“I have a solution to your mating issue.”

“So I’ve gathered, but at what price?”

Lexa leans onto the table with her elbows. It reminds Clarke of that moment in a movie where the super villain makes a diabolical offer and the superhero has no choice but to agree. “Mate me instead.”

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Or Lexa offers Clarke a deal, but making a deal with the devil always comes back to bite those in the ass. Lexa is known for losing control; for going feral when in wolf form. Clarke knows from experience that is something not to take lightly. But looking at Lexa… she has to be lesser of the two evils.

Right?
This is loosely based on Feral Sins. My coworker is reading the book and spent our break gushing about the plot, I thought it would work for Clexa. So here it is.

I do not own any of the characters, but all mistakes and errors are my own.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

The world is spinning. Well, the world does spin, but she feels like she’s spinning. Clarke feels like she had a crazy night of partying; feels like she’s hungover as fuck. Her mouth is drier than all the deserts combined. Her head feels fuzzy and her limbs feel boneless.

"What happened last night?" She grumbled as she turned over to hide her face away from reaching sunrays.

She stiffened remembering bits and pieces of her night. She went to Jonny V’s, the same bar she regularly attends. She remembers starting the night off with dancing, then going to the bar for a drink. She remembers sipping her beer watching the people dance away, forgetting everything happening in their lives. She remembers watching a couple of meatheads puffing their chests and arguing over a game of pool.

Wolves.

Everything’s a pissing match with them. Always competing for who’s the toughest roughest of them all. She rolls her eyes watching one grip the stick in his hands ready to beat the other to a pulp with it. And that’s when she chugged the rest of her beer and headed back to the dance floor. She moved with the beats letting the music take her. She remembers tilting her head back and watching the lights strobe... then nothing. Everything after that is blank.

She takes a deep breath trying to remember what happened next because she definitely doesn't remember drinking enough to give her this deadly hangover.

Strange.

She smells another wolf's scent, not hers. An alpha. Fuck, did she pick up some random last night? She instinctively squeezes her thighs together. Doesn't feel like she had sex last night. Or maybe it was just that bad that it didn't leave any sort of lasting impression.

Shame.

She could use a good lay.

She ignores her sexual needs and rolls around inhaling more. It's strong and it should raise red flags. It should scream stranger danger. She should be alarmed. She should be scared or worried, or something. But for some reason she feels… calm? That freaks her out. Why the fuck does she feel calm? Or maybe her wolf is quiet because she doesn't feel threatened. Regardless of the stranger, she could take care of herself if she were in any real danger.

Her other senses start to become more alert. Her hands feel around. There's no body next to her and the sheets are cold, so maybe they left. She prays they're not in her kitchen making her breakfast. She does not want to deal with the awkwardness of a one-night stand. Remembering names even when she’s sober isn’t her forte. So it’s best he or she is gone so she doesn’t awkwardly stumble through random names with mystery alpha. And double awkward because she’ll have to kick them out. She feels around more and the sheets feel different. She opens her eyes, blinking the haziness away and squints to see. She springs up realizing she is not in her room.
Fuck. Where the fuck is she?

Again, she should be alarmed, scared, worried... or at least nervous. But that same scent washes over her again and she just feels so damn calm. Clarke plops back down rubbing her eyes. God, what did she do this time? What has she gotten herself into?

Sitting up against the headboard, she finally gets a good look of where she is. The entire wall in front of her is glass. There aren’t any skyscrapers or buildings. All she sees is blue sky and what looks like a vast area of woodlands. Huh, so she's not in the city. Taking in more of the room, she notices there's a reading corner with a comfy looking chaise lounge chair perfectly positioned so that depending on which way the sitter's head was facing they could have a view the gorgeous view out the glass wall or the stone fireplace. Against the wall behind it, was a bookshelf. A variety of books were neatly organized with little trinkets. So mystery person likes to read. “Nerd,” she murmurs to herself. On the last shelf, there were thin sleeve looking things. And that's when Clarke recognized that they were records. Her eyes land on the record player sitting on top of the shelves with more books stacked next to it. Her heart flutters a bit.

She remembered when she was young and every night like clockwork, her dad would play something from his collection of old records. The pop and crackle of the needle on vinyl would signal what was to come. Smooth music would wash over the house as her dad would pull her mom close and they'd dance. Slow swaying as they glided around the living room. Her dad expertly guiding her mother around. Dodging the scatter of Clarke's toys and sure not to bump hips or other limbs on furniture. Clarke would watch her parents, as her father would sing softly in her mother’s ears. As if the song was written for her. As if the song held all the right words to convey his feelings. And her mom would soak it up. Looking like she didn’t belong anywhere else but in her dad’s arms. There was never a couple as happy as them and Clarke swore she’d find a love like that someday. Then as the song was coming to an end, Jake would twirl Abby, pull her back to him into a kiss that meant he would love her more than a lifetime. And before the second song started, he'd peel a young Clarke off the floor into his arms for a father daughter dance. Just like with his wife, he'd spin his daughter promising her the world and everything else. He’d shower her with kisses, and tell her she was the best thing to ever happen to him. The memory made Clarke want to run to the collection of records and hope to find all her dad’s favorites. Snuggle under that comfy looking throw blanket folded neatly at the end of the chair after she put on Glenn Millar or maybe Duke Ellington. Maybe both her parents’ favorite, Ella Fitzgerald.

But this isn't the time. She shakes of the nostalgia sweeping her eyes around the rest of the room.

On other side of the room and sees that there's another area that must lead to the ensuite bathroom. She swings her feet over the bed, her bare toes touch cold hardwood floor. Her body retracts pulling her knees back up.

So she's not wearing her sock and shoes but she is wearing the rest of her clothes. So maybe she didn't have sex last night? She makes her way through the room to the ensuite letting out a long whistle as her eyes roam over the design.

It’s as huge as another room. The glass wall from the bedroom stretches all the way to the end of the suite. Man, mystery person must not be worried about their privacy or they have a voyeurism kink. She hopes it's the latter because that’ll make mystery alpha interesting.

She drags her fingers along the gigantic freestanding porcelain soaker tub as she walks further in. Along the back wall is the shower complete with a bench that could still fit ten people comfortably. It has one of those high tech control systems that she assumes controls the waterfall shower head, wall jets, water temperature, lights and whatever else.
She turns to the floating double vanity finally getting a look of herself. She doesn't look the way she feels, like death. Instead she looks pretty good. Still, Clarke cleans herself up. Washes away last night's makeup, brushes her teeth with a spare she found, and runs her fingers through her hair giving that tousled wavy look. All the while thinking about how she ended up here. If she isn't hung over, she wasn't drunk and didn't black out. So maybe she was drugged and taken. The more she thinks about it, it seems likely. Again, she doesn't panic because she can take care of herself. She's more than capable since she's been doing it since the age of eight. And things could be worse. Her kidnapper could have had her chained up in some cold gross underground dungeon. Not some fancy schmancy wannabe presidential suite. So she'll remain calm and collected and get some answers asap.

She finds her shoes and ties them up. She reaches the door but takes one last look around.

Time to figure out where the fuck she is, and who the fuck is behind it all.

The hallway carries the same look, sleek, clean, and expensive. She doesn't get far when a tall clean shaven man meets her.

“I'm glad to see you're awake. I was just about to get you.”

His voice is polite and warm. Clarke cocks an eyebrow and her hip taking a good look at him. He's tall and muscular. Peaking from the collar of his shirt are some tattoos. He's giving her a small smile, and looking at her to follow him. She is not a follower, and she’s hasn’t had control of her entire morning, but that is about to change.

She crosses her arms, closing herself off to this stranger as she asks, “And you are?”

He sticks a hand out and shows some teeth. “I'm Lincoln.”

She doesn't shake his hand. She stares at him conveying the message that his name doesn't explain who he is and why she's in some unknown home.

Lincoln pulls back his hand awkwardly trying to play off the fact that he just got left hanging. “I know you must be confused, but everything will be explained soon.”

Clarke still has her arms crossed. Hasn’t made any movements to follow him. Her blue eyes just bore into him waiting for more of an explanation.

Silence stretches on and Lincoln squirms under her gaze. He fidgets and breaks eye contact, his eyes dropping to the floor in submission. “My pack leader requests your presence and again everything will be explained. You will not be harmed.” He looks to her, “You're safe.”

She scoffs. Yeah sure safe even though she’s been taken against her will. She loosens her stance and waves down the hall to lead the way.

Lincoln leads them down some stairs to another floor. He walks them through some double doors where four other wolves are situated. The first thing she notices is that scent. The same scent that calmed her in the room. Except its fresh and more potent obviously the owner being in the same vicinity. Next she notices the room looks like a conference room. There’s a long table with a bunch of chairs. Lincoln motions to the seat opposite of the other people. He keeps eyeing her to sit down. She doesn’t. So he gives up and makes his way to the other end.

She looks to the head of the table. The four figures are staring at her. Fun, they’re all alphas but she instantly recognizes the scent belongs to the middle person. She doesn’t have to be told who is in charge. Middle alpha is undoubtedly pack leader. She’s standing in a wide stance, hands clasped
behind her back and chin held high. Clarke doesn’t want to admit the woman looks good.

Fighting her thoughts, she accepts defeat when her eyes roam all over her and her wolf stirs. The alpha has long lean legs with strong thighs. She has a lithe waist, and Clarke knows underneath those clothes are chiseled abs. She continues her trail up the gorgeous body to perky breasts, to exposed collarbones, then up smooth unclaimed and unmarked neck. The wolf within her growls. She shuts it down fast and controls herself, but her eyes still continue the path to the top. She follows the straight line of the alpha’s jaw, to lips that are smirking. Yup, she’s been caught, but she hardly cares.

Clarke’s blue eyes finally meet green.

Something within her ignites, but she doesn’t dwell on it because the scent of annoyance and aggravation fills her nose. Her eyes move to check the wolves flanking their leader. To the left is a dirty blonde woman. She’s lean and tall, with sharp cheekbones and a “fuck you” look plastered on her face. She is definitely the one letting out those scents. Clarke rolls her eyes and looks to the right. Whereas his face and ice-cold blue eyes don’t have a standoffish look like cheekbones, but his body language speaks volumes. His arms are crossed over his chest and his muscles are stiff and filled with eagerness. Probably ready to rip her apart if she makes the wrong move. Clarke looks behind the trio. There’s another male with shaggy hair. Like Lincoln and whom she dubbed as Olaf (yes, like the snowman from Frozen until further notice due to his icy stare), he’s built and muscular but boyish features. Him and Lincoln look the least intimidating out of the lot. She does a quick once over the entire group. Each screaming strength and dominance, but as a group the five of them look downright dangerous.

Clarke brings her gaze back to the alpha dog at the center. This time she catches the brunette checking her out, and like the alpha she smirks. The brunette doesn’t embarrass by her actions, instead she continues her observation, eyes dragging up and down her body then finally acknowledges her. When she spoke it wasn’t harsh and loud, but it was the type of voice that demanded attention.

“Hello Clarke. You must be wondering who I am and what you are doing here.” Words are smooth, like honey and for some reason Clarke feels the urge to lick the words out the woman’s mouth. “Let me introduce you. You’ve met Lincoln. This is Anya.” She gestures to cheekbones. Then points to Olaf. “Roan, and behind us is Bellamy.” Clarke doesn’t say anything, just files the information away while pushing down her inner beast. What the fuck is wrong with her? “I am Alexandria Woods, but I prefer Lexa.”

For the first time today, red flags go up and she knows her face shows it. Alexandria Woods, better known as Lexa, or Heda, which is Trig for Commander. It’s an olden language of the wolves that died out long ago. No one speaks it, but with her spare time she taught it to herself. Making her feel closer to her ancestors. Since it’s a dead language no one knows what Heda means. The masses guess it’s a code name meaning death dealer, or something equally monstrous and badass.

