in the river ahead, she would have to steer just a little to make the turn. She sat forward, her water falling from her lap as she did, but she could only give it a disgruntled glance
because she had to take the wheel.

Lexa made the turn with the ease a sailor had and after she sat back in her seat again, foot up on the wheel, “so megabat. For this guy it really does apply though, the name, I mean he’s also known as the golden-fruit bat and he’s actually one of the largest bats in the whole world. I mean he can have up to a five and a half foot wingspan and weigh in at over two and a half pounds. Big, big guy really.” she smiled, “Wish I had a picture. Or, that we could find him. That would be a real treat if we could. But anyway he lives here and eats fruit, not people. But sadly he’s, like alot of other animals we look for, endangered because of loss of environment and I really hate how much I have to say those words. But yes, him too, loss of environment with him and also poaching. Maybe someday,” she said she offered a hopeful smile, “maybe someday we will come back and see if we can find him. There are also many many other animals in this one Park alone. There’s actually a myriad of endangered species here. Among them are all kinds of birds, the Philippine Eagle and also the Philippine Eagle-Owl included. Note those two, are indeed two separate birds. The Eagle sadly being on the list of critically endangered. The Owl actually being only marked as Vulnerable. But that isn’t anything to sigh in relief about,” Lexa added quickly, “because nothing should ever on that list. There are also three different types of endangered sea turtles here alone. But,” she reached down and grabbed up her water. Lexa opened it up, “what we are out here looking for today is actually the Philippine Crocodile.” she gulped down alot of the water and gave the camera her trademark smile.

She capped the water and set it aside. Turning off the camera for a minute she reached down and grabbed the towel from her things to wipe the sweat from her face and neck. Watching the water and the shoreline in front of her she grabbed insect repellant from her back and sprayed it on every inch of her exposed skin. It was actually cool compared to the air. She put it back into her bag and reached again for her bottle of sunscreen that she had had to buy on arrival to this island and an entirely extravagant price because hers had spilled out in her bag on the way over. And of course, it was something people had to have here so of course, it was overpriced.

She capped the bottle of sunscreen and tossed it back into her bag. Lexa then sat back in her chair and put her foot up on the wheel again. All in all, though, she meant it. She loved it here. She ached slightly in the pit of her stomach knowing she’d soon have to go home. Since her camera was not recording now she used her foot to steer the boat around the next bend in the river.

With her thoughts drifting to having to go home, and the sadness it caused her, she wasn’t really paying attention to the slick green brown form just around the edge of the bend that hissed at her and slid quickly down into the murky water and disappeared.

Lexa shot to her feet, “oh my God!” she scrambled over the wheel. Grabbed her camera and turned it on. With it in hand she started recording the water, turning right and left fast, looking through her lens as she did, “so you wouldn’t know it but I was just sitting here putting sunscreen on and I saw one of them. He slid somewhere here into this part of the water.” her heart was pounding with excitement though and she walked up and down the side of the boat, “crocodile,” she clarified quickly realizing she hadn’t mentioned who ‘he’ was. “Just caught sight of one of the crocodiles we are out here to try and–”

“How Lexa Woods!” a voice shouted out over the water from the distance. She growled in anger when she also heard the active sound of a motorboat coming close. She looked at the river in longing. Her crocodile for sure wasn’t coming back now–

“How Lexa!” the voice called again. The noise of the other boat coming increasingly closer.

In frustration, Lexa set her camera down and glared toward the sound of her name. As the blonde
appeared in her vision, standing in the oncoming boat and waving her down Lexa’s face contorted a little in recognition of her.

Clarke Griffin.

Oh.

*Shit*

Chapter End Notes

Hey thank you for reading!
Come see me on tumblr :)
Clarke takes the plunge, literally. In disbelief, Lexa saves her because Clarke can’t swim.

“Lexa!” the voice called again. The noise of the other boat coming increasingly closer.

In frustration, Lexa set her camera down and glared toward the sound of her name. As the blonde hair appeared in her vision, standing in the oncoming boat and waving her down Lexa’s face contorted a little in recognition of her. Clarke Griffin.

Oh. Shit.

Lexa didn’t know what was worse; that the boat had a waving, smiling Clarke Griffin reporter in it that had just crashed her video - again, or that it was speeding so fast toward her that it was spraying green water out to the sides and seemed as though it was going to crash right into her.

It was as though Clarke realized it too late as well cause the smile faded suddenly and she seemed to start scrambling about in the boat as though to try and get to the wheel.

Lexa dove for hers. Turning on the engine with a quick, practiced hand she turned the wheel as far as it could go. Her heart was thumping as the little rental started to slowly turn out of the way. She shot a glare across at Clarke as the motor boat she was in came alongside.

Clarke lost balance as it sped past. She fell out of the boat with a loud and startled yelp that was cut off with a sploosh of her hitting green water.

“Shit.” Lexa cut the engine of her rental. She scrambled to the edge of it to look over the side. Clarke came up, coughing and sputtering and splashing, “Lexa!” water drowned out her name as it spilled into the blonde’s throat–

This was bad.

“Lexa!” Clarke came up thrashing and spitting out water–

“Clarke!” Lexa shouted at her, leaning over the rail. She reached out with her hand, “get my hand, Clarke!”

Clarke coughed out more water and went under again.

“Clarke!” Lexa’s other hand gripped the rail now too as she scanned the surface fanatically waiting for the girl to come back up. She knew she was grinding her teeth as seconds ticked past too quickly
and there was only bubbling green water and no Clarke. Dammit, could the girl *not* swim?

Lexa didn’t have time to wait anymore. She got one foot up onto the shining rail of the rental boat and jumped over the side after Clarke. She swam down. She opened her eyes. Through the murky water, she saw loose strands of blonde hair floating about and arms still struggling as though trying to get to the surface. Lexa swam to her. Eyes met for just a second in murky water. Lexa got Clarke by the back of the shirt. Kicking her legs Lexa hauled them both to the surface. With a great splash, they broke through it and Lexa held onto the spluttering blonde’s arm as she heaved air into her own lungs enough to shout at Clarke, ‘Tell me you didn’t! Tell me you are not that stupid! Tell me you didn’t come all the way out here on a boat no less!’ she motioned angrily the direction the boat had sped off, “and you can’t swim!”

“Lexa…” Clarke was shaking and still thrashing despite Lexa’s hold on her.

“There are crocodiles in this river!” Lexa shouted at her in frustration, “and other things that could!”

“I…I…” Clarke was spluttering. Damn, she was shaking and squirming into Lexa and clinging around her neck, “Lexa.. I can’t…” Clarke was trying to get her legs around her.

“Clarke?” Lexa snapped back but then was suddenly concerned because Clarke really was panicking. She gripped the girl better. Lexa pulled her back just enough to look at her better, her tone more demanding, “Clarke!”

She had to get her out of the water. Wrapping an arm around the girl that was still clinging to her like an orangutan Lexa started to swim the small distance back to her boat.

But the grip Clarke had on her didn’t last. As she neared the boat and looked up at the blue sky, green trees and silver boat rungs she felt Clarke’s hands and legs loosen up. Clarke’s struggles had stopped. It caused her to look back. Her heart skipped a beat to see that she was not moving.

For some reason, this put fear into Lexa. She got an arm around Clarke’s middle, grabbed the rail, and heaved them both up it and over the side of her boat.

Lexa fell onto the boat floor. Clarke landed on top of her. Immediately she scrambled out from under the blonde and knelt beside her. The sharp stabs of anxiety crippling her suddenly that Clarke might have drowned eased when she saw the blonde was still breathing. Clarke’s blue eyes rolled open weakly, “Lexa…” on her back Clarke started coughing and spitting out river-water. Her whole body jerking with the effort it took.

Lexa turned her onto her stomach and let her cough and heave water out of her lungs onto the boat floor. Between coughs, Clarke would tremble, try to support her own weight and try to speak, “Lex…Lexa.”

“Save your breath so you can breathe,” Lexa scolded. With her arm around Clarke’s chest, she helped support her weight while she couldn’t. Lexa’s own wet hair had been washed out of its tie and fell over the blonde. In this position, she could feel the steady pound of Clarke’s heart under her wrist. But now that she knew Clarke would live she was angry, so angry, suddenly.

Clarke’s coughing was stopping. Lexa jerked away from her, “you could have killed us!” she shouted at Clarke. Lexa shoved to her feet, “what the hell were you thinking?! Where are your camera guys?! Don’t tell me they left you alone out here!”

Clarke managed to turn somehow and sit down with her back to the wall, “they didn’t come. I
thought just myself would be easier on you. I didn’t mean to fall in the river!” she tried to shout back, but the sentences came out with as wet rasps instead and a glare through wet blonde hair sticking to her forehead. Clarke pulled the wet strands aside, “Lexa.”

Lexa started pacing the small boat furiously, “you were standing up in a small boat going extremely fast, Clarke! You let go of the wheel!” she shouted, whirling to glare at her, “what did you think would happen? Did you think I would be happy to see you? Did you?”

“No,” Clarke answered quickly, “but I don’t have much of a choice. If I can just have five minutes—”

“I don’t want you following me around!” Lexa snapped at her, cutting her off, “I never asked for you to follow me everywhere! And now,” she motioned out to the river, “You almost got yourself killed!” Lexa knew her temper had the better of her. She could feel it stinging in the hot air and yet she stared at the girl in front of her and watched each word bite into the blonde. But they didn’t seem to hurt her because she didn’t cower. They only seemed to shock her into silence. Maybe she at least now realized that her actions had consequences to them. Wiping clumps of algae away off her own face Lexa turned away–

“Thank you for saving me.”

The quiet words deflated her. Lexa found herself having to take a couple of deep breaths to counter the rush of most her anger sucked out of her body. With a partial glance over her shoulder, she answered just as quietly, “you’re welcome.”

Clarke pushed to her feet and stood there water dripping from her skin, hair, and clothes onto the floor of the boat, “I really am sorry, Lexa. I didn’t mean for this to happen. I actually don’t want to be doing this to you.”

Maybe she didn’t, Lexa realized that. But she wasn’t going to say that it was okay when it wasn’t. She turned around quickly again so she didn’t have to keep looking at Clarke’s hopeful face, found her camera where it had rattled to the ship floorboard in all the excitement, picked it up and put it back into place in front of the wheel, “just do me a favor.” she said at last.

“Anything.”

“First, stop following me.” Lexa looked at the river hoping for a glimpse of the creature she’d come here for. But there was no crocodile. She looked at the trees with the leaves that dripped over the banks and into the water hoping maybe one would be laying under them. But there wasn’t, “second,” she said and now she did look over at Clarke to punctuate her next words, “don’t ever do something as stupid as that again. Have a vest on or something next time you might be in the water.”

“Okay,” Clarke answered, nodding just a little. She said it again as though to confirm it to herself, “okay.”

Okay,” Lexa replied in a neutral tone. The boat they were in had drifted some and was still drifting on the slow currents after she cut the engines, “your boat,” she said next. Lexa looked up the river in the direction Clarke’s wayward boat had sped off in, “it’s probably long gone. It will be dark soon,” looking away from Clarke, “we have to go back now.” She gave the river one last hopeful look and reached to turn the key but didn’t quite make it to it because Clarke spoke up, “we can come back in the morning. We can find-”

“No, Clarke.” Lexa cut her off, “you are going to have to get someone else.” before Clarke could argue with her Lexa grabbed her camera. It was already on so she turned it and held it in front of herself and faked a smile, “so we did not get to film a crocodile today,” she tried to sound normal but
her voice sounded lackluster to her though, “but, we will be back here soon as we can to look for it,” she looked around her, “in this beautiful place. For now, Lexa Woods, Philippine Crocodile Hunt, out.” she put the camera down slowly and reached for the keys again.

“Lexa?” Clarke actually sounded sullen, a little.

Lexa turned the boat on and started back the way she had come, “I can take you back to the dock. You’re on your own from there.” she said over the humming of the motor as she steered.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Clarke come to stand where she was, “I am sorry about your crocodile. In the morning you can come with me. We can look for your crocodile too.”

“Clarke, I don’t want to be on a boat with you,” Lexa stated clearly. She saw Clarke fall back a little as though she’d been physically hit. Did she expect differently? Lexa stared down the river ahead of them and refused to sway, “besides, I am leaving in the morning. Early. I have to go back to California.” Without her crocodile.

Chapter End Notes

May we meet again at my tumblr
Thanks for reading.
Chapter Summary

Lexa is home, editing her video’s at Anya’s house. Who ever thought that older sisters could be so annoying? Especially since they keep wanting to talk about a particular blonde girl…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The flights back to California had been uncomfortable and long. Lexa had the aisle seat, and though her sister Anya had offered several times to upgrade her Lexa reminded her also several times that she couldn’t accept something if she hadn’t earned it.

Anya had called her impossible each time and reminded her she was her sister and that ‘sisters did these kinds of things’ But each time Lexa had escaped by saying her plane was boarding and she had to go and hung up the phone.

All the same, aisle seats or not, she had finally made it home. She had showered and slept one night in her own bed on her boat rocked by the waves off California’s coastline and there was some truth in the saying that ‘wherever you roam there is no place like home’ or was it ‘be it ever so humble there’s no place like home?’

That was two weeks ago and she had spent nearly every minute of them except the time it took to eat and sleep editing content as fast as she possibly could at Anya’s new apartment. She’d moved again since Lexa had left for the Philippines and her apartment, much like all her previous places she had lived in since crashing into Lexa’s life, could only be described as spartan. Anya’s work dictated it because she did move a-lot. But it was also the reason Anya had a full office of several expensive computers that probably no one else was supposed to touch, look at or even know about.

But Anya let her anyway. She would say it was only because she wanted to know where Lexa had been and what she had been up to in the months between their meet-ups. But Lexa knew that Anya knew she would refuse any offer to buy her a good computer of her own and she also knew that Anya knew that this type of editing wasn’t something she could do to her standards that matched ‘professional quality’ as some of her comments said from the laptop that was currently lost and collecting dust under her bed the same as it had been doing the past several months.

She was grateful. But that didn’t mean that Anya’s pacing back and forth behind her as she tried to edit Iguana clips wasn’t getting on her nerves. She tried to ignore it a second longer but Anya started grunting in frustration and glaring at her every few steps. Finally, Lexa felt herself grinding her teeth, “Anya?” she almost growled. She squinted at the screen in front of her. This part of the filming seemed mostly of the forest floor and her walking feet. She grunted because she had a-lot of footage like this from times she forgot and left the camera on. But it was mostly wasted footage. No one really wanted to watch 15-20 minutes of her feet.

“Yes, Lexa?” Anya’s voice was clipped as she turned fully to stare at her back.
“Stop pacing,” Lexa asked. She found the clipping tool and started cutting the footage of her feet, “I am not putting the girl into this episode. Not even by accident, again.” she was going to be very careful to make sure she didn’t include one little shot of Clarke. She would not even let so much as a fingertip or a strand of blonde hair in - to the video.

Anya’s hand slammed down hard onto the shiny desk surface next to Lexa in the low light of the office, spilling her coffee and causing her to jump out of her skin at the same time. Lexa jumped out of her chair the instant the hot liquid hit her lap, “look what you did, Anya!” she didn’t have any extra clothes with her. She glared at her sister.

“Oh, hush,” Anya scolded, looking her over with flashing eyes, “for someone who spends two-thirds of their life out in the wilds of … God …who knows where..” it was clear Anya was getting frustrated too because she was pointing her finger at the door of the office as though the Ujung Kulon was just on the other side of it before lowering her hand and glaring at her again, “getting stuck full of bugs and slimy water–”

Slimy water. Her brain flashed back instantly again to that moment with Clarke and pulling her out of the river and she wasn’t seeing Anya’s office anymore she was crashing to the floor of that faded blue rental boat. She had been, and still was, so furious with Clarke that she could barely think at first –

“I don’t want you following me around!” Lexa snapped at her, cutting her off, “I never asked for you to follow me everywhere! And now,” she motioned out to the river, “You almost got yourself killed!” Lexa knew her temper had the better of her. She could feel it stinging in the hot air and yet she stared at the girl in front of her and watched each word bite into the blonde. But they didn’t seem to hurt her because she didn’t cower. They only seemed to shock her into silence. Maybe she at least now realized that her actions had consequences to them. Wiping clumps of algae away off her own face Lexa turned away–

“Thank you for saving me.”

But Lexa lost her crocodile and one entire video session in her series that she could never get back-

“Are you even listening to me?” Anya demanded, yanking Lexa back into the present, into the dim office, to look up at Anya standing there under the lamp over her head with her hands on her hips glaring at her. Lexa felt herself blinking a little bit as a result of being pulled out of her memories so fast. But she saw Anya’s face soften, just a fraction before her sister dropped her arms, “where were you just now?” she asked.

Lexa rolled her eyes but she was honest, “on a boat,” she said, “in a river.” She shook her head a little in frustration because the memory was not the best one, “last day of my trip.”

“Day you lost the crocodile?” Anya asked.

It was clear to Lexa and had been for a long time that Anya couldn’t tell one crocodile from the next or any other animal for that matter and it was clear that Anya’s interests and hers were not the same just by the fact that their lives and what they did were so widely different. But it was also very clear to her that her sister did care. Lexa admitted, “yes.”

Anya snorted, “come with me.” she said, she walked past Lexa abruptly and out of the room. Not quite sure what her sister was about. Lexa looked back at her half-edited video on the computer behind her. It was still hooked into her camera. At this rate, she would never have it done in time but she turned away and left the room too, “Anya?” she asked into the veritably empty -except for a large tv set and a new leather couch that still smelled new -huge- main living area of the apartment.
She took another step looking around. Her sister’s ways of vanishing were pretty famous but in her own house, she couldn’t have gone far. She crossed the room, passing the kitchen area and peeked into the bedroom door on the other side.

Like the rest of her house, it was empty too, except for a large brand new bed without even a head or footboard and Anya’s one piece of furniture she never ever replaced, a large green sea-trunk. Anya was at this trunk on the other side of the room. She pulled out a black pair of sweatpants and a tank top and turned, “catch.” she said, tossing the clothing at her.

Lexa caught the clothing. As she did it unfolded partly and she looked over at Anya in surprise. Anya just shrugged and left the room, brushing past Lexa, “get changed.” she said to her, “toss your clothes in the basket near the door as you do and I will put them in to be washed—”

“Right,” Lexa answered quietly, surprised, as Anya slipped past her out the door. Lexa got out of her things quickly, one by one she kicked them off and put them in the basket. She tugged the sweatpants and tank top on to find they were surprisingly soft and comfortable. When she was done she turned and walked out of the door and into the front of the apartment again to see Anya seated on her couch, elbows on her knees chin in her hands staring at apparently nothing. She looked up as Lexa entered though, “better?” she asked.

Lexa flipped her braid out of the back of her shirt, “yes, thank you.” she answered.

Anya lifted an eyebrow at her, “now about the girl?”

“Anya,” Lexa heaved and rolled her eyes, “no.”

“All I am saying,” Anya stood up, “is I know that you not getting your alligator on video—”

“Crocodile,” Lexa corrected, glaring across at her sister. She folded her arms stubbornly, “specifically Philippine Crocodile.”

Anya stared across at her and snorted, “alligator, crocodile, same difference.”

“No,” Lexa stated, dropping her arms, “not the same difference really. Alligators are—”

“Lexa,” Anya snapped, the tone alone made Lexa look up to see her sister staring at her with a mix of concern and irritation on her face, “you don’t have enough footage to carry a season to make money.”

Lexa breathed in deeply, “thank you for that reminder.”

“I know you don’t want this. I know you don’t want to hear it,” Anya shook her head and moved into Lexa’s space, “but your fans? They want Clarke. Give them what they want Lexa. They were so excited you brought another person onto your show—”

“I didn’t bring her onto the show!” Lexa felt every hair on her body bristle, “she got left in the footage by accident.”

Anya stared at her, “they loved her hat.” she pointed out, “a-lot of them commented on it.”

Lexa turned away from her sister and strode over to the window to look down at the city far below them. She never felt she fit in in the city. But it was a jungle of its own kind, “I am not putting her in the show.” Anya had no idea what Clarke was like.

Anya’s sigh was audible from across the room, “all I am saying, Lexa, is that if you include her in at
least one video, you might have enough footage to carry your season.”

Hearing that, made Lexa’s brain work automatically - if she included Clarke she would have enough footage? She would be able to keep her sponsors. She–

Why was she even considering this? She turned abruptly to Anya and stared at her. Anya was staring back with that smart look on her face that she wore when she was right and she knew she was right. But Lexa was stubborn and picked up her chin, “I am not putting her in.”

“Of course not,” Anya answered almost flatly. She unfolded her arms, “You are too stubborn for your own good.”

“I have to finish editing,” Lexa answered, she turned and walked away from the window and went into the office and sank into her chair. As she did she looked up at the computer screen and snorted under her breath. The image she had paused it on was none other than Clarke Griffin’s face.

Of course.

Chapter End Notes

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thank you for reading
Expendable

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Clarke is back home, and back at the office. Jaha has some things to say about her accidentally showing up in one of Lexa’s videos and makes it clear if she doesn’t get what he wants what happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jaha stared at her from across the desk. The look on his face was a mix of confusion and irritation, “you mean to tell me,” he began slowly, leaning into the desk a little and sounding very patronizing, “that you have been out in the field now for almost three months, that you have been following her for three months, that I have been paying your air fare and hotels and expenses in all that time and you have nothing?” he asked. He lifted his chin a little as though to look more stern, “nothing more on Woods than when you first went out there?”

Clarke stared back at him. The chair she was in was soft, but right now it felt uncomfortably hard. Just like she was also uncomfortable with this conversation, indeed with this whole assignment. Each encounter she had with Lexa made her feel more wrong about it than she had when she had first begun, “I am tired of barging in, interrupting what she is doing–”

“You are a reporter, Clarke.” he said to her, “you get the story.” He stared her down, his mouth twisted just a little bit with disgust, “you do what it takes to get that story. You always have. Why are you hesitating now?”

She inhaled deeply, “I am not hesitating. I just think this should be handled more professionally than–” she thought about the crushed look on Lexa’s face when she realized she wasn’t going to be able to film her crocodile, “the way we are doing it now.”

He just stared at her a second, grunted, snorted, turned his laptop on and was silent for a few seconds as he started typing something into the keyboard. She had a good idea what it was, and when he turned the screen around to show the paused and captured image of herself stumbling down the bank on Lexa’s YouTube she knew she was right and she felt a distinct shiver in her spine that said she didn’t want to be here anymore.

“People love this,” Jaha said quickly, glancing at her and glancing at the screen. He leaned into the desk, “we can capitalize off of this.” He stared at her hard and demanded, “why haven’t you? And why?” he asked, “haven’t you brought me anything? Other than this..” he looked at the screen again.

The scene in question was only a second long, a blink, as though it had been left in by accident. But she knew it was setting not only her social media but also Lexa’s social media and even the social media of the news channel on fire. She wasn’t about to tell him that the story was so much to this story than the video actually managed to leak out. That Lexa had saved her life. So she felt herself pull in another breath and looked at him across the desk and said the only thing she could say
without giving a lot away, “look, I don’t think she meant for me to be in that shot.” Because if Lexa had wanted her in any of the episodes, she had so much other footage to use than this. Better footage, “and if she did,” Clarke went on, “she is the kind that would call us up and ask me first.”

That, was when Clarke knew she had slipped up. Jaha sat back in his chair and laced his fingers together, “so you do know a bit more about her?” he looked at her in interest now, “what are you hiding from me?”

But Clarke was stubborn. Even though her stomach was twisting now because he had the idea in his head she was going to ignore his question however she could manage to, “we should call her.”

“She doesn’t take calls, I’m told.”

“Have you even tried?” Clarke asked.

“People want her, Clarke,” Jaha answered, ”not a phone call.”

“So you think charging in when she is working is a good idea?” Clarke demanded.

“It’s the only other one we have,” Jaha said to her firmly. He leaned into the desk again as though to emphasize his point, “and we are going to use it.”

Clarke only stared at him though. And as she did she knew she had to get Lexa out of this. Somehow. I just don’t think,” Clarke repeated carefully, “that we should be chasing after her.” She thought back to the day on the boat in the river and how things may have ended if Lexa hadn’t been there, “it’s her job.”

“Yes,” he answered, he looked at her coldly again and added, “don’t make me tell you again to do yours. She is in the city, if you want to catch up with her here,” he said to her, “though sometimes she tends to slip off the radar here and I don’t know how. Thing is, I don’t care how you do it. Just do it. You get what I want,” he said to her, “or don’t come back at all.”

“What?” she demanded, standing up. She felt sick suddenly. She stared at him, “you can’t be serious —“

“You may go.” Jaha turned back to his computer screen.

Clarke, for her part, stared at him, “you can’t do that.”

“I said,” he repeated without looking up at her, “you can go.”

It hit Clarke then and there how badly Jaha used people and didn’t care whom he hurt to do it. He was using Lexa. He was spying on her. He was even using Clarke too and now she was expendable, “there is one thing,” she said as she got up from her chair. He did cast his eyes up to look at her. Clarke took her computer case from where she had hung it on the back of the chair, “you better hope she doesn’t catch you.”

“She can’t touch me, Clarke.” He smirked, “she doesn’t have the means.”

Clarke put the strap of her computer bag over her shoulder, “you better hope she can’t.” she said. It was starting to sound like what had happened with Mt. Weather.

“Are you threatening me?” he seemed more amused than anything though. He even smirked at her.

“It isn’t a threat.” She didn’t make threats. But she didn’t know what to do yet. She hadn’t been
lying to Lexa when she said she didn’t want to do this. She wanted to at least turn this situation into positive coverage for her somehow. But the adventurer was fighting her. For good reason too. With a sick knot in her stomach that she was damned if she was going to let show in front of him Clarke turned and walked out of the office door.

Her head was spinning too fast. She wanted to go home but had at least another hour before she could and she didn’t have anywhere to be alone without saturating anyone else with her anger except for the bathroom down the hall. Clarke pushed the door open quickly and ducked inside. There were three metal stalls. The lighting bars in the ceiling were old and one of them flickered and flashed giving the atmosphere in the room a frightening undertone that normally brought a chill to her spine because it reminded her of a freaking horror show.

But right now, all she could do was think of Lexa. How could she do this without hurting her more? Could she find her in the city? She was stalking the poor girl whose passion only made her want to chase down rare animals and put them on the internet, who had never done anything to Thelonius Jaha whom apparently was okay with spying on anyone.

It made Clarke’s entire stomach hurt even more. She went to the sink and turned it on and started splashing water on her face. She did it again and again to try and break the hot feeling on her skin.

The door pushed open. Clarke looked over quickly. It was Harper and her friend Zoe Monroe. Harper’s voice seemed too loud suddenly in the bathroom and pushed into her ears even if it wasn’t directed at her, ”we are going to call it Nia and it’s a pretty serious storm system. It’s coming up the coastline but by the time it develops into an actual hurricane in a couple weeks it will have moved off into the –oh.” Harper stopped suddenly seeing her. Zoe looked at her too. But Harper –their resident meteorologist- smiled at her, “hi Clarke, I didn’t know you were back.”

“We thought you were still out chasing after that girl.” Zoe added, “Lena?”

Harper put her hands on her hips and corrected her, “Lexa, her name is Lexa Woods.”

Zoe rolled her eyes, “right, Lexa.” Zoe offered her a smile too.

Clarke kept up with them somehow, “I’m not back for long.” She answered. She didn’t let her face give away what she was feeling like and offered a small, if fake, smile back. Clarke shrugged and closed her hands around her upper arms as she did, “I have to go back out there.”

“I saw you in the vid,” Harper commented.

“Mm.” Clarke agreed, “Yeah, everyone did. So,” she changed the subject to something that would keep them from talking about Lexa, “Hurricane Nia huh? Right up your alley?”

“It’s just a tropical storm right now. Nia will be hurricane strength, but not until it’s out to sea.” Harper answered, “but yes,” she said, “exciting.”

The bathroom door opened, “Harper!” Mel, the camera crew’s p.a. stuck her head in, “you’re on in ten!” Mel ducked out again quickly as she had entered.

Harper had barely time to look the p.a.’s direction. She glanced back at Clarke. She glanced at herself in the mirror and straightened out her top and skirt, “okay, I have to go. If we don’t meet again good luck out there Clarke. This story of yours might be your big break too.” Harper turned and left the bathroom. Zoe followed her out, waving back at Clarke as she left. The door closed fully behind them.

She sighed. She looked at her face in the mirror. She looked at the time on her dad’s watch. Raven
wouldn’t be here to get her for an hour. Maybe at home, she could look up Lexa and try and get her on the phone. Maybe she could leave her a comment on her youtube channel ‘I am that blonde that has been chasing you’ but she knew from looking that Lexa already had several comments from girls claiming that they were her. Social Media was amazing like that and besides, contacting her like that might only make it worse.

That was when it hit Clarke that she could use social media to her benefit. She could admit she was the blonde in the video and turn the whole mess into something beneficial, into something good, “I can make a fundraiser.” It would be used to continue to bring awareness to the plight of Lexa’s animals.

It would be perfect.

She just had to keep Jaha from finding out, somehow.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading.

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A Whale's Tale

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Whales have beached on the shore. Clarke has the live report. The last person Clarke would have expected to arrive on the scene . . is Lexa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Whales Beach Overnight.

Lexa’s laptop was on from the night before and already her table when she read the headline on the local news page at the top of the screen. She was barely awake. She was reaching for her coffee cup when she read it. Her eyes widened. Her hand slowed down mid-reach and fell into her lap. She clicked the article, “an entire pod of whales,” she began to read out-loud.

Her phone chose to start ringing that exact second. Still staring at the screen in front of her Lexa scrambled a hand forward across the surface of her small table, grabbed her phone and answered, “what is it, Anya?” there was frustration in her voice.

“Is this Miss Lexa Woods?” the voice on the other end asked, male, not Anya.

“Who is asking?”

“My name is Wells Jaha, with Arkadia News,” the voice continued, “we were looking for Miss Lexa Woods to see if she would like to come down to the Beach today to offer ideas about the Whales.”

“I am Woods,” Lexa answered. She stared at the screen harder hardly hearing the voice. She rubbed her forehead with her free hand, “when?”

On the other end of the phone, Wells Jaha answered, “we go live in 20 minutes.”

Lexa’s eyes roamed the pictures on the news article, “I will be there,” she said quickly. In the pictures, there were so many people walking up and touching these poor whales, “contact the law enforcement. They need to get those people away from these poor animals. And close that beach for now.”

“Will do..” Wells answered, “Miss Woods, can you answer–”

Lexa hung up the phone. But she had barely time to start finding keys to her motorcycle when her phone started ringing again. She ignored it. She was already on the way and having to tell them so again would just hold her up. She checked the counter by the coffee pot. She checked the table by her bed. But her phone would not stop ringing. Angry she answered it, “yes, what? I have said I am on my way.” Lexa spun as she did and at the same time caught sight of her keys hanging up on their hook where they were supposed to be near the stairs that went up to the deck. She rolled her eyes at herself and strode toward them.
“Is that a way to greet your sister?” Anya’s voice asked.

“Anya?” Lexa demanded. She grabbed her keys off the hook and as she did she realized she was still in her shorts and shirt that served as pajamas. With a sigh, she hung up the keys. She would have to shower really fast. Lexa turned to find clothes, “what do you want?”

“I am not sure if you have seen the news,” Anya answered dryly.

“The whales, yes,” Lexa opened a drawer under her bed and started pulling out cargo jeans and a white tank top. She started tugging off what she had on, “I am actually on my way out there now.”

“No,” Anya answered, “wait, whales? What whales?”

“Whales on the Beach, Anya,” Lexa answered irritably, “an entire Pod of them.”

“Forget whales,” Anya sounded perturbed and amused at the same time which was a talent only she could really master, “I mean the other news.”

Lexa stopped and stood in just her underwear, “other news?” she asked. She didn’t like the tone of Anya’s voice really. Especially considering the smirk in it as Anya added, “oh …you must not have seen what your Clarke is doing, yet.”

“She’s not mine,” Lexa countered. Her tone stiffened even more though when she asked, “what is she doing?” because she really wasn’t sure she wanted to know. As an afterthought, she added sarcastically, “taking swimming lessons I hope?”

“Swimming lessons, what?” Anya asked in confusion, “Lexa ..you are not making sense this morning–”

“Never,” Lexa sat on the edge of her bed and rubbed her forehead in frustration because mentioning Clarke and swimming reminded her of that day, “never-mind. But what did you need now? I really have to go Anya, what is she doing?”

“She’s got a fundraiser going on,” Anya supplied with amusement saturating her voice, “something about,” Anya paused and Lexa could hear her chewing on something she was eating. Chewing noises was always one of Lexa’s pet-peeves. Anya spoke again, “something about a crocalisk.”

“Crockalisk?” Lexa got up, “what?” She tried to place the word. It did sound familiar. Then it hit her, “crocodile, Anya. Crocolisks are World of Warcraft.”

“They are, that’s right,” Anya muttered under her breath. Then she started gulping something down as though to hide it.

“Wait,” Lexa realized something, “how did you even know the word Crockalisk? Anya,” Lexa asked in a tone that almost sounded accusatory, “have you been playing online games?”

“It might currently be part of my job,” Anya answered vaguely, “for now. But listen, Lexa. We’re off track. I was calling because Clarke has set up a fundraiser for animal conservation awareness.”

“That’s good.” Lexa heard herself saying, “that’s good.” any conservation awareness would help. But this was Clarke so she was still waiting for that other shoe to drop, “and?” she asked.

“Lexa, look,” Anya spoke, changing the topic, her tone went quieter than usual but not completely gentle. It was the tone she used when something was bothering her, “you know I am only suggesting you consider including the girl for numbers right? You can pay rent, I know, and feed yourself and
it’s very clear people love your show; you’ve built it all on your own. You don’t need her to keep it -
your show or your talent. But you are short a video, which will hurt your income. You need these
sponsors Lex, in case something happens.”

Lexa felt herself get quieter. Because she hated admitting, “I know. I know that.”

“I support you whatever you chose, you know that too, yes?” Anya asked.

“Yes.”

“Anyway, this fundraiser,” Anya went back to the topic at hand, “all proceeds are going to you.”

Lexa was stunned speechless a second. She felt her mouth drop, “she can’t!” the protest was the first
two words off her lips. She repeated them, “she can’t.” she hardly knew the girl. On top of that the
meetings, they had never ended well.

“Well, Lexa, she is.” Anya verified.

Lexa squeezed her eyes shut and dashed for her chair, “let me have her social media Anya, I know
you have it already.”

“I thought you had beached whales.” Anya’s voice was clearer now back against her ear.

Lexa insisted, “and I will still make it if you will just hurry and tell me.”

=-=

“Here we are on the beach coming to you live,” the wind off the ocean tore at Clarke’s hair as she
spoke into the microphone and stood alongside the pounding of the inbound waves. The skies were
gray and cloudy today and behind her like broken behemoths, the whales lay dying on the sand with
rescue workers frantically spraying water onto them, “where dozens of whales have beached
overnight. I am Clarke Griffin with Arkadia News and as this story unfolds we are taking
questions.”

That caused an explosion of noise from the crowds behind the police lines. One voice was louder
than the rest, “are they dying?” it asked. A man a few rows back in the crowd waved his hand in the
sea air to get her attention, “have any of them died?”

“Unfortunately yes,” Clarke answered, “rescue teams here have lost three of the animals since last
night and in spite of best efforts it is suspected more if not all of them will follow if we don’t get the
whales back into the water.”

“Do you know why they beached themselves?” Another voice behind the lines shouted out. It was
quickly followed up with a woman calling out, “how are they going to get them back in the water?”

“From what I understand an animal specialist has been called out who is going to help answer those
questions,” Clarke was glad to have at least one solid answer. But then she looked up and saw the
crowds were parting for a pair of police officers escorting a person through them toward her. The
officers waved at her to let her know her specialist had arrived, “and here they are now,” she said.
She was glad to have the weight of the harder questions taken off her shoulders and watched as the
person walked up to the police line, saw her, and froze on the spot.

Clarke did too. In fact, she felt her mouth drop open in front of the microphone. All she could do was
watch as Lexa regained her control first, ducked under the police line, and walked up to her. Lexa’s
hair was pulled back in its customary braid and even though the truth was in Lexa’s eyes that she
recognized Clarke she still walked right up to her and offered out her hand like they had never met, “Lexa Woods,” she introduced herself. Clarke was still staring, speechless and live on the air she was staring numbly at Lexa Woods. She pulled it together quickly though, as though the hand offered hers was a lifeline back to being able to talk she gripped it and said her name back, “Clarke Griffin.” Clarke released Lexa’s warm fingers.

Lexa put her hands on her hips, “now,” she said, looking over the beach she frowned sadly and looked at Clarke again, “I am seeing an awful lot of beached whales.”

“Yes,” Clarke pulled herself together, “a-lot of beached whales.” she had to get through this. This was different. This time it was Lexa suddenly showing up in the middle of her work instead of the other way around. The irony wasn’t lost on her nor was the irony that the last time they had met and the first time for that matter was in a jungle on the other side of the world when apparently they both lived in the same city. Clarke’s heart started thumping a loudly in her chest as she remembered that last meet up with Lexa and suddenly she was back there and Lexa was jumping into the river to save her. She was thinking of Lexa, beautiful Lexa, with her hair floating about like a silken cloud under the water, looking into her eyes.

“Did you have questions about the whales, Miss Griffin?” Lexa’s voice asked. Clarke snapped back into the present and she was there on the beach again realizing that Lexa had asked a very direct question with little room to slide except for the topic they were both here for. Clarke tightened her grip on her microphone, “we do.” she spoke at last, her voice forming words strongly probably only by practice somehow, “notably you are an animal expert-”

“Enthusiast,” Lexa added in.

“Enthusiast,” Clarke added in because she wasn’t willing to be derailed and she was finally getting the ground back under her as the shock wore off, “and instances like this bring a-lot of questions. One of those questions frequently asked is why do whales do this?” Clarke motioned out toward the beach with a sweep of her arm and offered the microphone to Lexa.

Lexa was on her game instantly. It was like hitting an on switch on a topic she knew, “well there are any number of reasons honestly,” her tone was thoughtful, “among them are the two most common stipulations that sometimes -just like Humans and other animals do- whales can get lost. They actually have ears that are different than ours. They actually have ears that float inside their heads allowing them to tell what direction sounds are coming from under the water and sometimes something might go wrong with this,” she seemed to be searching for words other than scientific ones to use, “navigation system, so to speak, and before they know it they swim too close to shore and end up on a beach.”

“So they get lost?” Clarke asked in hopes of a simpler recap.

“They can get lost, yes.” Lexa confirmed, “or they can also get sick. Let’s say one gets sick and swims into shallow water for shelter and it ends up washed onto the beach.”

“So they get sick and can beach?”

“They can,” Lexa confirmed as well. She made a thoughtful face before continuing, “but usually just instances of single animals. For instances where an entire Pod the likes of this one—” Lexa looked out at the whales and then at Clarke again and explained as though starting over, “whales have a strong sense of family, a strong sense of loyalty. If one gets sick or lost the entire pod is likely to swim after it or into shallow water with it and they will all end up on the beach.”

“Just like this?” Clarke asked.
Lexa nodded and agreed, “just like this.”

“So what do we do?”

“We have to be ready to respond quickly to save them,” Lexa answered. She glanced over at the whales. She looked at the cameras rolling. She looked at Clarke again and added, “as fast as we can.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and for the comments :)}
Clarke, getting tired of Jaha, finally says enough is enough and lets Lexa go. Lexa must figure out her numbers this season. What will she put on the air?

The interview was long over. The day itself nearly was gone. With the news and excitement wearing off most of the crowds had left the closed off beach. But Clarke had stayed. She had stayed and was leaning against the hood of her car. She told herself she was still here to watch how everything turned out so she could outline it in a follow-up.

Lexa had also stayed. She was down at the waterline right now, a slender silhouette outlined in the sunset with the rescue team, lovingly patting the last whale on its side in parting as they finally pulled it back into the sea. Even from here, a good fifty feet away, on the hood of her car Clarke could hear the cheering start from the group. She could see Lexa stepping back onto the beach in excitement. Even from here she could feel the Adventurer’s joy.

It was very different to watch her in action than to be interrupting it. But with the last of the whales now safely out to sea the rescuers started rolling tarps and packing up and that was when, shoulder’s heaving in a soft and contented sigh, Lexa turned around and their eyes met at last over the distance of sand. It was hard to believe they had first met in a place so different from this halfway around the world.

Lexa’s shoulders stiffened immediately. Clarke felt her own tighten as a reaction. She turned her gaze away and reached into her bag and took out a bottle of water. She had to try and make this right. She got down from the car in time to see Lexa look away from her, wipe the sand from her hands and start walking toward a parking-lot but also away from Clarke.

Before thinking about what she was doing Clarke ran after her. She was tripping a little in the sand but finally caught up with her halfway, “got your favorite drink.” she offered the bottle of water and tried to get her to stop walking, “Lexa, wait.”

Lexa did stop suddenly. Which caused Clarke to stop walking as well. She looked at Clarke. Clarke looked back. Lexa’s braid had come out long ago. She was covered in sand and salt water and a sheen of sweat was on her skin from working hard all day long with the whales and in the sunset, she looked absolutely beautiful. Clarke felt her breath stop. Insane. This was insane. She had started off way on the wrong foot with her to hope for more than awkward acquaintance status at best with her.

“Yes, Clarke?” Lexa asked.

Clarke’s eyes roamed the damp skin of Lexa’s throat. She had to tear her eyes away from it only to have them land on the tattoo on Lexa’s arm–
“Miss Griffin?” Lexa’s voice was direct. It made Clarke snap to attention. It made her remember where she was. It made her look up and saw green eyes studying her but there was no expression on Lexa’s face and for some strange reason it almost felt like rejection. As Clarke was deciding what to do, to pursue or leave, Lexa asked, “did you need something?”

“I,” Clarke began. She cleared her voice and willed some strength into it. She offered the water, “I thought you might want this.” She could feel the pause in the air that followed. It hung there uncomfortably as Lexa’s eyes dropped from her face to the bottle of water. Finally Lexa answered, “thank you.” she said. She reached and took it from Clarke and as she did Clarke was very careful that their fingers would not touch. In fact after Lexa had the bottle of water she shoved her hands into her pockets and watched Lexa open the bottle up and start to drink from it. She was staring, she knew. But she had to say something to her. There were so many things she wanted to tell her. At last she settled on the biggest one, the truth, “I need to talk to you.”

Lexa slowed her drinking but didn’t stop as she glanced at Clarke in response. Having not been chastised immediately Clarke went on, “about,” Clarke couldn’t believe she was about to admit the truth, “why I have been following you.”

Lexa stopped drinking the water, “Miss Griffin,” she glanced down at the bottle in her hand. As though thinking about how to frame her words she screwed the cap back onto the bottle slowly, “have you not realized I don’t want to talk about this?”

Clarke was confused. She wrinkled her forehead, “what?” Lexa didn’t understand she realized, “wait, Lexa, that’s not-”

“No. No, you wait,” Lexa cut her off, “you have followed me halfway around the world,” she pointed west to the sun sinking into the sea in indication, “and you still haven’t got it in your head that I will not be doing this interview.” She dropped her arm and demanded, “when will you just stop, Clarke?”

“It’s not that,” Clarke protested back, “Lexa,” she said glancing west toward the sunset too because of Lexa having pointed that way before looking at Lexa again, “I know you’re angry-”

“Angry?” Lexa demanded, “tell me, Clarke, if I chased you all across the world and still insisted how happy would you be? Would you do an interview?”

“I don’t want that anymore.”

Lexa pressed on, “your fundraiser is out of line as well.”

“My, my fundraiser?” It seemed Clarke could barely get a word in edgewise. Besides, how did Lexa even know about that? Lexa turned to leave but as she did Clarke grabbed her wrist, “wait! Lexa!”

Lexa turned abruptly having been yanked back like that. As she did she looked down at Clarke’s hand on her wrist and Clarke felt herself flinch inwardly from the look on the adventurer’s face when Lexa looked up and their eyes met. Clarke dropped Lexa’s wrist slowly and repeated, “I don’t want an interview, anymore, Lexa.”

Lexa held the water-bottle in the hand that Clarke had grabbed. With her other hand, she circled that wrist and rubbed it just a little as though Clarke had physically shocked her as much as the words had. She asked, “you don’t?”

“I do,” Clarke was honest, “but you don’t and,” Clarke paused a minute considering what to say. She could blame Jaha, but Lexa didn’t seem like the type to want excuses even if they were true
reasons. So she settled saying something that went against the basics of everything she learned while working for Arkadia News. Instead, she thought about what she had learned when studying to be a doctor, “sometimes we have to take no for an answer.”

Lexa looked her over, “okay.” she said.

Clarke tried a faint smile, “okay.”

But Lexa went on, “that Fundraiser, I don’t want it. Give the funds to a charity-”

“But I did it because I messed up your-”

“I make my own money, Clarke.” At that moment Lexa’s phone started ringing in her pocket. The ringtone was loud and obnoxious and startled Clarke. Lexa sighed and rubbed her forehead but didn’t answer the phone yet.

“We almost have enough to send you back to the Philippines.”

“Give it to people who need it,” Lexa said again. She glanced down at the ringing phone and looked at Clarke, “that is Anya. I have to go,” she put the water bottle back into Clarke’s hands, “do not litter. Goodbye, Clarke.”

Lexa turned and left her standing there and it felt wrong for some reason to Clarke. But all she could do was stay right where she was and watch as Lexa got smaller and smaller and faded into the sunset. Clarke had no other plan. But Jaha had Lexa in a cage and Lexa didn’t even know. And even if it did feel wrong to just stay standing where she was, it had to be right to just let Lexa walk away - to open the cage and just let her go.

And maybe she would never have to know.

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It was well after dark by the time Lexa made it back to the marina. It had been a very long day. Boats bobbed quietly along the wooden boardwalk. On the phone, Anya said hers had been towed. But it was still there, secured in its place where she had left it that morning.

Anya probably just wanted her to come home. Her sister had strange ways of doing things.

Lexa boarded her boat. Opened the hatch, went below deck and locked the hatch behind her. It was dark down here. It didn’t bother her. She knew each step on the short narrow stairs as she made her way down them. Reaching the bottom she hung her keys on their hook and made her way through the small space to the table. Her hands found the cold plastic of her laptop first and then the battery operated lantern near it. Dim gold light flooded the room when she turned the lantern on.

Lexa took her camera out of her jacket pocket. Carefully she set it on the table. Staring at it she shed her jacket and tossed it onto her bed before collapsing into one of the two plastic chairs.

She was dead tired. She spent long days out in the field and exhaustion couldn’t touch her but it wasn’t often she spent all day under a burning sun. Sighing out, Lexa rubbed her eyes in frustration at the contents of the camera staring at her in the center of her table. She didn’t know what to do. She had whales on it. But it wasn’t the whales that were the problem. Lexa scrambled and sat upright in her chair. She reached for her camera and turned it over in her hands.

The Mt. Weather logo gleamed at her silver in the light from her lantern. It was a nervous habit of hers but she turned the camera over again and again in her hands. No, the whales were not the
problem.

She had Clarke Griffin in there as well.

Lexa sighed in defeat at finding herself thinking of the blonde reporter. Reporters were definitely not her favorite people. Lexa set the camera down and pushed it slowly to the other side of the table. Once on the opposite edge from her, she glared at it uselessly as though it had done something wrong.

Her social media account, Anya had said, had come alive with Clarke’s news broadcast about the whales. People were re-posting it all over facebook, Tumblr, Twitter and any other social media out there.

There was no doubt.

Her viewers wanted more of Clarke. Anya had said it best, they were mostly just excited she brought someone onto the show. It just so happened that it happened by accident, and it just so happened to be Clarke Griffin.

Lexa moved her gaze from her camera to her laptop. She stared at it for just a minute before she pulled it forward across the table with one hand and turned it on.

Chapter End Notes

may we meet again at my Tumblr - adistantstarblog

Thank you for reading
Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Old Mother Hubbard Syndrome is a thing, and someone got away from Mt. Weather.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Carl Emerson sat on a couch in the dark in a basement level apartment. Coffee stains and old paperwork filled the coffee table in front of him and he was actively shoveling yesterday’s take-out into his mouth.

The apartment wasn’t his. Neither was the take-out. And he didn’t really care that they weren’t either. Lunch was lunch and it was too bad if its owner had walked off and left it. The apartment itself was being rented by said owner, some girl he started recently to associate with because of shared interests.

The doorbell rang, but only once, probably only enough to validate having rung it before the door opened up and said girl walked in. Her hair was stringy. Her clothes too large. She had a folded up laptop with her, "Hey Carl."

"Echo." he stated, looking up at her he ate more of the take out and put his boot up on the coffee table, “what are you doing here?"

“I rent this place.” she pointed out to him.

He snorted, “right. But you’re supposed to stay away,” he paused and ate more food, letting his eyes slide over his associate trying to read her body language but failing. Because she was hiding something, that much he could tell, “unless you have something.” he added.

“I think I do.” Echo told him. Without asking then she came around the side of the table, sweeping his boot off of it as she did, sat down on the couch and plunked her laptop onto the table where his boot had been. This made him had to sit up, “what? What do you have?”

With a smirk at him, Echo turned her laptop on, “let it load.” she said to him. He pulled in a breath and refused to acknowledge the little bit of excitement that was working its way through his otherwise pitiful mood; trapped here in an old apartment basement …unable to go outside, unable to do anything because of …reasons.

The computer had loaded.

He watched as Echo sat forward at the edge of the couch and typed a web address into the URL bar. He read what she was typing and looked at her as though she’d lost her mind. “Lexa Wood’s YouTube? Who the hell is that?” he asked, that little bit of excitement he had felt in his stomach started to melt away with the acid and the day old take out.

“Wait on it,” Echo told him as she selected a video and it started playing. Echo sat back on the
couch and watched the video on the screen, “Just wait on it…”

The girl on the screen was standing on a shoreline and talking, “we travel alot. We go around the world alot and so I thought today we would do something a little bit different as it has come to my attention recently that we should probably discuss safety every so often. We’re going to start out with water and you guys have all been asking for her so here we go. What not to do as demonstrated by, Clarke Griffin.”

Emerson spit take-out everywhere, “that’s Clarke Griffin!” He reached forward and grabbed the sides of the laptop screen as a blonde girl in the video fell off a boat and into the river, staring at it closer than he needed to as Lexa Woods plunged after her into the water.

“It is,” Echo smirked, “Clarke Griffin.” she shrugged, “didn’t I say to wait for it?”

“Well what…” he motioned at the screen. The video in the image was lopsided now and focused on a wet boat floor more than anything else. Over the sound of the water sucking at the sides of the boat off screen, he heard the Woods girl shouting, “there are Crocodiles in this river! And other things that could… Clarke! Clarke!”

Emerson looked away from the lopsided camera image and studied Echo for a second. She looked smug, too smug, as though she was expecting something. So she found Clarke? He could have found her. Clarke was on the nightly news but there was no way for him to get close, “so what do you expect me to do with it?” he asked her.

She lifted an eyebrow at him, “Lexa Woods uploaded this,” she motioned to the video and looked at him again, “Griffin has been following her around.”

“And if we have Woods,” it came to him more slowly than he liked, “we have Clarke Griffin.” he had to admit, he liked where this was going. He liked the way Echo’s mind worked. He snorted. He sat back and looked at the screen a second more. He heard splashing. He heard the Woods girl groaning off screen as though it was taking all her might to do whatever she was doing. Which couldn’t be much, he smirked to himself, because just from this video Woods looked like such a fragile little thing, “you know…” he said looking over at Echo, “I am so glad I got you that position at Polaris T.V. years ago.”

Echo just snorted and rolled her eyes at him, “you only wanted an inside man.”

“Cage did,” Emerson agreed, “but maybe so.” Folding his arms, he sat back with a smirk and watched the events of the video unfold. Lexa Woods crashed back-first onto the floor of the boat. A soaked Clarke Griffin landed on top of her.

–==–

They had only a can of peas, a half a box of cereal and two chocolate bars at home. They didn’t go well together. And no matter how much she tried to tell herself she could live on chocolate for a night, Clarke still ended up racing to the grocery store an hour before they closed because the idea of having inspiration strike and staying up all night to paint something and not having anything to eat but peas was not a very good one. The wheel on her cart squeaked and stuck a little as she pushed it down the soup aisle reading off flavors of cans likely strategically placed right at eye level, “Mexican Chicken Lime, Toasted Orzo Chicken, Creamy Chicken Chowder, Chicken and Ricotta Meatballs in broth…”

Overhead, the store’s radio was on. The local news announcements in the background were not quite muffled enough to be white noise, “it does seem as though, despite earlier reports, Nia will
Harper would not be happy. She’d been wanting her first real hurricane as a ‘rookie’ meteorologist, something about it being an initiation or right of passage thing for meteorologists everywhere to report their first big storm story, “Chicken Tortilla Soup,” Clarke read on. Stopping in the isle in sudden irritation she wrinkled her forehead, “whatever happened to plain Chicken Soup?” she demanded of no one. Her phone rang. She grabbed a can of soup from the shelf with one hand, answered her phone and put it to her ear with the other hand, “Hello?” she read off the label of the can in her hand, “Cock-a-Leekie.”

There was a long, uncomfortable pause on the other end of the phone. Enough to prompt Clarke to ask, “Hello? Raven?”

Finally, Raven’s voice blurted into her ear, “cock-a… cock-a-what?”

Clarke blushed furiously instantly, squeezing her eyes shut in embarrassing she also squeezed the can of soup harder in her hand, “it’s a soup, Raven!” she clarified, shaking the can as she opened her eyes, “cock-a-leekie!” at that exact moment an old woman wobbled her way into the aisle clutching a shopping hand-basket. The woman dropped the basket and left the isle more quickly than Clarke would have thought she could have. Clarke squeezed her eyes shut again and harmlessly hit the can of soup causing the ruckus against her forehead a couple of times.

“Clarke?” Raven’s voice over her phone asked.

Clarke pulled in a deep breath.

“Clarke, you there?”

Clarke opened her eyes and looked at the label on the soup at last, “chicken, white wine, celery, carrots,” she started reading off the ingredients listed, “garlic, leek, …prunes?” she made a face and set the can down on the shelf, “who the hell would put prunes in a soup?”

“I have no idea,” Raven answered her.

“Oh, there are other things in it too.” Clarke told her. She decided it was best to leave the soup aisle. Without soup. She grabbed her cart and pushed it faster, turning into the next aisle over which thankfully was canned vegetables and fruits.

“So, you’re at the store?” Raven finally asked.

“Yeah.”

“Old Mother Hubbard syndrome?”

Clarke grabbed a can of peaches from the shelf and tossed them into the cart. They landed on the bread and squished one end of it, “we don’t even have a dog, Raven.” She sighed. She picked up a can of black-eyed peas and put them into the cart as well, “I am guessing this isn’t a call just to say ‘hi, Clarke, I miss you? You’re my best friend ever? Or even, ‘Griff get us some food or beer’?”

“Of course it is,” Raven said back happily, “all those things. Especially the beer part. But, you’re right. There is something else.”

She stopped in the aisle reaching for a can of crushed tomatoes, “what?” There was amusement in Raven’s voice now that Clarke was just picking up on for some reason. She sounded downright cocky and as though she knew a secret, “what, Raven?”
“So that girl you’re following around?” Raven asked. “Lexa Woods? The hot adventurer girl?”

Lexa Woods. The hot adventurer girl. As though Clarke needed reminding. The one whom loved whales and animals and had saved her life. Lexa’s pretty face flashed into Clarke’s mind. Standing there in the aisle in the store Clarke’s stomach started to do those annoying little flips it did these days each time she thought of Lexa or heard her name—

“Clarke, are you there?”

Even when angry Lexa was beautiful. Clarke remembered how on the beach that day she had wet her perfect lips with her little pink tongue. Clarke had barely been able to hand her the water.

“Griffin!”

Clarke snapped out of it so quickly she lost balance and had to grab onto her cart. She was back in the aisle, back in the store. Over the speakers, a voice was announcing, “the store will be closing in five minutes. Please make your final purchases and proceed to the front checkout lanes.” Clarke looked in her basket. She still needed milk and eggs and now beer. She had to hurry. She started rolling the cart quickly as she could to get those last things. It hit her that Raven had been saying something and Clarke had no idea what. She lied, “sorry, I was distracted by the announcement. What were you saying?”

“I was saying.” Raven repeated over the phone, “your girl Lexa?”

“She’s not mine.” Clarke heard herself argue, hoping that she didn’t sound as defensive about it as she thought she did.

But even over the phone, Clarke could practically hear Raven smirk again. She could practically see her folding her arms, “no?”

“No.”

“Well anyway, wait ‘til you see what she did.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey thanks for reading. More of my works can be reached through here.
The Road to Hell

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

In which Clarke falls out of the sky, Lexa is furious –especially when other things come to head…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Inside the diving cage, Lexa peered through her mask into blue ocean deeps around her one last time that day. The creature she was searching for was nowhere to be seen, and right on time, the chain attached to the cage started cranking her up from the water. She grabbed a few shots with her camera of undersea life on her way up and as the cage broke the surface and the chain stopped cranking she pulled off her mask and unlocked the cage door from the inside and climbed out of it and onto the boat. In the fading evening light she dropped her mask onto the deck and removed and lowered her oxygen tank. Knowing her camera was still rolling in her other hand she started to speak, “Well, we did not find one today but tomorrow we can try again—” she reached for the zipper of her wet-suit. But as she did the faint noise of helicopter blades met her ears that had heard nothing else but her own voice and ocean waves for two days. The sound grew louder and made her look up.

The helicopter was white and cut into her vision before stopping overhead. Lexa’s hand stilled on her zipper as a figure in khaki and bright orange jumped from it and after falling several feet through the blue sky a parachute opened up.

The helicopter spun away and her limbs went cold as ice as the realization hit that the diver was aiming for her boat and she could only stare in shock as the person landed with a loud and painful crash onto the decking. The white parachute piled down on top of them, making their grunts and groans louder, and as they flopped around a little under it Lexa finally snapped out of it and quietly unbuttoned the sheath at her belt and even more calmly drew her diving knife.

The person stood at last looking like a Halloween sheet-ghost, “Lexa?”

“Clarke!” Anger spilled into Lexa with such force she felt every nerve ending burn with it. She stormed across the wooden deck and grabbed a hold of the struggling girl. Lexa shouted at her, “Stop moving!”

Clarke stilled. Quick as she could Lexa slashed across the chute, cutting nylon and strings, not caring who’s property it was, her own had finally been invaded. She shoved Clarke away from her the minute she had the top half of her body free and Lexa stepped back several steps to glare at her while she struggled out of the rest of the chute and struggled with a backpack on her back checking it was still there.

Clarke turned, “Lexa I—”

“Stop!” Lexa cut her off. She felt her hand flexing on her knife so she shoved it into its holster promptly, “this is grade A stalkery! Don’t you get that??”
Clarke’s face went ashen.

“I am getting a restraining order,” she said closing the distance on the deck between them until she was two inches from Clarke’s face, “you said you would stop!”

“I have,” Clarke whispered. Then she took a breath and looked at Lexa and said more firmly, “I know what this looks like. I am not here to question you. I’m here to ..to save you.”

“To save me?? You fell out of the sky, Clarke!” Lexa countered, “you fell out of the sky and landed on my boat!” she glared up at the sky and she glared back at Clarke.

“I need your camera,” Clarke spat out. She looked at it. She looked at Lexa. She shook her head softly but her eyes were wet and her jaw was locked and her hands were balled at her sides, “then you will never see me again.”

“Get off my boat!” Lexa was too furious to listen.

“And go where?!” Quick as a flash before Lexa could stop her Clarke reached out and grabbed her camera from her where she had it in a white knuckled grip. Lexa tried to grab it back but Clarke was faster and moved out of her way, “give that back!” Lexa tried to grab it again but Clarke only raced to the other side of the deck. As she did she turned the camera over in her hands, “this thing waterproof?”

Lexa blinked, “what …yes!” she didn’t know why Clarke would ask that. They were out on the ocean, of course it was waterproof.

“Good,” Clarke answered, she turned with the camera toward the rail of the boat and pulled her arm back as far as she could. Lexa panicked. She tried to stop her. She tried to grab her hand. And as her precious camera flew from it she chased after it trying to grab it out of the air only to be stopped by the rail of her boat slamming into her stomach as with a last glitter and shine at her, as though with a parting wink, her camera dropped into the ocean.

Lexa stared at that spot, unable to move. Unable to breathe. Unable to do anything because everything inside of her was screaming–

“Lexa?” she heard the zipper on a backpack open behind her. She didn’t care. Her mouth opened a little finally and she felt that hated feeling of her eyes stinging as a whisper left her lips, “you ruined everything.”

“Do you really think that I would be as cruel as to throw your camera into the sea for no reason?” Clarke’s voice was firmer now, and calm.

She still couldn’t look at her. Lexa gripped the rail until her knuckles went white, “you ruined everything, Clarke! I can never get a camera like that in my life!”

“Lexa, turn around.”

Lexa whipped around, but only because she was about to anyway. The tension in her body had coiled too much to just stay still. Clarke sat on the deck with her backpack open and a little red drone camera in front of her, control hand-held device in hand. With a touch, Clarke activated it and the little red drone lifted off the deck with a light buzz to hover about three feet in the air. Clarke stood up, “it’s for you.”

“That’s…” Lexa’s voice was quieter than she’d like as she stared at it, “that’s the Infinity 503. You can take aerial video from this. It can also go under water. You can–” she reached and grabbed it out
of the air and flipped the little camera over with excitement, “wait, what?” she let it go and it hovered
more as she whirled on Clarke, “this isn’t going to fix this!”

“Yes, it can. But not like you think.”

“I can’t accept this!”

“I just threw your last one overboard, into the ocean!” Clarke pointed out toward the rolling water of
the sea, “I think you can! This one is safe!” she was breathing through frustrated clenched teeth,
“with this one people can’t …people can’t …stalk you anymore.” the last words trailed off softly, sadly.

“What?” Lexa asked under her breath. She felt a prickle of something, a mix of nerves and dread
start across her skin.

“Oh yeah,” Clarke added, “if you want it back,” she glared the direction she threw the camera again
before continuing on in frustration, “we can still go get it. How do you think I’ve been able to find
you?” she demanded, “how …Lexa?”

“I don’t..” Lexa began slowly, she rubbed her arms and watched Clarke very warily. Had someone
been spying on her? “I don’t understand.”

Clarke stared at her a second. She squeezed her eyes shut and rubbed her forehead before finally
sinking to the boat deck, “come..” she said, motioning over, “come here.”

Lexa didn’t move at first. Not until Clarke had tugged a tablet out of her backpack and turned it on.
She looked up at Lexa again in question and only then did Lexa move across the small space
between them to sit on the deck by her. She said nothing as she flipped through screens before
landing on a rotating grid globe of the Earth. There was a small flashing red dot in the sea as it spun.
Clarke tapped it and the map folded out and zoomed in on that dot in the ocean. Lexa glanced over at
Clarke in horrified shock even before the blonde closed her eyes and admitted, “that is your camera.”
She cleared her throat and added, “this is how I’ve been finding you. Mt. Weather put a gps in that
camera before they gave it to you.”

Lexa shoved to her feet, “you’ve been tracking me this whole time?” she demanded, her temper rose
like a storm, “you’ve been spying on me this whole–!”

“Lexa, I’m sorry!” Clarke stood up too, “it was shitty of me! I’ll never–”

“No, Clarke, no!” she’d never felt so violated, “how long has this been happening?” Lexa
demanded, her voice a high squeak because she could barely even breathe or stand there without her
body shaking and her eyes swimming in humiliation, in bewilderment, in rage. With so many mixed
feelings slamming down on her she demanded one more time, “how long?!”

“A few months,” Clarke whispered, closing her eyes briefly before looking up at her.

Lexa choked, “months.” this shit had been happening for months? She slid her glance over to the
little red camera, “take your damn camera, Clarke!”

Breath squeezing in and out of Clarke’s lungs, it seemed she decided not to argue with her and she
plucked the camera out of the air and put it into her bag with it’s remote, “I just wanted to help.”

“Help?” Lexa glared at Clarke, “you are lucky I don’t throw. you. off. this. boat!” she snarled
through clenched teeth.
“I’ll stay out of your way.” Clarke said quickly, “I have blankets and my own food and water. I meant when I said after this you’d never see me again.”

Lexa finally started breathing again, a deep, single breath slid into her lungs. As it did some of her utter rage settled into her gut causing her to be no less angry but perhaps more calm, “why did you do this? Why did you agree to do this?”

Clarke kept her eyes centered on Lexa’s face. At least she could look her in the eye when admitting she was wrong and truly Lexa was surprised at that. Clarke admitted, “I didn’t have a choice.”

Lexa hadn’t been expecting those words to come out of Clarke’s lips. It didn’t soften anything but it did prompt her to narrow her eyes and ask another question, “and you do now?”

“No,” Clarke admitted. A few seconds ticked past where they stared at each other and Lexa wasn’t about to say a word yet. Clarke went on, “but all you wanted was to show people the beautiful animals and places in this world. You didn’t do anything to deserve this shit,” she finally lowered her eyes a little bit, “and you deserve better than that.”

More seconds ticked past. In the air Lexa actually heard them and then she realized it was so quiet she could hear them from the watch on Clarke’s wrist. Finally, Lexa stepped into Clarke’s space. She spoke lowly enunciating each word, “it’s going to take two days to get back to land,” she looked the direction of the shore before looking back at Clarke, “I hope you brought enough water and food.”

Clarke’s lips parted slightly in reaction to these words as she looked up. Lexa only let her eyes move up and down her one more time, before turning away and stalking away across the deck from her. She would not retrieve the camera. She would not be stalked. Lexa could feel Clarke’s eyes on her from where she had moved against the bulkhead to sit on the far side of the boat.

She could ignore her for two days.

It was time to turn around and go home.

Chapter End Notes

There is more of this work and other works to be found through my tumblr.

Thank you for reading.
Caught in the storm at sea, Lexa and Clarke must put aside their differences if they are going to escape Nia alive.

It was the middle of the night.

One second she had been curled up and sleeping soundly in soft white furs, the next second the heave of her boat tugged at Lexa’s consciousness. But she wasn’t fully wide awake until she was flung from her bed and across the dark cabin. On instinct Lexa threw an hand out to stop herself and screamed in pain as she felt the bones of her wrist crunch when that hand slammed first against the bulkhead before the rest of her body. She fell to the floor as under her as boat continued to bounce and spin like a cork. Storms and hard rain and wind battered it outside. Dizzy with pain Lexa only had one thought on her mind.

Clarke.

She fought the urge to pass out that the pain in her wrist caused. Even when her vision was swimming in front of her. Using her good hand Lexa got to wobbly legs. It was a struggle to keep balance on the heaving floor as she ran up the stairs and released the latch on the hatch. The wind ripped it wide open the minute she did and torrents of rain hit her face so hard it stung as she surged out onto the heaving deck, “Clarke!” Lexa grabbed a rail as wind tried to rip her from the deck. She tried to peer through the curtain of rain to the spot where Clarke had set up her camp. But the rain was a hard white curtain between. She couldn’t see her.

Lexa pulled herself forward by the rail through the storm. A wave washed up hitting her. She spat and coughed and kept going. She was halfway there, “Clarke!” she shouted again. But the wind swallowed her cries. She could see the spot now, blankets strewn and soaked and flat on the wet deck, but Clarke was not there.

Panic slammed through her body. Her thoughts started screaming that Clarke had washed overboard. Gripping the rail harder Lexa looked for her frantically anywhere else on the deck, “Clarke!!” she tried shouting again but she could barely hear her own shouts over the wind. Lexa pulled herself forward a little more. The blankets washed overboard.

Lexa stood gripping the rail in her good hand watching them go. She knew the girl couldn’t swim and she’d left her out here–

Fingers grabbed her shoulder tightly.

Lexa jumped a mile, losing her grip for a minute as she did. The fingers grabbed faster at her clothing keeping her in place and she turned and found Clarke, gripping her, soaked to the bone, and
on her hands and knees, backpack on, orange life vest on, from the slightly raised platform above through the opened door of the little room that housed the boat’s small bridge. Rain dripped down Clarke’s blonde hair and face.

“Clarke…” the name left Lexa’s lips in relief as Clarke grabbed on harder and started pulling her up to her. Lexa ground her teeth and pulled her arm back as Clarke tried to grab her crushed wrist. Instead she slapped her other hand forward and locked it around Clarke’s wrist. Clarke pulled. Lexa scrambled up the side of the platform with her bare feet. The boat jolted hard. A wave washed over them and Lexa lost her footing and for a minute she was sure it was going to sweep her out to sea. But Clarke’s hand tightened on her wrist and pulled hard, pulling her forward and onto the floor in the small room that served as the boat’s bridge.

She was coughing up water. She was heaving air in and out of her lungs. Clarke was on her knees next to her and rubbing at her back, “are you okay?! Lexa?!”

“Listen,” Lexa coughed out more water and got to her knees and gripped Clarke’s shoulder in her good hand, “we have to stop this boat spinning! You are going to have to do exactly what I tell you to! I am going to need your help!”

“Lexa ..I..” Clarke shouted back, about to protest. But then her eyes dropped to the purple and black mass of swelling that had become of Lexa’s wrist as she held it to her chest. There was tons of fear, but there was even more determination in Clarke blue eyes as she looked at Lexa again, “okay…” she nodded, “okay.”

It was a familiar conversation but Lexa didn’t have time for that. She shuffled back the best she could and leaned her back against a wall, “go to the console. You need to turn on the engines.”

Clarke scrambled up and wobbled forward on the lurching floor of the bridge. It made Lexa’s back hit the metal wall and the jolting went right to her wrist. She growled in pain a little and ground her teeth together to speak, “the keys Clarke!”

Clarke gripped onto the console for balance and found the keys and turned them. She tried again but nothing happened, “Lexa!” she called back over her shoulder, “Lexa! It won’t start!”

Lexa squeezed her eyes shut briefly as she registered something was wrong with the engine. She struggled to her feet and moved to the console, “we’re going to have to drop a sea anchor!” she shouted over the noise.

“A what??” Clarke shouted back looking at her.

Lexa looked at the controls. With her good hand she slammed the release, “sea anchor!” she shouted again looking out toward the bow as the line dropped into the heaving waves. She was grinding her teeth together as she felt the boat jolt when the anchor hit bottom, “grab the wheel, Clarke!” she shouted, “this will take both hands!”

Setting her jaw Clarke grabbed the wheel in both hands.

“You have to turn the bow into the waves! That’s the front of the boat! If you don’t, we will be swamped easier!” Lexa shouted at her. But the look in Clarke’s eyes said she couldn’t hear her. Lexa moved into her space, worked her good arm around Clarke, grabbed the wheel with her and fought to turn it. Clarke seemed to get the idea and started to try and turn it with her. But the pull of the water was taking everything they had in them and still the stern of the boat was turning slowly into the waves.
“Try harder!” Lexa shouted.

“I’m doing the best I can!” Clarke shouted back to her. And Lexa knew she was. Clarke’s knuckles, like her own, where white bone was showing through wet skin.

“Again, Clarke!” Lexa ground out through her teeth as her good hand wobbled on the wheel. She moved her other arm forward and pushed her other hand to it as well despite the pain and no matter how she tried she couldn’t close her hand or move it or anything as though it wasn’t even attached to her body. The boat shifted as a huge wave washed over them, gushing into the bridge room and nearly toppling them both but Lexa pushed her body into Clarke’s to brace them to the wheel, “try the engine again!” Wet blonde hair was plastered with hers to her face. Clarke was spitting out water, her hands shaking to hold the wheel with Lexa’s one hand.

*Nia.*

It hit Lexa like the waves were. This was Nia. Nia was supposed to be further out at sea. But if that engine didn’t work Nia was going to kill them both.

She watched one of Clarke’s hands reach for the keys and slip and slide on them. Clarke cursed, “shit!” and her body jolted Lexa’s each time she moved to turn the keys. Lexa knew it wasn’t going to start. The more Clarke scrambled desperately with trying to get it to the more desperately Lexa was looking around the little bridge cabin. Another wave slammed onto them, stealing her breath and making her legs go out from under her. She hauled herself forward toward the wheel under the water with one hand and trapped Clarke hard as she could between it and herself until the wave subsided. Spitting out water and gasping for breath Lexa released another switch dropping the regular anchor as well, “that’s it!” she shouted at Clarke who was still struggling with the keys, “that’s all we can—”

The vibrations jolted her legs as Lexa felt the engine roar to life under them. Clarke was breathing hard and glancing back at her, with a wide relieved grin and despite herself and the storm Lexa couldn’t help but start laughing out of relief. She grabbed onto the wheel with Clarke, it was easier to turn now with power and inch by inch they started to turn it and very slowly the bow of the boat started to turn to face into the waves–

She wasn’t expecting the explosion that shook the boat, that shook her, that sent the deck lifting high into the air at a crazy tilt before slamming back down hard onto the ocean surface before the deck tilted up again and sank again then tilted again. The noise was unbearable. Lexa lost her grip and traction first and slid back out of the bridge house to have her back slam into a rail outside. Fires from the explosion sprang to life all around her being put out just as fast by the torrents of rain Nia was spitting on them. Clarke landed on Lexa a second later. What was left of her home was bobbing around, being batted by angry black waves like a cork. And as the deck wobbled and creaked and started to be sucked under the water it hit Lexa it was actually going to sink. She looked across at Clarke, “we have to get off this boat!”

“We have to get off this!”–” Clarke started shouting. But her words were cut off as she realised they were yelling the same thing. They clung to the rail in the storm. They stared at each other in desperation through rain, through steam.. and tried to get better footing as the boat continued to sink. Lexa looked aft – but that half of the boat was already being sucked under waves of water splashing across it. She looked forward toward the bow of the boat that was now lifted at moderate incline into the air. She ripped her gaze back to Clarke, “at the halfway point!” she shouted at the top of her lungs over the storm. Lexa motioning up the deck with her chin toward the bow and tried to get a better grip with her hand, “there is a locker in the floor! There is a raft in that locker, Clarke! Can you hear me?!” she demanded.
Clarke was nodding, “yes..yes…” she was blinking fast and breathing through her mouth as she glanced halfway the tilting deck.

Lexa stared into her eyes, “we have to get to that raft!” she shouted, “when we do. You have to get it out, pull the pin and throw it over the side! It will inflate! We are going to have to jump in after it! Alright?” She shouted repeating herself to drive this point home, “we have to jump!”

“Okay!” Clarke nodded at her, “we have to jump!” but her hands were white on the rail. The water was pulling the boat down faster now.

“I’m not going to let you drown, Clarke!” Lexa shouted to her. And Clarke gave a scarce nod. But they couldn’t wait any longer. Lexa let go first. Clarke did a second later. They grabbed hands and struggled to keep footing as they ran up the tilted deck of the boat. At the halfway point they reached the locker. Its lip was slightly raised from the floor. Clarke grabbed the rail with one hand. Lexa grabbed the rail with the only hand she could use. Clarke was on her knees struggling with the latch on the locker with her other hand. It sprung open and through the rain Lexa could see the large, folded, bright orange heavy duty raft inside with packed bags of supplies. Clarke tugged it out with some effort because of the size of it and the rain and the angle of the boat. She pulled the pin. The raft started to inflate and Clarke tossed it over the side, “go!” she shouted at Lexa.

“This is my boat!” Lexa was stubborn, she looped a leg around the rail and grabbed one of the packs and then another and slid the over her shoulder, “you first!”

“Same time!” Clarke argued. Frustrated Lexa grabbed the blonde by the hand, climbed onto the wobbling rail and jumped over the side, pulling Clarke over the side with her. As they hit the water and went under she felt Clarke’s hand let go of hers. In a panic Lexa kicked to the surface and started quickly looking around the bouncing waves, “Clarke!” she shouted at the top of her lungs. A wave splashed over her head and pushed her under. Lexa struggled to the surface, “Clarke!” she shouted again.

Right when she was sure Clarke was drowning and she couldn’t find her, the blonde broke to the surface, spitting water out of her lungs as she did. She had a life vest on. For the first time, it really hit Lexa that Clarke had actually been wearing the thing the whole time. Relief like the tides themselves spilled onto Lexa as she swam to Clarke with one hand and grabbed her, “are you alright?!” Lexa shouted the question.

“Fine!” Clarke shouted. Clarke was unsuccessfully trying to swim toward the lifeboat bobbing near them. Lexa struggled to it and pulled it back to where Clarke was and helped her crawl over the orange side and tumble in. Lexa climbed into it after her and tumbled into the plastic raft as well. She pushed to sit up. She looked quickly at Clarke. Clarke looked quickly at her. In the rain blue eyes locked green and held.

They were okay.

Behind them her boat was on fire as it sank into the ocean. Lexa felt her lips part as she looked past Clarke and watched the last of it go under, then her mouth as she tried to get a breath as what just happened to them hit her. She looked down at the purple lump of flesh that was what was left of her wrist. It was numb and she knew it should be hurting.

“Lexa…” Clarke spoke up first. But Lexa felt dizzy, “Clarke…” she tried to shake it off. She pulled in a deep breath and blinked a little. But it wasn’t working, “I…”

“Hey?” Clarke reached to try and steady her. But as angry waves carried their little raft out alone into the night – Lexa passed out.
Chapter End Notes

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Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.
Castaway

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Alone in a little raft in a storm in the middle of the ocean, Clarke has to keep it together and remember her medical training for Lexa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The little boat bounced up and down on the waves, a little orange dot bobbing in angry, open water. Clarke’s blonde hair stuck to her face in the rain. She saw Lexa faint. She didn’t know what was wrong with her. She had to find out. But it was too dark to see a thing so she was digging frantically through the bag Lexa had brought along.

Her own wouldn’t have a flashlight.

But Lexa’s would.

There were blankets and food packs and a knife in a sheath and alot of other things she couldn’t identify by touch. But she didn’t want to dump the bag out on the chance of stuff washing overboard in the tossing and bumping. The next wave they went up actually toppled Clarke onto her side. Sitting up again she kept digging and found what she was looking for. Clarke yanked the flashlight out and turned it on, “Lexa!” she shouted as the blinding light flooded into her own face. Clarke winced and yanked the light away from her eyes. With the light in one hand and a first aid kit in a white knuckled grip that matched the same force as the fear that gripped her chest, Clarke pointed the light at Lexa and crawled on wobbly hands and knees to where she lay.

The rise and fall of Lexa’s chest said she was still breathing and relief hit Clarke like the hard rain. She passed the beam of light from the flashlight over Lexa’s body slowly and swallowed with some difficulty when it fell on her right wrist. It was swollen at least three times its normal size and was a terrible shade of purple.

The fear Clarke felt a minute ago came flooding back at the sight - Lexa could to into shock, if she wasn’t in shock already. Not knowing if she was or not, she knew chances were high considering the injury and what they had been through and she still had to treat for shock first.

Clarke put the light down and let go of the case as well. Squeezing in closer she put an arm under Lexa’s legs and another under her shoulders and carefully lifted her–

“-arrrhhh. Arrrghh… uhhh…” Lexa’s eyes slid open and slid closed, slid open and slid closed and her teeth ground together as snarls and growls left her lips unbidden. She tried to struggle with everything she had. Clarke could tell but all her body could manage was a few weak jerks with her good arm flopping around trying to reach her broken wrist.

“its okay,” Clarke soothed, “its okay….”

“Uhhhhh!…” Lexa went limp again. Clarke panicked thinking she died and dropped her head to the
girl’s chest and the steady pound of Lexa’s heart met her ear. Clarke lifted her head. With a sigh of relief she very carefully lifted Lexa again and turned her around so her head was where her feet had been. A wave tossed them. Clarke threw herself over Lexa’s prone body, grabbing onto the flashlight and first aid kit as she did. When the wave dropped them onto the water she carefully sat back. Set the things down again and carefully got one of Lexa’s feet up onto the edge of the raft, “elevate twelve inches,” she said to herself, “that’s twelve.” She got the other foot up as well. Looking at Lexa’s feet it hit her suddenly that Lexa only had socks on - wet socks. She was also only wearing pajama shorts and a top, “deal with the wrist..” Clarke instructed herself. Clothes could come next. She had to take one step at a time, “deal with the wrist..”

Sitting back down on her knees near Lexa she grabbed the light again and pointed it at Lexa’s wrist laying draped delicately over her chest. Clarke wasn’t a doctor. She was only -had only- been a medical student and she could still tell by sight of the injury that it was a compound fracture. Taking a deep breath and holding that air in her lungs, she reached to open the first aid box at the same time she very gently slid her other hand under the broken bones–

Lexa’s eyes shot open. They fell shut but she started screaming and twitching as though wanting to fight but not having the strength to. Clarke jumped back quickly, “its okay!” she called. Her eyes watered though. She really wished she had serious pain killers. Because this was going to hurt - alot. Watching Lexa’s screams stop and her eyes flutter closed again until long lashes were laying on wet cheeks and short breaths were escaping through perfect lips Clarke knew it was best to get it over with. As the boat suddenly bobbed up and down a swell faster than it had she felt herself thrown forward and caught herself on her arms before she collapsed on Lexa. But she was looking right into Lexa’s face. She was looking at those closed eyes. Rain wet her back, “Lexa?” she asked.

With a groan leaving her lips, Lexa’s eyes parted a crack as though to answer that yes, she was there. Clarke saw green eyes glinting painfully at her in the dark. She swallowed a little bit and glanced toward the busted wrist now thrown off to the rubber raft floor at Lexa’s side. Clarke looked back at the cracked open eyes. As the raft plunged and dove she gripped Lexa’s good shoulder to hold her in the boat. The flashlight rolled away and straining with her other arm she shot her hand out and grabbed it. When the raft slid down to the other side of the swell and the bumping turned to lesser turbulent she she looked down to find Lexa’s eyes still cracked. Still watching her. Clarke offered, “I have to set your wrist.”