Oh, how right they are.

Clarke has never met the woman, but she sure has heard about her. Rumor has it she was banished from her pack at the age of fifteen. Some followed her, creating a new pack where she led them taking over territories and gaining a few followers along the way. She’s known to be ruthless and merciless. There is no line between her and her wolf, and often loses control and can’t be stopped. Some say she should be put down for being a danger to everyone while in wolf form, while others argue that she hasn’t done anything to warrant her death. Most people don’t care and stay out of her way.

All the red flags are going off now. Awesome. She also knows they’re not a social pack. They keep
mostly to themselves, so what the fuck does Lexa Woods want with her? Clarke schools her features. Her spine straightens, and her chin lifts. “Are you going to tell me why you roofied me?”

Lexa furrows her eyebrows. “Roofied?”

“Date rape drugs, like Rohypnol.”

Then it registers in her mind and she scowls. “We were not trying to date rape you, Clarke.” The alpha smiles like a Cheshire cat. “And it’s not rape if you want it.”

Clarke sees red. Oh hell no. This arrogant fucker. “Yeah telling by the bulge in your pants you definitely want it.”

“So does your scent.” Again, with that stupidly attractive smirk.

Clarke uses everything in her not to move a muscle and tame her scent. But it's too late the room is filling with sexual tension and not just from her but Lexa too. They hold each other’s gazes.

Anya growls. “Lexa we don’t need her. I’m telling you, this is pointless. We don't need some Skyrat who hasn’t even presented and can’t shift.”

For the millionth time Clarke rolls her eyes so hard she’s surprised they didn't fall out. Of course her lack of presentation and inability to shift is brought up. It's always the talk of the town and if she didn’t hear it enough while growing up, it might hurt her feelings, but it's old news and quite frankly she is tired of people putting her down for it. Yes, she is Clarke Griffin, the only one in Skycrew, and all of North America who not only hasn’t presented, but also can’t shift.

After the first shift to wolf form, it is clear if they are alpha, beta or omega. Although, omega is a rare breed. There hasn’t been one in over a hundred years. So the ranks are made up of mostly alphas and betas.

Clarke had never shifted, therefore never presented.

It's like puberty. When the body is ready to mature, it takes the steps in doing so. Every person is different, so puberty happens at different times but usually in the same age range. Clarke thought maybe she was a late bloomer. Then years passed and she thought maybe she was a really, really late bloomer. At a certain point, she just understood it's not in the cards for her. She wasn't meant to shift into wolf form.

It didn't mean her wolf didn't exist at all because within her, she felt her. Sometimes she was right at the edge as if ready to burst out. Instead her wolf paced along the border as if waiting for the perfect moment to escape. But it never happened. Not once did she cross the line. She only toes the line of freedom, which condemned both of them.

She knows something is wrong her, but it’s not like she can force it to happen much like how people can’t force themselves to grow taller, or grow bigger tits or a longer dick without the help from cosmetic surgery. It just doesn’t work that way. People can wish and wish, but at the end of the day they’ll still be short, have mosquito bite sized boobs, or a pinky sized cock. That’s just how the cookie crumbles. People can either learn to deal with their shortcomings, making the best out of it. Or let it control them.

Growing up she never heard the end of it. Her entire pack picked on her. Bullied her and ridiculed her for being a disgrace to their kind. But she took it. She took their beatings, their harsh and cruel words and used to better herself. It shaped her to be strong and independent. She was more wolf than any of the nitwits. She spoke the language of the wolves, understood the ins and outs of their world.
more than anyone, was the best damn healer knowing the anatomy of both human and wolf forms. Not to mention, the best damn fighter in all of Skycrew. No one could start shit with her without getting their ass thoroughly beat. But of course that didn’t stop anyone from trying to exert his or her dominance on her or put her down just because. And because she didn’t put up with anyone’s bullshit, Clarke was about ten seconds away from decking Anya in the face.

“Shop of, Anya!” Lexa seethes. “We do not put others down for that.”

Lexa turns back to Clarke. The woman is beautiful. The moment she walked in through the doors behind Lincoln, it was impossible to stop herself from getting hard as the sweet scent of the other woman invaded her senses. Then she came into view and she was gone for. The blonde had a full figure, curves in all the right spots. She looked soft, but firm. Her lips her pink and full, and Lexa wanted to nip at them then kiss the beauty mark above. She wanted to run her hands through blond tresses, and tug at the roots asserting her dominance.

She’s heard all about Clarke’s… condition? She can’t deny that she feels bad for the blonde. She wouldn’t know what to do if she were put in that position. Her and her wolf are so tightly knitted together that they are one in the same, and shifting is paramount to her being. But as she looks at the woman in front of her, it’s as clear as day that Clarke has risen above. She has proven even without the ability to shift, she is not to be trifled with. She’s heard all about the woman. Not just the old news of not shifting, but she can kick some serious ass and has a smart-ass mouth that knocks people down more than a few pegs. And the first few minutes of this meeting is proof of that. Clarke is showing a tremendous amount of control with everything that has happened.

Lexa looks straight into those defiant ocean blue eyes, and god help her get through this without losing control and mounting the salacious woman.

“I apologize on Anya’s behalf, Clarke. She has no manners. But make no mistake the rest of us do.”

“Says the woman who ordered for me to be kidnapped.” Clarke scoffs. “I’m still waiting on an explanation.”

“If I asked formally, would you have agreed to come?”

The blonde thinks about it. Thinks really hard, and shakes her head. No, she wouldn’t have. With all the rumors, no one in their right mind would. No matter how tough they are, no one would willingly come toe to toe with someone who holds such a reputation.

“Then let us get past the drugging and kidnapping.” Lexa gestures for Clarke to take a seat as she lowers herself to her own chair. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Coffee please.” Clarke responds. Bellamy serves her drink, placing a steaming cup of coffee right in front of her. Lexa watches the blonde look at it, scrunches her nose, the look of her face evident that something is wrong. “Have any cookies?” Lexa can feel the irritation rolling off Anya, and the amusement coming off Roan.

This is a business meeting, and she’s asking for cookies? This woman is something.

Bellamy hands Clarke a pack of cookies. They all watch as the blonde delves into them, takes one to stir her coffee then takes a bite. Her eyes close, her shoulders drop, and a little moan of satisfaction leave her lips. She munches away and before each bite she dips it into her coffee. When the last bite is popped into her mouth and swallowed, she licks her fingers. Tongue lapping the cookie crumbs and sucking the dribbling of coffee not knowing each person in the room was eyeing her. Lexa can’t help, but imagine those lips around her member. That tongue swirling around her. Her crotch
tightens. Clarke was innocently unknowingly provocative. Lexa feels one of the wolves next to her fidget. She sees Bellamy’s nostrils flare, and hear Lincoln laugh knowingly.

Lexa blinks away her sexual desire, clears her throat, cracks her neck, and stares straight at the woman in front of her. “Let’s get down to business.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright, guys... Let me know if you want me to continue it or not. And as always, I encourage criticism, but remember I'm only human. I welcome all comments and feedback so drop me a line.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

All mistakes and errors are mine.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Let’s start with, do you know who I am?”

“Lexa Woods. You just introduced yourself, or do I look so good you forgot your own name?” Clarke says with a wink.

Roan’s impassive face finally breaks when his lips curve. Anya grumbles something about the lack of respect. And both Bellamy and Lincoln have shit eating grins.

Lexa watches as Clarke starts on another cookie. Damn this woman with her pretty mouth. “Another approach then. I’ve heard through the grapevine that Cage Wallace is interested in mating you.” Lexa watches as Clarke stiffens but recovers quickly. “I want to help you.”

Clarke doesn’t answer right away. Instead she continues eating her cookies.

Cage Wallace. The best way she knows how to describe the bastard is he is a fucking douchebag. Everyone expects her to mate him. She doesn’t know why. Well she does, but it makes no sense to her. Just because he is the only one who shows interest in mating her doesn’t mean she should settle. And just because they share similar aspects such as their family backgrounds doesn’t mean they are compatible.

Cage is next to lead the Mt. Weather pack. His father, Dante, wants to step down and turn the reigns to Cage. But first, he wants Cage to have a mate. Dante believes packs are better led with a mated pair. And he’s right, a good strong pack leader will undoubtedly serve and protect their pack, but what’s better is not one but two leaders elevating each other and ruling the pack together. So insert, Clarke… she technically is the next in line to lead her pack, but due to unfortunate events…that isn’t happening.

Clarke is a Griffin. She comes from a line of born leaders. Her father and mother, Jake and Abby led Skycrew together as a mated pair. They had a very strong bond, making them even stronger leaders. Unfortunately Jake died, and when mates die the other often becomes depressed, and or does not recover from the loss. When bonds that were considered so strong and unbreakable like Abby’s and Jake’s, that would send wolves into frenzy. They lose control of their wolf becoming homicidal and suicidal. In most cases, it is best to put the wolves out of their misery and put them down. That didn’t happen for Abby; instead she became catatonic.

As pack leader, she could have continued leading and stepped down when Clarke presented and shifted. Or someone could have challenged her for the position. But the pack was distraught over the loss of Jake, and even more so that Abby wasn’t taking control and leading them. Their long time friend and second in command, Thelonious Jaha, did not challenge Abby but merely stepped up when things went to shit keeping things together until Clarke became ready. But when time came for Clarke to lead, it was apparent no one would follow her due to her shifting situation.
So why the fuck did Cage Wallace want to mate her? It did not make sense. There was no logic to it. With his status, he was a babe magnet. He had his picking of anyone. Wolves threw themselves at him. Acting like bitches in heat needing him to knot and breed them, despite his shitty personality.

There was no political gain in mating her. With her not being pack leader, they couldn’t unite their packs to create one whole army. If anything, the most he’d get out of mating her is an alliance with Skycrew.

Jaha encouraged the mating. When Jake died, and Abby became a shell of herself, it left Clarke alone to fend for herself. Jaha did as much as he could to be there for her, but dealing with his own loss and stepping in as temporary leader, he wasn’t in the right state of mind nor did he have the time to parent her. But it didn’t deviate him for caring for her. His opinion on Cage situation was it was the best option for Clarke. It provided her protection and status. Still, even with his encouragement and approval, Clarke had her doubts on Cage’s motives.

What the fuck is his angle? What the fuck is Lexa’s angle?

Clarke takes a sip of coffee. “What are you offering?”

“I have a solution to your mating issue.”

“So I’ve gathered, but at what price?”

Lexa leans onto the table with her elbows. It reminds Clarke of that moment in a movie where the super villain makes a diabolical offer and the superhero has no choice but to agree. “Mate me instead.”

Yup, mother fucking super villain.

Is she joking? Mate her instead of Cage? She’s gotta be kidding. Clarke doesn’t believe it. How does that solve her issue? She doesn’t want to mate anyone, and in this day in age it should be her choice. She shouldn’t be forced to mate anyone. She doesn’t owe anyone anything. God, she should just take her shit and run. She scoffs at herself because obviously that is not a viable option. They’d never let her go, they’d track her down. And it wasn’t like her to runaway.

She took a good look at Lexa again. Her power was obvious, her strength even more so. It literally oozed out of her. Clarke watched as Lexa watched her. Her movements were crisp and elegant, but they hinted something more. Something darker and maybe menacing.

Clarke pushes away the rest of her cookies and her drink. Suddenly losing her appetite. “And that helps me how?”

The alpha lets out a laugh, and again Clarke can’t help her mind connecting it to super villains. She fights a shiver. Maybe she’s turned on? Nah, the air is cranked up and she’s cold.

“I want us to fake mate.” Lexa explains, breaking Clarke from her thoughts.

It was her turn to laugh. That was not what the blonde was expecting, but it peaks her interest none of the less. “What do you get out of it?” Lexa looks like she doesn’t want to explain and Clarke is having none of it. “Cut the shit. If you want us to fake mate, that means we need to act the part. Meaning you better be honest with me.”

The alpha leans back, ridding of the super villain mask, while letting out a heavy sigh as if weighing what to share.
“I am assuming you know the usual rumors of me, yes?” Clarke nods.

Roan speaks for the first time. “Then you know nothing at all.” Clarke bit the urge to yell, “you know nothing, Jon Snow.” It wouldn’t be appropriate.

“Silence, brother.” Lexa hushes Roan.

Brother? What the fuck? Who are these people?

“So you know that I was banished from my pack by Nia, my stepmother…” She points to Roan. “…And his biological mother. There are murmurs of how she now wants to lift my banishment.”

Clarke chews her lip thinking. From what she gathered the cliff notes version is Lexa’s father was pack leader. Where was her biological mom, Clarke had no clue but he then mated Nia, Roan’s mom. Clarke heard that Lexa’s dad died, bumping Nia up. She kicked Lexa to curb, but now wants to join forces?

Well that doesn’t sound so bad. Sounds like a pretty sweet deal, Lexa and everyone who follows her gets to go home and reunite with their family and friends.

“I’m assuming you don’t want that?” Clarke states.

“You are correct. If this is true, my banishment ceases to exist and she will want to join packs. Knowing her, there will be a catch.” Lexa lets out another heavy sigh. “She will probably want me to step down and bow to her. Fall into line and submit.”

Ah, Clarke is following now. So it’s all about position. Lexa doesn’t want to kiss ass, but have her ass kissed. Typical meathead not willing to give up their status and power even if it betters their pack. She lets out an irritated breath. “Why don’t you cut to the chase?”

“I do not want that and neither does my pack—“

“Then deny it and continue on your merry way living your life.” The blonde woman gestures her hands around. “It’s not like you’re slumming it.”

“If you would refrain from cutting me off, then I would tell you I do plan on denying it.” Lexa says frustrated. “But you do not know Nia. She will not back down. She will issue a challenge and where I have no doubt I could take her, I do know that Nia will not play fair. I do not want to lose anyone in my pack. I will not risk it. I’m hoping if I increase my numbers, it will spook her into backing down.”

“Okayyyyy. So get an alliance with another pack. They’ll back you up.”

“Which is why you’re here.” Lexa says like it's the most obvious reason.

“Ah.” Clarke clicks her tongue. “You think by mating… or fake mating me you’ll get an alliance. Or you could ask Jaha, you know? Skip all these steps. With your reputation, I doubt he or anyone else would turn you down.”

“But me approaching him, makes it look like I need him.” Clarke scoffs. Meathead. Lexa does need him. What’s wrong with asking for help? Wolves and their damn pride. “Also, an alliance through mating is more substantial. I will have a direct connection to the pack through you if we mate.”

“What makes you think mating me will even get you an alliance? It’s not like my pack is loyal to me.”
“That may be right, but Jaha is. He is the best friend of your parents.”

“Was.” The blonde corrects softly. “Was their best friend.”

“I’m sor—” Lexa starts, but Clarke waves her off. The last thing she wants is pity or to talk about a sore subject.

“What’s in it for me? You get your alliance, and what am I left with?”

“Freedom. You get a clean break away from your pack. From what I heard they don’t show you any respect. And a wolf of your lineage, it is not right. But walking away would make you look like a coward, which I assume is the reason you have not done so.” Clarke doesn’t agree, but it’s obvious. “After I get Nia out of our hair once and for all, you will be free to do as you please whatever that may be.”

Clarke chews her lip again. Is jumping away from one mating into another really going to solve her problems? But this wouldn’t even be real? She wouldn’t have any ties left when it was all said and finished. Not to Lexa, not to Skycrew, and not to Cage. It really would be a new start, and maybe she could finally become part of a pack that accepts her. She has an uncle that is part of another pack out west; maybe she could reach out to him and join them now that she won’t have any baggage.

The blonde eyes Lexa. Making the deal with the devil always comes back to bite those in the ass. Lexa is known for losing control, for going feral when in wolf form. Clarke knows from experience that is something not to take lightly.

She looked into smoky green eyes. Clarke’s body had a sudden flood of adrenaline. As a healer she recognized the fight or flight response. The drive to tear into your opponent and fight for your life, or to run away and seek shelter. Initially, Clarke thought it would be best to walk away. Not necessarily run away out of fear, but to understand the pros and cons of such a decision. Realistically, getting away from Lexa, her pack and the reputation they held would be the best bet. But then she thinks of Cage, and she wants to vomit. Again, looking at Lexa… she has to be lesser of the two evils?

Right?

Only one way to find out, and Clarke had every mean to control her life and how it plays out. And this, this thing with Lexa could change everything. Here was a chance to do something for herself. This could easily be one of those make it or break it moments. The ones that set the direction of one’s life. To remind people about courage, and freewill. That everyone has a choice to make their life what they want it to be.

Clarke pulls back the coffee and cookies.

“Tell me more about the fake mating.”
Drop me a line.
Lexa watches as Clarke stirs her coffee. Delicate fingers wrapped around her spoon. It seems they are headed in the right direction. Clarke seems to be interested in the offer and leaning to it. Being fake mated won’t be bad. When she thought of this idea, she was worried she’d be stuck with a bratty Skycrew wolf. She’s heard they’re soft and think they’re above everyone, but Clarke seems to be different. She looks like she can hold her own. Doesn’t hurt that she’s easy on the eyes too.

“And how exactly are we going to fake mate?” Clarke asks. “People will know we’re not mated by our scents and the obvious fact that there is no mating marks on our necks.”

“We will say we are waiting, like an engagement. We don’t owe others an explanation, but we can say we want it during a winter moon, which is months away.”

“That doesn't guarantee an alliance. Technically, you have no direct link to the pack unless we are fully mated.”

“We do not need it completely. Just the mirage that we have an alliance with Skycrew. Nia will never risk losing and she will if we have more on our side.” Lexa explains. “My idea is to have a civil meeting with her. Bring you along and introduce you as my future mate. It will plant the idea of me gaining allies, which should push her back.”

“So you want to go through with this on a bunch of ifs, buts, and maybes?”

“Fake it 'til you make it.”

“Your plan is as solid as a house of cards.” Clarke points out. “Anything could happen, and any slight move, change, just a breath out of the ordinary and it comes crashing down.”

“Or nothing goes wrong, and we have a cool house made of cards.” Bellamy murmured in the background. Everyone ignored his ignorant comment.

“And what if she attacks regardless? And what if Jaha doesn't back you up...” Clarke didn't want to say it, but it's clear as day they'd be screwed. The battle would a blood bath and lives would be lost over some silly dispute.

“Then at least I tried to take a peaceful route.”

Clarke could respect that. Lexa only wanted what was best for her pack. She didn't want them to fight unless necessary. She didn't want to lose anyone. But the plan was so flimsy. There was nothing definite and concrete. It's like saying water won’t slip through the cracks.

Then there are other factors, like Cage.

“Cage won't let me go. He's determined. He's made it clear to everyone he intends to mate me.”
“Why?” Lexa grits out.

“Get in line. You, me, and everyone else are wondering the same thing. You swooping in will be seen as a threat. Not just to his plans, but to him directly. You're essentially challenging him. Are you prepared to deal with that?”

“I protect what's mine.”

“Fake yours.” Clarke retorts.

Leaning forward, back onto her elbows Lexa says, “What mine is mine and you, Clarke…” Clicking the “K” a certain way that makes Clarke love the way her name sounds rolling of the alpha’s tongue. “…Will be mine.”

The possessiveness signaled feelings in Clarke she didn’t know how to interpret. First it was anger then hunger. It bloomed in her chest and spread, growing across the length of her body with warmth that made her toes curl. It was strange, but delicious and thrilling. But so wrong. Where are those red flags? Her brain must be defective because green flags are waving.

Green for go, green for good, green for Lexa’s eyes.


Finally, some sense is knocked into Clarke because she rationalizes that Lexa is way too possessive. She’s not some thing, or someone to be possessed. And Clarke is really tired of this alpha's arrogance… but she's turned on.

Damn her body.

Where did all that logic go? Stupid green flags and green eyes.

Clarke clears her throat getting back on track. “What does this fake mating deal entail?”

“Well for starters you…” Lexa points at the blonde. “…Would move in immediately.”

“Whoa talk about u-hauling.”

“This is not a joke Clarke. Fake or not, I will take this seriously. And you will move in because I protect what is mine and for all purposes you are. For this to be successful, it has to be believable. Though I will only court you at first, I will not leave my intended vulnerable for others to lay claim! That’s where Cage made his mistake.” The alpha states firmly. “So you will move in under my protection, and take your rightful spot beside me with your future pack!”

Clarke needs to remember this is all a ruse. She isn’t really joining the pack. She isn’t really mating Lexa. And she definitely is not leading alongside her.

“All right, Fred Flintstone. I'm going to stop you right there. Let's get this straight, no one tells me what to do. No one. So you better cut that shit out, right now.” The blonde says firmly. “You may tell everyone around here what to do, but you will not with me! You are not my pack leader! I am not part of this pack and I will not follow orders like some show dog! If you want this to work, you need to compromise. Work with me. Not command!”

Roan lets out a chuckle. “You’re a feisty one with a mighty backbone. Sure, you’re not really an alpha?”
Without missing a beat Clarke quips, “If I were, I’m sure my dick would be bigger than yours.” Her attention turns back to Lexa. “How about you wine and dine me, and then I’ll think about moving in?”

“Moving in is non negotiable!”

“Stop being a Neanderthal! That’s moving way too fast!”

“By wolf dynamics it is not fast enough!” Lexa seethes as she stands laying her palms flat against the table, her eyes flashing irritation. “I should have you claimed and knotted, not wasting time parading in front of an audience. Again, we are going for believable here or else the whole plan would be pointless!”

“Well news flash Tarzan, the plan is shit! And no one would believe I all of a sudden decided to move in with you.” Clarke argues. “It’s too suspicious! My pack may not like me, but they know I wouldn't randomly move in with a stranger or else I would've done it years ago. So tell me again, do you want this to be believable or a fluke?”

Lexa was ready to flip the table. This woman was infuriating. Clarke not only doubts her plan but also straight out challenges her like it's nothing. She is in charge. No one, especially a stranger speaks to her like this. And what the fuck are up with all the names?

“Why did you call me Tarzan and Fred Flintstone? My name is Lexa!”

Clarke lets out a laugh and shakes her head not believing she's being asked this question. Of course Lexa wouldn't get the caveman or Neanderthal references. She rubs her temples and lets out a heavy sigh. “Look, all I'm doing is pointing out the holes in your plan. I'll be straight with you.” Clarke looks Lexa dead in the eye. “I agree, for this to work it needs to be believable, but it won’t be if we don't work together. We're trying to convince a bunch of wolves that we are truly uniting. We'll have to look like we are really serious about mating. And to do that, we need to work as a unit, a pair. Like real mates.”

The alpha lets out a breath. The blonde is right. They're really going to have to sell it and to do that they need to work together and come to some level of understanding. Putting on her big girl pants she says, “Very well, what do you have in mind?”

Clarke gives her a wry smile. “Sit back pup, I have a plan.” She waves her empty pack of cookies. “Got any more of these?”