It took a second, a second that felt like an eternity and caused Clarke to wonder if Lexa could understand there as they lay there staring into each others eyes. But then Lexa gave her a stiff, very slight nod. Clarke felt herself nodding back and looked over at the wrist briefly again before looking at Lexa again, “its.. its going to hurt.”

Lexa’s eyes slid closed slowly as though in acknowledgment and Clarke moves aside her and knelt in front of the wrist, “okay,” she glanced across at Lexa’s soaked face, “here we go.”

With shaking hands Clarke opened the first aid kit and took out a plastic brace. She tried to be gentle. But Lexa’s whole body jerked and her teeth clenched the minute Clarke’s fingers touched her wrist. Clarke had to make herself keep going. She had to make herself pick up the wrist.

Biting her own teeth together she started to tug and straighten the bones out. That was when Lexa started screaming, curling her other hand into a fist and beating it into the floor of the boat. That was when Clarke’s eyes also started burning. With shaking hands and the threat of tears in her eyes she twisted and pulled more bones, “its almost there,” she said out-loud the words a watery breath that clung to the back of her throat. She wasn’t sure if she was telling herself this or telling Lexa or telling both of them. She kept smoothing bones as Lexa’s screams stopped, instead she lay in the rain on the raft floor with her head thrown back and her jaw tightly locked, her free hand balled into a fist
around the rope handles of the life raft until her knuckle were white to the bones.

“There!” Clarke shouted out, she moved the last bones into place, “we got it!”

Lexa afforded Clarke a low grunt and a tight nod of her head. The grind of her teeth continued though and her breath sped up again as Clarke gently slid the brace around the broken bones and settled the lower half of Lexa’s hand and her thumb into place in it and tightened it, “that’s the worst of it.” she announced when the brace was in place, uncurling her knees to sit. Lexa’s breath left her in a loud heave of relief and she continued breathing deeply up and down, muscles relaxing all at once until she was limp.

Clarke felt the same relief. And the absence of pain for both of them made everything feel so much more distant, even the rolling waves under them. It was a shared silence. Clarke found the gauze and tore the package open. Pulling it out of the plastic she started gently wrapping the broken wrist. It took alot of the cloth. More rolls than one. She wanted it thick to keep it clean and immobile until they got back to shore. The flashlight rolled on the swells, but she didn’t need it anymore. Clarke tucked the roll of bandage in, dragged her bag over, and gently placed Lexa’s arm on it so the cloth didn’t get wet - or as wet as it would. Clarke peeled off her jacket and lay it over the top.

Rain was starting to stop.

The flashlight was rolling around rubber floor with each swell under the boat.

As the boat rode the now gentler swells under them, in the flashlight’s shifting light, Clarke realised Lexa was finally -peacefully- sleeping. This realisation made her own breath pause in her lungs and burn there when the memory of Lexa’s ground teeth and clenched fist striking the boat floor flashed in her head brighter and whiter and in slower motion than it had been in real life. The grunts and shouts leaving the proud adventurer’s body ringing again in her ears. The images would be burned in her mind for ever and the shouts would always echo like ghosts.

She had to keep her warm.

Clarke knew that dry was going to be next to impossible. The rubber floor had inches of water in it. But she could try and keep her warm. Clarke crawled away from Lexa, finding the flashlight as she did. She reached the bags again and started digging through Lexa’s first for something she had felt in there during the first search of its contents.

Her hand found it again, the soft and smooth fabric. With a greater yank than probably was needed Clarke pulled a couple of the rolled, emergency blankets out. Closing the bag she tucked them under one arm and crawled to where Lexa was.

One after another Clarke spread the blankets over Lexa’s still form. They were surprisingly thin, and surprisingly large for the small space they had taken up. She moved back on her knees then and stared at Lexa. Then looked down at her own feet.

One at a time, Clarke pulled her shoes off.

They would have to share body-heat.

Lifting the edge of the blankets, she carefully slid under them and laid down beside the other girl. Clarke let the blankets drop on them both. Heat surrounded her instantly. For being thin, the blankets were surprisingly warm and she was inches from Lexa’s side.

The girl shuffled a little and sighed softly. Clarke knew it would be a hard fight in the morning, in more ways than one, when they both woke up.
But for now, beside her, with the rock of the boat under them, Clarke closed her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

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Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.
Lost at Sea
Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Lexa wakes up. Her whole world is at the bottom of the ocean and Clarke has wrapped her wrist. It seems they must try and get past their differences because they may be stuck together for a while…

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The little orange raft bobbed around on calm water. Lexa opened her eyes and found herself on her back looking up at a blue clear sky. But the calm sight was only a harbinger to her that instantly cued the memories of the night before.

_They’d been caught by a tropical storm._

Lexa shot to sit up.

_Her boat was at the bottom of the sea._

She clutched at rubber life-raft with just one hand. The other one hurt with crippling pain when she tried to move it and it winded her and left her gasping a second for breath.

_She’d broken her wrist._

Clarke had done something to it. She remembered that too. She remembered hearing someone screaming and remembered when she knew the screaming was coming from her. The pain of Clarke moving bones back into place in her wrist had been …unbearable.

Lexa looked down very slowly at the broken appendage to find it splinted and bandaged. Lying on a pile made of a back pack and two folded emergency blankets.

“Easy.” Clarke’s voice was quiet and from a few feet away. Lexa glanced to find she had taken up residence in the other side of the raft, sitting with her back against it and her knees pulled up. Blonde hair blew in slight wind, “you’ve been out for almost twelve hours.”

Lexa ripped her eyes away from the blonde. Clamoring to her knees she turned at the same time and used her good hand to grip the rope handles of the raft and pull herself up to her knees to look around them. But all she saw was endless water surrounding them as far as she could see, stopped only by the distant horizon, “we’re in the ocean.” her voice was too dry. It actually hurt to talk.

In response, Clarke finally shifted to her hands and knees, grabbed a canteen from near her and crawled over to where lexar was, “here.” she offered it out. Lexa studied the blonde for just a second more before letting go of the rope. She sat back on her knees and took the water. She tried to move her other hand to open it but found she couldn’t. She needed this drink. Who knew how long it had been without water. Looking at the lid on the canteen she wasn’t quite sure—
“I got it.” Clarke said. She reached out and opened the canteen and then moved to sit on her knees again. Lexa stared at the opened lid. She stared over at Clarke and then at the canteen again, “thank you.” she said quietly. Clarke only nodded at her. Lifting the canteen to her lips, Lexa took a drink. It was warm and tasted a bit like the container but it still felt good on her dry throat. She allowed herself only two more swallows before lowering the canteen, “we have to conserve water.” she spoke while holding the canteen out. Clarke’s face crinkled a little but she reached over and screwed the lid back on before taking the canteen, backing up with it, and putting it back into the bag.

Watching her Clarke offered, “there is another container in your bag, and I have half of one in mine. I think we can make it until we are rescued or drift back in to land.”

“We won’t be rescued Clarke,” Lexa said point blank to her. Across from her the blonde’s face shifted a little as though in confusion. Lexa continued anyway, “not in time.”

“What?” Clarke asked, “why ..why not? There was a storm, your boat went down…”

“It did, yes.” Lexa’s voice was short. It caught both of their attention and she took a minute to breathe before continuing, “I can be gone for weeks at a time, Clarke. No body even knows I am missing. And you—” Lexa saw the second Clarke understood what she was saying. It was all over the blonde gir’s face.

Clarke went on, “no one knows I am gone either because following you I can be gone for weeks too.”

Lexa nodded.

Clarke sighed and looked at the bag she had brought. But then her face lit up and she scrambled toward her bag and unzipped it and pulled the tablet out. Lexa wasn’t sure what she was doing but Clarke seemed really intent on whatever it was as she turned it on and looked up at the sky before looking at the tablet again. Clarke tapped her fingers on the edges of it, “you’re waterproof. Turn on, turn on….. why are you taking so long?” she was talking to the piece of technology as though it could hear her as she did this Lexa raised an eyebrow at her, “you want to ..email for help? Go on skype maybe?”

Clarke looked up at her in surprise as though she’d forgotten she was there, “this doesn’t have email. Its,” she took a deep breath because it seemed she needed it to admit her guilt, “its only a tracker.”

Lexa snorted at the reminder. She would have folded her arms if she could so instead she just started through the bag of things, taking out items one by one. Her flashlight was already out, she noticed it not in it’s spot in the bag. Lexa glanced around before she saw it squeezed into the rubber edge of the raft where the floor met the wall. The memory of the night before flashed before her eyes. She shook it off quickly and brought herself back to the present continuation of that predicament, “probably no signal out here.” she should check her phone–

_Her phone was at the bottom of the sea._

“It’s satellite.”

Lexa felt herself nodding, “of course,” she muttered thinking of all the places Clarke had found her, “it would have to be.” she looked down into her bag then. Everything was scrambled around: waterproof matches, rope, sealed emergency ration packs she had from an army surplus store, fishing line and a tin of hooks, her knife, batteries, among some of it. Her first aid kit was missing from the front pocket. The second she noticed this Lexa realised it what be what Clarke must have used on
her wrist. The top of a candle peeked out of her windbreaker jacket in the bag. Lexa reached in slowly and tried to tug the candle out. She felt her teeth grind just a little as she held it aloft and the bottom half of the candle fell off and landed in her bag with a dull thud that seemed punctuated with a sudden, single lift of a faster wave under them.

“Well your camera is still broadcasting,” Clarke spoke up, “when the batteries die, someone might know something went wrong—”

Still holding the top half of the candle aloft Lexa looked over at Clarke, “it could take a week for the battery to die.”

“Oh.” Clarke seemed disheartened, and looked at her screen.

Lexa breathed in deeply and tried to let go of the stab of remembered rage she felt from discovering about that gps, “but it is our last location,” she let the piece of candle drop, “and if nothing else. When they do realise we are missing it will give them a place to start.”

But Clarke was shaking her head, “I don’t think so.” she muttered, as though she too had just realised a flaw in her plan.

It made Lexa have to ask, “why not?”

Clarke lifted her chin and studied Lexa a second. Finally she pulled in a breath of air that made her lungs expand as though she needed it to admit, “what Jaha is doing is illegal—” she began.

Lexa nodded in understanding, “he isn’t going to fess up.” she looked in the bag. Not even to find them. She started shuffling things around a bit more. The dull ache in her wrist was getting worse the more she was awake. These packs she had packed for deep sea situations like this. There would be vitamin C tablets, tablets to purify water, and her compass too. She pulled the jacket out and slid it on.

“He isn’t.” Clarke muttered. She turned the tablet off. As she did she put it into the bag again and dug a little more and pulled out her phone.  Clarke unlocked the screen and stared at it, “no signal.”

“Mmm.” Lexa muttered. Not finding pain killers she moved to sit a little better and reached for the opened first aid kit and dragged it toward her.  She knew she shouldn’t say it. She knew she shouldn’t pick a fight in this close quarters but the little burst of anger she had felt earlier was still under the surface, “not satellite then?” she stopped her digging through the first aid kit, glad to see there were plenty of bandages and antibiotics and looked up at Clarke.

Clarke, in turn, was just starting at her over her phone with a blank expression on her face. She looked down at the phone and tucked it into her bag before answering, “no, its not.”

Lexa closed the kit, “that was uncalled for of me.”

“Not really,” Clarke answered, “I shouldn’t be here.” She looked away over the ocean.

Lexa shrugged and looked over at her, “I would have still gotten lost at sea, you know,” she admitted. That made Clarke look up at her quickly. Lexa breathed in just as deeply as she had seen Clarke do a second ago and went on, “its not that I’ve forgotten everything. But us being lost at sea, isn’t your fault.”

Clarke nodded, and Lexa could for a second see a tiny bit of relief in blue eyes. Looking away she decided it best to change the subject, “I don’t think we have painkillers.” She could not believe she forgot them.
“I didn’t see any,” Clarke’s voice was a whisper, “you um …mangled your wrist pretty bad. It’s a compound fracture. I set it right but its only a splint,” she was rambling now and Lexa knew it and she knew that Clarke was rambling now and it made Lexa stare at her trying to understand why as Clarke went on, “but it should work until we get home–”

“Clarke,” Lexa cut in quickly. They might not be going home soon.

Clarke stopped talking. Her mouth snapped shut. It was like even though Lexa hadn’t said the words out loud, Clarke heard them anyway. There in the little raft they stared at each other for a long time. Finally, Lexa reached a hand forward toward Clarke’s bag in silent question.

Clarke flinched as though brought back from somewhere, “yeah,” she stated, glancing at her bag before handing it across, “guess ..guess I should be glad I got lost at sea with an explorer.” she let go of the bag as Lexa took it. Clarke shrugged and sat back, “probably you won’t find much usefull stuff in there. There is a pair of sweatpants though you can wear if you–”

Lexa started through the girl’s bag. There were ziplocs of cookies and some sort of hand-made trail mix that looked like it was mostly sugary cereals, nuts and raisins, but it did look like it would taste really good. One by one she pulled these out and laid them on the raft floor.

“You..” Clarke spoke motioning toward the ziplocs, “you can have some of that.” Clarke paused. The air on the sea ripped between them again, “guess ..guess I should be glad I got lost at sea with an explorer.” she let go of the bag as Lexa took it. Clarke shrugged and sat back, “probably you won’t find much usefull stuff in there. There is a pair of sweatpants though you can wear if you–”

Lexa returned to the bag though, pulling out the sweatpants. She froze when she saw the little infinity camera in the bag under them. She stared at it and couldn’t help but think about how it was staring back at her. All cameras did. Slowly, Lexa closed her hand around it.

“Lexa?”

The second time Clarke said her name, Lexa looked up at her. Clarke in turn looked around them at the ocean and finally back at her and asked, “you …you really think no one is coming for us?”

Lexa could feel the quiet unease settling in the air, almost fear but more anxious. Finally she looked back down at the camera in Clarke’s bag. Lexa moved it aside, “no.” she answered, “not yet.”

Clarke only nodded as though the words winded her.

Lexa continued her search of the bag.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everybody. I hoped you like the chapter. For more 'WILD EARTH' or to follow me on Tumblr for other this and other works click HERE.

If you liked this fic you might like my other modern Clexa AU's - Flygirl (note: Flygirl is explicit/nsfw) or my Rockstar Lexa AU 'Lullaby of the Giant Five'. Or for those of you interested in Canon Fics, you might like one of my other works - 'All Blood is Red' (please note this fic updates slowly) (also, its huge).

Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.
Her Name was Costia

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Clarke has questions. So does Lexa. At the top of that list is how in the world did Clarke know how to sky dive in the first place? Anya is onto the idea that something might be wrong. Emerson thinks he got away ...again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun beat down on their little raft as though it was its favorite spot in the entire world to shine on. It was so hot that sweat wet her skin. Clarke had taken off her shoes and her socks in effort to stay cooler, but it was helping very little. The raft rocked up and down on the waves. She was curled up in the corner of it, feeling sick from the motion and maybe fading in and out of sleep -

“Clarke?”

A hand touched her arm. Lexa. Clarke rolled open one eye to see the outline of the other girl as a shadow against the blue sky. Clarke cleared her throat, “I don’t… I don’t feel so well.” Her skin was pink with sunburn.

“It’s the heat, Clarke,” Lexa glanced upward and then at her again, “we have to get out of the sun.”

“Whaaa...” Clarke moved to sit up better, or tried to. She felt weak. She felt dizzy with each rock of the boat. She felt confused for a split second as to why they were out on the ocean. But out of the corner of her eye though she saw Lexa shifting to her knees near her, her injured arm hanging limp at her side. For some reason that made everything clearer. She remembered wrapping that wrist and the boat sinking in the storm. Clarke struggled to her knees, “Lexa?”

Lexa was struggling with a large Velcro flap across the back of the orange raft with her good hand. She repeated herself, “We have to get out of the sun.”

Clarke didn’t know how she was planning to do that out here on the sea, or what Lexa was even doing. But she still moved forward and got her hands on the flap to help her.

—==—

Anya had one leather boot up on her coffee table as she sharpened her favorite butterfly knife. She was more intent on the blades than she was of the male face of the reporter on the t.v. whose voice was blasting through her apartment over custom made speakers, “now the streetlights at those intersections should be operating normally again as of mid morning tomorrow--”

God, Anya thought as she looked up at the ‘reporter’ on the screen, why did she watch this station again? He looked unwholesome at best. That was the best word she could place on him.

“—until that time, the flow of traffic will be maintained by law enforcement officers—”
Traffic cops. Anya scraped the traditional sharpening stone across the blade, she’d posed as one once. She finished sharpening the knife, set the stone on the table in front of her and started flipping the blades open and closed. Anya got up and went to her kitchen to get coffee, reminding herself she was watching this station—pretty constantly these days—for a reporter. Just not for that one that was talking on it now. Also there seemed to be something shady about the whole station. She just didn’t know what yet. She opened a cupboard, reached for a mug, took it out and started to pour coffee into it. In the background the kid went on, “in other news Tropical Storm Nia made an unpredictable move last night—” Anya slowly, slowly stopped pouring.

Nia.

She thought of Lexa instantly—Lexa and her little boat. Anya set the coffee pot down.

“—over to you Harper, for that report.”

She picked up her coffee cup and walked back into the front of her apartment in time to see the image on the screen change from the unwholesome kid to that of a blonde young woman standing on a windy boardwalk of a marina whom smiled widely at the camera, “Thank you, John.”

Butterfly knife in one hand, coffee cup in the other, Anya stopped right in front of her t.v.

The girl on the screen went on, “continuing our coverage of Tropical Storm Nia, an interesting occurrence last night. Unlike predicted the storm system actually turned from the course it had been taking out to sea and swept back toward us again, barreling toward the mainland at speeds of 72 miles per hour. That is just two miles under hurricane status—”

Shit. Anya dropped the knife and started reaching for her phone.

“-the good news is however, that Nia again shifted directions away from our coastline before making landfall and causing any damage.”

It left.

Besides, Lexa wouldn’t have gone out in a storm.

She was way too smart for that.

Anya dialed anyway.

-=-

The underside of the tarp lifted and fell on the slight wind, just like the raft did under her on the water. It was only inches from her face. They had managed to drape it over the sides and secure it. The rustling noise it made was the only sound heard.

Lexa lay sprawled on her back in the bottom of the raft staring up at the tarp. She had taken off the barrowed jacket and her socks a long time ago to try and help with the heat. Her wrist hurt unbearably. Its broken pieces throbbed inside the splint that had tightened with swelling. She wanted to rip it off. She wanted to throw it into the sea. Clarke was curled up at the other end of the raft, a mess of bare legs and blonde hair. It hit barely hit Lexa just now that the girl was also wearing an orange life vest. In fact now that she thought of it she remembered the girl had jumped from the helicopter with it on. With a slight grunt at this knowledge, Lexa lifted her good arm over her eyes, “Clarke?”

At first there was no answer except for the rise and fall of the tarp. But then she heard Clarke shift a
little and answer, “Lexa?”

It was uncomfortable suddenly.

They hadn’t spoken in hours.

Without looking at her Lexa asked her question anyway, “you’ve had that vest on this whole time?”

A long pause followed before Clarke answered again, “I told you I would wear one, if I was ever in a place I might need one.”

Lexa snorted in wry amusement and reflected on her earlier thought, “You know how to sky-dive,” she pointed out, “but you can’t swim?” to her this set of two facts seemed almost unbelievable.

“My dad was a combat engineer,” there was a smile in Clarke’s voice, “and I always wanted to know what he did at work. So when I was finally old enough he taught me how,” her voice got a little soft, a little wistful, “it was something we did together.”

“I see,” Lexa kept her answer soft as well. She stayed quiet then and felt when Clarke shifted around a little more in the bottom of the raft. She hadn’t missed the use of past-tense, when Clarke had talked about her dad.

-=-

Emerson drank his beer. It was stale and warm but he didn’t care. Sitting on the couch he stared at the blonde reporter speaking on the small t.v. screen, “the good news is however, that Nia again shifted directions away from our coastline before making landfall and causing any damage—”

He lifted his beer to his lips again. On the screen a man in a yellow nylon jacket had approached the reporter, “are storms like Nia common here?”

On the screen the blonde went on, “actually no. These types of storm systems are more common around the Bahamas and Florida and up that coastline—”

The lock in the apartment door clicked. Emerson looked at it over the top of his beer.

“However they are not unheard of. In fact there was a series of storms back in 1997, including Hurricane Nora which moved inland and maintained tropical storm status as far inland as Arizona. Unlike Nia several other storms have made landfall as well, one example being Hurricane Dean in 2007.”

The door opened. Echo stepped in. She closed the door behind her and stood there. Emerson lowered his beer, “well?”

Echo folded her arms and shrugged, “Woods fell for it.”

“You’re sure?” he asked, sitting forward quickly but not getting up.

“Her boat isn’t at the marina.”

Emerson started to smile, small at first. He sank back against the back of the couch again and drank from his beer more deeply the smile growing into a wide smirk as excitement filled him, “it’s not?”

Excitement tasted better than his beer. “But I’ve heard she’s good.” He said anyway, “at surviving.”

“She is,” Echo nodded, “but our back up plan is in place as well.” He looked at her in interest. Echo went on, “she won’t come back. Not this time.”
He snorted out a laugh and took several gulps from the bottle in his hand, without stopping, and turned his eyes back to the reporter on the screen, "officials at marinas were still allowing boats out into open waters as late as yesterday afternoon as Nia had not been a threat at that time. However, many boats were still out at the time the storm unexpectedly moved inland, and the Coast Guard is looking into their status to be sure they are not in danger-"

“And Clarke?” Emerson asked, lowering his beer. She was the point of this whole thing. Woods was just the means.

“She’s apparently out on assignment.” Echo raised an eyebrow, smirked and folded her arms.

“Perfect.” Emerson said. His beer was empty. He tossed it aside, got up, and went to get another one. As he did he looked back at the t.v. screen again. Let them check all the boats they want.

=-=

“Lexa?” the side of Clarke’s face was against the floor of the boat, making it damp either from sweat or water or both. She glanced across to the top of Lexa’s head, brown curls spread out all around her, damp with water as well. Lexa didn’t answer at first. So Clarke shifted, lifting her face just a little to look at her better, “Lexa?”

Lexa didn’t move. But finally she answered, “Clarke?”

Clarke’s legs were sticking to the bottom of the boat as well. But she couldn’t quite sit up to free them, not with the tarp providing them shade just a few inches over her face. So she lay back down again and stared up at it and felt the rocking of the water. They were going to have to eat soon. Lexa would need to take an anti-biotic.

“What is it, Clarke?”

Clarke glanced over at her again. There had been a question. She had thought of it while laying there thinking of what happened the night before, thinking about the way Lexa had so much confidence and control – even when the boat caught on fire, even when it was being sucked down into the sea below. Clarke wasn’t sure she wanted to ask it anymore. So she spoke up about her other thoughts instead, “you will need to take some medicine soon,” she looked up at the tarp above her, “we can’t have it get infected.”

“I know,” Lexa’s answer was quiet, “I will soon.”

“You will have to eat something with it.” Clarke’s stomach growled at the mention of food. She hoped Lexa hadn’t heard it. She mostly had added it in for something to say.

“You should eat something as well,” Lexa answered, “Saving rations does no good if you get weak from not eating.”

Clarke sighed, caught. She put a hand to her stomach, “I will soon too.” Except for the growling of her stomach and the flap of the tarp the raft went quiet. But the tension remained in the air as though Lexa knew that none of this was really what Clarke had meant to ask about.

“Clarke?”

“Lexa?”

“What did you really want to ask me?”
There it was.

Clarke sighed and turned onto her side. She studied Lexa where she lay. The question left her mouth before she could stop it, “your boat? Did it have a name?”

Lexa flinched. Clarke bit her lip. This was exactly why Clarke had originally decided not to ask. Then finally after seeming to take three or four steadying breaths Lexa pulled her arm away from her eyes, “her name was *Costia,*” she answered. Her voice was level but quiet at the same time. Lexa stared up at the tarp, “but Nia sank her.”

“I’m sorry,” Clarke whispered her throat suddenly dry.

But Lexa covered her eyes with her arm again and switched quickly to another topic, “I never thanked you for saving me, for fixing my wrist.”

“You don’t have to,” Clarke answered, still watching her, “it’s what anyone would do.”

“It isn’t,” Lexa countered, her breath in her chest falling and rising a couple times harder than it should. Then she said sincerely, “and I do.”

Clarke was a little startled by the depth of Lexa’s conviction. But she had a distinct feeling that whatever it was causing it was important. So she didn’t brush it off and said the only thing she could, “you’re welcome.”

Lexa nodded under her arm, “are you feeling better with the shade up?”

“Some,” Clarke allowed for the subject to change, because she was pretty sure they both could use it right about now, “we both would have suffered heatstroke soon without it.” She had been closer to getting it than Lexa had. In fact, her pants were gone as a result of means to prevent it and she wasn’t even sure when –or by whom- they had been removed. Finally Clarke asked back, “Are you?”

“Some,” Lexa used the same answer. After a few seconds she added, “You can stop staring Clarke.” But it was said without any irritation.

"I’m not.” Clarke protested. But Lexa only snorted softly. Clarke grunted in return. Taking a page out of Lexa’s book though, she looked away from her slowly and stared up at the bottom of the tarp instead.

Chapter End Notes

Happy New Year! I hope its a great one for you!

And thank you, so much, for reading and helping make 2017 great! It's been fun and I have enjoyed hearing from you all! You all are the best.

For more 'WILD EARTH' or to follow me on Tumblr for other this and other works click [HERE](#).

If you liked this fic you might like my other modern Clexa AU’s - Flygirl (note: Flygirl is explicit/nsfw) or my Rockstar Lexa AU 'Lullaby of the Giant Five'. Or for those of you interested in Canon Fics, you might like one of my other works - 'All Blood is Red'
(please note this fic updates slowly) (also, its huge).

Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.
A brief -and tumultuous- history and a rubber raft isn't much to go on, and doesn't make it easy to start over for Clarke and Lexa stranded at sea. What they weren't counting on though were all those stars.

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

It was night again. They had folded back the tarp. The orange raft rocked gently on the water. Clarke sat staring up at an inky black sky filled with countless glimmering stars. Never in her life had she been able to see so many, “you can never see them this close in the city.” she remarked quietly. Her lips felt dry and chapped so she licked them before adding, “the stars.”

But her companion in the raft didn’t say anything back to her, and Clarke wondered if she should have spoken at all. But still, unable to bear the silence she pointed up at the sky at one glowing constellation and tried again, “that’s Ursa Major. If you follow the last three stars up they point straight to Polaris, the North Star.” she paused. She glanced through the dark again and frowned to herself a little for being so stupid. ”But ..but you probably already knew that.”

Things were still tense between them, and all Clarke heard back for the past several minutes was the opening and closing of zippers and Lexa shuffling through things in the dark. And for some reason it made Clarke realise how alone they really were out here on the Ocean. She wasn’t sure if all the movement could be good for Lexa’s broken bones, especially when from time to time in all the shuffling she heard a soft little grunt. When she heard it again she looked over and asked, “how’s your wrist.”

“Hurts.” was the prompt answer back. Clarke felt the boat dip around each time Lexa moved around in it, different than the way it reacted with the water under it. When Lexa moved around it the bottom of it felt more like the sinking of a mattress when someone sat on the edge of it. Clarke heard another zipper open up and started to wonder how many zippers their two bags combined could possibly have. Then she also remembered that there were pockets built into the walls of the raft as well, “can I help you with something?”

“No, its okay,” Lexa’s answer was businesslike as a zipper closed again, “I got it Clarke, thanks.”

“What are you doing?” Clarke asked at last.

“Currently,” Lexa’s voice answered her, “looking for where you put the flashlight.”

“Where I put it?” Clarke asked, suddenly feeling accused of something. She glared through the dark, “I’m not the only one that’s used it, Lexa.” Lexa only grunted. Annoyed Clarke went on, “maybe it washed overboard or something.” she stopped trying then. She decided she could ignore Lexa for a little while. Lexa just went back to her digging through things. Clarke looked back up at the stars. As she did she wondered if anyone out there knew they were missing yet. Maybe Raven? Maybe Raven
would be wondering why she wasn’t answering calls. But then Raven knew that she was out in the field. So even through she wasn’t answering her phone Raven might not even be suspicious yet. Her mom wouldn’t be either. This wasn’t supposed to happen like this. She was just going to tell Lexa about the Camera and quietly sit out the two days back to shore. Then probably -no, certianly- have to find another job.

“I hope it didn’t wash overboard. Its the only one we have.” Lexa’s tone was a little quieter. The shuffling around had stopped. Clarke sneaked a look her direction in the dark, sighed, and decided to let it go, “Lexa?”

“Hmm..” Lexa was fidgeting with something else now, Clarke could hear the rattling of something in the dark. Then a bumping noise of that something hitting against Lexa’s bag.

Clarke finally asked, “do you think anyone will find us?”

There was a sudden stopping of movement from where Lexa was at, and a very long pause after Clarke asked that question. Clarke heard another metallic noise of a zipper before Lexa said, “I know.” the sound of a paper package being ripped open followed.

Clarke made a face. The two words didn’t answer her question at all. In fact if anything else they sounded as though Lexa was avoiding it. Clarke had to ask, “know what?”

Finally, just a few seconds later, a golden glow of light faded to life in the middle of the raft. Lexa was on her knees with just sitting back from a battery operated lantern. The pack of batteries ripped open near Lexa’s knees still several new batteries in it. That had been the tearing noise, Clarke realised. The bumping about must have been her finding the lantern. It's light shined on Lexa. It shined on her chestnut curls hanging loose around her body. It shined on her tanned skin and in shined in her eyes and for a minute, Clarke felt herself holding her breath at the sight of her. But then Lexa looked up at the sky, which caused Clarke to look back up as well. She half expected for a moment not to be able to see the stars as well as she did before with the light of the lantern, but apparently the lantern was too poor a light to change how bright everything was up there. Lexa took a deep breath as though she was about to let Clarke in on a secret, “I know you can never see them this bright. They are one of the reasons I like being out in the middle of no where. I can see all the stars.”

“Well,” Clarke snorted softly, glancing over at Lexa as she did. She looked out at the black water of the deep seas that spread out all around them endlessly, “we are most certainly in the middle of nowhere now.” In reply, Clarke thought she might have heard Lexa expel an amused breath. But she wasn’t sure she heard it. Lexa looked around them and offered slowly, “well… this may be a bit far out in the middle of nowhere, even for me.”

Clarke laughed under her breath this time. And this time she was sure she heard Lexa laugh a little too. Clarke sighed, “you think so?” she asked with a smirk.

“Probably,” Lexa answered, still looking over the sea. The air between them went quiet again. But it was a comfortable quiet this time. In the golden light of the lantern Lexa looked down at the bag beside her and one after the other pulled two heavy-duty foil packets out of it and set them on the raft floor. Then she zipped the bag for what was finally probably the last time because she pushed it away, “we can probably fish in the morning. It will add to our supply of food.”

“What?” Clarke asked in surprise. She furrowed her forehead a little, “we can fish here? I mean, isn’t the water too deep?” she asked it even though she remembered seeing fishing line and hooks in Lexa’s things. She grunted at herself for another stupid question. She should know by now that if Lexa had something on her - she intended to have to use it.
“Well, we have line with us and it should be strong enough because its not like we are going to be catching a shark on it,” she started to explain, “you wouldn’t want that anyway, a shark I mean. Well, really you wouldn’t even want to run into one. But most really don’t come out in deep water anyway. Most stay around coral reefs where there is lots of food for them. And besides even if one was going to attack us and wanted to eat us you would know it--”

Clarke couldn’t help but start smiling, watching Lexa go on like this. She hadn’t even been considering the possibility of sharks, much less being eaten by one. She felt a smile crack her face that got bigger and bigger as she listened intently to this shark monolog. Maybe she should be worried about them, and maybe she would after hearing all this. But right now, watching Lexa, it was just so damn cute.

“--because they do this speedy zig-zag thing through the water and flatten their gills back before they strike and when they do attack humans they often do it by mistake and let go,” Lexa was explaining, “soon as they realise you are not a really tasty seal…” she stopped quickly as though suddenly she realised what she was doing. She looked over at Clarke quickly as if to see what her reaction was, “this is probably boring you.” Even in the glow of the lantern Clarke thought she might have seen Lexa blush a little before she looked away quietly at the black water.

“No,” Clarke encouraged her, not wanting for a minute for Lexa to be embarrassed about talking to her about her passion like this. And she meant it too, “I think its amazing actually. And I think its amazing how…” she broke off for a second when Lexa looked over at her and actually smiled. Clarke blinked. She felt her insides flutter with excitement that she hadn’t known in days. She smiled back without even meaning to because of Lexa’s smile and went on, “how…” Clarke asked, “I mean, how do you know and keep track of all these things?”

Lexa’s smile shifted to a soft snort, “I guess I’ve spent my life learning them. I guess it started when I was four and my dad gave me an Uncle Milton Ant Farm. Anyway though,” Lexa cleared her throat as though she realised she was getting a little off track and was reaching for a way to explain, “its not like I think about all these things all the time. They are just ..there when I need them?”

“You had an ant farm?” Clarke asked in amusement.

Lexa nodded, “I did.” she answered. In the lantern light she looked at Clarke curiously, “didn’t you?”

“Nah, I had the little plastic Sea Monkey kit. You know, the one shaped like a little castle.” She smiled across at Lexa.

“Those are actually a hybrid breed of brine shrimp.” Lexa offered to her.

“Oh!” Clarke’s smile turned into a grin, “I knew that.” she finally knew something Lexa did.

“Well,” Lexa smirked at her, “did you know they were invented in 1957 by a man named Harold von Braunhut?”

Clarke blinked at her, “I uh,” she was a little suprised at how Lexa kept saying all these obscure facts. Clarke snorted softly in amusement, “actually, I didn’t.”

“Well,” Lexa smiled, “now you do.”

“Now I do,” Clarke agreed her smile returning, “but that is what I mean, Lexa. Its still freaking amazing and I mean really. You just sat here and gave me a whole bunch of information about sea monkeys and about sharks, where they eat and how to know if they are going to attack you or not …
Lexa’s smile was small but there. After a few seconds though she looked down at the metal packages on the floor, “but yes, we can fish in the morning. But for now we need to eat,” she looked down at the foil packages again. She picked one of them up and squeezed it firmly with her good hand, “these are self warming, if you squeeze them some before opening them to eat them.” Lexa moved on her hands and knees to where Clarke was at and offered the packet out, “it should be ready. I got them at a military surplus store. It’s beef stew. You’re going to have to,” Lexa made a face, “you’re going to have to pour it in your mouth.”

Clarke’s stomach grumbled loudly suddenly at the very thought of beef stew. Lexa heard it and looked down at it then up at Clarke. Clarke blushed, bit her lip, and took the packet from Lexa’s hand, “thank you.” she said. Lexa nodded and turned and went back to where the lantern was. Clarke ripped the packet open and the warm smell of stew filled the salty air. Clarke gulped several swallows of the warm contents down. It was surprisingly good, or she was hungrier than she knew, “how did they make this?”

Lexa glanced over at her in reply, lifted her eyebrows, and squeezed her own foil packet, sat and opened it up, “that, I don’t know.” in the light of the lantern she started to drink the contents down.

Clarke laughed a little and swallowed more of her food. In the light of the lantern Lexa took another swallow and then pointed up at the stars above them, “that one there.. with the bright blue star in it? That one is virgo.” This surprised Clarke. She almost choked on her dinner. Lexa went on, “its easy to tell too because if you connect the stars they make sort of a box with lines coming out of each corner.”

Clarke felt her heart give a little extra squeeze in her chest and for a while it was perfect despite being lost at sea, sitting there in the glow of lantern light that made just a tiny little spot on the dark ocean; eating packaged beef stew and pointing out to each other constellations flung high overhead in the inky black sea of stars.

Chapter End Notes

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If you liked Wild Earth you might like my other modern Clexa AU’s - Flygirl (note: Flygirl is explicit/nsfw) or my Rockstar!Lexa AU 'Lullaby of the Giant Five. Or for those of you interested in Canon Fics, you might like one of my other works - 'All Blood is Red' (please note this fic updates very slowly) (also, its huge).

Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.
Daylight forced them back under the tarp early. It rose and fell. The noise it made doing so was the only thing heard except for the occasional sound of Clarke moving around in the other end of the raft. The bottom of the boat was damp and uncomfortable. Her clothing was getting crunchy with the salt water and air, and she had promised Clarke fishing but they really couldn’t do that with the tarp draped across the raft as there wasn’t room for sitting. Maybe this evening, she thought to herself. Right after they took it down again. It had to be near noon now. Lexa kept her good arm across her face as she lay sprawled out in one half of the boat with her feet up on the raft’s rubbery side and the top of her head toward Clarke. Inside the plastic brace her wrist was aching badly and she kept it draped across her chest trying her best not to move it.

They hadn’t talked much since that morning.

Lexa broke the silence at last, “Clarke?” She didn’t move her arm from her face.

She heard Clarke move a little in the bottom of the boat, probably to glance toward her, “Lexa?”

“All you will probably find us first,” she expelled this thought on a quiet sigh and explained, “you asked last night if anyone would find us.” She had avoided the question because she didn’t want to dash Clarke’s hopes with a discouraging answer. But the question had been bothering her since prompting her to find the best answer she could. Lexa did believe Anya would find them. It was what her sister did. But she hoped Clarke wouldn’t press further, or ask about how or when. Because Lexa didn’t have that answer.

“All you?”

It wasn’t the question that Lexa had been expecting but she would take it over the other possible questions she had dreaded, “my sister.”

“You have a sister?” Clarke’s soft smile was in her voice.

“I do,” Lexa hadn’t lifted her arm from her eyes, “and she’s a pain in the ass.” She shifted a little in the bottom of the boat but it made a sharp stabbing pain shoot through her busted wrist and she ground the next words through her teeth without meaning to, “do you have siblings, Clarke?” Little gasps left Lexa’s lips as the pains wore down to a dull ache again.

“No,” her tone was wistful, “it was just me, my mom and dad.” She paused and after a second added in, “I really wish we had some pain killers for you.”
“Me too.” Lexa muttered. She wished she’d remembered to pack them. She packed everything else under the sun into the emergency bags, but pain-killers. Maybe she hadn’t considered that someone might break their wrist. Next time she would. Clarke moved a little in the boat and as she did one foot flopped right down into the space near Lexa’s head, startling her. The bounce hurt her wrist but not like it hurt a second ago and she finally moved her arm off her eyes just enough to peek out.

She saw Clarke’s little toes. She saw her little toenails painted an adorable shade of pink. But it was the little trail of stars tattooed on Clarke’s ankle that did something to her. Because suddenly she was feeling hot and it wasn’t the heat and because suddenly out of no where she wanted to trace those little stars and suddenly she was wondering how Clarke would sound if she did. She had never been a foot girl, but tattoos on girls? Yeah. Gasping at herself and her thoughts Lexa screwed her eyes shut quickly, this is Clarke, she reminded herself, this is the reporter that stalked her and kept wrecking everything. But her mouth didn’t listen to her brain and she blurted out, “you have a tattoo.”

“What?” Clarke asked as though she forgotten. Lexa peeked out again in time to see her wiggle her toes. Lexa squeezed her eyes shut quickly again. Clarke spoke up, “oh yeah, I do. Little stars, yeah. It was a dare.” There was a pause. A long one. Lexa felt Clarke looking at her and finally she spoke again, “you have a tattoo too.” That foot slid down her arm and touched it.

Lexa jumped a mile, “shit!” the top of the tarp tented up with her as she did. Clarke yanked her foot back and Lexa fell back onto the floor of the boat, “damnshitfuck!” the three words left her lips quickly before she could stop them all rolled into one, because if her wrist hadn’t been hurting her before it was now for certain. She grabbed at that wrist with her good hand. Her skin also tingled where Clarke had touched it. Lexa squeezed her eyes shut to keep from further cussing like a sailor – finding it fitting that they were on the ocean.

“Sorry…” Clarke murmured, “I shouldn’t have touched, I wasn’t thinking, I mean …I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“Forget it Clarke,” Lexa’s voice was dry as the pain started fading out. She stared up at the tarp overhead and decided to derail the topic, “tattoos, by the way.”

“Tattoos?” Clarke sounded hesitantly curious.

Lexa nodded without looking at Clarke, “I have more than the one.”

“Where?” Clarke asked.

Lexa closed her eyes and decided to be non-specific to maybe derail this topic too, “on my body somewhere.”

“Oh, that’s helpful.” Clarke snorted. The raft bounced some when she flopped back against it, “come on, Lexa. Show me yours. I showed you mine.”

Lexa felt a blush crawl up her neck, “Clarke-”

“What? You started it.” Clarke’s smirk was evident in her voice.

“It’s not like you showed it on purpose,” Lexa protested, “you ...you flopped it right down in front of my face –your tattoo– ” she clarified needlessly. She snapped her mouth shut before she could make it worse and her cool completely slipped. God, being confined to a small raft was getting to her.

Silence followed and the up and down motion of the raft on the waves under them finally had been just starting to distract her from her thoughts from where a simple little string of stars tattooed on a
cute girl’s ankle had taken her when Clarke asked again, “so can I see it?”

Lesa sighed and gave in at last, “maybe someday,” she glanced down at her wrist. Its dull throb worse inside the plastic and bandages from the bumping it took in the past few minutes, “how did you know how to set my wrist?” the question would work as –another- much needed diversion and besides it was a question she had been meaning to ask Clarke anyway.

Clarke didn’t answer at first and Lesa started wondering if she had said something wrong. She watched the bottom of the tarp. Maybe Clarke hadn’t heard her. But just in case she had and didn’t want to talk about it Lesa decided not to ask again anyway.

“I used to be in med school.” Clarke spoke up suddenly. Lesa blinked in surprise. She didn’t think she could think of ‘Clarke Griffin of Arkadia News’ as something like a doctor. But she said nothing because she hadn’t missed the ‘used to’ at the beginning of the confession. Clarke went on, “but it didn’t work out for me. Mostly because,” Clarke cleared her throat. Lesa could hear her digging around in stuff suddenly as she offered, “it’s not what I really wanted to do.”

Lesa could hear the nervousness in Clarke’s voice that she was trying to bury with a light tone. It prompted Lesa to wonder what made Clarke nervous like this, when she talked about it like this. Carefully Lesa tipped her head back just a little bit and caught sight of the girl’s feet and spread out to each side of her bag. Clarke was digging through it and taking clothes out of it and piling them up. Lesa looked away, “what did you want to do?” she asked. She hoped the girl wouldn’t say go into news reporting.

“I wanted to get into t.v,” Clarke’s answer was both quick and honest. Lesa heard even more things being pulled out of the bag and briefly wondered how much it could possibly carry as Clarke went on, “digital 3d art and animation. You know, kind of free lance? I even made a series.” Clarke must have found what she was looking for because the digging stopped. Within seconds Lesa heard the cap on a water container being twisted open and she heard Clarke swallow a couple of times and screw the cap back on, “but it didn’t work out. I didn’t want to go back to being a doctor so I got the job at Arkadia Station through friend of mine. It’s not quite what I wanted. But it’s TV and it’s a start. Jaha moved me pretty fast up to reporter, and it pays the bills. How to get my show seen by people I am still trying to figure out.” She stopped talking a second and Lesa could feel her discouragement. She was trying to think of something to say when Clarke spoke up again, “think we’re going to run out of water?”

The question slammed into Lesa’s head. Clarke had been casual about it, but Lesa couldn’t be. It almost made her panic. She tipped her head back to look. Clarke was laying sprawled out with a jumble of things including a few clothes and a pair of sandals, the damn tracker tablet that the sight of still caused Lesa to feel sparks of anger burst to life, a smaller bag and a tablet of warped paper among other things shoved into a pile between Clarke and the boat side. But Clarke was holding a near empty container of water in her hand where she sat, and, giving it a gentle shove, pushed it toward Lesa. It fell over in the boat and Lesa flipped onto her stomach painfully and grabbed it up quickly to keep the rest of the water from spilling before she realized it was closed. But there was so little water in it that it was hard not to panic, “We have two more containers, still?” she demanded. Survival mode had kicked in. Looking at the water she then looked at Clarke.

“Yeah, nearly two.” Clarke confirmed.

“Okay,” Lesa sighed in relief and set the water container aside.

“Lexa?” Clarke fiddled with the pile of things she had taken out of her bag, digging through the clothes as though looking for something. Lesa really wanted to tell her she should clean it all up or risk it going over the side but Clarke asked before she could, “what happens when the water’s gone?
“Well,” Lexa began slowly, “the desalination process requires an entire factory, and only 1 percent of salt water can actually be turned into something drinkable so—”

“So you don’t?” Clarke interpreted cutting her off, “Lexa?”

Lexa didn’t want to start talking about cutting fish open and drinking the fresh water they made with their gills next, because even if they did that it still wouldn’t be enough and their bodies would still soon dehydrate so she answered instead, “hopefully we will be at where we are going by then.”

“Then you know where we’re going?” Clarke looked at her hopefully.

“I don’t,” Lexa admitted to her, “I am just hoping something changes soon.”

“Oh,” Clarke said. She blinked a minute as though this was something she should have known way out here. She took a breath, “okay. Sorry, just being stuck like this is getting to me. I’m asking dumb stuff.” Clarke dug a book out of what looked like the pair of sweatpants she had offered on the first night but Lexa had that pair on. It was a distracting suddenly, though no so more than Clarke suddenly flipping the book open and burying her nose in it, “wait,” Lexa asked, “You’re reading just like that?” In spite of the conversation they had just had?

“Lexa,” Clarke said glancing at the book and looking at her, “I can’t just sit and think about it. We’re in a little bitty boat in the middle of the damn ocean—”

“Okay. It’s okay,” Lexa added quickly, “read.” She saw the blink of fear in Clarke’s eyes and felt that same blink hit her in the gut. They were in the middle of the ocean. She breathed in deep and laid back down on the floor of the boat. She breathed evenly; combined with the gentle rock of the boat it was calming because she was used to boats from living on one. Then Clarke started reading out loud, “his hands were hot on her body. Alexandria felt herself shiver when his hands slipped up the insides of her bare thighs—”

“Oh god, Clarke,” Lexa rolled her eyes in dismay and flopped onto the floor of the raft, “stop.” She didn’t think she could bear it a second if she had to hear this …novel.

Clarke just laughed and kept reading, “they caught at the fabric of her panties and—”

“Really, Clarke!” Lexa flopped onto her back in dismay and blew out a breath, “I can’t.”

“Oh come on, Lexa? It’s just a story.” Clarke stated. Lexa only grunted. Clarke went on, “like you’ve never read romance?”

“Oh, I have. I have…” Lexa squeezed her eyes shut.

“Well then,” Clarke decided, “you have to be bored too. I can read out loud for both of—”

“But it’s …those type books… they are really not my thing. Can you …can you just read to yourself, Clarke?” Lexa asked, and threw her arm back over her eyes.

“Alright, Lexa,” Clarke’s voice met her ears and she was sure there was a curious tone to it, “lay there and be a stick in the mud. It’s not like there is anything else to do.” Lexa just snorted in return, and she could almost hear Clarke turn back to her book and was so thankful when the blonde muttered a silent, “fine.”
Chapter 18 is already posted on my tumblr! To read it or for more about 'Wild Earth' and my other fics and works including my upcomng original series of f/f books or just to follow me on Tumblr click HERE.

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Kudos are appricated if you liked it. Thanks for reading.

(p.s. Clexaweek is right around the corner and a friend and I might be making surprises for you)
Chapter Summary

Crowded together for too long in the same little space, Clarke and Lexa get on each others nerves until a line is finally drawn...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The marina was full of boats bobbing up and down on the gentle waves. Clarke hadn’t been answering her phone and Raven was starting to worry. She walked the boardwalk down to the spot where she had been told Wood’s boat would be. She knew it wasn’t going to be there. She knew Clarke would be gone at least a few more days. This was a local assignment though, Clarke had said. But Raven was hopeful. However, she didn’t expect a blonde woman in a black tank top and black jeans to be sitting there with her feet dangling over the edge in front of the empty mooring between other boats – simply staring out at the water.

Raven slowed as she stopped behind her. The set in the woman’s shoulders was one that looked alert and tense. Clearing her throat she was about to ask if she could help the woman somehow when without even turning her eyes from the sea to look at her the woman growled, “who are you?”

“I’m Raven,” she answered somewhat dryly with a lift of her eye brow. Raven folded her arms, “who are you?”

There was no answer for a minute. It seemed as though the blonde hadn’t even heard her. Then after a second she asked another question, “Why are you here?”

Raven snorted, “you know,” she stared at the blonde, “I am used to people looking at me when they try and talk to me.”

The woman didn’t turn her head though. But instead Raven saw her shoulders lift just a little as though she found what Raven had just said either annoying or even amusing before she repeated, “I asked why you are here?”

Raven rolled her eyes. Moving forward the few steps she sat on the edge of the dock, which seemed to startle the woman into abruptly turning to look at her. When that happened it startled Raven to find the woman had gorgeous sharp cheekbones and beautiful eyes that despite the stoic way this woman carried herself seemed to be holding back a lot of pain or anxiety or both or something. The woman was stunning, and Raven found herself blowing out a breath, staring out to sea and admitting, “I’m looking for a friend. She’s just not answering her phone and yeah, she can be gone for long amounts of time, especially recently.” Raven drew a deep breath and held it in her lungs a few seconds before adding, “It’s been a few days. Always before she’s called back by now.”

The blonde next to her seemed to absorb all of this. The time it took felt like forever as they sat there side by side in the slight breeze, staring out across the water but it was probably only a few minutes. Finally the blonde spoke if quietly and reluctantly, “I’m here looking for someone too.”
Night had returned. The little boat under her rocked gently up and down on black-looking swells of water illuminated by the lantern in the middle of the raft. The air was cool and quiet and Lexa was thankful for it after another blistering day in the heat. She was pretty sure that Clarke was as well, that was if the other girl could stop her incessant wiggling around. Lexa tried to ignore it. She tried to keep herself busy by going through what was left of their provisions. One by one she had been pulling the meal packs that were left out of the bag and counting them, “thirteen.” She placed that one down in the pile she was making on the raft floor. Clarke kicked a leg out, sending a sandal that had been in her pile of things flying across the raft and nearly hitting her in the face, “hey!” Lexa glanced up at her and frowned. Clarke had frozen and stared back at her where she was trying to draw in a sketchbook. After a second she muttered back, “sorry.” Clarke looked back at her drawing.

“Its okay,” Lexa muttered too, and returned to counting. A look in her bag told her painfully that she’d neared the last of the packages, “fourteen.” She counted taking one out and putting it down. Biting her lip she took the very last packet out of the bag. Fifteen-

“Fuck!” Clarke swore loudly on the other side of the boat and her sketchbook landed in the pile of food packets, scattering them. Lexa jerked back quickly in surprise and then started grabbing at the spilling pile fast as she could, “Clarke! That’s our food!” she scolded, glaring up at Clarke. Lexa wrapped her arms around their food as the girl continued to flip and flop about in the other end of the boat, scratching at her arms and skin, “Clarke!”

“I can’t-” Clarke tried to scratch a place on her back, “it itches!”
Lexa glanced at the pile and started quickly putting it back in the bag, “well this is our only food! And you almost tossed it over-board throwing your sketchbook like that!”

“I have cookies.” Clarke stated, scratching her arms.

“You ate them.” Lexa could hear nails ripping at skin, “stop you’re only making it worse!” she got the last packet of food in the bag and zipped it.
Clarke kept wiggling. “I don’t care! My clothes are crunchy!”

“It’s the salt, Clarke.” Lexa tried to explain, “being at sea in an open raft will make it collect on your.” Clarke was unbuckling the life jacket. Lexa shouted at her, “stop that, you can’t swim!” Clarke’s hands stopped. She glared at Lexa though and kept squirming and scratched her legs. All the squirming was making the raft wobble this way and that on the water, “stop scratching! It only makes it itch worse. And stop rocking the boat, Clarke, and just …hold still!”

The scratching and wiggling stopped just long enough for Clarke to ask, “Hold still? Are you insane?”

Lexa answered before thinking her words through, “if you don’t hold still you are going to dump us out!”

“Oh, right, really!” Clarke was mocking her, “Like I am shaking it that much! It went through a hurricane, Lexa!”

“Tropical storm.” Lexa corrected.

“Okay!” Clarke snorted, “it went through a tropical storm and didn’t dump us out, remember??” the scratching stopped though.
Clarke was right. Even if Lexa hated to admit it and wouldn’t—completely—out loud. There was no way she was rocking the boat enough to topple them at all, just enough to make it jiggle a little, “well hold still anyway,” Lexa ground out, “save your strength.” At some point she realized that Clarke had stopped scratching during their arguing and Lexa wasn’t about to bring that up either in case it made her start up again.

“What for?” Clarke folded her arms defiantly and rolled her eyes, “it’s not like we’re going to be running a marathon or something anytime soon.”

“Because,” Lexa growled back and pointed out to the sea all around them, “we don’t know how long we’re going to be out here under a burning sun and you might need it to stay alive!” Lexa dropped her arm. She stared menacingly at Clarke who still sat there glaring right back at her. Then Clarke shrugged at her. She actually shrugged at her suggesting she didn’t care. Lexa demanded, “You don’t care? You really don’t care, do you?”

“I didn’t say that.” Clarke countered her tone actually level.

But Lexa didn’t hear her. She was furious, “I am just as much trapped out here as you are Clarke and even if you don’t care about that, I actually do!”

“I never said I didn’t care, Lexa.” Clarke protested again, “you’re taking this out of proportion.”

“I’m taking this out of proportion?” Lexa demanded, she motioned to where Clarke was, “we’re stuck at sea and you brought cookies, Clarke! You sit there surrounded by books and shit that is useless to us and you think I’m over-reacting?” God this was just night three, Lexa thought as she squeezed her eyes shut, and they were already grating on each others nerves and ripping each other verbally apart. She turned away quickly so she didn’t have to look at Clarke anymore right now.

But Clarke managed to glare at her hard, “you packed seven different knives-!”

Lexa could feel Clarke’s eyes on her back and didn’t bother looking, “you need knives, Clarke! Tell me you can at least understand something simple as that!”

“Maybe if you dropped half if them overboard,” Clarke snapped back motioning to the ocean around them, “but you also forgot something basic as painkillers!-” Lexa felt her jaw clench and her wrist start to ache inside the brace more as though on cue. Clarke barreled on, “but somehow still managed to remember a busted compass-” Lexa felt the bristling start in her spine at the mention of the compass and her teeth start to grind harder and harder together in her mouth. “—and yet you sit there,” Clarke concluded fiercely, “high-and-mighty hot explorer girl, and yell at me about bringing useless shit when you brought a broken compass!”

“Stop!” Lexa whirled so fast, fueled by the fact Clarke thought the compass was shit, her anger taking Clarke by surprise and making her jerk back a little in what Lexa would later recognize as shock. Right now though, she didn’t care. She grabbed her bag with her good arm and yanked it toward her over. She yanked the zip on it open and started grabbing things from it furiously and slamming them into the rubber floor of the boat—making it rock and much as Clarke had.

“Lexa what are you…” Clarke sounded more concerned and a bit anxious, “hey, stop…”
Lexa found a small box and yanked it out too, “look, useless water tablets so we could have had clean water!” She threw them aside. She saw the broken compass in the bag next, “can’t have someone like me carrying around this kind of sentimental useless shit!” she yanked it out too. Lexa picked the bag up and dumped it. Everything rolled and spilled out in the light of the lantern and as it rolled away she caught sight of the black marker and grabbed it up. Glaring at Clarke she opened the cap and suddenly went to the middle of the boat. Lexa started drawing a line across it. When she was done she capped the marker, “this is my side of the boat!” she stated hotly, motioning to it. She motioned to where Clarke was, “and that is your side of the boat! You stay on your side! I’ll stay on mine!” she tossed the marker into her spilled pile of things.

“Wait, what?” Clarke demanded, “My side and your side? Are we even listening to ourselves? We are fighting with each other over stupid shit.” She stared at Lexa. Lexa stared back at her just as hard. Finally Clarke sat back on her side of the black line, “we just …we just need to stop.” She tried again, “we just need to eat dinner …or something.”

Lexa shoved one of the food packets across at Clarke. Her rage liquefied just a little then, as the packet stopped near Clarke’s knees. It liquefied to the point where everything was utterly quiet in a very uncomfortable and almost unreal way between the two of them. Lexa heard everything though, Clarke’s breathing, the sound of the boat lifting up and down on the waves. She looked down at the line she had drawn across the middle of the orange raft and suddenly was unable to breathe from how uncomfortable she was with her actions—

Clarke saw her look at it, “we’re both behaving badly,” she suggested quietly as though she knew what Lexa was thinking. She looked around them for a minute before looking across at Lexa in the light of the lantern again, “we are under a lot of stress out here. I think we should try to forget it, eat dinner, and move on.”

But Lexa still stared at the line, the physical line she had drawn that was mimicking the one in her head that had been crossed and she knew that Clarke would never understand her reaction. Looking away from it she couldn’t quite look at the blonde from the shame she saw not only creeping across Clarke’s face but also the shame she felt burning on her own. Lexa looked at the scattered food packets. She picked one up. One word pushed quietly through her lips, “maybe,” even to her ears it sounded soft and regretful. Two more words followed it, “maybe Clarke.”

“Sorry,” Clarke murmured. She ran a hand through her hair in frustration and picked her packaged dinner up.

“Me too,” Lexa murmured back. She was sincere. But Lexa turned away from her anyway, ashamed, and moved with her meal in silence, as far as she could into her half of the little boat.

Chapter End Notes

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(p.s. Happy Clexaweek from mmeister911 and I. If you'd like you can find all our fics for it [Here.])
You Have Some Gull...

Chapter by DistantStar

Chapter Summary

Still stuck at sea, its been days. But its about time something knocks some sense into them....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun was barely up. But it was already warm enough to make Clarke sweat. It was morning again out on the ocean. And sprawled out from heat in the bottom of the rubber raft, Clarke knew, but didn’t want to wake up.

However, the sunlight burning her closed eyelids was making that moment inevitable. And what was more, Lexa was already on the other side of the raft talking quietly, “so yes, you can fish like this. But while we wait for our catch there are a few things we can cover about being stranded at sea-”

Stranded at sea was right. The only noise besides Lexa talking was the sound of the ocean sucking at the side of the boat. She thought of them fighting last night. She could still see it in her head. She could still hear the mean words tumbling from her own mouth. She could still see Lexa drawing that damn black line through the center of the raft almost in slow motion-

“...and one of them is that, after a couple of days of being out here in an open raft..”

Clarke grunted and found herself wondering how Lexa was even up this early. But then she always was. So her thoughts wandered next to how did she even know when she was awake when she hadn’t even opened her eyes yet.

“..salt will start to collect on your clothing, and all your stuff,” Lexa was ..explaining? “And it will make your clothes very crunchy and uncomfortable and you will have to wash them out with sea water if you want to be comfortable at all.”

Clarke flopped an arm over her face hoping Lexa would get the idea that she wasn’t really feeling like much of a morning person today.

She didn’t.

“Yes, it is still salt water,” Lexa clarified from her end of the raft, “and I know as such it seems it would cancel out what you would be attempting to achieve, but it should still remove some of the-”

“Lexa,” Clarke grumbled out at last from under the shelter of her arm, “can we ..can we talk about this later?”

The talking stopped instantly. And for a few seconds there was no sound except for the sound of the raft bobbing on the water, and it left a sudden and uncomfortable feeling hanging thick as the salt in the air and in fact, Clarke could almost feel Lexa’s surprise. It was enough to make Clarke lift her arm and peek out.
Lexa was sitting in her half the raft, looking at her over one of her shoulders against a backdrop of blue sky. Green eyes searched her, and Lexa’s hair lifted softly on a light breeze that seemed to find them at just the right time. It made Clarke’s insides melt a little in a way that had nothing to do with the heat. She wet her dried lips and sat up a little more in the boat, leaning on her hands to get a better look and behind Lexa she saw the little red Infinity camera hovering in the air, with a small green light in the top indicating it was recording.

“Clarke, I…” Lexa tried to break the silence first. But wasn’t successful. Because her mouth snapped closed instead. She grabbed the red camera quickly from the air as though being caught with something she shouldn’t have and shut it off, “sorry Clarke,” Lexa held the camera as best she could in one hand because of her injured wrist down near her knees as though in regret, “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“No, no, its ..it’s okay.” Clarke spoke up quickly, all irritation forgotten, in fact her heart melted a little as the realization of what Lexa was doing finally became clear; Lexa hadn’t been talking to her. She had been filming. She had been talking to the camera Clarke had brought her and almost seemed nervous to be caught. Clarke wasn’t having any of that. She motioned to the camera and stayed casual, “you’re recording? There’s nothing wrong with that, you know.” Clarke smiled at her.

“Oh,” Lexa looked down at the camera in her hand and lifted it back up and looked it for a few seconds as though trying to frame her thoughts, “I was. I mean. I thought it might be interesting to document some of our situation out here to maybe use one day. If that’s okay with you. If not then at least we can have something to look back on,” she tried to re-group by wetting her parched lips. Clarke didn’t mean to stare when she did that but she did anyway. Taking a deep breath Lexa seemed to find a place to start again, “I didn’t record you sleeping. And I made sure you weren’t in the picture.” she bit her lip, and probably didn’t know she was doing it.

“Lexa, you can use the footage however you want. That’s why I brought you a camera,” Clarke snorted softly under her breath, and smiled when she saw Lexa start nodding quickly across from her. Clarke finally pushed and sat up all the way at last, and I didn’t think you did.”

“Oh. Well. Thank you,” Lexa said to her. Then added sincerely, “and thank you for the new camera, Clarke. I don’t think I said that yet.” She stared at Clarke, softly. And it made Clarke wonder what the girl was thinking. And it made her hope it was about her.

Clarke took a deep breath and leaned back carefully against the side of the raft, feeling its give against her back, “you’re welcome, Lexa.” she smiled. Lexa did too, a very small smile but it was there. Then she looked back down at the camera in her hand and switched it on to record again and let it go. She was acting differently this morning, and Clarke couldn’t quite put a finger on on what the difference was just yet. Sure, they had argued the night before and she was sure they both knew it was all just angry words from being trapped together in such a small space for days now.

But whatever it was causing the difference was staring to be terribly cute on the usually stubborn and stoic adventurer girl. Clarke decided to change the subject in hopes of making the mood just a bit lighter. Because she knew if she was still thinking about last night, Lexa probably was too. In fact the minute it went through Clarke’s mind she saw Lexa look at the black raft she’d drawn across the bottom of the orange raft. So Clarke spoke up quickly with the first thought she had, “can I have some water?”

“Of course,” Lexa nodded and looked around the raft. Her eyes landed on one of the water containers and she picked it up and handed it across to Clarke. Watching Lexa, Clarke took it from her and opened the top up. Drinking just three swallows though she desperately wanted more in spite of it being stale and warm, she capped it again and handed it back across. Lexa took it and put it
back into the corner it had come out of. Clarke then caught sight of and nodded at the fishing line hanging over the side of the raft and into the water. The opposite end was tied to one of the bags, “catching breakfast?”

Leya glanced behind her as though just remembering the fishing line, “trying to,” she admitted, “I thought maybe to use in a video? If not, its going to be meal packs again.”

“Won’t the fish pull the bag into the water?” Clarke automatically envisioned something like a sword fish.

“Clarke,” Leya teased with a roll of her eyes. She turned to the line and pulled it in from the water to show it was only a couple feet long and had shiny pieces of the foil packaging their meals had been in tied to the hook like a lure. Clarke felt speechless and apparently looked it too, “they are just little fish,” Leya explained, dropping the lure back into the water, “and you can use just about anything shiny as a lure to catch your first one. Usually they swim around near the surface under the boat for shelter and I think…’” Leya sounded unsure suddenly, “I think I might have already mentioned that.” Then Leya turned away, as though suddenly sullen.

Suddenly the mood in the boat shifted sullenly, and Clarke raised an eyebrow at Leya’s back in question, that Leya wouldn’t even be able to see anyway. But Clarke couldn’t help the little responsive action. Leya’s shoulders finally heaved a little and she took a deep breath and stared out over the rolling green-blue sea, “I used the footage, Clarke…” they slid up one gentle wave and down the other side of it. Leya spared her a tiny glance back over her shoulder before looking out over the ocean again, “from the day you fell in the river. I used it in one of my videos.” there was a hint of remorse in her voice.

Clarke felt her heart skip a beat, hearing Leya admit it. She also remembered how she had felt that day in the store when Raven had told her. All she had wanted was soup, and she remembered feeling angry for a few seconds and maybe hurt and a little bit wronged.

But it hadn’t lasted long. Not when she remembered what she had been doing to Leya.

Clarke sighed, and sat still in the raft. She wracked her brain, watching the brunette fiddle quietly with her fishing lines, and tried to think of a way to answer that would reflect on everything that had happened to date between herself and Leya. But in the end, only found herself speaking two calm and accepting words, “I know.”

Leya looked abruptly at her, “you do?” More questions stirred in her eyes.

“I do,” Clarke nodded a couple times, “I’ve seen it.” Raven had even shown her the video that night. Clarke hadn’t heard it at the time the recording was being made, because she had been struggling for her life under the water, but in the playback the concern in Leya’s voice broke her heart just a little, *There are crocodiles in this river! And other things that could… Clarke! Clarke!*

“And you are not angry?” she studied Clarke carefully as though looking for any signs of her not telling the truth.

“Maybe I was at first. Maybe for a minute or two,” Leya admitted her earlier thoughts, “but not for long and not anymore. Not when I realised I might have deserved a taste of my own medicine,” she wasn’t sure suddenly if she should have brought that up again. But before she could say anything else, Leya cleared her throat and nodded as though accepting Clarke meant it before saying,

“Anyway, I should have asked.”
“No. No, I should have asked,” Clarke corrected, “I should have called and asked for an interview, or something. Apparently, according to Wells, your number is even listed. But I thought going in energetic and friendly would make the element of surprise I was supposed to present a little easier,” Clarke shook her head for a second, disgusted with herself as she looked at Lexa watching her from her side of the boat, “but I was wrong. I felt more like a bull in a china shop.”

“You were a lousy reporter, Clarke.” Lexa agreed, and Clarke felt herself wince. But before she could answer Lexa went on, “at least, those first few times we met. But you did good with the whales.”

“You did too.” Clarke answered.

But Lexa had moved on to her own confession, “I made the video with you in it because I needed it to make my numbers.”

“I know. Forget it okay?” Clarke gave her a small smile but it faded to frustration pretty fast, “I mean, I just need a way to expose my boss. But if I did that, all my friends could lose their jobs.” she thought of them. She thought of Octavia and Kane, and Harper and Monty and all of the others. Clarke leaned back in the boat again because suddenly her stomach was in knots inside of her and it had nothing to do with being sea-sick..

“You’re boss?” the statement had Lexa’s attention. She seemed careful to ask, “you want to tell what he did?”

“If I can,” Clarke could feel the weight of Lexa’s gaze on her. But it was more of a rapt stare of thought because of the conversation probably, than an angry or confused one. Clarke sighed and pulled up one of her knees and wrapped her arms around it, “you know, I used his plan against him? I used my job to get the helicopter drop out here?”

“Then he didn’t know you were going to turn on him and tell me the truth?” Lexa glanced toward the red camera for a couple of seconds before looking at Clarke again, “about my camera?”

“He didn’t know,” Clarke confirmed. In return, Lexa simply nodded and half-turned around to check on the fishing line again. Lexa lifted the line of of the water again and toyed with the foil on the hook before dipping it back into the sea. Clarke said nothing about it, but she wasn’t sure a piece of foil would catch a fish. Still, she was learning to not question the adventurer whom even knew the year Sea Monkeys were invented. But talking about the helicopter drop made Clarke remember something she’d been wondering about off and on ever since she heard she was going to be dropped onto a boat in the ocean since apparently she ‘already knew how to do it’ according to Jaha. Clarke put the thoughts of him away again for now, “Lexa?”

“Clarke?” Lexa turned from where she was slowly dragging the fishing line back and forth along the side of the boat. Using their names like this seemed like it was becoming their normal way of starting a half-serious or not so serious at all conversation so Clarke carefully ventured on,

“I have to ask. Why were you even out here?” she motioned to the sea all around them that made them just a tiny dot of orange. Clarke lowered her arms, “I mean, Nia was all over the news. You had to have known about it.”

“You mean you think it was foolish of me?” Lexa deduced quietly, staring at her, “I checked the news before coming out here, Clarke. The storm was supposed to go further out to sea.”

“I didn’t say you were foolish,” Clarke was quick to respond, “I just ..there had to be a reason?” She held her breath, and Lexa’s stare. Even though she was starting to realise that Lexa quickly and
easily became defensive and she was starting to wonder why.

“There was a contest,” Lexa began, but no sooner had the words left her lips when suddenly the fishing line behind her over the side of the raft gave a little tug and started to wiggle. Clarke’s eyes popped open with surprise and she tried to get to her feet only to become dizzy when the boat started rocking about from her trying to stand-

“Sit down, Clarke!” Lexa scolded, grabbing her hand she pulled Clarke back down into the raft and grabbed the line behind her, “you don’t stand up in the raft or you can fall over the side.”

Clarke was nodding quickly, clearly understanding that now. Grateful the boat stopped rocking she watched as Lexa pulled the line in with a smallish fish hooked to it. Removing the hook from its mouth Lexa set both the fish and the line down. The fish flopped around pitifully on the bottom of the raft and Lexa reached into the spilled pile of her things. Grabbing a knife she quickly put the little fish out of its misery, gutted it just as quickly and peeled off scales and skin. Then she cut it in half, set the knife aside and offered half the fish to Clarke, “this is breakfast. You should eat.”

Clarke felt her stomach turning a little, looking at the filleted raw fish. On top of that, she couldn’t believe Lexa had actually caught one, “sushi?” she tried to sound optimistic even if she’d never liked sushi. Clarke reached for the food and took it, but couldn’t help but glance at the little meal packs scattered about.

“Sushi is made from tuna,” Lexa bit into her half of the raw fish. She chewed and swallowed, “this isn’t tuna.”

Clarke finally bit into her piece of the fish and chewed a little. It tasted strong, but to her surprise it actually tasted okay. She swallowed, bit another piece, and asked, “only tuna?”

Lexa looked at her, but kept eating. Half of her fish was almost gone before she spoke up, “actually there are several fish sushi is made from, yellowtail, snapper, Japanese amberjack..” as she listed them off Clarke started smirking. Lexa noticed and huffed, “you were teasing me.” she finished what was left of her fish in one bite.

“Just checking your dictionary,” Clarke grinned. She popped the last piece of her fish into her mouth, chewed it up and swallowed. Lexa huffed at her again and attached the fish head and guts to the hook and for some reason the idea that fish would happily devour its own kind made Clarke’s stomach go a little queasy again.

Lexa lowered the line back over the side of the raft and into the water, “listen Clarke, about last night,” she began and Clarke felt tense instantly. Last night certainly hadn’t been their best night. Lexa started tugging at the line a little as though to check it before finally letting it go and turning to look at Clarke, “I really am sorry. I behaved terribly.”

“Yeah, me too. I mean I’m sorry also. I mean I behaved something awful too,” the tension melted away and she gave up trying to explain when she started laughing at herself for not getting out the words she wanted right. She smiled over at Lexa, “you know what I mean, right?”

“I think so,” Lexa shifted in the raft until she was sitting with her knees pulled up in front of her, “I mean, we’re stuck in a raft together for who knows how long. It’s understandable. So,” Lexa kicked her cute socked foot at the black line she’d drawn the night before, “can we just ...forget this?” she looked up at Clarke with her teeth locked in a small, hopeful grimace.

“Sure..” Clarke answered. And suddenly she was blown away. Because Lexa suddenly smiled.
It was dazzling, the grin on the girl’s face, more than the morning sunlight. It was the first time Clarke had seen it and she could only sit and stare with her lips parted just a little and her throat dry. But that minute Lexa’s line moved behind her again, and the pretty smile faded as Lexa turned to get it.

“Lexa I—” Clarke tried to speak but something whistled sharp against her ear and a white gray blob flew into her vision and slammed into the side of her head, knocking her sprawling to the floor of the raft.

Stunned, Clarke’s world was spinning. She grabbed at something attacking her head, “Lexa!”

It tangled in her hair. It started squalling. Clarke grabbed at the side of the boat and pulled herself to her knees.

“What? Clarke! It’s okay!”

The raft started rocking in the water. She yanked at whatever was on her head, trying to tear it loose, but it only squawked louder and held on tighter to her hair, “get it off me! Lexa! Get it—” she panicked.

“It’s just a seagull, Clarke!” Lexa crawled to her side in an instant, “it’s a big one. But it’s just a seagull!”

“I don’t care!” Clarke grabbed at it’s feathers. It squawked louder. She swatted at it. It flapped and pecked her hands. She knew she was freaking out more than she should but she wasn’t exactly expecting a bird to hit her in the head in the middle of the ocean when Lexa was the only other living thing she’d seen besides their breakfast in days, “Lexa! Lexa, get it—”

“Trust me, Clarke!” Lexa grabbed her shoulders, “it doesn’t even want to be tangled in your hair. It’s just a seagull!” Lexa’s voice was firm but calm, “and you have to stop fighting so it can untangle itself and fly away.”

Clarke grabbed Lexa’s waist for support. Lexa shook her just a little and the motion and the words made her calm down enough so that the bird untangled itself, and, with a final, angry squawk at her, flapped haphazardly away.

“No…stupid bird…” Clarke muttered as she stared after it. It took her all of two seconds after that to realise her hands were still around Lexa’s waist. She let go as though she’d been burned but missed the contact the instant she did. Her face turned red. She was glad for the first time since being lost at sea she had a sunburn.

“Yes, yes just a bird,” Lexa answered soothingly, as though she didn’t notice Clarke’s hands at all. But then her green eyes snapped wide open in front of Clarke’s, “it’s a bird, Clarke!” She jolted to her feet before Clarke could stop her, “a seagull!"

“Lexa!” Clarke grabbed at the corner of her top, “Lexa, sit down!”

“Do you know what this means?” Lexa whipped about in excitement, but it didn’t last long. The boat started to wobble and rock and Lexa flung her arms out for balance and swayed.

Clarke tried to grab her, but it was already too late.

With a pitiful squeak of embarrassment and wide green eyes looking at her, Lexa toppled over the side of the raft and splashed into the water.
Chapter End Notes

For more about ‘WILD EARTH’ or just to follow me on Tumblr click HERE.

P.S. I am sorry for taking so long to get back to this. Take care everyone.
-Distant.
“Yo ho yo ho!”

“That’s pirates, Clarke!”

In which there is hope in sight for our two girls lost on the sea...

“Lexa!” Clarke screamed, she scrambled to the side of the boat and looked over into bouncing blue-green water. Where was she? Her brain tore backward in time to the times she almost drown and her heart raced in panic.

Lexa popped up from the surf loudly heaving in air, “Clarke!!” she spat out water and struggled with one arm, splashing toward the raft from just a few feet away.

“Oh thank God!” Clarke exhaled with relief that left her shaky and unable to breathe really. She grabbed frantically at the side of the raft and strained her other hand toward Lexa far as she dared, “Lexa! Get my hand!”

Lexa went under again.

Clarke panicked, “Lexa! No!...” she she was going to jump in after her… she got a foot up on the side of the wobbling raft.

“Don’t you dare, Clarke!” Lexa shouted at her, surfacing again. She spit out more water as she pulled her way through the bouncing waves toward the raft.

But the waves kept pushing her under and also bouncing the raft away from where she was
swimming. Grinding her teeth, Clarke started to unbuckle her life vest intent on throwing it to Lexa-

“Keep that on!” Lexa shouted. She got over a wave and was closer. But not close enough.

Clarke just glared at her and undid another buckle, “you only have one arm!”

“True!” Lexa went under and came back up sputtering, “but I am still the only one here who can
swim!” to make her point, she kicked harder to close the last bit of distance between herself and the
bouncing raft, grabbed the rope rail around it and glared up at Clarke, “see. Keep your jacket on!”

Clarke didn’t care if Lexa was angry. She only wanted her to be alright. Grabbing at her wet good
wrist she pulled and helped her slip up over the side and into the floor of the raft. Once she was back
in, even though it had been Lexa that had fallen over the side it was Clarke that started breathing
again, “Lexa… Lexa….” grabbing at Lexa’s arm she tried to turn her to see she was ok.

But Lexa shoved to her knees, turned, grabbed at the buckle on Clarke’s orange life vest and
snapped it closed, “I thought we went through this!” she scolded.

“Sorry, I’m…” Clarke started to say, adrenaline finally wearing down a little from Lexa’s tumble into
the water. But it was short lived. Just like Lexa’s attention span, it seemed. Because suddenly Lexa
was clamoring again across the floor of the raft for her things that were all spilled out.

“There was a bird, Clarke! A bird!” she kept on, and started digging through her stuff. Meal packs,
matches, and even the lantern were shoved desperately about;

Clarke though finally got herself together, “Lexa! You shouldn’t have stood up in the boat!” she
shouted. She wasn’t sure what the adventurer was going on about the bird that had her - Clarke
stared helplessly as Lexa shoved more things aside, and caught the first aid kit when Lexa all but
tossed it before it flew over the side - in near panic.

“I’m fine!” Lexa snapped back, not finding what she was looking for in the first pile she grabbed a
bag that hadn’t been dumped the night before and unzipped it frantically.

“You could have drowned!”

Lexa dumped the contents of the bag, “not likely.” on her knees she started digging again, a mess kit
went rolling. Two small cans of sardines were flung aside. As was a small bag of powdered milk,
more matches, batteries and a lighter…

Clarke furrowed her brow. Apparently almost drowning was furthest from her mind, as was
apparently the possibility of throwing something over the side of the raft, “Lexa? Lexa what are you?
-”

“They’re not here!” Lexa sounded desperate and scrambled toward Clarke’s piled stuff and started
digging through it too, “There was a bird! There was a bird, Clarke!”

“Yeah, yeah I know, it hit me in the head!” Clarke stated. Lexa tossed one of her books wide and
Clarke yelped and barely caught it before it went over the side, “Lexa!” she set the book down and
scrambled to where Lexa was panicking and got her by the shoulders, “what is with you and this
damn bird??”

Lexa pulled away from her in confusion and sat back on her heels, “you really don’t know?”

Clarke shook her head. Lexa rolled her eyes and scrambled away toward one of the zippered pockets
in the wall of the boat. She yanked the zipper open and Clarke could only stare as Lexa reached in
and started fumbling around with one hand inside it, “only some birds can fly across the ocean; Wandering Albatrosses for example and Warblers are just two of many but,” she grunted and pulled a wound section of cord out and then another, “that seagull can only fly so far…”

Clarke was just staring, trying to make sense of her, “Lexa—”

“It means we’re near land!” Lexa dived her hand into the pocket again.

“Land!” the word shot from Clarke’s mouth. Her heart sped up and she too felt like she was about to panic. They were near land! She whipped about left and right gazing at the bouncing waves for it-

“I’m trying to find my binoculars!” Lexa said somewhere behind Clarke, explaining the mystery object at last, “that way, we can see where it is. Everything scrambled and being a mess is not helping us!”

But no matter where Clarke looked or which way she turned as the boat rocked all she saw was endless, endless water.

Or so she thought at first. But while Lexa rattled and shuffled about frantically in the raft behind her Clarke thought she suddenly saw the faintest spike of gray reaching up distantly on the sea-

“..where are they??” she heard Lexa slap her hand to her forehead.

But Clarke was too busy staring at the spike. She wasn't sure. It seems so far away that it might not even be there. Clarke narrowed her eyes on it hand focused in.

The gray spike had a rim of green around it. Or was she just seeing things? Clarke rubbed her eyes. As the waves danced up and down it was there and then gone, there and then gone. Then it was there and Clarke’s heart skipped a beat, “there it is!” not daring to let the little speck on the sea out of her sight Clarke reached behind her to grab Lexa’s arm. But as her fingers touched it Lexa pulled away.

“How now, Clarke! I have to find where it is before we get too far!”

“You mean, like that land over there?” Clarke pointed toward it. She glanced over in time to see Lexa whip about and look where she was pointing to. Lexa squinted and clamored, still soaking wet and in her pajamas, to the side of the rubber raft where Clarke was.

Clarke knew the second Lexa saw it too because her scowl went away. The panic was replaced with excitement, “that’s it!” her pretty mouth dropped open, “that’s it, Clarke!”

“Land ho!!” Clarke shouted out, she couldn’t stop grinning ear to ear. She couldn’t stop the excitement filling her up and making her want to run and bounce around everywhere. She flung her arms up in the air in excitement and yelped suddenly when Lexa grabbed her and before she knew it Clarke was being squeezed in a tight hug,

“We have an island, Clarke!!” the joy in her voice was tangible.

“We do!” Clarke spluttered, but her reaction was delayed from the shock of Lexa hugging her and the fact that the girl’s arms around her felt so good. She was a little slower as a result but she laughed loud, her eyes crinkling, and started hugging Lexa right back.

But suddenly, as if she realised what she was doing, Lexa yanked herself quickly from Clarke’s grip and sat back on her knees. Clarke blinked, arms empty suddenly. She was confused for a second until she lowered them to her sides when she saw Lexa looking warily at her. The air was suddenly
uncomfortable as the little raft bobbed up and down.

Lexa exhaled a small breath that was the only noise between them. She tucked a loose strand of wet brown hair that had fallen into her eyes behind her ear, “okay,” she cleared her throat and shuffled quickly to the inside wall of the raft again and reached into the same pocket built into the raft wall that she had opened earlier, “you are going to have to help me with this. We’re going to have to row this raft over to the island.” As she tugged she glanced over her shoulder toward it.