Damn this woman and her insatiable hunger. Lexa's wolf is pacing watching Clarke's every move, intrigued and excited. If the blonde doesn't hurry up with explaining her plan, she'll put that pretty mouth to much better use. Her beast preens in agreement.

This is all for the pack, she tells herself. Dealing with this woman is for the pack. She'll be out of here as soon as this drama is dealt with. Her wolf snaps and growls at the thought of Clarke leaving. Lexa pushes her feelings aside and chants to herself: this is for the best. Over and over. If she says it enough, it makes it better. Right?

Right.
Chapter End Notes

Drop me something.
Clarke was coming down the stairs after showering off her morning fatigue. She was not watching where she was going, too busy replaying everything that had happened.

She had gotten home that afternoon after formulating the plan for what she dubbed “Operation Clexa.” She and Lexa hashed out details of their agreement. They would fake the intention of mating, and Clarke would see it through until Nia was out of the picture. In return, Lexa would get Cage off her back and she would be free to break off all ties and blame the falling out of the mating on Lexa.

Tomorrow would be the beginning. They would go out on their first date, and maybe a few more after. The goal was to make a few public appearances. Show off their intentions with some heavy flirting and major heart eyes. It would show that they were staking a claim on one another. Flaunting that claim in the right places and in front of the right gossip queens, and their coupling would spread like wildfire. Then Clarke could move in without anyone batting an eyelash. It’d be normal for an intended to move in quickly.

Turning the corner, she bumped right into Cage Wallace.

He grasps her arms to steady her. “Hey sweetheart.” He pulled her into him, leaving only inches between them. “I was just looking for you.” It looked like he just came out of Jaha’s office. Clarke turned her face, just in time to miss his kiss. He got her cheek instead of her lips.

“Don’t be like that, give me some sugar. I’ll be gone for a couple of weeks taking care of pack business.” He tries to kiss her again. Clarke shifted, broke out of his hold, and put a significant amount of space between them.

“Leave me alone, Cage. I don’t care what you do, or where you’re going.”

He surges forward wrapping his hand around her wrist, but Clarke shakes him off and shoves him back. He smiles wickedly, “Oh Clarke, you know I like it when you play rough.”

“You’re disgusting. When will you get it through that thick skull of yours that I want nothing to do with you?”

A disturbing grin creeps across his face. “Now, that's no way to talk to your future mate.”

“Fuck off! You will never be my mate.” She turns away from him to head into Jaha’s office, but before she could, Cage slams her into the wall and presses his body onto hers.

“You will be my mate, Clarke. Whether you like it or not—” Clarke stomps on his foot, hard. In reaction he bends away from her body. Her elbow meets his gut, causing him to keel over and clutch his stomach. Clarke takes that opportunity to punch him square in the face, effectively breaking his nose. He falls to the ground, his hand wrapping around his nose. Clarke thinks he’s finally learned his lesson, with his broken nose and wounded pride he will leave her alone.

But he’s laughing. The fucker is full on laughing.

She watches as he pulls out a handkerchief and rolls over trying not to make a mess of his bleeding
nose as he gets up. “What’s so funny?” She asks.

“Clarke, I told you. I love it when you play rough.”

What is wrong with this guy? What a fucking weirdo, Clarke thinks to herself.

“Cage, why do you want to mate me? What is this really about?”

She goes through the possibilities in her mind. Maybe it’s the prestige of the Griffin name? The power and legacy that comes with it? Or maybe it’s the glory of snagging the unattainable because Clarke would never choose him.

He wipes the blood from his face. Still grinning like a psycho, not at all affected by the damage she’s caused. “Sweetheart, don’t you know?”

Her wolf is restless. Pacing, angry, and agitated. She wants to rip Cage apart.

“You want an alliance? Jaha will give that to you. And if you need a healer, there are plenty of others. You don’t even like me!”

He laughs. It’s bone chilling and her wolf snarls in response.

“Clarke, I do like you. I like you, so much.” He takes a step towards her, causing her to take a few steps back. “You’re different, sweetheart.” She wants to deck him again. He needs to stop calling her that; she is not his sweetheart. She isn’t his anything. “Look at you, you’re like no other.” She scoffs, is he talking about the fact that she can’t shift? Fucking asshole. He keeps taking steps towards her, and she keeps backing away. They’re moving in circles. “You’re beautiful, and so strong. Stronger than any other person I’ve ever met, and you can’t even shift. That’s saying something.” He says astonishingly. If she didn’t know any better she would have thought it sounded genuine.

“Cage, we’re not compatible. You want someone who is submissive. I am anything but.”

His grin widens. “Sweetheart, you will be when we mate.”

“Are you on drugs? I will never submit to you, and I will never mate you.”

“It’s really quite cute you think that.”

“Forcing yourself on me or anyone is rape, Cage.”

“I’m not a rapist, Clarke. I’m not going to force myself on you.” He says earnestly as his face morphs in disgust at the accusation. But he smiles again with that creepy fucking smile, and Clarke is certain she feels the bile rise.

“But I do love a challenge.” Cage purrs. “If it’s not difficult, it’s not worth it.” He stuffs the bloody handkerchief into his pocket and licks the remnants of blood on his upper lip with a slimy smile. It made her cringe. “Like I said Clarke, you’re strong. And when we mate. Not if, but when we mate, I will take joy in breaking that spirit of yours and gaining your full submission. There is no greater power than having someone who is so independent and free spirited willingly submit to my will and every need.” He advances on her, and she pounces head on.

Sick fucking bastard.

Everything’s a blur. She just sees red. But arms are around her and pulling her off Cage. She breaks the hold, but they wrap around her again. She falters, but continues trying to get a few more hits on
the creep beneath her. She vaguely hears Jaha calling her name, commanding her to stop.

She doesn’t.

The arms around her waist let go, and she thinks whoever it is has given up because she’s too far gone to stop, but instead the arms wrap around her again. This time over her arms to immobilize them.

Jaha is still yapping about getting ahold of herself. She doesn’t really care. She wants the stupid person behind her to kindly fuck off so she can thoroughly beat Cage’s face in. She knows violence isn’t the answer, and she prefers to make love not war way of life. But really, the guy was asking for it. He basically admitted to getting off on breaking down his victims. The guy should be put down now before some innocent person gets hurt. She’s doing god’s work by wiping this scum from the world.

Clarke is finally pulled off Cage. His face is beaten in, bloody, swollen, and bruised. But he’s still fucking smiling. His pearly whites stained red with his blood. The arms around her still haven’t let go, and she uses the same move she used on Cage; stomp on a foot, then a sharp elbow to the midsection. Whoever it is, they let her go with a groan. Clarke pushes away to see who tried to intervene.

Jonathan Murphy.

“Hey Griff, thanks for not breaking my nose this time.”

She relaxes. John’s her best friend.

Clarke met him when she just lost her dad, and her childhood friend. Her mom had completely checked out, so she didn’t know what to do with herself. She wanted to run to her and her dad’s favorite spot, but it was now off limits and heavily patrolled. So she spent time in the infirmary. It brought her comfort, being in a space that still held her mom’s touch.

One day while she was going through inventory, just as her mom taught her, a scrawny, sick Murphy came in. He didn’t notice her at first. He just started going through all the drawers searching for something.

“What are you looking for?”

He started a bit. “What are you doing in here? They said Dr. Griffin lost her mind and no one would be in here.”

Clarke winced, but ignored the comment about her mom. “Yeah, well I’m here. So you can tell me what you’re looking for or you can steal something that could kill you.”

“Why are you helping me?” He asked suspiciously.

“My dad says…” She choked a little then corrected herself. “… He said everyone in the pack is important and we have to take care of each other.”

He tried to size her up, but had a coughing fit instead. He ended up telling her what’s wrong. Describing what Clarke thought was the flu, she gave him the medicine to fight it. He dashed out without another word or a thank you.

And Clarke is left alone, again.
The next week she came into the infirmary as if it were any other day, but this time John Murphy was waiting for her.

“I’m not going to say thank you because it’s not like you saved my life or anything, but I brought these for us to share.” He held up a packet of Skittles. And this must have been a sign from her dad because Skittles were their favorite.

John is a tool, made up of snarky comments, eye rolls, and literally had zero fucks. If there was such thing as negative fucks given, that was John’s norm. But that’s why he’s her best friend. He was real. He didn’t care about the wolf social hierarchy. He didn’t care about his rank, bowing down, or kissing ass to get him to higher places. He also didn’t care who she was. To him, she wasn’t Clarke Griffin ex-heir to Skycrew, only wolf in all of North America who couldn’t shift, or daughter to the dead pack leader and widowed leader who turned away from everyone. No, that wasn’t who she was to him. To John, she was Clarke.

Just Clarke.

He puts his arms around her again. She realizes it’s not to keep her from jumping back on Cage, but keeping himself from giving the sleazebag a piece of his mind.

“Are you okay?” Jaha asks helping Cage up.

He brushes it off. “Don’t worry, this is our version of foreplay.” Murphy’s grip tightens, pulling Clarke into him, and grounding each other before either could advance forward. Cage’s smile never falls from his face. “I’ll see you when I get back, sweetheart.” He blows a kiss at her, nods to Jaha, then leaves.

“Clarke, in my office. Now, please.” Jaha commands with a pained expression.

Clarke plops into the chair in front of the desk as he closes the door behind them. “Must you start something every time he’s around?”

“Must you always take his side?” Clarke mocks.

Jaha takes a seat at his desk across from her, sighing. She can see he really doesn’t want to argue about this again. “I don’t understand why you don’t like him. Dante is a stand up man, and the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.” Clarke scoffs. “I’m just asking you to give him a chance, Clarke.” He looks down to his lap, then to the pictures sitting on the mantle. Clarke knows exactly where his eyes are. Knows exactly what’s going to come next, and she really doesn’t want to hear it.

“If your father were here… or if Wells… This would all be different and—”

“Well they’re not.” She snaps. She reigns in her anger with a shaky breath. “So lets not pretend.”

“I know.” He says sadly. “And that’s why I think this is your best option.”

Clarke understands. Thelonious honestly wants the best for her. His heart is in the right place, but he is too blind to see Cage for who he really is. She doesn’t blame him. Wolves need mates, and she didn’t have anyone sniffing around her. Technically, he was the best option. Until Lexa, that is.

“Speaking of options…” She starts. “I’m interested in someone.”

“That’s wonderful, Clarke! That’s going to cause some issues with Cage, but you know all I want is for you to be happy. Who is this lucky wolf?”
“Lexa Woods.”

He blanches. “As in Alexandria Woods?” She nods. “And she’s a better choice than Cage?”

Clarke nods again. “Even more so.”

“Are you sure? The rumors are—”

“The rumors are just that. Rumors.” She says firmly. Honestly, she doesn’t know if they’re fabricated because even from their brief encounter Clarke was able to see that Lexa seems to live up to every piece of gossip about her, but she also seemed more than those rumors. Like there were more layers and more to the story of who Lexa is. But of course, she has to play this right and that means she has to convince everyone around her that despite the rumors and lack of really knowing the alpha, she still wants her. “And you said you want me happy, and I have a feeling Lexa will make me happy.”

He eyes her inquisitively. “Where did you meet her?”

“Last night at Jonny’s. We hit it off, and we’re going on a date tomorrow night.”

There’s a long pause before he responds. For a second, Clarke thinks he will go all dad mode on her and try to forbid her from having any contact with Lexa and continue pushing her towards Cage.

“You do have a happy glow around you.” He says.

A glow? From Lexa? Yeah fucking right, Clarke denies in her head. She’s glowing from finally beating the shit out of Cage.

“Okay Clarke, I will support you on this, but I would like to meet her tomorrow.”

She waves her hand in agreement, and heads out of his office. Murphy is leaning against the wall with a leg kicked up waiting for her. She walks by him and he follows her.