“Okay…” Clarke’s stomach flipped with nerves, confusion and excitement and she was still a little surprised and tingly from their hug. It burned more than the sun did to think of.

Lexa took out what looked like a collapsible oar. She set it aside and took out a second one and looked at Clarke, “I can’t row with both hands and we have to get to the island.”

“Right,” Clarke shoved tangled blonde hair that still had feathers in it behind its ears. They had to row the boat over there. With that fact sinking in her thoughts scattered all over the place but how in the hell was she supposed to row a boat? Trying to get ahold of herself she crawled to where Lexa was and sat down, “what do we do?”

Lexa looked at her, “you’re shaking.”

Clarke nodded. She was excited to get off the raft, “you’re shaking too.” She wasn’t admitting to being a little nervous, or that she was still thinking of the hug.

“Well, we found an island.” Lexa teased with a small smile. She looked over to it again across the water and picked up a folded one and handed it across, “you have to open them first. It takes two hands.” she winced and her right arm twitched a little. She added, “I can still try and use one though.”

Clarke unfolded the plastic oar, “are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” Lexa took it, “I do have a good hand still.” Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she whipped her head around to look at the island.

“Well, we found an island.” Lexa teased with a small smile. She looked over to it again across the water and picked up a folded one and handed it across, “you have to open them first. It takes two hands.” she winced and her right arm twitched a little. She added, “I can still try and use one though.”

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“I’m sure,” Lexa took it, “I do have a good hand still.” Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she whipped her head around to look at the island.

“Right,” Clarke unfolded the second oar as well and twisted to see the island too. It bobbed in and out of view in the distance like a cutout against the sky. Her heart sped up with excitement. So much she wrung the oar with her hand. She wanted to get there, “so, how do we do this?”

“It’s easy. You put the oar into the oar locks on the raft like this,” she picked up her oar and slid it into the black circular nodes sticking up from the rubber, “and row,” she put the paddle into the ocean and pulled back on the handle but the movement was awkward with just one hand and a grimace worked its way over her face.

Clarke saw it, “did that hurt?”

“No,” Lexa shook her head and pulled back on the oar again and slowly the raft started to turn toward the island, “but it’s really not something that is best done with one hand so it’s a little difficult.”

“Okay,” Clarke was holding her breath though and looked up at the island. Now that Lexa had turned the raft it was right in front of them. If they kept turning, they’d miss it. It was also as if Lexa knew her thoughts because she spoke up, “we’ve got to go straight now, and that’s going to take both of us together.”

Clarke put her oar in the lock and the paddle in the water, “I’ve never rowed a boat in my life,” she laughed in amusement, a grin spread over her face, the excitement returning to the salty air now that
they were closing on an island and she looked over at Lexa and actually saw a smile in her green eyes,

“That’s okay, I’ve never been shipwrecked.”

Clarke blinked in surprise, “Never??” she stared at Lexa, “really? But how? You are like a pro out here.” She motioned to the rolling ocean with her free hand.

“Really,” Lexa said with a roll of her eyes, “this is a first. So, on the count of three. One!” Lexa readied her oar. So did Clarke.

“Two!”

Ahead of them the little island sat like a tiny gem on the sea. Clarke grinned ear to ear, “we.. we have an island, Lexa,” she tried to breathe. But the nerves were trying to get the better of her and she just wanted out of the raft.

Lexa was staring at it and nodding in agreement, “thr--” she started saying, and Clarke started rowing with all her might, oar in the water, breathing through her teeth almost desperate to get to that island. She wasn’t expecting Lexa’s hand to shoot across the small space between them and stop her,

“Wait!”

Clarke jumped a mile, making the raft rock, her oar even fell over the side, “what!?” she panicked seeing her oar and scrambled quickly after it, reaching over the side a little more than she was comfortable with because they already had one big splash that day and she didn’t want to go through it again. Grabbing the oar she quickly yanked it back in, sitting and trying to slow the pounding of her heard she turned about and expected Lexa to be ready to yell at her about how she could have fallen out. But the adventurer was on her knees scrambling through a bag again. Clarke didn’t understand at first, “Lex.. Lexa?” she looked toward the island that looked a little closer now. Or maybe she was just seeing things. And what on earth was Lexa looking for now.

Right as Clarke wondered it, Lexa’s hand popped up with the infinity camera in it. Clarke’s mouth dropped in surprise. She wasn’t sure how it had gotten there between filming fish this morning and Lexa toppling overboard. Maybe when she’d been scavenging through everything. Clarke shook her head to get control of her thoughts. She guessed it really didn’t matter. She looked up at the island almost desperate and squeezed the oar in her hand..

“I want to document it.” Lexa scrambled into the center of the raft with the little camera in her hand.

“You want to…” Clarke couldn’t finish what she was about to say because she was stunned, happy, and confused all the the same time, “Lexa??” Gone was the girl, it seemed, whom could barely even look at that camera.

“Wait, Clarke, wait..” Lexa let the little camera go in the air in front of her, pointing it to face the island so it would could be seen over her shoulder, “so, I’m Lexa Woods,” She shifted to crouch down in front of it, “currently lost at sea,” she flashed a smile quickly and then scratched her head thoughtfully, “I think its day three, or maybe four since the boat went down. Its hard to tell out here. Anyway as you can see, Clarke and I,” she grabbed the remote and spun the little camera around to face Clarke and Clarke jerked in surprise, “are perfectly fine.” Clarke dropped the oar again but managed to grab it back before it hit the water. She was sure she looked like a deer in the headlights because this was different, this was Lexa’s personal show, until Lexa called out, “wave, Clarke.”

Clarke waved, her hand a little jittery, “hey, hi.” she shouldn’t be so nervous. She was in front of
cameras all the time. But she still was nervous, “Clarke Griffin here. And yeah, we’re alive.” she was saved suddenly when the camera turned away from her again and back to Lexa.

“Anyway,” Lexa went on, “Clarke and I have finally found an island out here,” she moved aside slightly so the camera could record a clear view of the tiny island of green and gray rock reaching up behind them out of the water. Now that they were a little closer to it Clarke could see it was ringed in a crust of white beaches, “it’s just a little island. Tropical by looks from here. Which means we are somewhere near the equator. But again, we may be too far away to tell if this is for sure. And so Clarke and I are about to row this little raft,” she motioned down to it under her and glanced toward the island, “over there to see,” Lexa looked at the camera again and grinned, “so, land ho!” she turned the camera to Clarke again, “right, Clarke?” it was what Clarke had cheered earlier.

“Ah…” Clarke wanted just to stare at Lexa. She looked so beautiful, and excited. In all the days since being stranded started for them she had never seen her more happy and alive…

“Are you okay, Clarke?” Lexa sound concerned.

It snapped Clarke out of it, “ah yeah. Yo ho yo ho!” she saluted the camera and smirked, finally over the surprise of Lexa deciding to film her.

Lexa however panicked, “that’s pirates, Clarke!”

Clarke just lifted a smug eyebrow at her, “on your show, right?”

Lexa just sighed and shook her head a few times before turning the camera back her way, “anyway, here we go.” With the remote she moved the camera back just a little more toward the end of the raft and turned it to record them, “will it,” she looked at Clarke, “will the camera keep up with us?” it was almost like she couldn’t bear to lose it now.

“It will,” Clarke assured, “Its supposed to stay within how ever many feet its user sets it to stay from its remote.”

“But I haven’t set it.” Lexa looked worried as she looked at her camera.

“I think its default is five or so?” Clarke glanced at the camera, and then at Lexa and couldn’t help but think that if Lexa actually used this content one day, it was going to be one hell of a show and Clarke found herself smiling about it. She found herself smiling despite where they were and what they were going to have to do and even if they could survive once on that island - because Lexa was being Lexa again.

Lexa took a deep breath, turned around and sat down, “oars in the water.”

Clarke adjusted her position and sat down better, “aye aye, Commander!” she dipped the paddle end of her oar back into the sea like Lexa had.

“That would be captain,” Lexa glared over at her.

Clarke shrugged, “commander sounds better.”

Lexa grunted and rolled her eyes, “one!” she started counting down backward again, “two!” she tightened her grip on her oar. Clarke saw it and did too…

This is going to hurt, Clarke thought, staring at the little island. She was going to be sore for a week. But excitement burned more than it had even a minute ago. Especially that they were recording this adventure together.
“Three!” Lexa started working her oar like mad beside her, “row, Clarke!” she called over to her, “row!”

Chapter End Notes

For more about 'WILD EARTH' or just to follow me on Tumblr click HERE.
Chapter Summary

Arrival on the island! What could it bring? Something definitely shifts, and it's definitely not the sand...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The reality was, they were nothing but a small orange rubber dot on the ocean; an ominous threat for a girl who couldn’t swim. But Lexa felt herself glowing with something she hadn’t felt in a very long time when Clarke started rowing in spite of that; as though she had no fear of plunging her oar in and shoving the boat forward as hard as she could. But Lexa also knew, having only one good hand, she wouldn’t be quiet as efficient in rowing. Not that it couldn’t be done. But for her a two handed grip was more ideal. Still, gripping her oar, she fought to help Clarke row. And after the first few minutes of endless grunting and straining and stolen glances at Clarke, the swells of the ocean suddenly worsened and started lifting and bouncing them around; as though the sea had started fighting suddenly as though it knew they were about to escape.

She had to shout back to her camera over the slurping noise the loud waters started suddenly making against the sides of the raft, “as you can see the sea will pick up some agitation the closer we get to land!”

“That agitation?” Clarke glared across as they struggled to hold the raft on course and keep rowing at the same time. But the tide was tossing them high, and the spray was getting everywhere, and Clarke’s face was white as ghost but still she loudly snorted, “is that what you call this?”

Lexa nodded, “it happens when waves hit shallower water near land, they slow down!” she was aware of Clarke staring at her as though she’d lost her mind as much as she was of her one arm straining against the force of the ocean with each turn of the oar in the oarlock and she shouted over the noise of the surf, “the transport speed is made up for in wave height!”

“You expected this too?” Clarke shouted back, and strained under the task at hand. For a second watching her muscles move and the sheen of water on her body under the sunlight took Lexa’s breath away and she forgot what she wanted to say. But then she snapped out of it.

“It's called shoaling! When we get close enough, we won’t need the oars!” But until then, they had to hang on or miss their mark completely and be swept out past the island and further into the sea. The angry sea tried to rip her oar from her again, but she held on tighter and focused on the tiny island that kept appearing and vanishing behind high waves that was steadily growing larger and tried to focus on going there.

But her wrist was burning with pain already from swimming a moment ago, and as her broken bones started screaming more and more in rage it was becoming harder to hold the oar in place, “we have to stay on course!” she shouted out to Clarke, hoping the blonde wouldn’t hear the crack in her voice with how bad it was starting to hurt, “we’re going to make…” her head spun a little dizzily from the pain and her vision swum for a second. But she had to get them to that island because she couldn’t let them die out here-
The shout of her name made her jump instantly and brought her back to the boat. Instead of seeing the peaceful oblivion she’d been sinking into, Clarke’s face was in front of hers; blue eyes sparkling with both rage and fear. Clarke grabbed her with one hand to steady her and grabbed her oar with the other,

“Give me that!” she yanked it away easily.

With the pain subsiding just a little and her pride taking the bigger hurt, Lexa’s head was clear enough suddenly to try and scramble after her oar, “but I got it, Clarke. I got-”

“No you don’t,” Clarke said sternly to her, holding her back by the shoulder as the raft bobbed and bounced toward the island. She stared hard into Lexa’s eyes, “you might be the only one that can swim here. But I am the one that’s the doctor-”

“No you’re not!” Lexa protested, suddenly have to brace her broken wrist in her other hand, the stinging and throbbing notably had lessened some now that she’d stopped trying though and she hated Clarke was right. But she wasn’t going to admit that, yet, “you never finished school for that!” she looked past Clarke to where the island was getting bigger. But they were still far enough away that they might be swept past it, “and we’re wasting time arguing this!” She tried to get the oar that was behind Clarke’s back.

“And you can’t row this raft one-handed!” Clarke shot back. That made Lexa’s breath and anger and protests die in her throat and made her stop trying to reach the oar. Lexa sighed. Clarke sat back slowly and with countenance shook her head, “and you know it. I got this, Lexa,” Clarke lowered her hand from Lexa’s shoulder and looked out toward the island and then back at her, “because if you keep going, you are just going to hurt yourself more. And then you might never be able to use that wrist again.” she looked down at the wrist in question inside soaking wet bandages and then up at her, “do you want that?”

It wasn’t a fair question. But Clarke couldn’t know how she struggled between the idea of being seen as helpless or being unable to use her wrist again, “no.”

“Then let me help,” Clarke brought the oars back around and looked at them both, “how do I do it?” the boat kept bouncing. And she had to grab onto the side of it with her good hand,

“I’m not weak, Clarke.” she couldn’t help the soft almost-protest no matter how she tried to.

“No. You’re not. I never said you were,” Clarke’s reaction was instant, “I mean, you travel around the world all on your own and all. But dammit, Lexa, I need you to think with that pretty head of yours about what your fighting me on this might do to your bones. You don’t,” she took a frustrated breath, “you don’t seem like the kind of takes help easy but we’re out of options out here,” she motioned to the ocean bouncing them, “so just let me, okay??”

Lexa’s breath stopped and she stared. She couldn’t help it. Clarke was stunning like this, that crisp look of confidence or maybe a dare in her eyes. Maybe her eyes shouldn’t be the first thing she noticed right now. Because Clarke was also right. Lexa yanked her gaze away to stare at the little green island instead out in the angry sea, “okay.”

“Okay,” Clarke said in a hurry as though she thought Lexa was going to change her mind, and Lexa wanted to, as Clarke turned again and quickly grabbed each oar and shuffled to the front of the raft where it was more narrow. Lexa moved after her,
“Wait.”

Clarke was putting the oars into the churning sea and she looked at Lexa over her shoulder.

Suddenly nervous about all of this Lexa realised she didn’t know what she was going to say. So she reached for the first thing that came to mind. She had to shout over the noise of wind and ocean, “pace yourself! It will still be hard with one hand for each oar only since you’ve never-!”

“Just sit down, Lexa!” Clarke grunted as she ground her teeth together, and suddenly turned and started rowing savagely forward through the seas. Her knuckles were white where she was holding each oar as she yanked the boat closer to the island with everything she had again and again. Yes, she struggled, yes, she was weaving a little. Yes, the ocean was desperately pushing them back.

But she was doing it.

And that and the stubborn look of determination on her face made Lexa’s heart go thump and when she looked at her she couldn’t help but think that this already wasn’t the same girl that came crashing in on her in the Ujung Kulon-

“We’re…” Clarke grunted and strained again, her arms trembling to hold them on course, “we’re almost there!” she fought swell after swell, struggling some some and getting knocked about. Wind blasted them. But Clarke fought back. Her muscles rippled under her shirt and Lexa realised she’d been staring at them for several seconds again. She yanked her gaze away for the second time. And looked up to find the island was much closer. Excitement filled her that Clarke actually was doing this,

“You only have to row for a few more minutes!” Lexa shouted, scrambling forward to hunch beside her in the boat. Her own breath was coming to her teeth as she ground them and watch the island ahead.

Clarke nodded hard, but didn’t take her eyes off of it. She kept rowing harder and harder, knocked about more as she pulled the boat through the harder waves. Lexa held her breath. She wanted to hold Clarke’s hand but didn’t. Because it was busy. But she felt her eyes grow larger and larger as the island did, from a tiny crown of rock and green and white sands on the rolling sea to a giant that blocked her view as they closed in. She had no idea how long Clarke had been rowing for. Lexa’ grinned wide when they got close enough, “we got it!” she shouted, “you can stop! You can stop now, Clarke!” she grabbed Clarke’s arm in excitement, “you can stop!”

Clarke started laughing, her own excitement boiling over, as she stood up on wobbly legs as the boat skimmed over the last of the waves and lifted both oars into the air like a figurehead. Lexa didn’t have the heart to scold her and clung to her, laughing, to keep her in place as, like a surfboard, the raft washed onto sparkling sand.

“Wooooo-!” Clarke dropped the oars and bounced over the side, her victory cheer ending in a yelp as she landed with a splash in knee high surf as it washed in. Clarke popped up shivering, ”oh fuck, oh fuck that’s cold!” Clarke darted for the shore but tripped over herself again and again, laughing each time she hit the sand, “I can’t walk!”

“You have sea legs!” In excitement, Lexa clambered over the edge after Clarke and landed with an undignified squeal in icy blue water. She popped up though as the wave washed out and, dripping wet, caught sight of Clarke who was laughing and running around like a mad woman. The beach was no longer pristine, and giant flocks of birds took off from the shores and into the air squalling in protest at their invasion.
Lexa couldn’t help it. She had so much energy she took off after Clarke. Catching her around the waist she tumbled her into the sand and landed on top of her and before she knew what happened Clarke surged up and grabbed the back of her head and pulled her in as she leaned down and she was kissing Clarke.

Lexa always thought she had it together.

But her world, and everything in it, span away the instant their lips met, changed forever. And unable to stop herself even though she knew she should, she kept kissing Clarke.

She had thought she’d known everything about her life, and where she wanted it to go, until right now on the sand kissing Clarke. She thought she knew what longing was. She thought she knew what lust, desire and fear was - until that minute she was touching her lips to Clarke Griffin’s dry, chapped ones.

But they still felt like Heaven, and they still burned like Hell.

Everything inside of her, was screaming she would die from this, right now, and then burn, and that she should stop. But she knew if she did burn, she’d love every second of it the minute a quiet moan escaped Clarke’s lips under hers and all she could feel was warm lips kissing and kissing hers. Lexa grunted softly in response, without meaning to as Clarke’s lips parted. She toyed with Clarke’s tongue nervously, her wrist hurting suddenly when she tried to slide both hands into sunshine hair.

Lexa yelped in pain, breaking the kiss. Shooting back to sit in the sand she grabbed at her wrist and stared at Clarke laying there chasing her lips.

Clarke Griffin.

Lexa swallowed hard.

What had she done? What had they done? *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.* She ran her good hand through her hair.

Blue eyes fluttered open finally, “Lexa?”

“I’m sorry, Clarke…” Lexa’s heart pounded like mad in her chest. She pushed to her knees, “I-”

“Hey, no..” Clarke sat up quickly and reached out for her but couldn’t quite reach her so her hand dropped to the sand as she went on, “we both got carried away.”

Clarke was trying to defuse it. Lexa knew that. But it seemed all she could do to smile a watery smile and wet dry lips she had just been kissing, “and we got excited and..Lexa...” all the words were rushed except when Clarke got to her name.

“We got excited,” Lexa lied and nodded quickly. It had felt like so much more. And her heart was still pounding harder than the waves on the shore. To save them both an awkward silence she changed the subject fast, “I should ...I should get the raft.” Pushing to stand she turned and caught sight of the raft rising up and down half in the water and half on the white sand. She started walking toward it quickly, away from Clarke, away from the place they had kissed, back across the sand they’d managed to clear before tumbling into a tangled pile of limbs and lips and-

“Lexa?”

Clarke’s voice called clearly, and sounded worried. Lexa stopped and spun in her tracks to find Clarke was standing up now, and it hit her, a few seconds too late, that maybe she should have
helped her get up. She tried to talk, “I um…” but the words died on her lips.

And Clarke looked unsure too. It was in the way she stood there, it was in the deep breath she took before she looked past Lexa to their raft over her shoulder. When she looked at Lexa again though, she offered a brilliant smile, “I’ll help get the boat?”

Before she could answer, Clarke dashed past her and out into the surf after the raft, yelping again and cursing when the water hit her legs. She started hopping about in it, but struggled on valiantly, orange life vest keeping her afloat in places where she lost footing until she reached the raft and was able to grab onto a section of rope handle-

-leaving Lexa standing there, unsure what to make of her. But she followed Clarke into the surf anyway. Hell or high-water, this was their home for now. Making it to the raft, she grabbed a hold of the rope on the other side. Together, splashing forward in blue water and struggling in the high surf, they started to bring the raft that had carried them back to the shore-

-the little red camera recording all the while.

Chapter End Notes

Finally! Here we have it! Another chapter. Sorry about the horribly long wait, alot of life happened, good and bad. Hoping to update other fics too.

Thanks for reading, and if you haven't please visit our tumblrs at:

adistantstarblog and stormchaser1117
The orange raft was heavier than Clarke remembered, the minute they had it out of the water. She wanted to drop it and it didn’t help that her legs felt like jelly and kept shaking as she walked. She also kept thinking of that kiss. The feel of Lexa’s soft lips made her blush just thinking about how even though she hadn’t meant to kiss her she wanted to do it again.

That kiss, probably didn’t help the problem her legs was having, but it had been going on since before that. Needing to think of anything else, but how she’d kissed Lexa, Clarke spoke up, “my legs still feel wobbly.” She bit her lip as she pulled on the raft trying to get it over the sand. Maybe that hadn’t been the best way to put it. She knew it wasn’t. If the kiss made Lexa shake the way it made her. And worse, Clarke knew she was secretly hoping it had.

“It's called sea legs. Thought I mentioned it.” Lexa glanced the direction they were moving, toward the canopy of giant trees a good distance ahead. Her tone was casual though, and Clarke felt her hopes sinking knowing that the kiss hadn’t effected Lexa at all. So she tried to put it out of her head and looked around at the massive beach they were trying to cross. She really hoped they were not going all the way into the trees right now because she wasn’t sure she could make it that far. But her announcement only seemed to make Lexa move faster, “keep going, Clarke. We need to be sure this is on completely dry sand so it doesn’t get swept out to sea at high tide.”

“What do you mean sea legs?” Clarke asked back, trying to keep conversation going if for nothing else than to distract her thoughts. She moved her right hand over to help her left one hand onto the rope and carry the raft. Even at that, the back half of it was dragging on the sand. She looked behind to see the track it left and past that, the ocean surf hitting the sand.

“You get them when you’ve been at sea for a while. It is your body adapting to the motion of a boat. Oh, and right now you’re not used to walking, either.” Lexa only had one hand to carry the raft between them. Which, somehow, seemed plenty for her.

Clarke snorted at herself, “you’re doing good walking.”

“I live on a boat, Clarke,” Lexa stated as she walked. She took a breath though and looked ahead toward the treeline, “or I did.” She worked her jaw a little, and didn’t look at Clarke.

“Oh…” Clarke felt bad for having reminded Lexa what had happened to her home, even if she hadn’t meant to, “I didn’t…Lexa…” she wasn’t sure what to say.

“Its okay,” Lexa cut in, with a glance at her. Then she stopped moving and dropped the raft suddenly near a small lone palm tree in the middle of the vast beach away from all the rest of them, “here is good for now. We can use this little tree for shade.”

“How? It’s a little skinny.” Clarke dropped the raft too, “that was heavy. I don’t remember it being that heavy when I got it from the locker.” She mentioned what she’d been thinking a moment ago.

“You’ll see,” Lexa climbed into the raft and started taking out the bags, “you were panicking that night, so it wouldn’t have seemed as heavy.” But Clarke found herself thinking of the kiss, again, as she took the bags from Lexa and set them one after another in the sand. Lexa’s lips had been soft and warm and had fit perfectly against her mouth and she remembered the way her whole body jolted at the way it did when she was unexpectedly woken up.

“-Clarke?”
Lexa’s voice cut into her thoughts and Clarke blinked, jerked from her sweet daydream of just a few minutes ago to see Lexa holding out one of the containers of water. Her brown hair was nearly dry now, and blew on a fragment of hot wind that came and went. Clarke softly in irritation at herself for not being able to stay focused on what they were doing and reached and took the water. She put it to her lips and drank it, aware of Lexa watching her carefully. Her lips were parted a little and she wondered if Lexa was thinking kiss, but probably not in the same way she was.

Deciding to take the strain out of the air, Clarke stopped drinking and offered the container back, “I hadn’t expected an island, really,” she changed the topic to something they could actually talk about, “I thought we’d drift into waters heavily used by ships and boats and we’d be picked up or something, or seen by a helicopter. But we made it.” Clarke smiled at her.

“We did,” a very small smile turned the corner of Lexa’s lips, but it was a genuine smile as she took the water from Clarke and drank from it, capped it firmly and set it down in the sand, “and it all depends on which way you’re drifting. We were pretty far away from shore and the water pushed us even further.” she shrugged a little and looked around them, her smile growing.

And that, made made Clarke start grinning. Before she knew it she was grinning like she had when the raft had landed because she saw Lexa smile and it was addictive, “so now what, Commander?”

“Well, there is a list, of course, and an order to do it all in, of course,” Lexa began as she turned and stared inland at the giant canopy of trees with longing, as though they were waiting on her, and she couldn’t wait to go in there. She turned to Clarke again, “but the first thing you absolutely must do when you are stranded on an island like this is find fresh water, shelter and food.”

“In that order?” Clarke asked. She looked over at the trees too. When they had been out on the water, from a distance she remembered large gray rocks towering out of the trees at the middle. It hit her suddenly and she hoped that they were not actually standing on a volcano..and suddenly it made her nervous.

Yes, that order. Exactly.” Lexa nodded her head. As she did she pulled in a deep breath and let it out again as a sigh which caused Clarke to look over at her. Lexa lifted her chin just a little, “water and then shelter must come first or we won’t make it. Especially water.”

Then Clarke was suddenly very aware of the dwindling water supply in the container at their feet, “oh. Okay…” she muttered.

“Its okay, Clarke. Water is actually easy to find now that we’re here and not out on the sea.” Lexa smiled at her, “you’ll see.”

“Thank god,” Clarke breathed out in relief. But then she remembered what she’d been about to ask before Lexa had answered, “hey, we’re not on a volcano, are we? I mean, what are the odds?” Lexa would know. And she could have a little hope.

“The odds are quite good, actually,” Lexa didn’t seem concerned with the question even though her answer made Clarke’s heart skip in her chest. She stared in shock as Lexa bent and grabbed one of the empty water containers from the jumbled mess of survival gear and her own stuff left in the raft, “probably we are.”

“Wait,” Clarke grabbed her arm making Lexa turn to look at her, “this is a volcano?”

“There is a good chance of it, yes,” Lexa still didn't seem concerned though as she started collecting things up from the raft. Which, all things considered, concerning what Lexa did for a living, was already easing Clarke’s mind a little. She moved forward to help as Lexa placed the last of the water
containers, also empty, down by the first in the sand near the raft. The raft itself was starting to look more and more like one of their beached whales, and Clarke moved to try and help and started gathering up her things and putting them back in one of the bags, “volcanoes can stay dormant thought for thousands of years.”

“Oh that’s good.” Clarke put her sketchbook in her bag and felt relieved.

“Mmm..” Lexa shrugged and knelt in the boat and started shuffling through everything that was left. She found a sheathed knife with a belt clip, reached over the side of the raft and set it in the sand near the containers, “you’ll never know when they will erupt though. Well, unless you know what to look for.”

“Erupt?!” Clarke snapped her gaze over to Lexa, as her relief snapped in her chest, “how can you tell? Can you?” the questions poured out.

Lexa nodded and stopped what she was doing suddenly to frown into the forest ahead of them and to look over at her, “as a matter of fact, see the way those trees are moving. It’s the plates in the ground causing it. Its called seismic activity,” Lexa pointed toward the trees. Heart thumping Clarke looked that direction and tried really hard but didn’t see what Lexa was talking about. Lexa lowered her arm slowly, “that’s one way to tell if it's going to happen soon. We probably have a month-”

“A month!” Clarke swore and started looking around desperately. She heard about going to high ground, but everything seemed flat. There had to be some way they could survive here. After all this they were not just going to-

Her thoughts derailed though when, out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of the slight smirk on Lexa’s face and the slight amused twinkle in her green eyes. Clarke whipped around all the way to face her, “you’re teasing me!” she put her hands on her hips and stared in disbelief when Lexa started grinning, “Lexa!”

“Yes, yes I’m teasing,” Lexa’s smile turned to little choking sounds as though she was about to laugh and trying not to.

“Lexa!” Clarke rolled her eyes and started laughing. She wasn’t sure what else to say. She had to admit even to herself she wasn’t sure Lexa even knew how to tease, but it made her stomach fill with those damned butterflies - because she liked it, “that wasn’t...” Clarke tried to protest but she was laughing too much. She started blushing and tried to wipe it away mid gasps for breath, “that was not funny!”

“Oh no? It seems like it.” Lexa did start chuckling, not at her but with her, biting her lip as though to stop it ...and god if it wasn’t terribly cute. Clarke’s heart was suddenly doing little flips. She sighed in defeat against her attraction to the Adventurer that was starting to run rampanty out of her control under the hot tropical sun. Clarke smiled an embarrassed smile and rolled her eyes at the sight of Lexa’s cocked eyebrow and pretty but smug grin,

“Maybe a little funny.” Clarke allowed.

Lexa snorted softly and her smile softened, “did it calm you down?”

“It did.” Clarke was smiling still, and shaking her head at this impossible woman in front of her. Then she was suddenly thinking of the damn kiss again and she had to bite her lip quickly and look away to stop herself from trying to repeat it. Clearing her throat she looked back at Lexa, “I mean, at least I’m not thinking of Pompeii.”
“Good,” Lexa snorted softly and reached and touched her arm to assure her, “because we’re safe, Clarke. There’s plenty of warning signs that usually go on for months, if not years before a volcano erupts, like trembles and smoke and some other things. So if this is a volcano, which, it probably still is, if it was going to erupt we’d know for sure in time. Though I have to say the people of Pompeii saw the signs but thought the gods were angry at them. If they knew different and saw them for what they were - their story may have ended differently.” She fished out another knife, reached over the side of the raft and placed it down with the first in the sand, “probably we are deflating the raft. We can use it to collect water.”

With that, Lexa changed the subject so easily that it made Clarke smirk how fast she could move between topics, and she was also breathing easier if still amused at Lexa’s tricky side suddenly appearing. She’d known it had to be in there somewhere, “okay,” Clarke agreed at last. She breathed in deeply, and let it go. Lexa had gone on to grabbing up the empty meal packets and Clarke finally made it all the way into the boat and crouched and started helping her gather up all the packaging from including the plastic bags from her cookies, candies and trail mix.

That was when Lexa jerked and looked over at her quickly, as if realizing Clarke was helping her. She looked up in surprise as though it hadn’t been expected, “thanks...” she said after a few seconds, and then quickly started picking up the rest of everything again and shoving it into the bags near the side of the raft.

Clarke was confused, as why Lexa would be surprised, and she ached when she realised suddenly that Lexa wasn’t used to having someone help her. She wasn’t sure what to say for a minute, but went with the truth, like her dad always told her to do, “hey, it’s my mess too, right?” she watched as Lexa shoved several empty ration packets into a bag and zipped it, “shouldn’t we burn those?”

“What?” Lexa looked up quickly in surprise.

“The uh,” Clarke nodded toward the bag, “empty ration packets?” She picked the last one up from the raft floor to show it to her.

Lexa looked up quickly and paused when she saw what Clarke was holding and took it from her. She put it in the bag too, “we won’t burn it.”

“What?” Clarke was confused. Lexa didn’t like to litter. ‘Do not litter,’ she had told her that day at the beach, “I thought-”

“It will likely rain here almost every day,” Lexa began to explain. She started picking up ropes and batteries, markers and other things as well. They had really made a mess in their fight, and Clarke bit her lip at the memory of how angry the brunette had been. That night, it hadn’t been fun at all, but right now Clarke couldn’t help the small smile that was forming on her face.

“Rain?” Clarke asked. Clarke pushed hair out of her face, found a metal cup of Lexa’s and moved towards a backpack to put it in. Before she could, Lexa took the cup from her and added it to the pile of things she was building near the side of the boat,

“This is a tropical island, Clarke,” she looked around them, “there has to be a lot of fresh water for all these plants to thrive. A lot of it is probably rain.”

“We can collect it and drink it,” Clarke realised quickly with a grin at Lexa.

“Exactly,” Lexa praised, “it’s important we go through everything we have for anything we can use to collect water, even the ration packets. We also have to take inventory of everything we have and keep it, because even if it doesn’t seem important it might be. We should also scour the beach,” Lexa
glanced away quickly at the seemingly endless sand running away from them like a ribbon between trees and sea under the sky, “to see if there is anything else here we can use. Probably we will need to go around the whole island eventually.”

“Maybe there’s someone else here with a radio?” Clarke suggested, these were modern times. There could be a establishment of people living here.

“Maybe.” Lexa agreed with a nod, “it wouldn’t be too far fetched these days to think there could be an outpost here, just in case someone is shipwrecked.”

Clarke was hopeful. And they were almost done putting stuff away when she found her tablet under her extra clothes and frowned at herself for even having it as she stuffed it in the bottom of one of the bags. The device was probably something that would never be helpful to them, or something Lexa would even want to see. Clarke gathered the clothes up next, sweatpants and a yellow jacket that she wasn’t using since she had her pants and shirt on. She also had her life vest on still. But they were on dry land. Undoing the buckles carefully, for the first time in days, she took the vest off. Clarke felt lighter instantly.

“Okay,” Lexa grabbed up the knives and things she’d been collecting near the side of the boat, “I think that’s it,” she put them in the last bag, zipped it and stood up. Getting out of the raft Lexa picked up the bag and slung it over her shoulder. Turning around Lexa finally faced the little red hovering camera, “so, hi everyone. I’m Lexa Woods, and this is day one on our island. Clarke and I just got to shore-” Lexa looked over at her, “did you want to come over and show you made it?”

Clarke nodded mutely. But she hadn’t been expecting this. At all. But she took that as her cue and got out of the raft too and went to stand where Lexa was at. She was used to cameras. She worked in front of them all the time. But, for some reason, standing in front of this one was making her almost have a heart attack. She waved at the camera anyway.

“Now,” Lexa bounced on the balls of her socked feet as she spoke to the camera, “we could be here a while, but a quick recap so far on what to do if you should ever find yourself in this situation. The first thing you do, if it's daylight of course, is find a source of freshwater. If it’s night, wait until morning and then find a source of freshwater. You do not want to be wandering a jungle in the dark. Unfortunately though, you will not survive more than a few days without water, especially in an environment like this,” she opened her arms to gesture around them, “but like I was telling Clarke,” Lexa glanced at her briefly and Clarke smiled quickly like she was used to doing for her cameras, “in an environment like this water is often plentiful to sustain this much plantlife. There has to be a water source even if it’s only rainfall, right Clarke?”

“Right.” Clarke answered quickly, only when Lexa invited her in.

“And save everything you have with you to collect it in. No matter what it is and fortunately it rains a lot on islands like this,” Lexa went on, “which brings us to the second thing you have to do right away. Go through everything you have. Don’t throw any of it away. There isn’t going to be a store here you can go through easily so, scour your beach. This goes especially if you were shipwrecked nearby to see if anything else has washed ashore. I highly suggest you do this even if you drifted to your island the way Clarke and I did, because...” She glanced at Clarke as if giving her a cue in.

“Because you don’t know what you will find that could be useful.” Clarke finished.

“Right, and after that, shelter. But water must come before everything, I can’t stress this enough. Then shelter and food. Shelter is your next must have even before food, but we will discuss shelter next update. For now,” Lexa gave her trademark closing smile, “I’m Lexa Woods. Clarke?” she asked looking at her.
“Clarke Griffin,” she folded her arms as she did when she was ending a broadcast and smiled wide for the little camera hoping she looked more confident than she felt. Waves pounded the shoreline, her blood rushed through her ears and her breathing was too fast. It calmed down when she looked over at Lexa - standing in worn out white pajamas - on a beach happily chattering to a camera. Maybe, Clarke smiled bravely and wet her lips. It was an impossible situation, but maybe they could do this.

“...come along with us as we continue our shipwreck adventure,” Lexa gave her trademark closing smile, “this is Wild Earth.”
Chapter Summary

Setting out to explore the jungle!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It wasn’t even close to noon yet according to her father’s watch, and even though they had only arrived about an hour or so ago Clarke already learned something about living on a tropical island that she was pretty sure she could write in stone -- it was hot.

She listened to the surf, and she looked up at the clear blue sky in hopes of wind or rain that Lexa had been talking about - but no such luck. It was a bright and sunny day. Clarke wiped at her neck and tugged at her shirt. Grabbing the bottom hem of it, she pulled it up and looped it down again through the neckline like a makeshift bikini top-

“You will burn if you do that,” Lexa said somewhere behind her and it made Clarke smile. Worse, it made her skin start to tingle knowing that Lexa was looking at it, “or get your skin snagged going into the trees.”

Clarke laughed under her breath as she figured it out; that was why Lexa -despite the heat- had pulled her yellow and black windbreaker on, “I’ll be okay,” Clarke glanced back over her shoulder to where Lexa was kneeling in the sand, finishing positioning a funnel she’d made out of one of the meal packets to collect water into each of the last two empty containers she’d set up in case it rained. Their eyes met in the middle as she looked up and they stared a few seconds. Clarke took a deep breath and smiled weakly, in attempt to hide it, but when Lexa’s eyes dropped to her lips, Clarke lost her breath all together and looked away repeating herself, “it will be fine.”

That damn kiss.

It lingered in the air like Lexa’s lips had lingered on hers, at least, to Clarke, it did. She rubbed at her face and sucked air into her lungs and tired to think of how they’d just taken inventory of their combined belongings instead. Clarke’s things had been more fanciful, like her sketchpad that was dry now, but warped from water, her books and tin of charcoals and such.

Though, she did have her lucky spoon among her stuff that Lexa claimed could be useful. But Lexa’s things, of course, had been more practical - such as the flashlight and the food packets, empty or still unopened, the first aid kit and lantern, and the missing binoculars that had been found, a working compass alongside her busted one, matches, lighters, vitamins and other such items. Lexa had mostly repacked her own bags so Clarke didn’t know everything that was in them.

A cold blast of spray hit the bare skin of Clarke’s back, causing her to jump and turn around. Lexa was suddenly behind her holding a spray bottle. Mist blasted her front as well and it took her a minute to read the bottle and realize it was a sunscreen. She laughed in spite of herself, but Lexa only said, “Keep turning.”

Clarke did as asked and kept turning in a slow circle until each inch of her skin was covered and she
was facing Lexa again, “you had sunblock all along?” Baffled Clarke started rubbing it into her skin. She thought about how out on the ocean even hiding under the tarp hadn’t been completely sufficient. No wonder Lexa hadn’t looked burned.

“Of course,” Lexa put the bottle in the pocket of her jacket and took out another, “and insect repellent. I always carry both.” She started spraying it on Clarke’s skin and Clarke started laughing in amusement. Lexa pulled back in confusion, “you think it’s funny?”

“You...you had sunscreen,” Clarke couldn’t stop her giggling at this, “and insect repellent,” She didn’t know why, but being shipwrecked and all --only Lexa of course-- would have these things at the ready, “all ready to go on a tropical island.”

“You won’t think it’s so funny when you’re in there, believe me,” She sprayed herself down with it too and motioned to the trees.

“No, no…it’s good!” Clarke stopped her laughing but couldn’t keep the smile off her face, “Lexa, I could kiss you.”

That made Lexa freeze instantly, with the repellent bottle aimed at herself. Clarke grew froze too and tried not to stare but she couldn’t. The silence suddenly became uncomfortable and she knew they were both thinking of the kiss. Clarke finally swallowed a little, “it’s...” she spoke up first, “it’s just a saying.”

Lexa pulled in a quick breath that made her chest heave, “right,” she agreed too fast. She shoved the repellent bottle in her jacket pocket too and zipped it.

Clarke cleared her throat, “anyway, I am glad you have it.”

Lexa nodded and dropped her arms to her sides and Clarke bit her lip because it seemed like she wouldn’t, or couldn’t, even look at her. Instead, Lexa moved to where she had left her canteen by the water containers and picked it up and put it back on, “we should get moving if we want to be back before dark. We don’t really know what is in there that could eat us.”

“What!” Clarke gaped at her.

Lexa stared at her as if she was surprised about Clarke being surprised, “This is not like the wildlife reservations you were with me before.” She stated. Lexa picked up a knife in its holster and wrapped the belt around her thigh, “whatever is in there depends on the size of this island. If it’s smaller, there might not be dangerous wildlife. But if it’s big enough there might be large cats, monkeys-”

“Monkeys?” Clarke asked, she couldn’t believe how easy Lexa seemed to be able to talk about this, “is this going to be Tarzan?”

“We were not raised by gorillas, Clarke.” Lexa countered simply, “and yes, monkeys can be very dangerous. The animals on this island,” she turned and looked at the line of deep, giant green trees. She took a small breath and Clarke wasn’t sure if she saw her shiver or not, “they likely have never have seen humans. I am not,” she broke off as though she realized what this was doing to Clarke and turned and looked at her, “listen, I am not trying to scare you. And we are going to be fine. I am just saying we need to be out of there before night until we find a safe place to stay.”