“So where were you all morning? The one night I don’t go with you to Jonny’s, you don’t come home. Should I be worried?”

“Then that wouldn’t be you, John.”

“Duh. I don’t worry. I don’t do any feelings.” He smirks. “Tell me you got laid! My little Griff getting some!! Is that why Cage was here? You do have a certain glow.”

What’s with the fucking glow? Honestly, she thinks it’s from seeing Cage’s blood on her fists.

“Really Clarke, you’d tell me if it were serious right?”

And that’s the thing about John Murphy. He’s an asshole through and through, but that asshole had her back.

She ushers him into her room, locks the door, and lowers her voice. “I got my ticket out of here and away from Cage Wallace.”

He grins, “Tell me everything, and tell me you're taking me with you?”
Chapter End Notes

Send me a cookie... I mean... kudos... or both?

Or drop me a line because that makes my day.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Here it is a day early because I'm swamped tomorrow! This is the longest chapter yet...

Enjoy!

Big thank you to darkwolfknight for beta-ing previous chapters!

And another huge thank you to shadows-of-your-heart for putting up with my erratic emails and rambling! You're the best, Sami!

Murphy opens the door, though not wide enough to reveal the person on the other side. “May I help you?” He asks with a bored tone.

Lexa's voice danced its way to Clarke's ears. “Hello, I'm here for Clarke Griffin.”

“Clarke who? He doesn't live here.” People often mistook Clarke for a male due to her name, and both her and John got a kick out of confusing people.

“Clarke Griffin?” Lexa tries again.

“Griffin? Like the mythical creature that's a lion-eagle hybrid? You on LSD, lady?” He asks seriously. “We don't want drugs! So go away!!” Murphy replies, sounding like one of those old, grumpy men who yelled at pups to get off his lawn. Clarke stifles her laugh as he tries to close the door, but Jaha interrupts him and ruins their fun.

“Jonathan. Don't be rude!! Let Clarke's guest in!!”

John doesn't listen; instead he rolls his eyes and leaves Lexa standing outside. Jaha shakes his head and reprimands him about learning some manners. In turn, John sasses him to kiss his pasty white bum.

The older man steps to the front door, opening it wide enough to reveal Lexa Woods.

Clarke’s eyes zero in.

When they first met, Lexa was dressed in what Clarke would describe, as a field agent or swat team grunt, minus all the tactical gear. The alpha was decked out in an all black ensemble, complete with a skintight, long-sleeved shirt which accentuated her muscles, fitted cargo pants, combat boots, and a knife strapped to her thigh. Her outfit alone made her look as if she was ready to kill. The rest of her crew were dressed in similar outfits- almost like a tactical team, ready to fight or kill on command.

Tonight, however, Lexa is dressed to kill, but in a different, more sensual kind of way.

She’s wearing a navy blue suit, custom made and fitted to the exact measurements of her body. Almost like it was sewn onto her. It was hot. Underneath the blue suit blazer, she had on a black dress shirt with the top three buttons undone. Although the suit showed off her importance and her ‘I
mean business’ attitude, without a tie the open shirt gave Lexa that casual, cool look. She finished off the outfit with matching coffee brown oxfords, a belt, an expensive watch on her wrist, and a black silk pocket square. Again, she looked hot. She stood there, with one hand tucked in her pocket and the other casually hanging to her side. Her back was straight and she exuded sex. Clarke was a goner. Clarke looked at her again, and to anyone watching, Lexa looked to be the epitome of confidence.

But Clarke wasn’t any normal person. And although they had only met yesterday, she had a pretty good read on people. Most people would lose focus on the beauty that is Lexa Woods. Clarke couldn’t blame them, she had eyes. Most would focus on Lexa’s many redeeming, perfect features; those captivating green eyes, her sharp jawline, or all-around strong physique. The young alpha was mouth watering. But Clarke saw her as a whole. Saw Lexa beyond those physical traits. Not just as Alexandria Woods, the rumored deadly feral wolf. Not just as the young alpha of her pack. Not just as the woman who ogled her while eating cookies. Clarke saw past all that, even if they were mere acquaintances.

Clarke had always had a different view of things and people. And being treated like shit opened her eyes even more and showed her how to treat and view others. She learned to pick up on quiet cues that usually went unseen to most people. As Lexa stood in front of her looking cool and a picture of perfection, she also saw that the young wolf was a bundle of nerves. Lexa was a master at controlling her scent, but Clarke didn't need to smell her to know. Instead, she took in the subtle hints like how, although Lexa's hand was in her pocket, there was a small twitch in her bicep. The alpha was probably fidgeting by clenching her fist. The blonde also noticed the stiffness in Lexa's posture. Yeah, sure the alpha looked like she had a permanent stick up her ass, but tonight she appeared particularly more tense. Then there was the very barely there rocking. It was hard to see and seriously no one would have noticed, but Clarke caught it. Lexa was rolling just a tad on the balls of her feet, and to Clarke that tiny action made it look like the alpha was ready to bolt. Channeling her favorite Disney movie, The Lion King, Clarke wanted to impersonate Scar by saying: ‘Run away Simba, run away and never return.’

Lexa misses Clarke's appraisal of her, too busy taking in the vision of the other woman. Green eyes raking over every inch of her. They seem to have matched, coincidently. The blonde was dressed in a navy blue, lace dress. It hugged her in all the right places and came down to about mid thigh. The front was more conservative with a scooping neckline only low enough to expose Clarke's collarbones, and sheer cap sleeves over her shoulders. It was beautiful. She wanted to say something cliché, like how that dress would look better on her bedroom floor, but the dress itself was stunning and on Clarke, she was beautiful. She was void of all jewelry except for a pair of diamond-studded earrings which Lexa noticed when Clarke pushed back her wavy, blonde hair. Lexa raked her eyes down the blonde's body once more to see her feet wrapped in black strappy ‘fuck me’ heels. And god, did they make her knees weak. Had she mentioned Clarke was beautiful yet? Because fuck, the woman was breathtaking.

Both missed Murphy and Jaha’s downright happy observations as the happy new couple drank each other in. Jaha had no idea they were putting on a show and if Murphy didn't know any better, he would have thought they were really into each other with all their eye fucking.

Lexa couldn't fight it any longer. She’s pulled into Clarke's orbit. She leans in to hug her; her hand resting on the small of the blonde’s back, and her lips go to Clarke's ear.

“Showtime,” She whispers.

She leans back to get another look at the woman, “Clarke. You are a vision.” She says, more breathless than intended. She sucks in a sharp breath when she realizes her hand meets Clarke's bare
back. Her fingers splay out. Hot damn the dress is backless. Like her eyes, like her smile, like everything else Lexa has learned about Clarke, her skin is warm. Heat wrapped around her body, drawing her in like an open flame. Not scared to get burned, Lexa dives in.

Clarke lets out a tiny, unexpected giggle while leaning into Lexa's embrace. She ran her hand up and down the alpha's arm. “Not too bad yourself, Pup.”

Lexa lets out a playful growl at being called a pup, causing the blonde to laugh again. The alpha revels in the sound, getting lost in the melodic sound.

A throat is cleared, and Lexa turns to see the two men eyeing them. She doesn't move from her spot, nor does she remove her hand from Clarke's back. Instead, she pulls the blonde firmly against her side and stands tall. She sticks out her hand to introduce herself.

“Alexandria Woods.”

Jaha steps forward to accept her hand with a wide smile. “Thelonious Jaha. Pleased to meet you Ms. Woods.”

She moves her hand in Murphy's direction next. Unlike Jaha, he doesn't smile at her and makes no motion to greet her. Instead, his eyes rake over her in a slow perusal. The very definition of blasé.

“John!” Called both Clarke and Jaha. He rolls his eyes then finally extends his hand up to Lexa's welcoming one. Any normal person would've just settled for a normal, firm grip. But Murphy does this weird, slap fist bump combo then moves back to his spot.

What a strange wolf, Lexa thinks to herself. She focuses back to Clarke, rubbing her hand on Clarke's soft skin. “We should be on our way. I made reservations at SearSucker.”

“That is a wonderful restaurant. Fine choice.” Jaha exclaims.

Murphy snorts. “Sounds like she's looking to get sucked herself.”

“John!” Jaha scolds for the hundredth time. John holds his hands up in mock surrender.

“I assume that you will take good care of Clarke tonight?” Jaha addresses Lexa.

“There is no doubt that Clarke will be taken care of and treated with the respect she deserves.” She jabs.

He looks away while Murphy gives a satisfied nod.

“Well, yes— Good.” He stutters. “It was a pleasure to meet you.” He glances at Clarke. “Are you sure you don’t want to bring someone along? Bring John, perhaps?”

“That will not be necessary. I have part of my pack with us as a precaution.” Lexa wounds her arm around Clarke’s waist, making eye contact with the other woman. “I protect what is mine.”

Lexa ignores how right it sounded. How great the words tasted coming from her mouth. She nods to both men before guiding Clarke out.

“Clarke, don’t hesitate to call me if you need anything. And Lexa, I’d love to plan a formal gathering in the near future to discuss a tentative alliance pending your mating.” Jaha calls out.

“Griff don't put out on the first date so make sure to bring home some dessert for me!” Murphy yells. “Something expensive and chocolatey!”
Clarke slams the door shut. “Ignore him.” Lexa chuckles. “So far so good, don’t you think?”

The alpha nods leading them to her SUV. Clarke notices two top-of-the-line, decked out Range Rovers. One must be Lexa’s and someone in her pack must be driving the other. Just then, the windows to the second Rover rolled down to reveal Lincoln, Roan, and Anya. And there’s the chaperone team Lexa mentioned.

She ogles the cars a few moments more. Both were painted a metallic black with blacked out windows. They seem fitting for Lexa’s character. Briefly, her mind goes off on a tangent, thinking that Rover rhymes with over. As in, bend her over the hood.

“Fuck.”

“Hm? Did you say something?” Lexa asks as she opens the passenger door for Clarke.

“No, no. Just that I like your car.”

The ride to the restaurant was relatively quiet. They made small talk, going over their plan and what not. It wasn’t exactly awkward, but it wasn’t comfortable either. It was this weird in-between, grey area. When they arrived, Lexa handed her keys to the valet. Once inside, they were quickly shown to their table, and a waiter promptly appeared to take their orders.

Lexa orders for the both of them, causing Clarke to frown.

Lexa looks up at her in surprise, not knowing where she went wrong. She tilts her head in the way a confused pup does, and Clarke doesn't have the heart to be mean because who kicks puppies?

“Is that not what you wanted? I can change the order.”

Lexa thinks back to one of the fondest memories she has of her parents. As a family, they’d often go to a similar restaurant. Her father would order for everyone. Then she'd spend the rest of the evening watching her parents scooting their chairs closer and closer together until there was no space left between them. Sometimes it looked as if her mother might have scooted right into her father’s lap. He’d whisper low in her ear, and she would giggle or pull back to look at him fondly. Sometimes she’d give him a chaste kiss. Lexa always thought that’s what love looked like. So she took her cues from her father, thinking that if she ordered for Clarke it might send the blonde onto her lap. Couldn’t blame her for trying, right?

“Do you always order for all the ladies you go on dates with?” Clarke asks with a raised eyebrow.

Lexa does the puppy head tilt again. Then she breaks their gaze to stare down at her lap as if finding it suddenly more interesting than their current conversation. Lexa doesn't respond and now she's fidgeting. Clarke feels like she really did kick a puppy. “Hey, Lexa it's okay. I'm sure what you ordered for me is fine. I was just surprised. I usually order my own meal, but it's fine.”

“I have never done this before.” The alpha barely whispers.