“Alright,” Clarke agreed, but she had to admit to herself her heart was racing a little. At least though she had Lexa, whom knew something about wild animals. She gave a small nod as she did. But her eyes fell on Lexa’s feet wearing only socks and that snapped her out of it suddenly, “you can’t go in there without shoes, Lexa.”
“Clarke, I don’t have—” Lexa began, she adjusted the belt and went to one of the bags in the boat and grabbed out a few meal bars and shoved them in the other pocket of her jacket. As she did, she changed the subject, “I said we need to hurry—”

“Oh pants.” Clarke pointed out dryly, rolling her eyes.

Lexa turned to face her at last, “it’s not like I have a choice, Clarke.” Her eyes moved up and down Clarke’s more clothed body, her shoes, her jeans and her twisted up t-shirt, “we have to find water and shelter somehow. At a guess we don’t have to go in too far to find water. Not with the animal and plant life evidently abundant here.”

“Yes, you do.” Clarke countered Lexa’s first sentence while absorbing the rest. An idea hit her, something they had done out on the sea actually. She went to where her bag was already placed in the boat, knelt and opened the zipper with a yank and took out her sweatpants and sandals. She zipped the bag, stood and took the items to Lexa, “put these on.”

Lexa looked down at the clothes. Clarke could see that she wanted to do it so she added, “come on, you wore them before.”

But when their eyes met Lexa asked, “Why do you even have sandals with you?”

“I don’t know,” Clarke answered, “in case it got hot, I guess.” She offered the clothes again.

“They are sandals,” Lexa looked over at the jungle, “they won’t do much good in there.” She looked at Clarke again.

“Well,” Clarke said, “they are better than nothing.” She looked at the jungle too then at the stubborn girl in front of her, “you already have a busted wrist, Lexa.” She had no idea why Lexa was even objecting to this – considering what the Adventurer knew and did for a living.

“Fine,” Lexa finally reached for the clothes, dropped the sandals to the ground, removed the knife holster and started pulling the pants on over her pajama bottom shorts. Clarke turned on instinct with a blush on her face because Lexa was getting dressed. It made her think of those legs being covered and she blushed even more and wanted to smash herself in the face.

“Clarke?”

Lexa was the one to sound amused now. Clarke bit her lip, “yeah?” she asked, looking up at the sky.

“No, you don’t have to turn your back. I mean, I am wearing clothes.” She pointed out.

“Right,” Clarke spoke. But squeezing her eyes shut first, she turned with something of a jerk back to Lexa and opened them again. Lexa had her pants on, and was sitting in the sand, hair blowing around her and pulling on one of the sandals—over- her socks. Clarke thought this nerdy little aspect was utterly adorable, “you…” she tried hiding her amusement, “You wear sandals and socks?”

Halfway through pulling the second sandal on Lexa looked up at her in surprise, “God, Clarke, no. Never wear sandals with socks. This,” she grunted as she set the foot down and closed the buckle, “is something extreme. More protection the better. Like you said, better than nothing in there.” Lexa strapped the holster back around her thigh, stood up at last and dusted sand from her bottom. As she did Clarke’s sweats slipped and fell halfway down around her hips and Clarke had to bite back a laugh—they were a size or two too large for Lexa.

Lexa grabbed them up and held them before they could slip further, “it’s not funny, Clarke.”
Clarke only chuckled and was sure her face was red, “here,” she said, moving away to the raft again, “lets see if we can find you something to use for a belt.”

Clarke found a black and red rope. Lexa cut a length of it and tied it around her waist to hold the pants in place, “okay,” Lexa glanced around for her camera. Reaching behind her head she started making a braid, “here we are on our island, about to go into these trees for the first time.” She pulled a tie off her wrist and tied the end of the braid, “Clarke?”

“Lexa?” Clarke answered her automatically. She looked at Lexa. She looked at the trees.

Lexa walked over to her, closing the space until she was close to her, “ready?” Green eyes studied hers.

“Ready.” Clarke agreed.

And just like that Lexa turned and started marching toward the tree line. Clarke watched her back for a second, moving away from her. She watched the little camera zoom after her, buzzing past quietly as it did. Finally she ran to catch up to her right as she arrived at the trees. There were ferns, a thick blanket of them that was nearly tall as Clarke. Lexa pushed through first. She held the fronds aside and Clarke slipped through, her eyes lifting and taking in the jungle as they entered it all the way. It felt murky and wet, with a strange green glow filtering through the canopy high overhead that crowned giant trees that stood like sentinels packed together, some of them with roots lifting their giant trunks into the air, others with fruits and flowers. Some with thick layers of moss. More moss covered the damp, uneven ground and the ferns. Wet ferns were everywhere. It was also quiet. Dead quiet. Clarke had been expecting noise, at least screaming birds. She took a minute to get a breath into her lungs, “shit...Lexa.” she whispered. This made Lexa look over at her slowly, “you weren’t kidding?”

“No.” Lexa whispered softly. She slid her eyes slowly around the forest again and her teeth bit slowly onto her lower lip.

Clarke was still trying to breathe. She looked to her right, there were trees blocking her view. She looked to her left, more trees. She looked at Lexa standing in the filtered sunlight of the jungle, “where is...” Clarke started to ask. She set her jaw though to ground herself and asked, “Where is everyone?”

“You mean the animals?” Lexa asked.

“Yeah.” Clarke looked over at her.

Lexa let her eyes roll upward toward the canopy. She took a step forward and snapped a stick under her foot and birds in the thousands exploded from the canopy into the air, the noise of their flapping wings loud in her ears. Monkeys started screaming and swinging away from where they had been hidden high in the canopy and the noise combined grew in decibels louder and louder. It only lasted some quick seconds. But it was a noise Clarke would never forget.

“Well,” Lexa said when the noise was gone, astonishment in her voice, partly to Clarke and partly to the camera hovering behind them as she first looked at Clarke and then at it. She seemed a little breathless though, “guess that answers that. We have monkeys.”

Clarke didn’t know she had covered her ears until she was slowly lowering her hands, “and lots of birds.” She reminded, glancing up at the canopy overhead.

“I think some of those were parrots,” Lexa replied, “I couldn’t really see them. Honestly, I couldn’t
see much of the monkeys either but I think they were spider monkeys or howlers, pretty abundant honestly in numbers,” she scrunches up her face while looking up at the canopy hoping to catch sight of one, “but!” she grinned at Clarke, a real grin, with real excitement shining in her eyes, “those little guys, entirely fun to see and probably we will catch up with them later, yeah?”

Clarke stared at her, trying to not let her mouth hang open in disbelief. But she knew it was a little, “howler monkeys?” she asked, glancing up quickly to the leaves high overhead again, “you… you barely saw them.” How could she know that? Clarke only saw stuff rushing away quickly as it could she couldn’t tell it was a monkey in a million years.

“Well, like I said,” Lexa’s eyes still had a sparkle in them as she reminded, “they could have been spider monkeys. They were just little guys compared to some such as the pan troglodytes…”

“The ..pan ..the pan-trog-whatta?” Clarke asked her, blinking. God, she was going to have to get online when she got home and visit National Geographic and learn this shit-

“Pan troglodytes,” Lexa’s smile flashed over her face, she glanced quickly up at the treetops and then at Clarke again to translate, “the chimpanzee. They don’t really live in caves like their scientific name suggests.”

“Oh,” Clarke said, the image of the monkey coming to mind, complete with banana and toothy grin. She put her hands on her hips, “you know you could have just said chimpanzee?”

Lexa just shrugged, “then people won’t learn.” She said. Her smile dropped just a tiny bit then and she looked at Clarke carefully for a minute as though trying to figure out if she was shook up or something, which Clarke had been when all those birds took to the air at once the noise it made was so unexpected she thought her heart would explode along with them. Lexa asked, “are you okay?”

Clarke nodded, “yeah. Yeah, I’m okay.” It wasn’t quite a lie. It wasn’t quite the truth either. At least her legs had stopped feeling like jello-

“Good,” Lexa turned to face the deeps of the jungle in front of them fully and took a deep breath, “let’s keep going.” She started off at a determined pace, and Clarke moved quickly to catch up to her and walked at her side. The little red camera followed them through the trees.

There was no way in hell she was going to be left alone back there.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, and if you haven’t please visit our tumblrs at:

adistantstarblog and stormchaser1117

For more about Wild Earth visit my tumblr here.
Lexa’s heart was thudding the way it hadn’t in quite some time. It was a mix of excitement and nerves that caused it. Excitement to be in this true, wild jungle and nerves because, Clarke was with her.

She’d kissed Clarke.

Lexa wet her lips that had gone dry and pushed on through the dense jungle.

She had kissed her and it felt so good. Her heart thudded faster at the memory of the feeling and Lexa felt her palms start to sweat. She’d thought, Clarke liked it, but then she said they’d just gotten excited, and had recovered pretty fast too. Lexa sighed. She had to stop thinking of it. She should really be paying attention to the jungle that engulfed them. It was gloomy under the canopy, birds would call in the distance along with monkeys which made her smile. Once in a while, Clarke who was behind her would step on a twig that would make her jump out of her own skin.

It was beautiful under here that Lexa couldn’t stop looking around. Golden beams of sunlight fell through in places to touch the undergrowth and dance on the trunks of the moss covered trees they strode through. That was when Lexa heard cursing under her breath, and the sound of her struggling through the jungle behind her. She wasn’t used to having company and biting her lip and scolding herself she slowed her pace, “you okay back there?” she called back to Clarke.

“Yeah,” Clarke called up as more twigs and undergrowth crunched and crackled, as more curses were spat out.

“Good,” Lexa still picked her way through the lower branches more carefully.

“Hey Lexa, what are these trees called?” Clarke hadn’t been saying much behind her until now, but she’d been definitely pushing on through the jungle through vines and ferns tall as they were. Lexa stopped and glanced back just in time to see a fern she’d just pushed through snap back and smack Clarke right in the face. Clarke’s hand’s went to her face instantly, “ow!”

Lexa winced, “sorry..

Clarke rubbed at her nose, “is..is okay.” she moved onward past the offending fern and Lexa felt her breath catch in her throat when rays of light fell on Clarke’s bared skin. Lexa wet her lips and couldn’t help but stare. She panicked when Clarke stopped, but Clarke was completely oblivious. Instead she stared up at a tree that rose high in the air, “what’s it called?” Clarke reached so high her muscles flexed under her skin in the light.

“Crep..crepuscular rays,” Lexa found her voice. Rubbing her forehead, she had to rip her eyes away and stared hard at the jungle floor to avoid Clarke’s eyes, “the light. When it comes down through the trees like that its called-”

“I meant the tree, Lexa.”
“What?” Lexa looked up to find Clarke staring at her, “huh?” Her eyes fell to Clarke’s lips before she knew it and felt neck and face turn bright red. Luckily it seemed, Clarke hadn’t noticed and Lexa let out a sigh in relief. Clarke was looking at one of the trees again, but Lexa knew what it was like to kiss her lips and found herself wanting to do it again. She couldn’t help but be slightly distracted. Clarke was beautiful.

“It’s roots are strange, how they come out of the ground like that.” Clarke looked over at her and raised an eyebrow in question, “what is it?”

“The tree? Ah…right…it’s a...it’s...” Lexa looked up at the tree, if for nothing else then to distract herself from the blonde she was trapped with. Not that it was a bad thing per say, as long as Clarke hadn’t liked kissing her. Otherwise it would be very bad.

Lexa’s mouth was dry and she wet her lips. Shaking her head at herself, she tried to focus on the tree. Sure enough, it’s roots pushed it up out of the forest floor like a giant spider with a tree trunk on its back that lifted it high into the air, “its a mangrove,” she spat out at last, hoping she didn’t stutter.

She saw Clarke nodding as she went on, “a lot of mangroves look like that. All these trees right here are mangroves and they all look like that and-” she stopped quickly and snapped her lips shut realising she was rambling like an idiot.

Damn her nerves. She’d kissed girls before. What was wrong with her? None of those other girls had been Clarke though and she wasn’t sure why that made a difference. If Clarke had noticed anything Lexa couldn’t tell, because she’d just moved to one of the mangroves roots and slowly circled it, before she vanished into the shadowy space under the tree before she appeared again,

“A mangrove?” she glanced up at Lexa at last.

“Yes,” Lexa managed a quick nod, and yanked her attention back to the tree, looking up at its trunk and the green canopy of leaves it vanished into instead. She’d focus on the facts because she did have her show to record even while they were stranded, “its also called a...a...” what was it called? She knew this. Lexa knew she knew this, but it didn’t help that she could feel Clarke watching her, “a haliphote, wait, no..” she took a deep breath and closed her eyes to get it together, “a halophyte. That’s what it is.” She opened her eyes, grinned in relief and looked up at the mangrove again.

“A Halophyte?”

“Yeah,” Lexa said, “a halophyte. Its a type of plant or in this case a tree that is actually salt water tolerant, and comes into contact with salt water usually through its roots. Now,” she turned to her camera that hovered just a short space behind them, “relatively speaking, only about 2% of the plant species on Earth are actually halophytes. But the mangrove is what is known as an *Aqua-haline*, or an emerged halophyte meaning most of its stem, or in this case its trunk, remains above water. Mangroves themselves though belong to a family of trees called *Rhizophoraceae*,” Lexa started a slow circle of the trunk of the tree, “mangroves like this one can grow to sixty feet high along tropical coastal areas like where we are, and that is because the roots are actually growing out into the ocean and act as home to many types of wildlife, such as the *Magallana gigas-“*

“Wait, wait ...the what?” Lexa looked over quickly to find Clarke staring at her as though captivated, or thinking that she was slightly insane, or maybe both. Clarke went on, “because whatever you just said-”

“ *Magallana gigas.*” Lexa repeated.
Clarke shrugged, “it made me think of outer-space. I don’t know. Like, Magellan?”

“You mean like the spacecraft?” Lexa was stunned. Clarke nodded. Lexa stared at her, “are you kidding? It’s a mollusk,” Lexa blinked in disbelief.


Lexa rolled her eyes and turned to it to explain, “the *Magallana gigas* is actually a type of oyster. It’s also known as the Pacific Oyster.”

“Oyster,” Clarke absorbed and grinned at her, “we can eat it. We could eat it, right?”

Clarke’s smile was stunning and made her forget everything she’d been saying for a second. But she felt herself nodding slowly as she stared, and struggled a second to reframe her thoughts, “but..but there would be a problem. I mean, with getting to them. Because the same roots that makes homes for the oysters is also home to plenty of other types of wildlife including sharks. The *Sphyrna* specifically is common in shallow inshore waters like this.”

Clarke’s eyes popped open, “I thought you said they won’t attack us, and I don’t want to know what that ..whatever-you-said is.”

“A Hammerhead Shark,” Lexa smiled at her, “and like I said, they can make mistakes. So it doesn’t hurt to be careful when dealing with areas they can thrive in—” something wet hit the back of her hand, making her flinch. She hoped it was just rain and looked up to see. Right as she did rain started falling through the leaves harder and pelting them both. Thunder rumbled and then roared with a loud crack through the sky-

“Shit!” Clarke swore, and started to jump up and down, “shit ..oh…fuck.”

Lexa grunted. As the cloudburst opened over them through the canopy, it was so loud that she could barely hear a thing except for the storm. Lexa grabbed Clarke by the arm and pushed her into the shelter which happened to be under the roots of the mangrove tree. Thunder clapped again as Lexa slipped in right behind her. Clarke moved and heaved a sigh, sitting on the other side of where they had entered with her back against a root as she did. She looked up at Lexa, “there’s the rain that you wanted.”

Lexa could only stare at her and nod. Clarke was beautiful with water dripping from her blonde hair, “yeah.” It was easy to forget that only a minute ago they’d been talking about mollusks and sharks and now a tropical storm. Taking a breath, Lexa watched as the jungle darkened just outside their shelter, and as the rain bore down full force, Lexa moved into the space under the tree just a little further and slipped to her knees in the middle of it, “rain.”

Thunder clapped and lightning crackled through the air, making the inside of their shelter light up for a few seconds. She locked eyes with Clarke and saw that her eyes soft and blue, but what pulled at her was the look of fear that was obvious in her gaze. It caused a bubble of empathy to burst in Lexa’s chest and she suddenly she ached to protect her, “its okay.” Lexa moved quickly to where Clarke was and sat down next to her with their shoulders and thighs touching. She hesitated for just a second before she reached out and linked her hand with Clarke’s, “you’re safe.”

Clarke let out a small sigh before she laid her head on her shoulder, “Thank you.”

-=–
It was mid-morning, and it was already hot in the sweltering marina office. The man behind the desk looked at her with an exasperated expression on his face as though she was interrupting something terribly important. Anya may have shared those sentiments any other time, but not right now. Not with the matter at hand and not when he’d already blown her off yesterday. He told her to come back in the morning and he’d have something. So, here Anya sat and stared back at him callously. The only noise in the room was the rattle of the single derelict ceiling fan’s failed attempts to oscillate overhead. At least until she demanded, “did you talk to the coast guard?”

Her tone made him jump so hard in his seat that his chair rolled back and hit the wall behind him, “look, lady!” he answered, visibly shaken enough that he had to take his glasses off his face and wipe them with his shirt because he was fidgeting suddenly, “we didn’t have to. We did a count after Nia, okay? All the boats came back ‘cept one, okay?”

“Except one?” she repeated, her eyes burned to life, “except the boat that is supposed to be parked in slip thirteen-”

“Moored,” he corrected, putting his glasses back on his face and attempting to glare up at her, but it looked more like he was constipated than anything else, “boats are moored. You know, tied to the dock-”

“I don’t fucking care if they are bolted to the damn sea floor!” Anya exploded, startling him again, “she went out there,” Anya continued, “and didn’t come back. She’s my sister! Yet you don’t think to tell the Coast Guard that she’s missing so they could go out and look for her!” she pointed toward the wall of the room to implicate the sea just on the other side of it, “I can’t believe this horse-shit!”

“Lady!” the man shot up at last, “Woods …she’s… she’s different. And she’s … weird. She always goes out and is gone for a long time! Why is this time any different? She paid her rent through the end of the year so what exactly is your problem?”

“My problem?” Anya’s voice left her throat in a dry, unbelievable whisper. In fact, she almost choked on the two words. But instead, she breathed in deeply and did her best to not grab the man by the neck and slam him into his desk or maybe the wall. She didn’t do it because she didn’t need charges of assault, but it was clear what his priorities were. Anya knew when Lexa finally got back she was going to demand that Costia get moored somewhere else. She knew this wasn’t going anywhere so Anya pushed back from the desk. He seemed surprised a little. She took a step back into the room, “You don’t even care about her, the only thing you care about is yourself and the money you get.”

“Hey now,” he leaned forward quickly on his desk now, “don’t go putting words in my mouth. I didn’t say that-”

“But you did,” Anya took another step back toward the door. She kept her eyes on him until she reached the door, “you better find a good lawyer because I’m not even close to being done.” She turned and slipped out the door quickly because otherwise she was going to punch him.

Anya moved quickly up the boardwalk, past the boats bobbing in the gentle water of the harbor and the small storefront she didn’t pay attention to. Her hair parted with the slight wind as she walked and she couldn’t even enjoy the cool breeze because she knew in her gut, her sister was missing.

Arriving at the parking lot, she found her car of the day –a black nondescript sedan with tinted windows she’d chosen to not draw attention. She closed the door, just in time too, because when she looked up to see the desk attendant dart out of the office and race up and down the boardwalk as though he was desperately trying to find her. Ignoring him, Anya grabbed her phone and made a call.
Rain battered the jungle floor and thunder cracked angrily in the dark almost nonstop followed by bolts of lightning. Mangrove trees whipped about bearing the brunt of it and it was surprising they didn’t topple over with the force of the storm. But in the space under one of those trees a warm golden glow suddenly burst to life.

Inside, in spite of the fire, Lexa had built, Clarke was still shivering with cold. Lexa was on her knees desperately trying to fan the flames to make it bigger, “if we don’t k..keep a fire. We ..we c..can get hypothermia,” her teeth were chattering, “it …it happens for a couple of .of reasons. Like n..now when a sudden weather condition ch..change causes unexpected heat loss-”

“I kn..know what hypo …hypothermia is,” Clarke chattered out squeezing her eyes tight around herself as she looked at the frantic brunette. She knew Lexa was freezing as well and she knew of one thing to do, “L.. Lexa, c..come here.”

“I c..can’t Clarke, I just got this fire going,” Lexa started quickly tearing down some smaller dried roots from above them and throwing them into her little fire, “it happens when more heat is being dissipated than is being ab..absorbed and the h..human body temperature drops below 95 degrees. Which isn’t m …much leeway r ..really because the human body’s n ..normal temperature is-” her words cut out with a yelp of surprise when Clarke grabbed her around the middle and pulled her from her knees only to crash towards her.

As soon as Lexa was next to her, Clarke snuggled in deep and mumbled, “body heat, I know.”

“Body heat, correct,” the word shook off of Lexa’s lips. She felt Clarke’s nod against her and she felt her warm breath on her neck. Lexa’s face started to tingle and burn when cold fingers found their way up her back to hold tighter. The movement caused Lexa to remember only a few hours ago, she was on top of Clarke in the sand and kissing her. She could see them in her mind laying there and could remember the feel of Clarke’s warm lips parting for her along with the little noises and grunts between them. She could almost hear them as it replayed over and over again-

“Y..you okay?”

The question and Clarke clinging to her even tighter if it was possible, ripped Lexa out of the memory and back into the storm where they were huddled in the space under the roots of the tree, “I’m… I’m fine,” her insides were flipping around a little though with Clarke wrapped around her. It made her want to squirm even closer to her and she was trying not to think those kinds of things, “Clarke,” she felt how chilly the blonde’s skin was suddenly, “Clarke, you’re freezing…”

“Y …yeah. We ..we need t..to hold each.. each other.” Clarke got out between breaths.

Lexa felt her face start to blush with the idea, but she nodded because she knew Clarke was right, “okay…” she said, taking off her jacket suddenly she slipped it around both their shoulders and moved into her and wrapped her arms around the shivering girl, “okay,” she repeated.
Her brain was going crazy though with how soft and smooth Clarke felt, even though she was cold. Clarke was whimpering and burying her face in Lexa’s throat. Warm breath spilled over her neck which made Lexa’s heart skipped a beat. Her breath hitched and the flipping in her belly turned to a warm ache that would have left her legs weak if she’d been standing. She had to think of something else before the ache became deeper, “this is why on an …an island you should always have a fire no matter how hot it is. These rains can come fast and hard which will make you cold very quickly. Not to mention you need them for cooking and to keep animals away and-”

“Lexa,” Clarke’s voice was a little steadier, but her grip on Lexa’s body was firm. Lexa stopped rambling and glanced at her, “hmm?”

“Its okay,” Clarke spoke up, “shhh. Were …we’re…okay now.” Hands clung to her and enjoyed the feel of Clarke pressed against her.

Clarke’s face shifted against her chest, “right…” Lexa whispered and lowered her forehead to the top of Clarke’s hair, “right.” She took a deep breath and let it slowly. It was comforting being in Clarke’s embrace as she listened to the storm raging outside their little space, “this is the way they used to do it, Clarke. Share body heat. Though mostly they took off their clothes-” her breath stopped and Lexa thought she heard Clarke choke a little bit and tense in her arms. Lexa’s heart slammed in her chest as she realized what she just implied. She tried quickly to recover, “though …though I don’t think we have to go that far… we…” she was still rambling.

“Its okay, Lexa,” Clarke said again, tightening her grip a little. She didn’t seem to be shaking nearly as badly now, and the fire seemed to be heating up the little space more thoroughly.

“I didn’t mean…”

"Shhh..." Clarke smiled against her and ran one hand around to the small of her back, “Its ok. I get it. You’re right. It’s usually done that way.”

Lexa nodded, but right after she did, the fire was left to crackle in front of them and tension filled their small space. Lexa felt like she couldn’t breathe with the way Clarke was pressed into her. Their arms were tangled as well as their legs and the more they clung to each other, the longer the silence that finally settled between them went on.

It started to become awkward when all the sudden Clarke’s fingers tightened a little and a whisper was heard from her, “I can’t stop thinking about it, Lexa.”

Lexa’s arms stiffened because she was pretty sure she knew what, Clarke was about to say. She had been thinking about their kiss since it happened. Still, Lexa made her lips move against the top of blonde hair and asked, “thinking of what, Clarke?”

“The kiss,” Clarke finally pulled back just a little to look up at her, but didn’t unwrap her arm from around her waist. Clarke’s statement made Lexa’s nerves feel as though her heart would explode, but she met Clarke’s eyes. “I can’t stop thinking about it.”

“Oh…” Lexa felt the word leave her lips and saw Clarke’s face fall.

It must not have been the right reaction because Clarke took a quick breath and moved her eyes from hers to the fire, “anyway, I shouldn’t have,” she started apologizing quickly, “I mean. It was stupid of me, I don’t even know if you like to kiss girls and I just, you’re so beautiful and smart. I was excited and-”

“I like kissing girls,” Lexa broke in and stopped her, “I do …like kissing girls. I’m a lesbian,
Clarke.” Lexa rambled with a small smile. Silence enveloped them again as the storm continued to rage outside.

“Oh,” Clarke’s eyes shifted a little. She looked at Lexa’s lips and smiled a little, “well you’re an amazing kisser.”

Lexa sat there, stunned. She didn’t know what to say. Clarke thought she was an amazing kisser? She felt herself nodding. She also didn’t know what to say because she wanted to kiss Clarke again, but wasn’t sure how to go about it.

After a minute of uncomfortable silence that followed. Clarke finally looked down, “Anyway,” she cleared her throat, “I should look at your wrist. I should have a while ago but-”

Lexa finally snapped out of it, “Clarke-” she started to say, “I enjoyed kissing you.”

“You did?” Clarke asked.

“Very much so,” Lexa admitted.

“Me too,” Clarke swallowed and reached out for Lexa’s braced wrist and put it in her lap. Clarke started unwrapping the bandages and asked again, “…let’s look at your wrist, okay?”

“Okay,” She knew they had plenty of time to talk about it later. Instead, she watched quietly as Clarke unwrapped her wrist. It took a minute, but finally Clarke had it off and opened the brace, “its healing nicely,” she looked down at Lexa’s wrist, “the swelling is down and the bruising is starting to turn yellow. That’s much better than black or blue,” Clarke looked up and it seemed like she was trying to distract herself, “how did you do this?”

“I…” Lexa spoke up, looking down at her wrist in question. It always ached just a little. But Clarke was right, the swelling was gone and wasn’t as prominent, but she still couldn't move it without it hurting immensely.. She finally found her voice, “in the storm, during Nia. I got slammed into a wall getting out of bed. My hand hit the wall first and the rest of me slammed in behind it.”

“Ouch,” Clarke winced. She scrunched up her face as she carefully put the brace in place again. Lexa watched Clarke carefully wrap her wrist back up, being very gentle as she did. While she waited for Clarke to finish, Lexa realized she felt much warmer now, the fire was doing its job and so was the body heat. She still had her good arm around Clarke and they were huddled under her jacket, but Clarke’s skin was no longer cold to the touch.

It was a good sign.

“Lexa,” Clarke tucked the end of the bandage in and looked up. She wrapped her arms back around Lexa and snuggled into her for warmth, Lexa leaned back so they both were more comfortable.

“Yeah, Clarke?”

“Why were you out there when you knew Nia was coming? You said something about it being for a contest, but then I think a bird hit me or something. Those days sort of all blend into one for me right now.”

“Well,” Lexa wet her lips and huddled closer to Clarke. Outside it sounded like the storm was starting to ease up a little bit and Lexa was hoping they could go back to the beach soon, “it was for a contest, Clarke.” She said, “Architeuthis has never been seen alive, only corpses washed up on beaches have been found. This man Emerson who is a scientist had an article in Biota magazine about this contest. Whoever was the first person to bring him back a picture or video of a live one-”
“Architeuthis?” Clarke asked.

Lexa glanced at her and translated, “the Giant Squid,” she said. She went on to explain, “I mean it’s not rare and all because its beaks and arms have been found in bellies of whales for decades. But see,” she said sliding down so she was half sitting, half laying with her arms still around Clarke, “like I said, no one has ever seen one alive …so that in itself is actually really rare and—”

“You …you were trying to take a picture of a giant …squid?” Clarke asked looking up at her strangely or as though this was something amusing or unexpected or both. Lexa wasn’t sure.

“Yes, or a video,” Lexa tried again, “a video would have been better. But I,” she paused and asked, “you don’t like squids, Clarke?”

“No, I… they’re fine.” Clarke started smiling suddenly, “but it’s a squid?”

Lexa nodded not understanding Clarke’s continued insistence on this, “yes.”

“God, Lexa, that’s cute.” Clarke chuckled. Lexa blinked a bit taken back. That wasn’t something she heard very often. Clarke’s face fell and she went on, “Oh no, shit, I’m sorry. Did …did you get it on film before I threw away your camera? Oh…” she winced and her forehead furrowed.

“No, no Clarke I didn’t, I was still looking when you surprised me on board,” Lexa sighed because she had felt like she had been close before everything went sideways.

“Wait,” Clarke sat up suddenly and moved back from Lexa’s arms quickly. She looked at her with a wary look in her blue eyes. She just stared at her for a few seconds which made Lexa grow cautious. Hesitantly Clarke finally asked, “you said this contest was run by a man called Emerson?”

“I…” Lexa nodded. She thought back to the magazine article, “yes. First prize was fifty-five hundred dollars. I could have—”

Clarke’s face clouded up, “Carl Emerson?” she demanded, her voice taking on an edge as her eyes searched Lexa’s carefully and Clarke gripped her hand tightly.

Lexa nodded again, “yes…I believe so,” but she didn’t like the look in Clarke’s eyes, it made her nervous, “Clarke?” she asked carefully, “do you know him?”

Clarke’s expression stilled and her eyes searched as though looking someplace far away, “he’s the one that got away at Mount Weather,” she said and looked at her, “Lexa?” Clarke’s eyes reflected the firelight, but glimmered with something else as she spoke, “we might have been set up.”

“What?” A sinking feeling settled in her stomach. She wasn’t sure what to think, but decided to hear Clarke out. She didn’t want to jump to conclusions, “what do you mean we may have been set up?”

“I mean,” Clarke’s jaw tightened, “your boat might not have sunk by accident.”
Clarke and Lexa arrive back at the camp ...even more falls into place. In more ways than one.

The rain stopped almost as quickly as it started, leaving the jungle eerily silent. Clarke dozed, huddled with Lexa under the tree. She felt Lexa shift a little and shake her gently.

“Clarke?” Lexa's voice was a intense whisper, “it's stopped. We should go.”

“What...” Clarke sat up slowly and looked around. Framed through the roots she could see sodden moss and jungle floor. Water still dripped from the leaves, “oh,” she sat up more.

“We have to hurry if we are going to make it back to the beach before dark.”

Clarke nodded and started crawling out from their hiding place only to be stopped by Lexa’s hand on her arm. She looked back at her in question.

Lexa glanced toward the jungle outside their shelter, “let me go first?” she asked. She briefly looked down at the knife she had in her hand.

Clarke glanced down too and paused when she realized why Lexa was being overly cautious. The animals, the jungle, the danger and add in the fact it was getting dark. She remembered Lexa saying they wouldn’t want to be in the jungle without better shelter or something like that, after dark. She backed up and let Lexa go through first. Clarke followed her out.

Once she stood Lexa had her by the hand, “come on,” She prompted, and started to run. She dodged around trees and vines all the while dragging Clarke with her, she shouted, “what do you mean my boat might not have been an accident?!”

They hadn’t talked about it yet because Lexa had gotten quiet after she’d brought it up. Clarke wanted to give her time and she wasn’t really sure how Lexa would react. Wet ferns slapped at her and tree roots tripped her. The camera dashed after them, “I mean someone might have sunk it on purpose!” She shouted back. The beach would be right ahead any time now. It had to be. They didn’t get too far in before it rained, “Carl Emerson used to work for Mt Weather at Mount Weather, but off the books!”

“Like the people who made my camera?”

“Yes!” Clarke was out of breath as they finally burst out of the trees and onto the beach. She didn't think she would be so glad to see the ocean in her life. It was getting very dark, in there, with the canopy over head. But as they slowed to a walk on the beach, Clarke stopped and stared at the sun sinking gold and red into the sea.

“Carl Emerson used to work for Mt. Weather?” there was confusion in Lexa’s voice.
“Yeah,” she was still trying to catch her breath from the run out of the jungle, but Clarke looked over at her when she heard the tone in her voice. She stopped and stared because she saw Lexa against the golden light and she looked even more beautiful than the sinking sun, “he was uh…” she tried again, “he did, but not officially. So when the judge brought down the rest of Mt. Weather for all the illegal stuff they were doing, they had no way to tie Emerson to it. He got away clean.”

“How do you know that?” Lexa turned to face her with a hand on her hip.

“I did the story on it.” Clarke admitted.

“The news story?”

Clarke nodded. She could almost see the wheels turning in Lexa’s head. She wondered if Lexa would think she had something to do with it, not that she could blame her. After everything, it would be a logical guess, but she hoped Lexa would give her a chance to explain, “I uncovered the corruption and took it public. It had nothing to do with these past few weeks and my following you. Well... except they were the original people to chip your camera.”

“I understand,” Lexa mumbled.

But she looked hurt and Clarke couldn’t stand it. She truly wanted Lexa to understand, “Lexa, just so you know, I plan on bringing down Jaha too, just like I did with Mt. Weather. For what they did to you, and I am sure there is much more to uncover.” Taking a deep breath Clarke glanced out at the ocean before looking at her, “that is if we ever get back home.”

Lexa furrowed her brow, “you want to bring down Jaha? He is your boss that did this, correct?”

“He is,” Clarke searched Lexa’s eyes, “and yes. Its...its something I think I need to do.”

A minute slipped past and her words hung in the air between them as Lexa studied her. Finally she spoke, “I’ll help.”

Clarke exhaled in relief, “thank you.” She said sincerely, because to bring down Jaha, she had a feeling she was going to need it and Lexa had grievances enough to do it.

“But we do it together.”

“Together,” Clarke agreed, which earned her a small nod. It was getting dark. Lexa noticed it too because she turned and started back toward their raft by the little tree that they had covered and weighted down before leaving it. Lexa stopped near it and started to try and take off the tarp, but was struggling with only one hand. Clarke moved fast and helped her. When they had it loose Clarke stepped back and started to fold it.

“Wait,” Lexa said. Clarke stopped and turned to see Lexa had knelt and was shuffling through a backpack. She pulled out a small section of cord, “tie one corner of it up to that tree,” she motioned to the small palm, “with this.” Lexa gave the cord to Clarke.

Clarke didn’t question it. With Lexa, she’d already learned not to. Moving forward she tied one corner to the end of the tree as far as she could reach. Tying it tight as she could she stepped back, “like that?”

“Perfect,” Lexa smiled. She looked around the beach quickly and went to a large rock and started shuffling it closer to the tree, “now we get rocks to hold the other three corners down on the sand, sort of like a lean-to?” she looked over her shoulder to the camera, “it’s a quick temporary shelter, to keep you out of the sun. Best part is,” Lexa smiled at her camera, “you can move the tarp around to
“block sun depending on which way the sun is facing.”

“I have a feeling I’m going to learn a lot while we’re here,” Clarke commented with a smile.

With the sound of the waves hitting the shorelines, she watched as Lexa knelt in the sand on the beach next and then checked the containers that had been filled from the rain, “You might,” Lexa smiled, “we will, Clarke,” she spoke at last, pushing to her feet and brushing sand off of her clothes. Clarke raised an eyebrow unsure what Lexa was referring to, “we will get home.”

Clarke looked out toward the ocean that she could still hear lapping against the shore even though she couldn’t see it in the dark, “you sound so sure.” she spoke up quietly, but honestly it made Clarke feel a little safer and a little better. 

“Well, yes.” Lexa stood there and got that thoughtful look on her face that said she was considering her words. She watched as Lexa went back to the boat and started to pull out the pieces of driftwood they’d picked up earlier and stashed to keep dry. Lexa had told her it would be a good idea and Clarke was glad that Lexa had this foresight. Though it seemed to come natural to Lexa.

“How do you know for sure though?”

"Just a feeling,” She tossed the driftwood into a pile, “I mean, you hear about it from time to time you know? People who have ended up stuck on islands, end up there all their lives and only their skeletons are found. I think there is a rumor that is what happened to Amelia Earhart actually,” she turned and started gathering the wood pieces into her arm best she could, “well, one of the things they say happened to her. Her vanishing really is a mystery.”

“Lexa ...Amelia Earhart, what?” Clarke stared at her and watched as Lexa carried the driftwood a few feet away, got to her knees and started stacking it on the sand close to their shelter. Clarke moved quickly, wanting to help and not be useless, Plus she could carry more wood right now than Lexa and hurried to grab a few pieces from the raft and crossed over to her, “how... how did we get to-” she paused behind Lexa and tried not to drop the wood.

“Well, you were wondering how I know we’ll get home,” Lexa reached back and kept grabbing stick after stick from her and Clarke just stood there as she clarified, “and I was only saying that some people do end up having to spend their whole lives on islands and that there are rumors Earhart was one of them,” she placed the last log and rearranged them until she was satisfied. At least that’s what Clarke thought. Lexa looked back at her while she was trying to follow Lexa’s thought process. Wiping the sand from her hands, Lexa added, “but I got something they didn’t.”

“And what's that?” Somehow Clarke found herself waiting in anticipation for the answer. This was Lexa, after all, and you never knew what she was going to say next. She could go from talking about squids to Amelia Earhart in no time at all.

“I got a person,” Lexa said said with confidence before she turned and moved away. She grabbed up a backpack and blanket. Clarke shook her confusion enough to go and grab her things as well. She brought them back to where Lexa was and spread her blanket out in front of the stacked driftwood and plopped down beside her.

Clarke wanted to know who this person was, but didn’t want to interrupt what Lexa was doing.

Lena opened her backpack, found a lighter and with a click that echoed over the beach, she set the driftwood on fire. A warm golden ring engulfed them that cut back the dark immediately. Lexa sat back on her heels and threw another piece of wood into the flames, making them crackle and snap as Clarke shuffled closer to the fire, “oh God, that's good.” she held out her hands in front of her to
warm them and almost forgot about her question.

“We should always have a fire, even when it's hot out,” Lexa explained as she spread out her own blanket, “they are not only for cooking and to keep warm, but for protection as well...” it was as if she had to arrange her blanket just right on the sand before she turned and faced the fire again. Lexa started to dig in her backpack and she trailed off with whatever she was saying.

Clarke remembered her question and voiced, “your person?”

“Anya,” Lexa tossed Clarke a meal pack. Clarke barely managed to catch it before it hit her in the face.

“Your sister?” Clarke remembered Lexa mentioning her before. She opened the packet of dried meat.

“Yes,” Lexa tore her dinner packet open and took out a strip of the meat. She started to gnaw on it casually, or tried to, “once I was on Alaska’s Arctic Tundra looking for the *Numenius borealis*. But I broke my leg and couldn’t get back. After being gone too long, Anya came in her helicopter for me.”

“Wow, impressive sister. What does she do?” Clarke asked trying to chew her meat. It was tough as nails and kind of reminded her of Lexa in a way. Not even being stuck on an island with a broken wrist even seemed to phase her. Her eyes drifted to Lexa’s lips and Clarke kept going back to the kiss that happened earlier and found herself wanting to do it again. Vey much so.

“*Numenius borealis* is an arctic bird,” Lexa went on while she pulled off another part of her dinner and tried to eat it, “but no one has seen one alive in over thirty years. I didn’t either,” she added a little sadly, “it’s why I do this you know. So maybe others won’t go extinct as well. Oh...I’m sorry I rambled...” She paused, “Anya, what she does?” Lexa seemed to be choosing her words carefully which gave Clarke the impression that she was trying to protect her sister or something, “she has an agency. Or something. I just know she moves around a lot and can pop up literally anywhere.”

“That’s interesting, Lex ...I mean Lexa,” Clarke blushed. “She sounds like someone important, but how does she find you? How would she find us?” She couldn’t help but ask. It seemed whatever Anya did was secretive and she was very curious about it.

She waited for Lexa to answer.

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“To be honest, I’m not really sure,” Lexa's face was turning red and she hoped Clarke thought it was just the fire causing it, “its okay really, but she and I, we just ...don't talk about it. I respect her privacy and she respects mine.”

“Okay.”

She took a deep breath in, hoping she hadn't worried Clarke into thinking she had said something wrong. She decided to change the subject back to what Clarke had mentioned earlier about her boat. Ever since Clarke said it might not be an accident, it had been on her mind even if she hadn’t mentioned it.

“It was a tropical storm,” she said at last, “almost a hurricane. But now you think Emerson had something to do with it?” she didn't need to clarify. She knew Clarke would know what she meant. She picked at the edges of her meal pack for lack of something to do because she knew this topic
was uncomfortable for both of them for obvious reasons.

“Emerson was really close to the Wallaces, and I just know he had something to do with it.”

“Okay, but that still…” Lexa stopped when Clarke held up a hand.

“I’m not sure how or even why but I know he did and I think Jaha might be part of it too. He’s the one that put me up to this in the first place, not to mention he was the one who told me about the chip in your camera. He wanted me to use you and I was against it from the start,” she said, “I don’t want to make excuses. I shouldn’t have gone along with it. You ...you didn't deserve that. Honestly, knowing what I do about Emerson, he probably sabotaged your engine or something so we wouldn't know it until it was too late.”

“Why did Mt. Weather chip my camera?” she asked one of the questions that bothered her the most, since they were talking about this.

Clarke's heart sank, “they wanted to follow you. Do you remember the contest that you entered that they had? And won the camera?” Clarke asked. Lexa nodded, “Bellamy Blake and his hunting show won. They were,” Clarke paused and Lexa saw Clarke’s eyes dart away which made her think whatever it was wasn’t good, “they were planning on sending him go to the places you visited and hunt some of the animals you found,” Lexa’s fist clenched at her side and rage surged through her as her mouth dropped open in surprise.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Lexa growled.

“But I shut them down, Lexa,” Clarke tried to reassure her, “I shut them down before they ever got to any of your animals. They never got to do it and they never will if I have any say in it.”

She nodded but said nothing else.

Clarke went on, “I didn’t want to hurt you, Lex...Lexa, so I stopped it, but anyway when they liquidated, Arkadia Station ended up with the GPS data. My boss thought we could use it to follow you and get better ratings.”

“He threatened your job if you didn't?” It was a lot to take in and Lexa could tell Clarke meant what she was saying which made her feel slightly better.

Clarke nodded, “yeah.”

“And your friend's jobs?”

Clarke nodded again, “to the effect of if what he's doing got out, it could sink the company.”

Lexa saw the distress shining like the firelight in Clarke's eyes. This topic was also still very sore.

So she took a deep breath, “I know you didn't want to, but you could have called first, or something.”

“I know.” Clarke gave her that, “I know. I should have.”

“It wasn't okay, you know.”

“No it wasn't.” Clarke agreed.

“But what's done is done,” she was being very careful now and considering everything they had gone through, “but maybe, maybe if you never do it again, we can move past it now that we've really
talked and cleared the air."

"I won't do it again Lexa," Clarke promised and Lexa believed her and did her best to ignore the sliver of doubt in the back of her mind. It would take time for her to fully trust her, but this was a step in the right direction.

"Okay," Lexa took a deep breath and went back to the other topic, "anyway though, Carl Emerson contacted me shortly after the beached whales and said that if I was interested in sea life he had a contest going, the one I told you about with the squid," Lexa reminded her. She found a stick and stirred the fire a little so it would burn better. Finally she spoke again, "you and I were holding the boat steady, you know, at least until you turned the engines on."

Clarke swallowed thickly and Lexa thought she saw tears in the corner of her eyes, "I would really to move past it, I mean? If we can..." Clarke reached over and ran her hand in the sand next to her. Lexa bit her lip as she watched her pick up a handful of sand and letting it slip through her fingers, "and that doesn't surprise me honestly. He's a slimy asshole. And Lexa, I would have never started the engine, had I known? I.." Clarke looked down at the blanket under her in a way that had Lexa wanting to reach out.

"Clarke, look at me?"

Slowly, Clarke looked up to her with a crestfallen look on her face. Lexa shifted a little to warm her hands, but her eyes looked into Clarke's as she reminded, "I told you to turn on the engines. Costia sinking wasn't your fault. I would have turned them on myself if I could have."

Clarke smiled and let out what sounded like a sigh of relief, "can I ask why you named your boat Costia?" she asked. "It's a name you don't hear often especially for a boat."

"I named her after my ex-girlfriend."

Lexa's tone stayed level, but she saw sympathy in Clarke's eyes as her hand reached out before she quickly snatched it back, "oh. I'm sorry, I-"

"Its okay," Lexa cut her off, "it's been quite a while now," she took a deep breath though before admitting something else that seemed to affect her a little more, "she had a hard time with me being gone so much, but to be fair my life isn't exactly for everyone."

Clarke nodded, "I could see how it wouldn't be, for some. But honestly I admire what you do. I would love to have the kind of adventure you have," Clarke laughed, "though I think I would need to learn a few things first." She moved closer to the fire too and in doing so, Clarke accidentally brushed her leg against Lexa's.

Lexa felt the touch rush through her body. It stayed like a steady hum where their legs touched. She could tell Clarke felt it too, because she heard Clarke's sharp intake of breath. So she didn't pull back, and, to her surprise, neither did Clarke.

"Well, learning to swim would be a good start," Lexa snorted softly, and glanced at Clarke. When their eyes met, Lexa's heart started beating a little faster than normal and she was sure Clarke could hear it. But then Clarke quickly turned her eyes away and glanced out toward the ocean. They couldn't see it in the pitch black outside their ring of their fire, but they could still hear it hitting the shore.

Lexa looked away too.The air was weighted with heat that suddenly made her face turn red a little, heat that probably wasn't from the fire. This was bad, if she was starting to want Clarke more
because they’d kissed. Now they were stuck on this island for who knew how long. She was glad they had finally resolved most of their issues and Lexa hoped they could try and be friends, but she didn’t dare hope Clarke might like her too.

Out of the corner of her eye though she saw Clarke still playing with the sand, but finally she looked up at her and smiled. Lexa returned with her almost-not-there smile as Anya coined it, but she knew it was more a softening of her eyes than anything else, at least according to her sister, “you know you do still owe me a crocodile.”

And the tension shattered just like that.

Clarke laughed out loud, “that's right! I do. And I promise I will follow through on that. Maybe not right now obviously, but soon.”

Lexa snorted despite herself and glanced sidelong at Clarke in amusement, “well, I can see a fuzzy green stuffed animal somewhere in my future.” she scooted back intending to kick the fire to make it burn just a little more, but stopped herself because she was wearing only sandals, Clarke's sandals, at that. Lexa stared at them on her feet in the firelight and while grateful for at least a sole under her each of her feet if little else – she was still a little in disbelief about all the ..stuff.. Clarke had brought with her.

Clarke pulled back and put a hand to her chest as if offended, but Lexa saw the mischief dancing in her eyes, “I'll have you know it wasn't going to be a stuffed animal, it was going to be a picture of it,” Clarke laughed again and Lexa laughed out loud. She thought she could get used to nights like this with her, sitting by a fire with her in the middle of nowhere, joking with her, kissing her again and waking up with her in the mornings. That last thought stopped Lexa and she looked away into the dark. Because it hit her suddenly: Clarke was everything she didn't realise she always wanted.

“Okay,” Clarke admitted after a minute or two, “so maybe it may have been a stuffed animal. But I'm serious. I will get you back there somehow.”

Lexa's lowered her eyes just a little. She picked up her stick again and poked at the fire, “Clarke?”

“Yes?” Clarke looked up at her.

Lexa met her gaze, “do you even know the difference between a crocodile and an alligator? They do have distinct differences you know and I want to make sure you at least get the right one?” she teased and poked at the fire with the stick. Lexa couldn’t help but glance at Clarke every couple seconds.

Clarke played along which made Lexa’s smile widen, “Do enlighten me.”

“Well first,” Lexa dropped the stick and crossed her legs under her, “they are reptiles, not amphibians. Some people mistake them for amphibians and I guess I can see why, but they aren’t really. Second is the difference in their snouts. Crocodiles have a long v-shaped snout while alligators are often much wider. Third is--” noticing Clarke's smug grin she stopped. After a beat she asked, “what?”

“Oh nothing, nothing at all. Please continue. I like it when you ramble-”

“Ramble?” Lexa's mouth dropped a little.

Clarke smiled at her and nodded, “I like it a lot.” She mumbled under her breath and Lexa saw her glance at her lips. Clarke continued to stare before she wrenched her eyes away, but she found herself staring back at Clarke’s lips as well.
“Do you really want to talk about reptiles, Clarke?” Lexa asked after a few seconds of them staring at each other. Only the sound of the waves crashing against the beach and the crackle of the fire could be heard. Lexa tore her eyes away and sighed. She dropped the stick she’d been using to poke the flames and flopped on her back. Lexa looked up at the stars, but she could still feel Clarke watching her. A little bit nervous and not quite sure if she really should be doing what she was about to, Lexa found herself taking a deep breath, “Clarke?”

“Yeah?” Clarke’s voice had dropped an octave. She took a deep breath too, and laid down beside her on the blanket, but never looked away from her.

Lexa kept her eyes up on the stars. Lexa let go of the breath she hadn’t known she’d been holding and said very quietly the words she’d wanted to say ever since Clarke had admitted them first, “I think you’re an amazing kisser, too.” Lexa stopped breathing as she waited for Clarke’s response. It felt like a very long time passed, but was really only a few seconds and she knew it. Still when Clarke said nothing she rolled onto her side and tugged half of her blanket over her, “forget it.”

“No, wait.” Clarke’s words seemed hurried as though jolted out of some kind of stupor. Lexa rolled back over to find Clarke just quietly staring at her. Finally Clarke sat up and leaned towards her, “I want to kiss you again. Can I?”

Lexa sat up slowly. She studied Clarke for a few seconds before speaking, “are you sure, Clarke?”

Clarke nodded, and Lexa moved in. Her heart was beating so quickly as she came closer. Lexa wrapped her good hand around Clarke’s shoulder and pulled her in until their faces were inches apart. Lexa looked into blue eyes a second longer, before she closed her own. When her lips met Clarke’s warm, chapped ones, a low groan was torn from the back of Lexa’s throat. Clarke’s lips tasted like honey when Lexa sucked her bottom lip. It was made even better when Clarke started to gently kiss her back. Lexa grunted softly and moved her hand to the back of Clarke’s neck. She parted their lips just enough to tilt her head to the other side and brought their lips together again.

The kiss went on for minutes, before she felt Clarke pull back. She still felt Clarke’s face in proximity of hers and felt her breath skating across her cheek and after a few seconds, Lexa managed to open her eyes.

Lexa’s breath she’d been holding left her slowly. Clarke’s eyes burned into hers, stealing her next breath away from her, “goodnight Clarke,” She whispered and softly released her. Lexa turned and laid down on her blanket. She looked back at Clarke and held up part of the blanket as a silent invitation.

Clarke smiled and quickly moved to lay down next to her, “Goodnight, Lexa,” She shuffled closer and Lexa couldn’t help but smile in return as Clarke quickly drifted off to sleep.

But Sleep didn’t come easy to Lexa as she stared into the fire. She could still feel the tingle of Clarke’s kiss and her brain was spinning with everything she learned. She yawned and tried to put it out of her mind as she too fell asleep to Clarke’s soft snores.
Thanks for reading, and if you haven't please visit our tumblrs at: adistantstarblog and stormchaser1117

For more about Wild Earth visit my tumblr here.
Lexa opened her eyes the next morning to blue sky overhead, the sound of waves on the beach, and a warm body snuggled around hers. She panicked for a split second inhaling blonde hair before she remembered everything that had occurred the day before. Arriving on the beach, getting trapped in the tree during the rain, and most of all Clarke.

It was Clarke curled next to her that caused her panic, everything else she was used to, just not Clarke. A look at the sky told her it had to be nearly noon. How in the world had they managed to sleep so late? They needed to get moving and explore the island. She took a deep deep breath and squeezed her eyes shut for a minute preparing to wake up Clarke-

“Good Morning,” Clarke’s voice was raspy with sleep. Lexa felt her shift in the sand next to her before her fingertips traced the tattoo wrapped around her arm, “how did you sleep?”

“Very well,” Lexa answered, her heart thumping. At the same time she shifted away from slightly unsure where they go from here after their kiss and subsequent cuddle. She sat up on the blanket and noticed her fire was burned to down to coals. Lexa pushed to stand up and grabbed the last few dry sticks they had and fed them into the fire, “we need to keep this going. It will be coals when we get back today, but that is okay as long as it doesn’t completely-”

“ ‘Yes, Clarke, I slept very well,’ ” behind her, Lexa could hear amusement in Clarke’s voice as she teased her, “ ‘how was your night? Oh, I slept pretty good, thanks,’ ” Clarke answered her own question with a laugh. Lexa turned around to see Clarke smirking at her.

Clarke stood up too, and started to brush sand away from her that had gotten into their blankets. Clarke then stretched beautifully which made Lexa look away from her soft, pale skin and stare at the fire instead.

Out of the corner of her eye though, Lexa saw Clarke look at the treeline she assumed it was safe to look back at her again just as the Clarke spoke again, “you know, for sleeping the first night on a deserted island in the sea and all.”

“Sorry,” Lexa muttered sheepishly, “I should have asked,” It was different for Lexa to have company so it was something she’d have to get used to. She shrugged in apology before she dropped to her knees in the soft beach sand and pulled her bag close.

“Its okay.” Clarke answered.

Lexa pulled her backpack close with her good hand, opened up the zipper and started digging through it as she offered,

“I’ve never been great at socializing really.”

“Lexa, its okay,” Clarke laughed a little under her breath and to Lexa it was the most beautiful sound in the world. It made her look up to see Clarke smile and shrug back at her, “I was only teasing.”

“Right…” Lexa answered. Still watching Clarke, she closed her hand around a meal pack and pulled it out. She motioned up for Clarke to catch it before she tossed the packet toward her. Clarke caught it, “thanks.” she said, before she tore it open.
Lexa nodded and grabbed a packet out of her bag for herself too. She looked into the bag as she did and while she saw a number of the silver packets still looking back up at her, it wouldn't last. They were lower on food than she would like, “we are going to have to find food today as well.” She tore open her packet to find cheese and dried meat inside. Lexa took a stick of each out and bit into them and started chewing. She looked up and down the beach as far as she could see in each direction. All she could see was white sand with the jungle behind them.

They would have to go all the way around it and soon.

Clarke sat near her in the sand and Lexa noticed she didn't have any cheese in her packet. Lexa handed her one of her cheese sticks, “Thanks. Do we not have any more of this meal packs?”

“Some, but not enough,” Lexa answered, more curt than she intended and to distract herself, she started to poke the fire.

She watched as Clarke fidgeted in the sand before she looked up at her with a crease between her brows, ‘you okay?’ she asked at last, “you know, after last night?”

“Yes,” Lexa answered, more quickly than she meant to because the memories of Clarke snuggling up with her teased her mind and her body. She whipped her eyes over to find Clarke’s blue ones were watching her, probably for her reaction.

Clarke raised an eyebrow, but Lexa was oblivious.

She had woken up a couple times in the night with Clarke warm and soft wrapped around her. The memory made her blush and it had nothing to do with the heat of the fire or the afternoon sun. She looked back at her food and finished it, “I am fine. Are you?” She watched Clarke debate the question.

Clarke smiled at last, “yeah I think so.” she said as she ate her breakfast. As she did, she looked over at Lexa though with a mischievous gleam in her eye, “I want to read to you tonight.”

“What?” Lexa asked, she hadn’t been expecting that at all. Clarke blushed and explained, “well, there’s not a lot to do here on this-”

“Oh, there’s plenty to do. We have to find water. We have to find a place to stay, find food and then we have to stock up what we can, build defenses and-” Lexa rambled on as she remembered the last time Clarke had tried to read her a book.

“Lexa,” Clarke groaned teasingly, finishing her food, “trust me?”

“Oh, fine.” Lexa folded her arms, wincing a little because the sudden motion made her wrist hurt a tiny bit, “but if I hear anything about a penis-” she warned.

“You won’t,” Clarke laughed. She came closer and went to drop her packet into the fire-

“Wait!” Lexa grabbed her wrist and took the tin reinforced packet from her hand. With a sigh of relief, she set it next to her empty one in the sand and covered it slightly so it wouldn't blow away.

She looked back up at Clarke who gave her a sheepish smile, “we save everything, right. Sorry.”

“We do, its okay. Normally things like this get thrown away. I get it,” Lexa confirmed, but still hadn't let go of Clarke’s wrist. She looked at it for a minute before she pulled pulling to her feet and let go.
“I'll do my best to remember.”

She nodded and turned around to look for her camera. It had gone into standby, and was down on the sand. Picking it up and turning it back on Lexa let the camera go in the air in front of them, “good morning.” Lexa greeted it with a cheery smile, “so here I am, Lexa Woods and still stranded. Clarke and I managed to survive our first night on our island,” Lexa glanced over at Clarke who stood looking a little surprised, “say good morning, Clarke?” she requested.

“Morning,” Clarke waved awkwardly. “I have to say, unlike our fearless leader, this is all a first for me,” She shifted from foot to foot and Lexa quickly aimed the camera back at at her.

"Camera shy?" Lexa teased Clarke. That was odd for a reporter, but Lexa was having fun so she went on, "but no, I get it. It's a notv what people expect. This kind of show and this kind of place. It's a different out here on an island with a jungle a stone's throw away. Even for me, because, well ...this little expedition wasn't really planned. Anyway," she changed the subject and turned toward their camp.

She walked forward into their set up as the camera buzzed past Clarke and followed after her, "so here we are, day two on the island and as you can see," She gestured around, “we have our shelter and our fire here and our blankets over here," she pointed out stopping next to them, "Clarke and I were fortunate enough to have them. However, if you don't have blankets with you, you can go up to the tree line and gather up some of the larger vegetation, fern fronds and such. You need enough to make an adequate layer under you and also plenty to completely cover you on top. Just make sure you get a lot of them on the ground because sleeping on bare ground will make your body heat get sucked right out of you."

"We are so doing that tonight," Clarke had her hands on her hips, "You never mentioned that before."

"Oops," Lexa shrugged, "Now, Clarke and I didn't do that so don't follow our example. Go up there even if you have blankets and get a good thick layer of fronds to sleep on. Fronds under and over, and blankets over you if you have them."

“She’s right and if you’re stuck with someone, then its best to use body heat,” Clarke’s eyes slanted over to Lexa’s and was rewarded with a blush coating her cheeks. “It’s best to sleep with minimal clothing as well, but considering the temps, that’s up to you all. I can say that this is very informational for me as I don’t know what the hell I’m doing out here,” Clarke gestured around her and smiled. “My only piece of advice is be prepared for anything because as you can see, anything can happen.”

Lexa just stared at her. She knew Clarke had said a lot of other things while the camera was recording, but all she kept hearing was the same words, “did you just tell everyone to sleep naked on my show?” she asked in disbelief.

Clarke nodded and grinned at her, “I did, yeah. It’s one of the top rules of survival. That much, I do know. I mean…” she motioned to Lexa’s broken wrist, “medical school and all?” Clarke lifted an eyebrow.

“Yes, it is and you're right. You are a hundred percent right. Warmth always comes first of course,” she pointed out and glanced toward her camera, “but Clarke, we didn’t sleep naked,” Lexa stated.

“We didn’t have to, right?” Clarke shrugged, still grinning. Lexa knew she was still a little red as she saw Clarke nod at her camera still happily filming away, “and we’re having this conversation on camera.”
“I’ll edit it later.” Lexa replied, her disbelief turned up the corner of her lip into a small smile as she thought of something else, “I tend to try and leave the camera running much as I can so I don’t miss anything. Well usually it’s what I do,” She said, but couldn’t help but study Clarke, “so that leads me to my next question, Clarke Griffin?” she started with a smirk.

“Go ahead and shoot.” Clarke said with a smile, while she bounced a little on her feet and tucked her hands behind her back. She could get used to this. Even trapped on an island facing the unknown, this easy banter with Clarke was addicting.

“Would you really sleep with me naked?” Lexa folded her arms across her chest, and waited for Clarke to answer.

Because two could play that game.

Clarke’s mouth dropped open which had Lexa smirking. Clearly she wasn’t expecting that question. It backfired slightly because now she was picturing Clarke naked and felt her cheeks go pink before she licked her lips.

“I would be happy too,” Clarke winked. “I mean a chance to sleep naked with you, I’d be stupid to turn that down.”

“You would?” It was Lexa’s turn to be surprised as her mouth fell open. She stared at Clarke, flushed pink herself, and wasn’t sure what to say. She was staring a few seconds with her camera recording both of them. That hadn’t been the answer she was expecting not that she had even known what to expect. Clarke seemed to constantly keep her on her toes.

Before she realized it, Lexa found she had taken a small step towards Clarke.

Clarke took a step closer to her as well. “I would,” Lexa’s body flushed when Clarke trailed her eyes down her body and lingered on her lips. Clarke bit her lip and Lexa wished she knew what she was thinking. Her mind went back to last night and found she really wanted to do it again.

She wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist and pulled her into her. “Clarke ” Lexa looked at her and ached to caress her.

“What about you? Would you sleep with me naked?” Clarke asked with a small smile, her mouth inching closer and closer.

Lexa stopped breathing, the second Clarke’s hands looped around her neck. She only managed a little tiny breath after being so set off her game just a moment before.

She found herself staring at Clarke’s lips. Enough was enough, she decided. She knew they had both been thinking of the kiss and knew she might regret doing this, but she tightened her hand at Clarke’s waist and moved in.

Clarke’s lips were as sweet as she remembered, and Lexa let out a little moan, as she sunk her tongue through soft parting lips.

She lifted her hand and tangled it into Clarke’s hair and sucked softly on Clarke’s lower lip. Lexa broke the kiss for a split second, just enough to breathe. Clarke’s lips still searched for hers as she did, “we should get going-” she managed to choke out, her mind fuzzy from the kiss. Lexa glanced up at the sky and then back at Clarke, “it’s already later in the day and-”

“It can wait a minute,” Clarke gripped Lexa’s hair and yanked her back in. She kissed her with everything she had and Lexa returned the kiss with equal fervor. Lexa tangled her tongue with hers,
not caring they hadn't brushed their teeth in days.

Clarke sunk her teeth into Lexa’s bottom lip. It seemed to be Clarke's favorite thing to do because she always smirked when Lexa groaned, “Fuck, Lexa,” Clarke pulled back and pressed their foreheads together.

“I know,” Lexa struggled to breathe in and out again as she ran her hand down the back of Clarke’s hair, "I know. I am so sorry. But there is still so much to do before it gets dark. Maybe ...maybe later when things are settled a little and we are able to talk ...more."

"Later... okay," Clarke kissed her again chastely. She pulled back reluctantly and smiled. “You’re right, we will have time later, I hope. So what do you need me to do, yoda?”

“Yoda?” Lexa was partly glad for the subject change while another part of her wanted to forget everything and keep kissing Clarke. But, Lexa took a deep breath and looked around their camp, "we have to pack everything back into the raft and cover it again in case it rains,

“Makes sense.”

Lexa reluctantly moved and picked up the blankets. She brought then back to the raft and put them in, “you know, I’ve never seen Star Wars?" She wasn't sure why she admitted that, so she pretended she hadn't, “But anyway, we will need to find sticks next, to keep dry for tonight, and get them covered too. Also we will need to refill our canteens before we go back in there.” she motioned towards the trees. Lexa grabbed her backpack and put it into the raft next.

Clarke followed behind Lexa as she wanted to help, “I can’t believe you’ve never seen Star Wars,” Lexa groaned. She had hoped Clarke hadn't heard.

No such luck.

“I’ve been otherwise engaged as you can imagine,” Lexa turned away before Clarke could see the smile blooming on her face at the look of pure shock on Clarke's face.

“It’s a right of passage. Seriously, Lexa. That’s it!” Clarke stopped in front of her and looked in square in the eye, “We're having a movie marathon first thing when we get home,” She smiled and crossed her arms as if Lexa was going to challenge her.

She just shrugged, “We'll see.”

She slanted her a look before she dropped her arms and glanced around, “Okay, wise one, let’s get this done.” She grabbed up her bag and dropped it into the raft as well.

Lexa gathered up the empty meal packs and went to store them with everything else they were putting away, "I mean what's the big deal honestly," she turned to look at Clarke. Lexa flipped open the tarp and motioned for Clarke to get the other end of it, "from what I’ve seen and heard. All it has are giant worms in it and people in funny helmets that destroy planets. Not exactly my type of thing. Well, the worms would be, I guess, but there are just not worms like that. I mean, the biggest worm on Earth is Megascolides australis and he's usually only six to nine or so feet."

“Wow, Lex, just wow,” Before she could comment, Clarke grabbed the tarp, “So we need to cover the raft?” She handed Lexa the other side of it and they worked together to make sure it was secure. “So now dry twigs right?”

“If we want a fire tonight, yes.” Lexa answered looking across at her. She caught the little nickname and it surprised her. But she started kicking the rocks back into place to hold the tarp down and didn't
Moving the last one into place she straightened up and looked at the tree line, “ready Luke Skywalker?” she asked Clarke, coming up with a name for her too. When she saw Clarke grunt and roll her eyes Lexa added, “I am not watching Star Wars. Give me National Geographic and we’re good.”

“National Geographic is boring. All that is are documentaries…” Clarke put thumbs down. “Okay, how about a compromise?”

“What kind of compromise?”

“What about a Harry Potter marathon?” She rocked on her heels and batted her eyelashes at Lexa, and she did her best to resist. She had a feeling it would be a deal breaker if she didn't like Harry Potter. Before she answered, she countered with a question of her own because it was a deal breaker for her on documentaries.

“You don’t like documentaries?” Lexa asked and looked up in dismay. She gave the rock one last kick to as she came around the side to where the containers were. Lexa started pouring water into her canteen and thought of a couple of her favorites, “but there’s this really good one about *Panthera pardus orientalis*. Did you know there’s only an estimated twenty or so of them left in the wild and I really want to get one on film and tell people about him. There’s also a documentary about *Thylacinus cynocephalus* who is already extinct though. The last died in a zoo at the start of last century. People kept on killing them because they thought they were pests—” she felt Clarke staring at her and blushed. She paused and handed Clarke the canteen, “what?” Lexa tried a smile.

“I never said I didn’t, I just said they were boring,” Clarke took the water from her. Now, if I had you as a narrator, then I would be much more interested in them. I mean the people on the documentaires are always so monotone and it grates on my nerves. They are interesting topics, if they only went about them better,” Clarke raised an eyebrow and just stared at Lexa for a moment. Lexa tried not to squirm under Clarke's gaze. She knew she got overly excited talking about certain subjects, “I know I tend to ramble when a subject interests me. I'm a nerd.”

“You are, that's true,” Clarke smiled, “Honestly, I have no idea what you’re talking about most of the time, but you make me want to know. You have a talent so it's no wonder you’re so popular.”

“*Panthera pardus orientalis,*” Lexa repeated blushing from what Clarke had just said, "its a leopard and *Thylacinus cynocephalus* is the Tasmanian Tiger, or was. But he's gone now. Clarke," Lexa finished, staring at her with her breath trapped in her throat because Clarke was biting her lip while she stared and it was very distracting. Finally Lexa let it out, "thank you. I always wanted a show on t.v. What you said means a lot to me."

"I mean it," Clarke smiled at her, she shook her head a little, "and I hope you get one. You deserve it."

“Thank you,” She reached down, got the water container again, and started filling the other canteen as she tried to regulate her irregular breathing and pounding heart, "Clarke?"

“Yeah?”

"Is Harry Potter the one that goes to a wizard school. You know the kid with glasses and lightning bolt scar? The one with all the different animals too?” She capped the canteen and put its strap around her neck before she reached for her knife and put it on, "I only saw a couple, but I liked
"That's the one," Clarke grinned, "of course, you'd remember the animals."

"Okay," Lexa agreed with a shy half smile, "when we get back, if you still want to, I will watch Harry Potter with you."

"Yeah?" Clarke grinned ear to ear.

"Yeah." Lexa confirmed. She offered her good hand to Clarke, "are you coming?" she glanced over at the treeline and then back at Clarke.

"Of course, I'd …" Clarke paused and Lexa got the feeling there was more she wanted to say, but didn't push. Lexa smiled and took Clarke's hand in hers. She listened as Clarke took a deep breath before she led them into the trees.

Chapter End Notes

We hope you enjoyed the chapter :)


Lexa was nervous. She had been in a lot of places across the world, some were more more dangerous than others.

But so far – nothing had made her nervous like the monster she was discovering that was this island jungle. She had never been anywhere like it.

It was murky and wet the deeper than went in, and it was disturbingly dark because of the canopy of leaves high above their heads even when the sun was shining bright. The trees themselves were twisted, vine-draped giants, packed so tightly together that no matter where you turned, it was hard to see anything except green moss and bark in front of your face. Animals and birds screamed at the sight of her and Clarke. And the little red camera buzzed along behind them. Because Lexa meant what she said, and now tried to keep it going twenty four seven.

But there was no clear cut path in this jungle like she was often used to, and they had to fight their way through. Not letting go of Clarke’s hand even for a second as they made their way forward at a snail’s pace, Lexa spoke up, “we can cut it,” she said, “if I had my ax with us. A knife won’t do the job, not efficiently.” She used her whole body to hold some ferns aside for Clarke to pass through.

“We don’t have an ax though,” Clarke reminded her, her voice sounding so small it made Lexa’s heart ache. It was that split second that she realized if she was nervous, this jungle had to be terrifying for Clarke, and that she was being so brave. Clarke lifted their joined hands, “and anyway you only have one good hand.”

“The hatchet was one thing that didn’t make it,” Lexa sighed and kept them moving forward. Back when she’d bought Costia and packed the emergency cubby with the raft and supplies she threw in several bags. But they had only been able to grab three of them before they had to jump into the water. But it didn’t matter. They could have jumped with no bags and she would have been happy as long as they were alive, “but it's okay,” she squeezed Clarke’s hand to reassure her and spoke her thoughts out loud, “we’re alive, and that’s what matters. The rest we’ll figure out.”

“We’re alive.” Clarke agreed, and even though she was clinging to her good hand for dear life Lexa could tell, she wanted to help more. There was no way in hell she was going to let Clarke know she was a little nervous with the way she was holding her hand like that and even though she’d love to explore this place even with the murkiness, if they didn’t have to have water she would turn them back rather than dragging Clarke further in here.

But they had to have water. If it didn’t rain for just a few days, they would be out. She made a note to tell her camera later, to keep looking even if it rained just for that reason.

But for now, she kept pushing their way through the trees and ferns, hoping they might find it soon. They had already been in here for quite some time.

“How do you know there’s water in here?” Clarke asked under her breath, her steps faltering as she tripped on a root. Clarke stopped, which made Lexa stop as well. When she looked back at her Clarke’s face was pale. But they had to keep going at least a little longer. Still, she moved into Clarke’s space to reassure her,
“We’re going to be okay, Clarke.”

“I believe you.” Clarke’s nod was small but determined, and Lexa felt a smile soften her own face. She looked around, but all she saw was trees and more trees, ferns, moss and vines,

“Well, there has to be water for all these trees,” she offered, turning back to Clarke. Lexa started moving them forward again, “this thick in the jungle, there has to be.”

“I thought you said their roots went out into the sea?”

Lexa smiled, because Clarke’s voice sounded stronger and held curiosity. She could work with that, “that’s just the mangroves. These others need fresh water.” She stumbled a step over a fallen branch and pointed it out to Clarke. Clarke stepped over it and Lexa pushed forward through more ferns, “and all the plants too.”

“What about the rain?” Clarke asked next, “that was a lot of rain and you said it does that almost every day?”

“Yes,” Lexa answered picking their way through lumbering green vines, “but there are still the animals,” she motioned up to where the latest group of monkeys were screeching and swinging away fast as they could, “they have to have a fresh water source. Where there is wildlife this abundant, plant or animal,” Lexa afforded her a smile as she tugged them forward, “there is going to be fresh water, Clarke.”

“So, you hope to find a waterfall soon?” Her voice took on a hopeful tone.

“Or a pond,” Lexa noticed that Clarke had relaxed a little so she kept them moving forward and talking, “a waterfall would have to have an underground spring, so while there could be one, it’s unlikely. But if there is one, there might be a cave behind it.”

“You could slip or fall, or there could be wild animals in there,” Clarke spoke up, “lets stay on the beach.”

Lexa shook her head, “we’d check for animals. There would be fresh signs of them living in there if there were, and such a cave would be a safe place to camp out of the elements. The beach doesn’t provide us enough adequate permanent shelter against storms.”

“Fiinne,” Clarke grumbled, and Lexa watched her kick at branches that were in her way but she kept following Lexa, “what I wouldn’t give for a big, juicy cheeseburger right about now.”

“That does sound good,” Lexa’s stomach rumbled at the thought of food and she heard Clarke’s growl too.

“How far do we have to go in before we find water?”

“Honestly,” Lexa pushed past vines and branches. It was beautiful in here too, and she wished she could enjoy it more, not to mention she thought looking down at what she had on, being dressed more appropriately, “I’m not sure. But we will keep looking. Don’t worry, Clarke.”

“I’ll try not to,” Clarke laughed and squeezed her hand a little, “after all, I got you.”

“You do,” Lexa knew she was probably reading more into those three words than she should. After all, they’d only kissed. They hadn’t promised anything else, except maybe making out again tonight. Or at least, she hoped they would. Lexa stumbled over a rock or she thought it was a rock until it dashed away, too quickly for her to identify it for sure, but she thought it was an armadillo. But that
was impossible. Most lived in grasslands. She had to be seeing things.

“Lex, you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Lexa looked over at Clarke and started moving them forward again, “we have to keep going.” she tried to shake the feeling about what she thought she saw, “we can only stay in a little longer before having to go back to the beach.”

“You know I trust you right?” Clarke asked, “I mean, you saved my life already countless times.”

“And you mine,” Lexa kept them moving. But something in Clarke’s tone made her look over at her, “what is it?” she slowed to a stop.

“It’s just...how are we going to get back, and what if we got turned around?” Clarke looked at the maze of jungle all around them. She looked Lexa in the eyes and shook her head softly, “I mean, we have no idea what’s in here really and that terrifies me.” She dragged her hand down her face at the admittance and heaved out a sigh.

She was afraid.Lexa’s should have realized that. That was what was underlying all the chatter for the past few minutes and she should have seen it sooner, Seen the toll the unknown was taking on Clarke. Lexa was used to these kind of things, but Clarke wasn’t.

She needed to keep that in mind.

“Listen,” Lexa said and squeezed Clarke’s hand, “we’re going to be okay,” Pulling her hand loose, she used it to brush sweaty blonde hair out of Clarke’s face, “from what we have seen so far, I kind of know what to expect in here. This island doesn’t seem large enough to support any dangerous big animals, such as big cats. It’s only what I’ve seen so far, so I could be wrong but-”

“That’s not exactly comforting, Lex,” Clarke sucked in a deep breath and moved closer to her.

“I won’t lie to you, Clarke,” that was one thing she would not do, not ever, especially not here when it could be important, “sorry, but I can tell you that it does seem to have a good variety of monkeys and there will probably be snakes...”

Clarke jumped and looked around, “I don’t like snakes.”

“But, we will be okay and we will find our way back,” Lexa motioned with her chin past Clarke’s shoulder, “turn around.” She watched as Clarke slowly turned to face the other direction, “see all the trampled vegetation we passed through?” there was crushed and broken ferns and branches everywhere, the undergrowth kicked and scattered about.

Clarke turned to her with a sheepish smile, “I guess it will be pretty easy to find our way back.”

“Told you,” Lexa couldn't resist teasing her.

“You did,” Clarke sighed heavily as she looked around them, “could still use a map though. Maybe I can draw one.”

“That could be helpful,” Lexa laughed. Taking Clarke’s hand, she started moving them forward again, “because I have to admit, we might not even be heading in the direction of water. With our luck, it could be anywhere on this island and it might take a few days of coming in here before we find it-” she froze quickly in her tracks as an aforementioned snake slithered right across their path. Lexa held her breath and set her bad hand against Clarke’s stomach to stop her from moving and startling it. After the snake was gone she exhaled and said, “that’s why we have to start looking for it
“Okay, you’re right. I may hate it, but I know you’re right,” Clarke let Lexa lead, “You know way more about all of this then I do.”

“You'll learn,” Lexa assured, “especially with us being trapped and-”

“Lex…”

Clarke’s tone and pull on her hand stopped her in her tracks again. She turned to find Clarke staring into the thick growth of jungle trees off to their right. It took her a second to focus on them too because she’d been keeping her eyes peeled for any sign of a water source.

“What’s that?” Clarke pointed, “it looks like metal, but is that actually possible?”

Squinting, Lexa saw it too. There was something shining dully under all the vines, branches and leaves, “it is metal..” moving toward it slowly, Lexa took Clarke with her. She had to pry Clarke’s hand out of hers to start clearing back moss, branches and ferns.

“What is it?” Clarke came forward and was helping her remove vegetation.

When they cleaned off enough to tell Lexa stood back in shock with Clarke and stared at the rusted wing of a small plane, “it’s a plane.” Rushing forward fast Lexa jumped up onto the wing to try and uncover more of it. But since she only had one hand to work with, she couldn’t clear the bigger branches.

“Lexa stop!” Clarke demanded. “Let me do it, I can get it better than you,” Clarke wriggled both hands in front of her.

“Please!” Lexa nodded and jumped down. She watched as Clarke set to work getting the bigger branches and vines. It took her a about twenty minutes to uncover the front of the plane and another twenty or so to uncover the back.

But finally it was uncovered, and standing there Lexa took in the sight of while Clarke jumped down and took a step back. They linked hands and stared in awe under the rust and grime was a two-seater military aircraft.

“I don’t know anything about planes.” Lexa muttered staring at it.

Clarke shook her head and moved forward to touch the rust where there was a little bit of paint, “it has to be…it has to be at least sixty years old.”

Lexa reached for her canteen and took a deep drink. Her mouth was suddenly dry with the discovery and everything it meant, “someone else was here.” it could have been one, maybe two other people.

“Wow,” Clarke’s voice was full of wonder and excitement, and Lexa could relate. It was quite the discovery.

Behind her, Lexa was vaguely aware of the little red camera. Sometimes she forgot about it when she was caught up in something. But this deserved telling about so she whipped about quickly, “so, its me Lexa.. and it’s day two, and we just found this plane back here,” she glanced behind her to where it lay. Lexa moved and started picking up some of the lighter branches that had buried it, “under all this, and we’re gonna go…” she dropped everything she had been holding, “we’re going to go check it out.”
Lexa moved toward the plane, “someone else was clearly here before us, but it's also clearly been a very long time..” she got her good hand on the lip of what once was the cockpit and thought for a minute about using the one attached wing of the two to climb up into it before starting to step up onto it.

“What the hell are you doing? That isn’t safe, Lex.” Clarke jumped forward and grabbed her wrist, “What do you expect to find? I’ve said its been here like sixty years or something? Whatever was there wouldn’t have withstood the elements and everything. At least I don’t think so.”

“We have to search it, regardless” Lexa said to her, looking back in frustration, “I don’t know what we might find, but if there is anything in here.” She moved and jumped onto a lower branch of a tree that hung close to the cockpit.

“Fine, if you insist, but please be careful,” Clarke called after her.

Lexa nodded back and jumped down inside what used to be the cockpit, the seats were gone, as were all the controls in the dash. The glass was all smashed out but she carefully touched the little shards that were left over, “we can use this glass to cut with,” she called to Clarke, “I mean, we have to consider everything,” she made her way toward the back half of the cockpit and knelt and tried to pull up some rusted panels that looked like they covered storage space. Lexa grunted because her fingers were slipping on it, since she couldn’t get a grip with just one hand.

A second later, she heard Clarke sigh before watching climb up onto the same branch she’d used, “what are you trying to do? Do you need some help?”

“Get in here,” Lexa called out to her. She reached for her knife and stuck it into the panel. She cursed and bit her lip a little because it was sealed shut tighter than she’d expected. Lexa had heard what Clarke had said and knew the plane had to have been here a long time. She also knew the odds were stacked against them, and if there was anything in this plane they could still use, Lexa was determined to find it.

“I'm coming in,” Clarke was next to her a second later before she took the knife away and started to pry the panel free. Finally it popped open and Clarke pulled the rusted panel off.

Lexa pushed her aside and looked in at the empty space. She was so sure she was going to find something that the lack of anything left behind hit her hard. She sighed and sat back against the rusted metal wall of the plane and wiped the sweat from her face, “I’m sorry,” she muttered in frustration, “I was just hoping-”

“Don’t be sorry,” Clarke interrupted her, “it was a smart idea. We can’t risk overlooking anything that could be useful, I know. It’s nice to know someone else was here though,” Clarke tried to maneuver around Lexa, but ended up pressed against her instead. Lexa saw Clarke’s eyes dart to her lips and she couldn't help but swallow thickly. “What do you think happened to the pilot?”

“Who knows,” Lexa’s pulse started rushing the second Clarke had brushed up against her, she was staring at Clarke’s lips too and quickly cast her eyes aside. After a beat she added, “maybe, maybe he got rescued? If that's the case then this little island is definitely on the map. Someone has to know about it.” She picked at the rusted floor of the old plane. Not to her surprise, pieces of rust came off in her hands. She glanced at Clarke, “I just thought we ...might find something here.” she said, “I mean ...it’s a plane on an island. A radio, something.”

“Maybe they took it with them,” Clarke suggested softly.

“Maybe,” Lexa sighed though, just now remembering it wouldn’t matter anyway, because if this
plane had been here for decades any radio it might have would had long been dead anyway. She shifted and felt her hand brush across the top of Clarke’s beside her. It sounded cliche but she was sure her skin tingled at the contact. Lexa found herself looking down at their hands, and then back up at pink chapped lips.