“Never done what? Eat dinner?” Clarke jokes hoping it'd lift the mood. They’ve just started the date and it feels like it’s sinking, fast. This is why you don't kick puppies, she tells herself.
“No— I’ve never been on a date.” Lexa leaves out the part that it’s also easier. She can’t get hurt if she never puts herself in that position. She won't have to go through what her father went through.

Clarke swears she didn't hear that right. Lexa? Sexy Lexie? Has never been on a date? For real? That's not possible.

“You've what?” She doesn't get a chance to berate and correct herself for being insensitive because Lexa answers louder this time and her response is unmistakably annoyed.

“I said I have never been on a date.” The brunette waves her hands around like a loon then plops them down on the table, fidgeting with the cutlery, embarrassed.

Clarke reaches over the table to place her hand over Lexa's shaky ones. “Hey, that's okay. There is nothing wrong with that.” Lexa doesn't look up, clearly not agreeing.

The blonde decides to change gears. “What's your poison?”

“Clarke you don’t have to pretend—”

The blonde squeezes her hand this time. “What would you like to drink?”

Lexa looks up. Clarke is giving her a soft smile. It isn't pitying. It isn't really anything besides warm. “A nice red wine would go great with our meals.”

Clarke signals for the sommelier. They have a quick conversation about the restaurant's wine selection. Merlots and Cabernet Sauvignons are discussed. The blonde finally orders a bottle of 2009 Sequoia Grove Cambium from Napa Valley. Lexa sits quietly while she listens, but keeps her eyes focused on Clarke's hand. Throughout the entire discussion over wine, Clarke’s hand doesn’t leave Lexa's and in that time, Clarke's thumb had started drawing light circles on her skin.

It feels nice. Soothing actually. It makes her forget why she felt embarrassed in the first place. Instead, she just feels Clarke. They stay silent; Clarke's thumb never ceasing its light caress. When the sommelier returns to pour their wine, only then does Clarke take her hand back to sample her choice. Lexa instantly misses the warmth of her hand, but watches quietly.

First, Clarke clinks her glass to Lexa’s. Then her full lips wrap around the rim of the wine glass, tilting it till the red liquid meets her red lips. She puckers her lips, and works her jaw before finally allowing the liquid to slide down her throat. She lets out a contented sigh and licks her lips.

“I made a good choice.” She takes another sip before placing it down and returning her attention back to Lexa. “It’s a full body flavor. You can taste the different blends of grapes. There’s a lush blackberry taste with a vanilla spice aroma.”

Lexa should have been impressed with Clarke’s knowledge of wine, akin to a wine connoisseur. With her vivid use of words to describe the bold taste of the liquid, but she was too caught up watching the blonde’s mouth. The way the red wine stained her lips redder. How her pink tongue peeked out to wet her lips. And how her teeth caught her lips in a sultry bite while trying to find the right words. This woman doesn’t know what she’s doing to her. She doesn’t know that Lexa is continuously distracted by that mouth.

“So, since this is your first date, be prepared to be amazed, Pup. I'm going to woo the fuck out of you.” Clarke says, breaking Lexa from her porn like fantasies featuring Clarke’s mouth.

Lexa returns to her self-assured self. “Confident enough with your skills that I will want to fuck you?”
Clarke likes when Lexa is flustered and embarrassed. It’s cute and different from her rumored persona. But playful, bold Lexa is very fun. “Baby, I’m gonna treat you so good you’ll never wanna let me go.”

Lexa smiles at the movie reference. “I know this is a business arrangement but you don’t—”

She feels familiar circles being drawn on her skin again. Clarke leans in and lowers her voice to a whisper. “Lexa, despite the deal, who's to say we can't enjoy ourselves? This will feel less like a business transaction if we have fun.” Lexa is about to argue until she feels her hand squeezed. “And it'll be more believable.”

Lexa feels herself nodding along.

“There we go. No one can resist the Griffin charm.” The blonde winks. Clarke still doesn’t let go, but instead resumes rubbing her thumb in circles. “Like any other first date, we'll spend this time getting to know each other. So, tell me why you've never been on a date.”

Lexa should feel uncomfortable by the question, but for some reason she doesn't.

“As you know, I was banished from my pack at a young age. When others followed me, I couldn’t be selfish and care only for myself. All of a sudden I had people depending on me, I had to be responsible and lead them. That doesn’t leave much time for dating. And a reputation for being out of control is not attractive either.” She shrugs. “It is what it is, and I am okay with that.”

Lexa leaves out the thought that dating in this time and generation is terrifying. People are down for a quick fuck, not at all looking to be loyal and have a good thing. Call her old fashioned, but she'd like a real relationship, not a string of one night stands.

“Well, you're not missing out. At least, in my experience you're not. But don’t worry, I've still got moves.”

“Moves?”

“Yeah, you know? Got few tricks up my sleeve to make the wolves swoon.”

“And these moves actually work?”

“For the most part. It really depends on what your aim is.” She says hesitantly. “Anyway, I know most want to get into bed with me because they want to know if it is different with someone who can’t shift. But it’s easier to tell myself my moves work, right?”

It's Lexa's turn to squeeze Clarke's hand. Lexa’s wolf stirs, not happy to hear about others in bed with Clarke, or that she doubts her worth as a lover. Lexa steers the conversation away with a different question.

“What does it feel like? Not being able to shift. Do you feel your wolf, or is she completely off the grid?”

“Oh no, she's there and very much alive. I assume it feels the same as everyone else with their wolf, only mine doesn't come out to play.” Clarke jokes. “It doesn't bother me as much as it used to. At first, I was angry with her, with myself. For a long time, I thought there was something really wrong with me, then everyone started treating me like a defect. And for a while, I felt like it.” Another hand squeeze. “But that was a long time ago and I’d like to think I'm more in tune with my wolf than most.”
Lexa believes it. Clarke has shown incredible control, instinct, and level headedness. They're interrupted when their food arrives. Clarke quickly unravels their hands to dig into her meal. She cuts into her dish and takes her first bite. She moans. Lexa tries, but fails not to blush.

“Lexa, you might have to order for me all the time. This is delicious!” Lexa watches as Clarke licks and sucks the remnants of her food off her fork, and then quickly stabs another piece. Instead of bringing the fork up to her lips, the blonde moves it to Lexa’s. The alpha looks down at it, then back to the blonde. Clarke gives her a shy smile, as if doubting herself, as if the gesture was too much, but Lexa squashes those thoughts and takes the fork in her mouth.

She closes her eyes, taking in the flavors. She wants to say her taste buds are assaulted by the different spices of the juicy tenderloin… she wants to tell Clarke “I told you so” for making a scrumptious dinner choice. But Lexa can’t because her mind is focused on the fact that the fork in her mouth, the fork her tongue was currently swirling around, gathering everything off… was the same utensil that was in Clarke’s mouth just a second ago. And Lexa knows it is impossible for her to actually taste Clarke on her tongue, but Lexa swears she can. And Lexa thinks nothing has tasted better. And she wants more. Clarke feeds her another bite, and Lexa decides that she might have to order for Clarke all the time.

The rest of dinner runs smoothly. They kept away from heavy topics, keeping it light and neutral, like sports. They both expressed their interest in MMA, which led to a long discussion on techniques and promises to get in the ring with each other. Every now and then, Clarke would feed Lexa bites of her food, continuing to do so through dessert. Neither thought anything of it, thinking it felt so easy to share.

After dinner, with them full and content, they waited outside for the valet to bring the Rover around. Lexa noticed the goosebumps creeping up Clarke’s arms. She undoes the button of her suit jacket and pulls it off. She turns to face the blonde, and drapes the jacket over her shoulders.

“Lexa you don’t have to. You’ll be cold.”

The brunette shushes her, pulling their bodies closer together rubbing her hands up and down the other woman’s arms to generate heat. Clarke’s nose presses into Lexa’s shoulder, and god does she smell good. Beyond the musky alpha scent, Lexa smells like early mornings, dewy grass fields, and moist soil. Like the smell lingering in the air after it rains. When the earth is cleansed and new life is being brought to the surface. It’s the scent of Mother Nature being brought to the forefront, marking new life. It’s the scent of a new beginning. She takes in another deep breath, and thinks Lexa smells the way she imagines it would feel like to run through the woods.

Wild, earthy, and free.

Clarke shakes her head to rid herself of her previous musing. Remembering they’re only playing pretend. She shouldn’t be smelling Lexa. She shouldn’t be comparing it to one of her favorite activities and of freedom. That’s asking for trouble. She tries to pull away, but Lexa doesn’t let her move away. And again, she’s falling into the red zone where she’s in danger of liking this too much. But Lexa is so warm, and the weight of her body feels so good. Her mind is telling her to back away, but her body is melting into the body in front of her and she thinks it couldn’t do much harm to just soak this up a little bit longer.

This Lexa is so different. When they first met she was cold and arrogant. Stuck strictly to business, barring the occasional banter. During dinner, Lexa was attentive and charming. Soft and engaging. Nothing like the rumors going around town about her being a cold hard killer. She is more like a puppy. A fluffy puppy she wanted to cuddle with.
But she hears the crowd murmuring around her, and it snaps her to attention. Clarke thinks Lexa must be doing this as a part of their plan, to show off their fake relationship in the public eye. Smooth. Lexa, even had Clarke fooled for a second.

The Rover pulls up, and Clarke moves to get in, leaving the moment at the door and drills the purpose of this act into her mind.

To be free.

This is all a ruse, she reminds herself.

Much like the ride to dinner, the ride back to Clarke’s is quiet. But this time, Lexa finds it comforting, not awkward. No one besides her pack had made her feel this way.

She thinks there might be something going on with Clarke. Everything was fine until they got into the car, but maybe she’s just tired and ready to get home. Lexa’s mind drifts to dinner and how well it went. They didn’t have to act at all. It felt natural. It felt real. There’s something about Clarke that makes her feel so at ease, almost tranquil like.

Before she knows it they’re in front of Clarke’s, and she’s walking her to the door. Though this is her first date, Lexa knows dates end with a goodnight kiss. Would that be appropriate for them? Mates kiss, so they should kiss. But they’re fake mates, so maybe they shouldn’t kiss under the false pretense? Would Clarke want to kiss her? Does she want to kiss Clarke?

They’re in front of the door, and Clarke is pulling her key out of her clutch.

“I had a lovely night, Lexa.” She sees Clarke’s mouth moving, and hears words, but the words are not registering in her brain.

If they kiss would it all be a part of their plan? Would it be based on keeping up the act, or would it mean something? Would it mean something to her? Her mind is racing and she has an inkling she knows the answers to all her questions, but she is riding so far down the denial river she can’t admit it.

Clarke’s leaning forward, and Lexa doesn’t know what to do. She’s frozen. Not moving an inch. Holding her breath. More still than a fucking statue. She closes her eyes, and her body makes up her mind for her because her lips pucker, ready to receive Clarke’s kiss.

And nothing.

Lips never touch hers, but instead her cheek.

Clarke kisses her on the cheek. It’s soft, almost feather like. And even though it’s barely there, the alpha melts into it. Her senses short circuit, making her brain feel mushy, and she’s sure she looks like an idiot. Standing with half lidded eyes, swooning over a kiss on the cheek.

She feels like a fucking amateur.

The blonde is pulling back, and heading inside. There’s a goodbye and a thank you. This time the words register, but she’s still too caught up on having Clarke’s lips on her. She doesn’t snap out of it
until she hears the door click shut.

“Hey lover girl, are you going to kiss the door goodnight, or are we going to head home?” Anya teases from the other Rover.

Lexa shakes her head a few times, shaking off whatever the fuck was going on with her.