Clarke was the one to close the gap between them, and Lexa groaned because she was unable to resist anymore, all restraint was suddenly gone as she quickly pulled Clarke into her lap.

When their lips touched, Lexa sunk into the kiss and felt Clarke tangle her hands into her sweaty hair and pulled them impossibly closer. “I love being able to kiss you now. It’s been so hard trying to not too when I thought you hated me. All I could think about half the time was kissing you.”

“Half the time,” Lexa admitted slowly, thinking back on it all, “even when you were rushing up to me in jungles on the other side of the world, I still thought you were gorgeous,” Lexa sighed and wet her lips, and stared at Clarke’s pink ones that were still so close to hers, “You were frustrating and annoying as hell, but so damn pretty. Though you probably couldn’t tell it.” She brought her lips closer to Clarke’s so they were almost touching.

“I couldn't, but if I'm being honest, for me it was more than half the time. More like all the time. From the first time I met you, I thought you were so beautiful and so fucking sexy,” Clarke rubbed her thumb across Lexa's lips and she leaned in to the feel of Clarke's lips against her own, “I never would have thought that. I really thought you couldn’t stand me. I mean I ruined a lot of things for you and I regret that so much now,” Clarke trailed off.

“I know you do and that's what matters, but if you hadn't done it, who's to say we would have met,” Lexa smiled.

“Now I get to kiss you whenever I want...I hope,” Clarke leaned in and captured her lips again before Lexa could reply.

As the kiss broke, Lexa she trailed her thumb across Clarke’s lower lip again before saying, “half the time all I could think of was kissing you too.”

She slid her hand back into Clarke’s hair and tugged her closer until their lips touched. Lexa kissed her softly at first, slowly mapping out Clarke's mouth. She didn’t know who started shaking between them, but she tightened her hand in Clarke’s mouth and groaned into the sweet kiss, “fuck, Clarke-” she whimpered into the kiss. She couldn’t help it, not when Clarke moaned and tightened her fingers. Not when she was kissing her back so hard and deep that she couldn’t think of anything else but getting Clarke naked and under her, “fuck.”

She wanted her.

The realization hit Lexa hard, how badly she wanted Clarke. It had been a long time since she’d wanted anyone. Her head was spinning though, and her body and limbs turning into jelly right on the rusted floor of the plane. She had to break the kiss at last, because Clarke deserved better than the floor of a plane, if that was going to happen. And Lexa didn’t know that. So she took a deep breath and leaned her forehead against Clarke’s to try and get control of herself as the jungle grew a little darker around them. “I hate to say this, but..” she stroked a hand down the back of Clarke’s hair, “we should go. We really need to go.”

“Do we have to?” Clarke pressed herself against Lexa and hugged her tight. “I’d rather stay here and kiss you,” She sighed when Lexa shook her head.

“Me too, but it's not safe,” Lexa leaned in and kissed her softly, “its a wild jungle..”
“Fuck, you’re right!” Clarke’s eyes shot wide, “we should go. I don’t want to be in here at night…” she looked past Lexa’s shoulder to the jungle beyond the edge of the plane, “what are we waiting for?” Clarke had spooked herself, Lexa could tell and Lexa couldn't help but chuckle under her breath. “Don’t laugh at me,” she pouted. “That’s mean.”

“I’m not,” Lexa insisted, trying to hide her laughter. She leaned back against the plane better and looked up at Clarke, “and I would love to get going, but I can’t move.”

“Well,” Lexa answered, “because first, you’ll have to get off my lap.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed. Please follow us on tumblr at Stormchaser1117 and adistantstarblog :)  
For more about Wild Earth visit my tumblr here.
Getting down from the rusted plane was easier than getting into it had been. Lexa sat on the edge of the cockpit and half-slid, half-jumped down. Clarke did the same and Lexa took her hand, “okay.” She said, pausing to survey the dense jungle around them.

She couldn’t hear any of the animals and a quick glance up at the canopy of leaves showed less light shining through. It told her that it was a later in the day than she hoped it would be.

“You okay?”

“Yeab, just later than I thought,” She lifted her good wrist to look at her watch, taking Clarke’s hand with her. Lexa bit her lip. when she saw it was already past three and it had taken them several hours to get in here. The little camera hummed on behind them as she sighed and looked at Clarke, “we should probably go back.”

Clarke nodded, “okay, yeah…”

Lexa smiled at her in amusement. She knew Clarke had been spooked. One second, she was all about staying in the plane and kissing until they were left breathless. But the very next she was up and itching to go. Lexa turned to glance back at the plane they had uncovered, it sat there rusted and half buried in vine. One wing had collapsed and the cockpit was smashed, but it had stayed relatively intact.

It was a relic from another time.

She thought of the pilot and his fate sadly had to be fifty-fifty. Either he had died on this island, which she wouldn’t tell Clarke was a possibility, or he had gotten home. Either way if the plane was from the second world war or around that time period – odds were extremely thin that they were going to find a old man living here.

“I don’t know,” Clarke said, watching the plane too, as though she’d sensed Lexa’s thoughts. Clarke shrugged and smiled at her, “maybe …maybe he found some natives, I don’t know. Became king of their village? Had a lot of children?”

“Seriously, Clarke?” Lexa asked her, shaking her head as Clarke's imagination ran wild.

“Well, you never know. It could happen,” Clarke defended herself, “and if there’s people on this island, it makes our chances better too? I mean, what if they saw him as a god-“

“Seriously, Clarke,” Lexa said again. She shook her head in amusement though before she got her bearings and started forward back through the trees. It was at the same snail's pace as before with the red camera buzzing along after them. Brambles and ferns were tearing at her legs through the unsuitable fabric of the sweatpants she had on.

She paid attention to the jungle floor because if they were going to run across anything deadly to them, it was going to probably be a snake like the one she’d seen earlier. Lexa explained, “if there are humans on this island, then probably some government knows about them. Which means whoever it was probably went home. But it’s a good thing, because, as I’ve said, it puts this island on the map. I mean we are still in the Pacific Ocean I am sure-“
“-but,” Clarke interrupted, “if there is someone here and they saw him as a god they could see us as
Gods too,” she squeezed Lexa’s hand as they walked, “or Goddesses, I mean.”

“I’m not thinking so,” Lexa said pressing onward through the jungle, “that sort of thing has been
highly promoted for entertainment when its roots are actually quite complex as to where these stories
come from. If you want to know about them, there are some fantastic documentaries out there that
explain the stereotype. They compare the odds of it happening and tell you what living on an island
would be like.” She bit her lip though because their way back was getting really rough to manage,
even though this was the same way they came in. She paused and looked around a little to get her
bearings.

“But they would think we fell out of the sky like he did or something.” Clarke stopped abruptly,
which made Lexa stop too. She looked at Clarke in time to see her glance back toward the plane that
was already out of sight through even though they hadn't walked far. But when Clarke looked back
at her with a amused smile on her face and a sparkle in her blue eyes.

Lexa sighed softly and exhaled, “you’re teasing me,” She blew air out of her mouth softly and
blushed a little bit.

“I am teasing you,” Clarke admitted, reaching up to slide a thumb across her face. It made Lexa’s
skin tingle and it made her lower belly clench at the same time. It also made her take a deep breath.
Clarke stepped back, “I just love watching how …excited you get, passionate.” Her eyes moved
over Lexa for moment before they dropped to where their hands were clasped.

Lexa saw the look and glanced at their hands too. She stared at their fingers entwined. Her slightly
darker ones that were calloused by her way of living were a complete contrast to Clarke’s pale softer,
smaller ones that created art.

Not to mention Clarke stirred her with just a touch.

She stepped toward Clarke which made here look up. In the background, Lexa heard birds starting to
call to each other in the trees at last, as though warning each other that night was falling. Normally
that would send her heart into a flurry of panic, with them being in a wild jungle. Instead, inside her
heart was quickening for other reasons. She sucked in a deep breath and gently tugged her hand
away from Clarke’s to slide it carefully along Clarke’s soft jaw.

Lexa looked up as she slid her hand further back into blonde hair. Right as Clarke looked back at her
softly, Lexa stepped in again and started to open her mouth to kiss Clarke, something over Lexa’s
shoulder caught her eye.

It was a wide sheet of stone laid in the ground, between the tall trees. It looked out of place. Her
heart skipped a beat because on the other side of that first sheet of stone another was laid down. One
right after the other. Lexa’s heart skipped even more as she stood with her hand on Clarke’s face,
frozen at what she was seeing.

There was a path through the jungle. Lexa felt Clarke move in and put her arms around her.

Finally take a deep breath of air into her lungs, she exhaled it all at once.

Clarke must have felt how stiff she was, “Lexa are you okay?”

“There's a stone path.”

“A...a what?” Clarke asked carefully as though she wasn’t sure she heard right, just as much as Lexa
wasn’t sure if she had been seeing things a second ago. The excitement of discovery had Lexa
stepping in quickly and putting their lips together to kiss her soundly, “there is a path,” she repeated, taking Clarke’s hand. Lexa turned Clarke around and she knew the exact second Clarke saw it.

Clarke’s hand gripped hers harder for a few seconds and her mouth parted in surprise, “Oh my god!”

“It seems your jungle village might be a thing after all,” Lexa teased before she took off running with Clarke's hand tight in hers. Adrenaline pumped through her as she leaped over ferns, rocks and moss covered trunks of trees that had fallen.

“I said I was kidding about that,” Clarke spoke up, but kept pace with her. Lexa just smiled back at her, too excited to see where the path led. The red camera continued to zip along behind them.

Which Lexa suddenly remembered as she skidded to a stop, “well there was definitely someone here,” she announced, whipping around briefly to face the camera, “probably our pilot,” Lexa spun back to the path behind her. It was very long and fashioned completely out of flat stones that were each about three feet wide. The path kept going until it vanished into the depths of the jungle. Growth crawled in around it, right to the edges and small ferns sprang up in the cracks between, but it was still clearly visible.

She let go of Clarke's hand and knelt near the first stone and could barely contain her excitement, “Lexa Woods, Wild Earth. So its only day two and we found an actual path!” she ran her fingers over the stone and looked up at her camera. Quickly she ran her fingers around the edges of the stone to check, “definitely man-made!” she pushed to her feet, her words coming out very fast, “it leads off through this part of the jungle back here. Probably laid down to hold back the vegetation. Whoever did this knew exactly what they were doing.” she exhaled, “and we're about to see what is at the other end. Clarke?” Lexa beamed at her.

“Yeah?” Clarke looked a little nervous, smiling nervously. But excited too.

Lexa would fix her being nervous, “ready?” she asked, brows lifting, grinning, she offered her hand forward, “It will be okay.”

Clarke nodded, “okay.” she slipped her hand back into hers.

Lexa rubbed her thumb back and forth across the back of it before turning back to her camera, “okay,” she spoke up, “here we go.” she turned to the path of stones and set off down it at, “we will have to hurry,” she spoke as they went.

She shoved aside ferns in their way and stomped on smaller ones and cleared stone after stone, “because we do still have to be back on the beach...but this is a big discovery for Clarke and I really...” she glanced back at the camera and kept going, “it means a lot. It means there might be something useful at the end of this trail if someone took the time to mark it through the jungle. It means-” the path narrowed and took an unexpected turn suddenly.

“Means what?” Clarke's excitement could be heard in her voice, but Lexa could hear a current of fear underneath.

She stopped and turned back to see Clarke was pulling brambles from her hair. Lexa had forgotten what she was going to say. She shook her head and moved to help Clarke get them out. She could see the look of worry on Clarke’s face when she saw her glance up at the fading canopy. Lexa did too and set a hand to her shoulder, “we will be okay, Clarke. I will get us back in time.”

“I know,” Clarke answered right away, “I trust you,” Clarke wet her lips a little and Lexa recognized it as a sign of being nervous. She let out a puff of air and hadn’t meant to, but she followed Clarke's
tongue, and watched it slide in and out.

She forgot for a second, even though she was on a path that led to a new discovery, but Clarke had her complete attention. Lexa was always chasing something because she loved what she did. Even when she was afraid, she still loved it because usually the best things were always found just beyond her fears.

Clarke was a new unknown to her and Lexa realised in that exact second – she was chasing her.

And she hadn't even meant to.

And she didn't even know when it happened.

Last she knew, Clarke had just been Clarke Griffin, an Arkadia News reporter that came crashing into her expeditions. But somewhere, in all of the past days, that had changed. Clarke Griffin was a beautiful, smart, sassy and caring and perhaps a little bit over-protective, woman.

Lexa's heart gave a single beat and she wet her own lips. She glanced at the hewn rock path leading her into the jungle. She looked at Clarke...and she knew.

She knew she was at a crossroad in more ways than one, but was unable to guess which way to choose. One path was laid out clearly in front of her; but the other held lust, confusion and new feelings. Yet...she blanked on the word she was looking for. It wasn’t trepidation. There couldn’t be any of that lingering from things before, not after what they went through together and were still going through. But there was fear.

“Lexa?”

Lexa's eyes shot up to Clarke's face. She smiled a tiny, almost not there smile back at her.

Clarke asked, “you okay?”

“Yes,” Lexa spoke up, “yes, I'm fine.”

Automatically, she started looking for her camera, and heard it humming, but couldn't see it. Lexa finally realised it was on trapped between two small branches. She smirked and started laughing at the camera to hide how nervous she really was.

At least around Clarke.

Her laughing made Clarke raise an eyebrow in question, but a small amused smile graced her lips, “what?”

“Never had the other camera get stuck,” Lexa couldn’t tell the rest of it, not the truth out loud just yet. She tried to blow it all off with a shrug and reached and untangled her camera before letting it go in the air. Turning she took Clarke’s hand more carefully now, “let’s keep moving,” she started up the path again. It was growing more narrow, more hidden in the jungle, and harder to follow.

It was a struggle in some places, and getting darker by the minute. She felt her hopes start sinking and started to wonder if they should go back to the beach and if this would have to wait until morning. She was about to suggest it, but right as she opened her mouth to, the path took a sharp turn.

Lexa pulled to a screeching halt, almost falling over, she'd stopped so fast. The only reason she managed not fall because Clarke braced an arm on a tree and caught her. Lexa felt her breath stop as
she took in the sight before her.

It was impossible.

“Lexa...” Clarke tugged on her shirt.

But it wasn’t, was it?

“Lex…” Clarke grabbed her arm.

That finally pierced through her shock. Lexa rubbed at her face, “yes, Clarke?”

“Do you see it too?” Clarke pointed ahead. Her hand came down to grip Lexa’s tightly.

“I do.” Lexa felt herself nodding and staring ahead. She couldn’t even turn to look at Clarke.

Because there, right in the middle of a natural clearing in front of them, surrounded by fruit trees, was a crystal clear pond. But it was neither the trees nor the pond that had their attention. It was what sat on the other side of that pond that did.

It was modest. It was built of rock, bamboo and wood. It was broken in places and the front door was missing. Still, Lexa tugged Clarke along gently by the hand and took a single step toward it, “its a house.”

Chapter End Notes

Come check out our tumblrs at stormchaser1117 and a distantstarblog for more content :)

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For more about Wild Earth visit my tumblr here.
“It’s a house…” Clarke felt otherwise speechless as she stared at where it sat, tucked into a pocket of green jungle and canopy overhead, as though it had been placed in a bubble, and she couldn’t shake the feeling of shock. Her skin had goosebumps on it even in the jungle and had since she’d first set eyes on it. She dared a glance at Lexa who was staring at it, wide-eyed as she’d ever seen the adventurer.

“We should go see it,” Lexa’s voice sounded soft and dry and the same time. Clarke only managed a nod and Lexa was carefully pulling her along into the clearing and except for the hum of the camera behind them, the whole jungle suddenly fell silent the closer they got to the house.

“Is it safe?” Clarke couldn’t help but ask, even though nothing they had encountered so far had really been safe - considering they were in a jungle on a island in the middle of the ocean, “I mean, do you think the pilot built this house?”

Nodding slowly, Lexa kept her eyes ahead, “I don’t think it could have been anyone else.” Her eyes circulated the trees, “as for the house, we don’t know if there’s anything in there yet,” she wrenched her hand free and for a second Clarke panicked,

“Lex..no..I…” her heart was thudding in her chest. I need that… she bit her lips hard on the words that went unspoken.

“Hold my arm,” Lexa moved her right arm out for Clarke to take hold of, and pulled out her knife with her good one she had left. Clarke felt sheepish and relieved at once and took the arm as they crept closer around the side of the clear pond and toward the little waiting house.

“I saw there were monkeys here, mostly…” Lexa was talking, but images of leopards asleep on rafters hung in Clarke’s mind anyway.

“We have to be careful, right?” Clarke tried not to hold Lexa’s arm too tight as they inched forward more. She stopped in her tracks and that made Lexa jerk to a stop too, “what if there’s animals living in there?” She voiced her thoughts, then realised that’s why Lexa must have pulled the knife.

“We will be okay,” Lexa’s said, but Clarke looked down to see her fingertips shifting around the handle of her knife anyway. She spared a glance at their surroundings, Clarke did too. They had water.

“Can we drink out of that?” Clarke asked. The far edge had what was left of a stone dock crumbling down into the water.

“I think we can,” Lexa’s voice sounded so cautious though, focused on the task at hand. Clarke’s stomach was squirming about the house too, so she understood her not jumping for joy yet, about the water, “whoever the pilot was, they were here for a very long time.” Clarke only nodded. They were within just a few feet of the house now. Lexa stopped and turned to her, “are you okay? Did you...do you want to go in there?” she looked toward the empty frame of the door, a hint of an excited smile played at the edges of her lips.

She was loving this. Clarke snorted softly, because for the sake of that smile, she knew she was
Lexa held her breath and hoped Clarke would say yes. She knew sometimes, she could be a little careless. She knew, sometimes, she just plunged right into things. That’s how she ended up in scrapes in the past. Usually, she’d of charged right into the house without a second thought; filming and inspecting whatever was in there.

But usually, she didn’t have someone else with her; especially someone she was starting to want to be with. So she spoke up quickly, “its okay if you don’t want to.” She was sincere, and tried hard not to let her disappointment at the prospect show.

“Course I do,” Clarke squeezed her arm, and the three little words and the little squeeze itself made Lexa’s excitement bubble out. She got excited, finding things, travelling the world.

But she hadn’t felt this level of nerves mixed with excitement in such a long time; so long, she’d forgotten the thrill. But Lexa snapped out of it quickly, because, all of the sudden, Clarke was just walking toward the house, “I do. I’m just nervous because we have no idea what we’re going to find. What if we find the pilot?...” stopping just outside the door Clarke grimace and looked back at her and then at the ground, “I mean, its doubtful he would still be alive, right?”

Lexa took a deep breath and joined Clarke at the door, “then..we bury him,” she said gently. Clarke gave one nod and Lexa looked through the door into the house on the other side. She could only see a few feet in from where she was standing and saw stone floor made out of the same flat stone as the path, “on three?” she looked at Clarke, and offered an encouraging smile.

“Together?”

“Together,” Lexa agreed.

Clarke gripped her arm a little tighter, “one.”

“Two..” Lexa stared into the house and didn’t know why she was holding her breath, “three!” she said at the same time as Clarke and at the same time as Clarke, stepped through the door.

Lexa looked around, still holding her breath. But it was for another reason other then nerves. Light that fell through windows that most of the slats had been broken out of cast puddles on the floor.

There was a large hole in one wall and she took in the sparse handcrafted furnishings, a table and chairs, an empty fireplace and of all things, a frame of a handcrafted bed tucked into a corner. She swallowed softly and tugging Clarke’s hand, took another step into the room. The feel in the house was calm and sad, like it knew its occupant was gone.

With a glance at Clarke and holding her breath, Lexa skirted past a support beam and crept further into the quiet room. With Clarke’s hand on her arm she looked up to find many hooks hanging from the rafters, leather sacks and even hammered metal pots and pans that looked like they had once been pieces of airplane. There was also a large hole in one wall she could see jungle through where the stones had fallen out to the floor.

“They have candles,” Clarke’s voice whispered. They were on the table. Lexa nodded and finally stopped to stare at the hand-carved chest at the foot of the bed. That was all of it. And thankfully, they hadn’t found any human remains.

Lexa moved to the center of the room and scoped out her camera that, sure enough, had followed
them in, “day two...on our island. It seems we have found the pilot’s cabin, and I think he was here a very long time.” she moved and ran a hand across the empty framework of the bed. Pushing at it with her hand she expected it to break or fall apart, but it held together, surprising her.

“Sturdy,” Clarke murmured.

Turning she was also surprised to find Clarke examining what looked like a handmade fishing pole near a corner where some handmade crates and stocked shelves were, “we don’t know who they were, but we can probably guess they were a craftsman, or became one.”

“I gotta say I’m impressed with what’s here, I could have never done even half of this,” Clarke had started to dig through the crates, but was torn away from her search when a fishing pole fell beside her.

“Careful,” Lexa walked over to stand beside Clarke, picked up the fishing pole and handed it to her.

“Do you think there’s fish in the pond?” She asked with a smile.

“Possibly,” Lexa wasn't sure, but right now they didn't have time to see as she glanced outside to see it getting darker.

“It’s getting late isn’t it?” Clarke asked when Lexa turned back from the window.

“It is,” Lexa said sadly. She looked around the inside of the cabin. Standing inside, it was hard to remember they were actually in a wild jungle. She didn't feel quite as on guard and felt relatively safe, but knew the place wasn't safe enough, “it’s not safe to stay here, yet, Clarke,” taking a deep breath she admitted what she was thinking, “but I want to be able to stay here. I want to fix it.”

Then it all caught up with her.

Lexa’s heart started beating faster because she knew they would be okay, “We found water, food and shelter all in one place. Those three things are key to surviving here,” she shot a smile back at her camera when a thought occurred to her, “Clarke?” she turned to her, “do you think he was happy here?” Lexa glanced around again before she moved closer to Clarke. Stopping herself, Lexa’s eyes were drawn down to Clarke’s lips because she was close enough to touch.

Lexa watched as Clarke bit her bottom lip, “We can fix it up and it can be our place, right?” She stepped closer to Lexa, “and I’d like to think he was...happy, I mean,” She answered and Lexa tried not to moan when Clarke pressed her body against hers.

Clarke angled her head to look into her eyes and leaned forward until there was a breath of space between their lips and she knew, Clarke was giving her a choice.

“I think we can,” Lexa closed the remaining distance and kissed her. With Clarke looking at her like that, Lexa couldn't not kiss her. She dropped her knife in order to bring her good hand to the small of Clarke’s back to hold her closer. Clarke’s lips were chapped, but felt perfect and warm under hers. Lexa pulled away for a second to catch her breath before kissing her again.

She sucked gently on Clarke’s lower lip and tugged. Clarke’s mouth opened for hers and Lexa grunted as she slid her hand up into blonde hair and teased her tongue between Clarke’s pretty lips. Fireworks seemed to explode behind her eyelids as their tongues tangled together. She pushed up harder against Clarke and threaded her fingers through her tangled blonde hair to hold her in place.

The kiss broke as they took deep breaths as Clarke spoke up softly, “I...umm...we should probably
“get going right?” She saw Clarke rake her eyes down her body and swallow thickly, “I mean, we don’t...we could...” She husked, but when Lexa stepped closer, Clarke trailed off. Lexa couldn't help but smile knowing Clarke was as affected as she was.

“We should,” Lexa whispered. She was breathing too hard though and knew if this happened just from just one kiss, Lexa couldn’t wait to see what happened when it was more. She looked at Clarke’s lips, her own mouth parted a little. She moved in and kissed her again quickly because she just couldn’t help herself.

Clarke was quickly becoming addicting.

Finally pulling herself away, Lexa found her knife and picked it up from the floor, “ready?” she asked, looking toward the door. It was nearly dark out, but not quite.

They were going to have to run like hell if they wanted to make it back to the beach before dark. Lexa found herself considering if staying here was the better option, but one look at the broken windows and walls told her that wouldn't be a good idea. If they stayed, they would be sitting ducks if something was really out there.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Clarke grabbed her arm again and they made their way out of the house, “Oh crap, it’s getting dark already,” Clarke looked around and groaned, “I don’t want to be in here at night exposed like this, it’s creepy. Should we just stay in the house or make run to the beach?”

Lexa carefully studied the sky through the leaves, “there’s about a half hour of light left,” she spoke up and looked back at Clarke. She kept telling herself they’d only seen monkeys so far, but if there was anything else out there then the house was not a safe option. At least not until they fixed all the holes and put in a door.

“Is that enough time to make it back?” Clarke clutched her arm tighter.

“It should be, if we hurry. Right now staying here isn't safe, anything can get in the house and we'd be sitting ducks,” Lexa decided not wanting to put either of them at risk, “we can make it, but we're going to have to run the whole way,” She put away her knife and gripped Clarke’s hand, “ready?”

“Let’s go,” Clarke held on as they bolted back down the stone path and towards the beach, “How far away are we?” She asked as they ran.

“Well, we’ve been gone all day,” Lexa pointed out, crashing through ferns and pulling Clarke with her, “but during most of that, we were creeping along and making a path in here. Which is why I think we can make it before nightfall,” Monkeys screamed and ran off as they tore through the jungle along the path they had broken on the way in,

“I hope so.”

“And we found water!” Excitement finally was starting to work its way through her body now that the shock of finding the cabin was wearing off. Looking back at Clarke as they ran, Lexa grinned at her, “we’re going to be-

-she ran smack into a tree, “ow! Fuck!” she shouted, dropping Clarke’s hand as she fell hard onto her back, “shit...shit...shit...” Lexa’s hand shot to her face as her head spun and pain jarred through it. Anya would be yelling at her for not watching where she was going because she was staring at a pretty girl.

Clarke whirled about, “crap, Lexa, are you okay?”
Lexa started laughing at herself, “is it bleeding?” Lexa got out between laughs. She rubbed her face, but stopped abruptly when it shot a sharp pain through her, “aw fuck, that hurts.”

Clarke bent down to check on her, but Lexa could see Clarke trying not to laugh at her but couldn’t hold back for long and once she realised she was fine, Clarke cracked up. Laying there, Lexa couldn’t help but chuckle along, quite certain they were scaring any animals that might have been close away.

Finally, in a midst of soft grins and chuckles, Clarke reached out and helped her back to her feet and Lexa stood still for her, as Clarke leaned in and inspected her face, “You have a small cut on your forehead, but otherwise you’re okay,” Lexa's heart skipped a beat when Clarke softly kissed next to the cut and then smiled against her skin, “What got you so distracted, Lexa?”

Lexa snorted in amusement at herself and rubbed the cut again, wincing slightly, “pretty girls tend to do that,” she muttered. Getting ahold of herself she found Clarke’s hand and looked around until she found the camera hovering close by where it had filmed the entire mishap, “Lexa Woods the Adventurer,” she snorted again, “runs into a tree.”

“Smooth moves you got there, Lex,” Clarke laughed before she stopped abruptly and cupped her cheek, “Are you really okay though?”, Clarke ran her hands down Lexa’s body and she couldn't help but shiver beneath Clarke's touch.

“I’m okay,” Lexa was touched by Clarke's concern.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t have laughed,” Clarke grinned at her anyway, “but you make it rreeaally hard sometimes.”

“Don’t be. It was funny.” Lexa moved hair out of Clarke’s face, “and I am really okay minus a small headache, not surprising.”

“I’ll just have to keep an eye on you,” Clarke answered, her eyes flicked up to Lexa’s forehead, “and we need to clean that cut, too.”

“Okay,” Lexa agreed, “but first, we need to get out of here. Ready?” Clarke nodded, and holding onto her hand tight Lexa took off running. She was a bit dizzy, from the fall. But right now, she really needed to get them out of the jungle.

Ten minutes later they broke cover and Lexa had never been so happy in her life to see a beach. She glanced back at Clarke and smiled as they sprinted across soft sand, clearly not learning her lesson about watching where she was going. But there was only their tiny tree out here. And she didn’t think she could get that unlucky. Arriving at it she stopped and dropped to her knees in their camp and scrambled toward the water they’d left, “you need to drink something,” she called over her shoulder. She heard Clarke chuckle and looked in time to see her shake her head.

“Lets focus on you getting something to drink first,” she approached and stood where Lexa was, “I will after you.”

Lexa only looked up at her and held the canteen out. When Clarke didn’t take it and only crossed her arms, she grunted and put the canteen between her knees and twisted off the top before gulping out of it quickly so she could hand it off to Clarke, “how’s that?”

“Drink some more and I’ll be satisfied,” Clarke looked down at her firmly.

“Clarke,” Lexa said sternly as she pushed to her feet and glanced toward the treeline before looking at her again, “you have just been running through a tropical jungle. You need water.” but Clarke
didn’t budge. Lexa raised an eyebrow at her and glared over the canteen as she drank down several more swallows of water before holding it out again.

“Thank you,” Clarke took it and gulped down the rest and wiped her mouth with her hand, “That wasn’t so hard now was it?”

“I don’t know,” Lexa snorted and went toward the raft. She started kicking the rocks away that were holding the tarp down, “I mean, I’m not used to, I mean...well...”

“You’re not used to being told you need to do things for yourself, too?” her tone was soft, almost sad. Lexa took a steely breath not sure she was ready for where this was going.

“I’ve never had a travelling partner before, well, not one that lasted longer than a hour.” she kicked another rock away, and started tugging at the tarp.

“You’re important too, Lexa, and I’ll be happy to remind you,” Clarke swallowed and got quiet for a second and it was enough to make Lexa look at her. Clarke started again, “I care, and I’d be lost without you.” Lexa froze in surprise, and Clarke leaned in and helped her pull the tarp the rest of the way off the raft.

“Thank you..” Lexa barely whispered. She didn’t know what else to say, and even that didn’t feel quite right. Her heart was pounding a mile a minute, she hadn’t been expecting what Clarke had said. So she started pulling the dry wood out of the raft a piece at a time as quickly as she could, and carrying it to where they made the fire the night before. She changed the subject as she did by talking to her camera as it followed her back and forth, “so..we found water,” Lexa added, “and possibly food, and maybe shelter. I would say it was a pretty good day, and it's only day two. I also ran smack-dab into a tree. But we might save that for the blooper reel.” She had quite a pile of wood now, and dropped to her knees to stack it. She was very, very aware of Clarke standing there smiling at her and if she was being honest it not only filled her stomach with butterflies but it made her want more than kissing.

“Lexa?”

“Yeah?” she furrowed her brow, it wasn’t easiest doing this with one hand, especially being distracted, pleasantly.

“Will you teach me how to build a fire?”

L exa stopped and looked up at Clarke in surprise, “I would love to,” she said after a second. Lexa scooted back, folded her legs underneath her and motioned Clarke over, “come here...no wait. Go and get the lighter from the bags first please,” she motioned toward the raft.

“Yes, ma’am,” Clarke darted over the raft and Lexa watched as she dug through their meager supplies. It didn't take long until Clarke was back at her side, “Okay, now what?” Clarke asked as she sat down right next to her with their legs touching. Clarke handed her the lighter.

“Well,” Lexa breathed softly, staring at Clarke’s leg for a moment before finally tearing her eyes away. She slipped the lighter into her jacket pocket, “we’re only going to use this if we have to.”

“Wait, what do you mean?” Clarke's brows furrowed which Lexa found adorable.

“Well because there’s lots of ways to make a fire without needing a lighter. Plus we’re out in the wild and the lighter will run out of fluid eventually so we need to know how to do it without one,” She added quickly, “but only if you want to though, if not we can just use the lighter and-” Lexa stopped when she realized she was going on and on again, “anyway um...” she motioned to where
the driftwood was scattered, “get one of those?” Lexa pushed her hair out of her face as she blew out a deep breath.

“Does this work?” she grabbed a piece and held it out to Lexa before leaning in and kissing her on the lips. Clarke sat back looking coy, “couldn’t help it. You’re so cute when you ramble.”

Lexa’s limbs still felt like jelly from that little kiss. But she blinked and tried to get it together but the words that came out of her mouth failed in her effort, “you really are distracting, you know?” two could play that game. Just wait. She took the little piece of wood, “perfect.”

“Oh, I’m not the only one.” Clarke husked and leaned in closer.

“But I only have one hand,” Lexa reminded and playfully tossed the bit of wood to the sand between them, “so...you’re going to have to hold that down on the sand for me if we’re going to do this properly. Just hold one end.” she smirked though, watching Clarke lean in and concentrate on grabbing the end of the stick, because she was pretty sure Clarke had no idea where this was going to. And it was adorable.

“I’d rather hold you down,” Clarke mumbled under her breath, but looked up with a smirk as though to check if Lexa caught that.

She had. But she tried to sound reproachful, “what was that?” but she couldn’t help the blush that coated her cheeks.

“You heard me,” Clarke challenged back, still acting like she hadn’t said anything and still staring at the stick.

Lexa felt herself turn even more red. There was no way she missed it then, “we need to ah..um...get this fire going first and-” she got lost in staring at Clarke, the way her eyes sparkled and the way her blonde hair blew on the wind. She looked so beautiful sitting beside her.

“Here I am, holding your wood, Lex. Just waiting on you.” Clarke teased and nudged her playfully.

Lexa’s mind swerved instantly somewhere else. Her mouth dropped open.

“Cat got your tongue?” Clarke teased. Her eyes flicked down at the stick and then up at Lexa’s, a blush on her own cheeks, “what are we doing next, for the fire, I mean.”

“I..you just..” Lexa shook herself and decided it was best to move on, “well first we have to strip-” she stopped and tried that again, “the wood, I mean. We have to strip the wood.” Lexa motioned down to it quickly, but when she looked up and saw Clarke’s eyes were alight with laughter she turned tomato red again. Rubbing her face and shaking her head at herself Lexa tried to take a deep breath.

“I see,” Clarke drawled, or seemed to as she leaned in, “and how do we go about doing that?”

Taking a chance, Lexa moved in. In the haze of dusk she shifted and slid behind Clarke, her legs went around Clarke’s warm body, followed by her arms. Settling her injured wrist carefully around Clarke’s middle she whispered against her ear, “like this.”

She heard Clarke’s soft surprised breath. But Lexa reached forward with her good hand anyway and started to skim strips off the driftwood with her knife. She was very, very careful of Clarke’s fingers near the top and whispered, “I won’t cut you. Just hold still.”

“I trust you,” Clarke leaned back into Lexa’s hold, “I won’t move. But I look forward to seeing you
work your magic with just one hand.”

“What was that?” Lexa kept stripping the wood away, the grate of her knife familiar unlike the woman in her arms, “do you want me to make things burn, Clarke?” Her pulse was racing already, but she lowered her face to the base of Clarke’s neck. Carefully, she started to nip and lick at the skin there. She held herself very tensely, because she wasn’t sure how Clarke would react. But when Clarke didn’t pull away, Lexa dropped the knife and curled her arm tighter around Clarke’s stomach and began to softly suck.

“Lex…” Clarke mumbled, and leaned her head back against Lexa, which she took as permission to keep going. Clarke gripped Lexa’s thigh tight in her hand and whimpered softly when Lexa hit a sensitive spot. Lexa felt Clarke take a deep breath before she spoke, “not that I’m not enjoying this, because, fuck, I really am…but what about the fire?”

Lexa sighed, hearing that. She knew Clarke was right. Slowly she released Clarke’s skin, licking it one last time, “the fire.” they needed it when it was dark. Reluctantly she untangled herself from Clarke, and all her softness and never hated more in her life than having to set to the matter at hand right now. Leaning in, she scraped the little wood shavings they had made, picked them up and shuffled to where she had been stacking the driftwood and sticks.

Looking over her shoulder she saw Clarke sitting there, and watching her, but she looked cold. Lexa reached her good hand back to her, “did you want to come over?” she asked softly.

Clarke nodded and moved over to where she was quickly, she was shivering, but Clarke wrapped her injured arm around her shoulders and Clarke leaned into her warmth. Lexa went back to the matter at hand, “so, there are all kinds of ways to stack fires, and light them. But I think,” she reached into her pocket for the lighter, “we will finish the lesson later on how to do it without this,” Lexa flicked the lighter to life, a glowing flame in the dark and touched it to the dry shavings. Within seconds, a small flame burst to life and she was pushing both herself and Clarke back from it a little.

“Oh thank God,” Clarke scooted in close and held her hands over the flames.

Lexa crouched in too, “told you I could make things burn,” she teased, casting a sidelong glance at Clarke. But she had an idea suddenly, and got up and headed toward the raft.

“Hey that works for me,” Clarke chuckled. Then called after her, “hey, what the hell? What are you doing?”

Lexa smirked back at her, “watch and find out.” she grabbed the rope on the raft and tugged it just close enough to the fire that it wouldn’t burn, but they would still be warm. Rummaging through it she grabbed out the blankets, spread one down in front of it and put the others aside. Grabbing one of the backpacks out she set it by the blankets, and then settled onto the blanket herself. Putting her back to the raft she stretched her legs out and asked, “care to join me?”

Clarke was on her feet and between her and the crackling fire instantly. Then she was kneeling down, “where do you want me?”

Lexa swallowed hard, “like you were?” she asked hopefully, “with your back to my chest? I’d say I don’t bite but…”

“There’s nothing wrong with a little biting,” Clarke chuckled. She scooted in and put her back against Lexa’s chest again before leaning back to kiss her jaw.

“We have to…” Lexa tried, but Clarke kissed her again, making her words mix up and her limbs
weak, “we have to..” she pecked Clarke on the lips, “eat. We really should eat something.”

Clarke pulled away with a groan, “you’re right, I know…”

“Sorry, its just been a long day and our bodies used up alot of calories and..” she was cut off when Clarke rolled her eyes at her with a smirk, shook her head, got a meal pack out and tore it open. They were just down to meat sticks, bread and cheese now. But it was better than nothing. Clarke held a stick of meat and a stick of cheese up to her lips, “here you go.”

Before she meant to, Lexa took the first bite while Clarke was holding them. She watched Clarke’s eyes shoot up and Lexa shrugged and plucked the food from her, “eat yours?” she nodded to the packet. As she did, out of the corner of her eye, she saw one of Clarke’s books laying in the bag next to them. It took her only a second to realise it was the book from the raft, she remembered the cover quite well unfortunately. But an idea came to her as Clarke started to eat.

It didn’t take long, they finished two packets between them. Clarke tried for only one to conserve food, but Lexa knew better. If they didn’t get enough each, they would starve. She’d finished first and watched as Clarke popped a piece of dried fruit into her mouth. Her brow furrowed instantly, “where did you get that?”

Clarke held up another, “meal packet,” she offered while chewing the first. Lexa moved forward, her pack didn’t have any but for sure, Clarke’s did as she checked the wrapper.

“It’s okay, I saved you some.” Clarke was holding out a dried peach for her. Lexa smiled, grateful. They had been on meat sticks all day. But the fruit reminded her of something she’d seen at the pond.

“Thank you,” she offered a small smile, and tried to take the fruit from Clarke.

“No no,” Clarke pulled it back a little, “like before. Open up?”

With a thudding heart, realizing what Clarke wanted to do, Lexa opened her lips slowly for the fruit to be put in. Clarke popped it in and smiled at her,

“It’s good, isn’t it?” she leaned forward, and sealed it with a kiss that left Lexa blinking and nodding fast.

She chewed and swallowed quickly, wanting to answer, “it does,” but she wasn’t sure they were talking about the peach. With the food gone, she pushed the empty ration packets aside and scooted down to lean her shoulders against the raft.

Clarke leaned back against her and Lexa pulled a blanket over them both. She looked up at the sky. It was unbelievable, inky black with all the stars. Here in this moment, they could be alone in the world. It was perfect. Clarke was watching the fire, and Lexa remembered the book. Shuffling a little she reached into the bag, “do you remember in the raft, when you tried to read to me?”

“Mmmm,” Clarke mumbled and snorted softly in front of her, “guess I kinda get it, now…” she turned her head a little and smiled back at Lexa sheepishly, “I just thought you were a prude or something?”

“I can’t believe you just used that word.” Lexa laughed.

“Goody-two-shoes?” Clarke shrugged at her and offered, “turns out you’re a lesbian.” Clarke’s smile was in her voice, “its a very happy discovery.”
“I’m glad,” Lexa said, “anyway, I think it something I want to do.” She reached into the bag and pulled out the romance novel.

In surprise at the announcement, Clarke sat up and caught sight of the book, “Lex, thats…” she paused and looked at it, “its..”

“I know what it is,” Lexa assured. Settling back into the raft again she tugged Clarke down against her side, pulled the blanket up over them both and reached for the book, “what page were we on last?” flipping it open awkwardly with one hand she glanced down at Clarke who was just studying her in amusement, “what, we can just always change the pronouns.” Lexa shrugged and bit her lip, waiting.

Clarke’s chuckle was music to her ears, “page eighty-seven.”

Okay..” Lexa settled back against the orange raft and thumbed through the pages until she found the place Clarke had left off that night. Holding the book in front of them both she began to read against Clarke’s ear, “her hands were hot on her body. Alexandria felt herself shiver when they slipped up the insides of her thighs…”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it. Please check out our tumblers at @stormchaser1117 and @adistantstarblog

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