“Get your head in the game.” She mutters to herself as she climbs into her car. Roan slides into the passenger side to keep her company.

“Looks like you had a good time.” He says absently.

Her hands tighten on the steering wheel. “Then we’re doing a good job of fooling everyone.”

Deep down, she knows she’s only fooling herself.

Chapter End Notes

As always, drop me something!

Or send more cookies.
There's a knock at the door.

Clarke pulls it open without much thought.

It's Lexa. Still looking dashing beautiful in her suit, and Clarke wants so badly to take it off. Undo each button one by one, and slowly strip her layer by layer. She wants to reveal each part of the alpha's body then worship it. Give it the attention it deserves.

Her delicious scent assaults her nose, making her head spin. Her knees give out, but before she can fall, Lexa catches her and pushes her up against the wall. Her back hits the wall with a thud. The sudden change of position also causing her head to fall back with another thud. Their faces are only a breath apart, their noses brushing against each other. Clarke swears she can almost taste Lexa.

“Clarke.” Lexa says, barely above a whisper.

Her mouth is dry. She doesn’t have any words. Her mind is blank, filled only with thoughts of how good Lexa feels against her. How good it feels to have their hips pressed together, and the feel of Lexa’s arousal pressed against her abdomen. She rotates her hips, grinding against the alpha. Lexa responds by pulling back, only to push harder against her as she swivels her hips.

There’s another thud as her body is pressed into the wall again.

Lexa leans into Clarke’s neck, her nose dragging along her pulse point. “Clarke,” she mutters against her skin. Lexa starts nipping and licking up the column of her neck, all the while moving her hips against Clarke’s. Lexa meets each needy thrust for thrust as their bodies bump and thump against the wall behind them.

“Clarke.” The alpha mutters again.

And the blonde still can’t seem to find her tongue because she can’t speak. Can’t even stutter a word.

Lexa says her name again, “Clarke.”

Then the thudding start to sound more like knocking. And she keeps hearing her name, but it’s not Lexa’s voice anymore.

“Clarke.”

Knocking.

“Clarkeeeeee!!”

More knocking.

“Yo Griff, I’m coming in!!”

She hears her door creak open, the curtains drawn open, and feels the sun filter into her room. The heat from the sunlight automatically making her feel like she’s on fire. She hears her window slide open, and someone grumbling.
“Gross!! Are you having a wet dream?”

Murphy.

Of course it’s Murphy. Who else would it be? She rolls onto her stomach, pulling the covers over herself. Maybe if she hides herself, everything will go away, including that dream. Her body seems to say otherwise because it’s slick with her arousal and feelings of restlessness. Her wolf is also on edge. She lets out a groan, knowing she won’t be able to go back to sleep after a dream like that. She feels a sudden rush of cool air as Murphy rips the sheets off, then the bed dips and he plops himself down beside her. He turns on his side, propping his head up with his hand, and stares at her. It’s unnerving because he’s always so perceptive of her, and she both hates and loves it.

Still feeling his gaze on her she sighs, knowing he’s waiting for a rundown of last night and an explanation as to why her room smells of horny desperation. But she doesn’t want to talk about it. Doesn’t want to discuss whatever the fuck she’s feeling. Instead, she’s going to deny and ignore everything.

Yes, deny and ignore everything. There’s no better way to deal with your problems.

“Mission accomplished Griff. You and Cujo are the talk of the town.” She grunts in response. She has to give it to him for the nickname he gave Lexa though. “Want to know what they’re saying?”

She does, but she doesn’t. She has to remember that these are the wolves that usually bad-mouthed her. They don’t ever have anything nice to say, and she doesn’t care but this isn’t just about her. It’s about Lexa too. She tells herself it’s strictly for business purposes. She needs to know whether or not their act is selling it. Murphy doesn’t wait for a response as he keeps talking.

“Since Lexa keeps a low profile, they didn’t know it was her, but word got around fast that you were in fact, out with the Alexandria Woods,” he explains. “Some are saying you’re crazier than they thought for going out with her, and others say you’re a stupid whore for cheating on Cage.” Clarke rolls her eyes at that. Cheating on Cage? They’re not even together. And of course people are going to think Cage is hot shit. Brown nosing wolves only like him for his status.

She drags herself up and begins tying her hair back, stealing glances at Murphy at the same time. He hasn’t shut up. He’s still gossiping, as he’s lying there fiddling with the ties on his athletic shorts. They go running every morning, and Murphy is even nice enough to run in human form with her. He says it doesn’t matter what form they’re in as long as they get their muscles working and their minds clear. And if they run long enough, it starts to feel like they’re actually running away and getting out of Arkadia.

She drowns out most of what he’s saying, but doesn’t miss it when he drops Lexa’s name. She tries to ignore how her heart skips a beat when he says smitten or heart eyes. Nope. No fluttering heart feelings. No swooping in her stomach. No feelings when it comes to Lexa. He doesn’t know what he’s talking about because Lexa is just a damn good actress. She should’ve pursued a career in Hollywood. Before she can think about it more, Clarke pushes Murphy off her bed and drags him out. She needs to run off these “not feelings.”

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Clarke takes a deep breath before knocking on her mom’s bedroom door. Her fingers trace over the etched in height measurements on the door frame. Her parents used to measure her every year from
when she was a pup up until she was eight. Right along side hers were Wells’.

There’s no answer, as per usual, so she lets herself in. Abby is sitting on a rocking chair, looking out the window. The same rocking chair that her parents have had ever since she was little, still in the same spot, and still in the same room.

“...And your toes break into phalanges and metatarsals, Clarke.” Abby said as she wiggled her daughter's toes, slightly tickling them.

Jake is leaning against the doorway, watching his girls as they rock back and forth in the chair he built when Abby was pregnant with Clarke. He made it as soon as he smelt the change in his mate’s pheromones. “Abs, she’s not even four. Stop trying to teach her medical jargon.” He says fondly, approaching them.

“Clarke baby, don’t listen to your father.” She turns her daughter on her lap so they’re face to face. “You are our little prodigy. Let’s show daddy how smart you are.” Abby kisses Clarke’s nose. “Tell daddy what I just kissed.”

“Nose!” Clarke giggles and claps.

“Very good, baby girl.” Abby brings little chubby fingers to her lips, kisses and nips each one.

Clarke pulls her fingers away from her mom’s lips to cup her cheek. “Falngies!!”

Abby laughs, “Yes, phalanges.”

Jake picks his daughter up and blows raspberries on her belly. She squirms and giggles. “What did I just kiss, kiddo?”

“Tummy!!” She squeals.

“Abdomen.” Abby corrects.

“Abomin!!!” Clarke parrots.

Jake cradles Clarke in one arm, and pulls Abby up from the rocking chair. “Mommy is right, kiddo. You’re our little genius. You’ll be as good as mom some day.”

Abby leans her head on his shoulder, and brushes hair out of Clarke’s face. “Whatever you become, doctor, pack leader, artist, whatever you decide... you’ll be better, Clarke.”

Those were the best days.

Clarke takes a seat on the window bench. “Hey Mom.”

Abby doesn’t respond, nor does she turn to acknowledge her daughter. She continues to stare out the window.

“I wanted to visit. Catch you up on everything that’s happening.” Still nothing. Clarke tries moving into her mom’s line of sight. She’s staring into her mom’s eyes, but her mom is looking through her, not even seeing her.

She sighs. She’s a little nervous to tell her mom about Lexa. But might as well come out with the hard stuff, no point in holding back. “I’m mating Alexandria Woods.”

Nothing. No narrowing of her eyes. Not a change in her breathing, not a twitch in her face, not a
damn thing. Absolutely nothing. She doesn’t know why she was so nervous to even tell her mom. Nothing she says gets to her. She fights the feelings of rejection and abandonment. She can’t really blame her mom. She shouldn’t, at least. She understands that her mom lost her mate. Clarke can’t imagine what that feels like, but Abby didn’t lose her daughter.

Clarke lost them both that day. She’s not angry. She just wants her mom. And she’s right there, sitting in front of her but she’s not really there. Sometimes it feels worse this way.

She sighs again and pulls out a pack of Skittles. She dumps some into her palm, the rainbow colors making her smile.

“Do you want some skittles, Mom?” She holds out her hand, but Abby doesn’t take one. Clarke looks back down at them and pops a couple in her mouth. “These are my favorite still. They remind me of Dad.”

When she was a pup, tiny Clarke would sit in her dad’s lap in their favorite spot. Right outside the community and in the woods there was a creek. Most people came out there to run wild and shift into wolf form, explore the grounds, stretch their legs, and run free. When a pup was ready for their first shift, that’s where they would go. But every last Sunday of the month, Jake would take little Clarke out there to have a little one on one time. Father-daughter bonding where he’d teach her how to track, hunt, and everything else she needed to know in order to thrive and survive in the wild. He explained that it was not only important as a wolf, but also as person. They’d end their lesson by sitting near the creek and splitting a pack of skittles.

“Hold out your hands, kiddo.” Clarke cupped her tiny hands together and stretched it towards her dad. Jake ripped open the candy and poured them in. Her eyes lit up at all the colors and the sweet scent of sugar as they hit her senses. He picked a red one and lifted it up to his daughter’s drooling mouth, and she happily obliged. He laughed, popping one into his own mouth.

“You know why Skittles are my favorite?”

Still chewing and slobbering a bit, she answered, “Coz dey tas like da rainbow?”

He chuckles, so very enamored by his daughter and everything she says and does. “Yes, Clarke because they taste like the rainbow, but for other reasons too.”

She looks up at him with her big blue eyes which she inherited from him, waiting for him to tell her the secrets of the universe. “I like them because each one is different.” He holds up an orange one, then a yellow one. “Each skittle is a different color and a different flavor.” He pops a grape one into her mouth. “Each one is good all on its own, but when you put them together you get something different and it’s just as a good and sometimes better.” He pops a red and green skittle into her mouth. Her mouth puckers taking in the different flavors and her eyes get even bigger. He chews a few then says, “They’re kind of like people. Do you understand what I’m saying, kiddo?”

Clarke takes the opportunity to shove whatever is left of the skittles into her mouth. She chews on a mouthful of skittles, bouncing as all the flavors hit her taste buds. She bops her head side to side, “Skittles are like people.” She swallows her skittles. “Dey’re different, but dey’re all good!” She ends with a very serious nod to her father.

He kissed her forehead. “Yes kiddo, you got it.” He pulled out another packet of skittles and put a finger to his lips. “Shhh, don’t tell Mommy.”

She laughs, remembering the memory. “Did you know he’d sneak me all those skittles?” She shakes her head, still laughing. “Who am I kidding? You knew everything, Mom. Nothing got by you.”
Clarke chews on skittles silently for a bit. “I think if dad were still here, he’d like Lexa. She’s different, but seems like a good person.” She looks up at her mom, trying to figure out if her mom would like Lexa, if she would approve. “I’m different, not exactly good, but maybe together, Lexa and I will be great.”

Clarke frowns as she remembers it’s all fake. She doesn’t get why she keeps forgetting the major part. Her phone beeps, notifying her of a new message from F. Bae. She smiles down at Lexa’s text. If anyone saw, they’d probably think the “F” in the contact name stands for Future Bae, but really it stood for Fake Bae.

F. Bae

Would you be up for frozen yogurt?

With me, of course.

Clarke smiles. It hasn’t even been twenty-four hours, but Lexa already wanted a second date. But this was their plan, she reminds herself. It doesn’t stop her from flirting.

Clarke Griffin

Miss me already?

F. Bae

If I say yes, does that mean you’ll get frozen yogurt with me?

Clarke Griffin

Maybe.

F. Bae

Does that mean you don’t miss me?

You wound me, Miss Griffin.

Clarke’s heart beats a little faster thinking about the way Lexa says her name. Every time her name left the alpha’s lips, Clarke couldn’t help but swoon at the way it sounded. Like it was safe in her mouth.

F. Bae

Too late, I’ve decided for you.

Be ready. I’m ten minutes away.
Clarke Griffin

What did I tell you about telling me what to do?

F. Bae

Who says no to frozen yogurt, Clarke? >:]

Clarke Griffin

I just might, if you don’t fix your attitude. ;P

F. Bae

Fine, no frozen yogurt for you XP
Come on, Griffin. I’m outside.

Clarke stands from her spot and kisses her mom on the cheek. “I’m heading out now, Mom.” Abby still hasn’t moved an inch. “I’ll be moving out soon, to live with Lexa and her pack. I’ll make sure to say bye before I leave.” She takes one more glance around the room, taking in the lives of her parents, then leaves.

“How can you eat that?”

“How can you eat that?” Clarke mocks, pointing at Lexa’s very plain and simple frozen yogurt choice.

“Clarke, yours looks like a unicorn threw up on it!”

“Well, I happen to like unicorns so that’s fine by me. One could shit on my frozen yogurt and I’d be just as happy.” Lexa scrunches up her face, disgusted as Clarke shovels a large bite into her mouth. She dramatically moans in satisfaction. “How can you judge my choice when yours looks so damn sad?”

“What’s wrong with my choice? It’s basic frozen yogurt! Plain tart topped with fruit! You can’t go wrong with that.”

“Borrrrinnggg!” Clarke watches as Lexa pouts and takes a bite of her plain yogurt. This time, Clarke scrunches her nose. “It’s just very…vanilla.”

The alpha gasps, yogurt almost falling out of her mouth. “Are you saying I’m vanilla?”

“If the shoe fits, Anastasia Steele.” They’re quiet for a bit, enjoying their treats while sitting on a park bench. A few benches down, Clarke sees Lincoln and Roan. “So, do you have an entourage everywhere you go?”

“Pretty much.” Lexa shrugs and eyes Clarke’s frozen yogurt. “You can never be too careful.”
Clarke scoops up a spoonful of her frozen yogurt, making sure it has a bit of every topping she chose and brings it to Lexa’s lips. Without argument, Lexa takes the bite. Her eyes widen and her lips turn up into a smile, clearly enjoying the unicorn vomit as she gleefully finishes the mouthful. Clarke laughs, but swallows the “I told you so” sitting at the tip of her tongue.

Lexa swallows. She looks down at her frozen yogurt, then back to Clarke’s yearningly. “Tell me about your friends.” Clarke feeds Lexa another bite, and Lexa eagerly takes it.

“I don’t have many.” She swirls her treat then feeds Lexa again. “You’ve met Murphy. He’s my person. Then there’s Harper and Monty.”

She’s about to feed Lexa again when she spots familiar faces over the alpha’s shoulder. “Speak of the devils, there they are.” Lexa turns to see a cute Asian boy and blonde haired woman approaching them. She sees Lincoln and Roan on alert, but waves them off.

“Hey guys.” Clarke greets. “This is Lexa Woods, or you might have heard of her by the name of Alexandria Woods. And Lexa, meet Monty Green and Harper McIntyre.”

They all awkwardly exchange hellos and handshakes.

“So, the rumors are true?” Harper asks. Monty elbows her, and she shrugs. “What? I’m just asking?”

Monty looks at Clarke apologetically. “You don’t have to answer that, Clarke. It’s your business and we know you would tell us when you’re ready.”

“Don’t worry about it. Let me be the first to tell you the rumors are true.”

“Congratulations Clarke, and you too Lexa.”

“Congrats! But weren’t you supposed to mate Cage?” Harper asks. “No offense Lexa, but Cage is so dreamy.”

Clarke makes an ew face at Harper. “He is not, Harp. He looks like a rat and he’s a colossal dick!”

Harper’s expression changes to that of an excited schoolgirl. “So you know how big his dick is?”

Lexa chokes on her frozen yogurt. Clarke pats her on the back, and Monty grumbles. “Size isn’t everything.”

“Only people who have a small package say that.”

Before they can argue about sizes, Roan and Lincoln approach them. Monty and Harper say their goodbyes, giving them their privacy.

“Indra called. The news of your impending mating has reached the pack she’s visiting, so that means there’s no doubt Nia has heard.”

Lexa turns to Clarke. “You’re moving in. It’s non-negotiable. Now that Nia knows, it’d be safer if you stayed close.”

Clarke doesn’t answer. She takes a few bites of her frozen yogurt as the three wolves watch her.

“On one condition.”
Chapter End Notes

Drop me something.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for all the comments and kudos. All of you are the best and I truly love hearing all your thoughts and everything. Keep it coming!

Enjoy the new chapter!

Also, for those who thought the condition was to bring Murphy.....

Lexa watches as Murphy runs towards them with bags in his arms. “Clarke, you can’t be serious.”

“Dead serious. It’s my one condition on moving in with you so soon.”

Soon enough, Murphy is in front of them trying to put his bags in the Rover.

“Absolutely not.” Lexa protests, lifting her arms out in front of Clarke and the Rover in an attempt to block him. “How am I supposed to explain bringing in a stray to the pack?”

Clarke shrugs. Murphy does too and again attempts to stuff his bags into the car. Lexa's jaw clenches and unclenches, working and gnawing with annoyance. “I said, no.”

“Fine.” Murphy drops his bags and moves towards Clarke. He opens his arms for a farewell hug. He engulfs her, but his next move is so fast no one sees it coming. He pulls back and his arm and Clarke's arm drop to their sides, both now handcuffed together.

There’s a satisfied smirk on his face. “Now you have to take me.”

Lexa fumes. “Where is the key?!?”

“I swallowed it.” Lexa looks at him like he’s crazy, while Clarke is more than amused. He doesn’t falter under Lexa’s penetrating gaze, staying completely smug. “Desperate times call for desperate measures. If you’re taking her, you’re taking me. So either you get over it or you can wait ‘til I take a shit, and then dig through it to find the key.” He finishes with a curt smile.

Clarke laughs and laces their fingers.

Lexa pulls the knife strapped to her thigh out, “Or, I can cut it off.”

“You could.” Murphy says thoughtfully, tapping his finger to his chin. “But then what good would that do? You’d just have a bloody mess.”

“Then you would be without a hand and detached from my mate.”

“Wrong. I’d be a modern day Luke Skywalker.” He lowers his voice so only Lexa could hear what he had to say next. “You have no mate.” Lexa grabs his shirt in her fist as he continues. “And you cutting off my hand will ensure that and you'll lose your alliance.”

She eyes him, her nostrils flaring as she glances to Clarke then back to him. “Fine.” She grit. “Get in
so we can be on our way.” Murphy places his bags in the Rover then steps back.

“Actually we’ll follow you there.” Clarke says.

Lexa’s barely hanging on by a thread. “What do you mean follow? Do you have a car? I can have someone drive it over. Get in the car, Clarke.”

“If you’re seriously thinking of me driving myself, I’d like to see how you’d handle a car, Clarke.”

“Lexa, I’m going to tell you this once more. That Neanderthal attitude doesn’t fly well with me. I don’t like being ordered around. It’s best you learn that quickly.”

The alpha takes deeps breaths, exhaling loudly through her nose. “I’m not trying to control you, I just want us to be on our way and get out of here and back to the house.”

“And we will be. Like I said, we’ll follow you.” Clarke places her last bag in the Rover. She only packed clothes, art supplies, med bag, and a couple other things. The essentials. She looks back at her childhood home, remembering when she and Wells would run up and down the stairs like it was yesterday. Every night on the dot when the streetlights came on, it’d signal dinnertime and they’d race in.

“Clarke that’s not fair! You’re cheating!”

“I’m not cheating! Don’t be a sore loser, Wells!”

“You can’t cut through the garden and swing through the trees like some sort of modern day Tarzan!” Wells fists his hands and places them on his hips, assuming a superhero pose.

Clarke rolls her eyes. “Says who? You’re just mad you can’t do it!”

“I’m jealous that Jake teaches you all these cool ninja like skills!’” He says as he throws karate chops and air kicks.

They make their way to the kitchen, their argument all forgotten when the scent of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies hit their little noses. Both stop to observe their surroundings, looking for any adults within the vicinity. Little masterminds devise a plan to sneak some before dinner. Clarke is to retrieve the goods, while Wells acts as the look out. Like a master ninja, Clarke slowly and sneakily approached the cookies. Wells watched from afar every once in awhile, checking for any approaching adults. It’s like that scene in Indiana Jones and Raiders of the Lost Ark, when he’s about to switch out the gold idol with a bag of sand. Clarke reaches for the cookies, her chubby hands almost full with the chocolaty goodness. On the sidelines, Wells watches with wide excited eyes.

“Wells, what are you doing?”

He jumps at the sound of his father’s voice. He turns slowly, and smiles sheepishly.

Thelonious asks again, “What are you doing, Wells?” Thelonious looks around the corner. “Where’s Clarke?” He looks side to side still looking for Clarke, and Wells copies, looking back into the kitchen and the cookies where Clarke just was. She was literally just there, but now she’s gone. No little messy golden haired girl in sight.

“Wells, the street lights are on. Did Clarke not come home with you?” Wells doesn’t know what to say. He can’t lie, but he doesn’t want to rat out his best friend. He starts to sweat bullets, thinking up an excuse. And like the gods answered his prayers, Clarke came up from behind his dad. “What’s for dinner?”
Thelonious looks between the two, trying to decide if something fishy was going on, but Clarke looked up at him with her baby blue eyes and innocent smile. He can’t help but smile fondly back at her then to his son. Even if something devious was happening, he couldn’t help but let it slide because one day, they’re going to make quite the pair. Just as he is to Jake and Abby, Wells will be a loyal second to Clarke when the time comes. Or maybe they’ll even be mates. He ruffles their hair then turns to wash up for supper.

Clarke and Wells watch Jaha leave around the corner, then Clarke turns to Wells with a mischievous grin. “Clarke! Where did you go?!” Behind her back she pulls out two chocolate chip cookies. Still warm and gooey. Their favorite. Both pups shove them in their mouths letting out little triumphant squeals.

With chocolate covered hands, they fist bump then high five. “How did you do that Clarke?”

Clarke licks the chocolate from the corners of her mouth. “One day I will teach you, Daniel-san” She grins. He grins back as he puts his palms together and bows, “Yes, Mr. Miyagi.”

Clarke blinks the memory from her mind. Jaha is now outside on the stoop watching them. Her eyes move to the second floor corner window. It’s her parents’ room. If she squints she swears she sees the silhouette of her mother. She tells herself her mom is doing the best she can. That she cares but it’s too hard for her to come down and say goodbye. She fights off the thoughts of rejection and abandonment from her mother. Clarke tells herself that her mom loves her despite not seeing her off.

Clarke looks back to Jaha, and he waves, telling her to not be a stranger and to check in often. She takes one last look at her home, and something inside her should feel sad for leaving, but she knows this hasn’t been home in a long time, and with that she turns to retrieve her bike.

Lexa gets into the passenger seat next to Bellamy. “They’re not driving with us?”

“They said they would follow us, so wait for them.” She watches from the side view mirror as Murphy fiddles with the cuffs on their wrists, and all of a sudden they’re unlocked and off Clarke. The little shit played her. She would be pissed if she weren’t impressed. Murphy showed the same backbone as Clarke. He didn’t cower or back down from her, he stood his ground and the loyalty he has for Clarke rivaled even her pack’s loyalties to each other.

Lexa and Bellamy continue watching them as both disappear around the side of the house. They roll out on two motorcycles. Lexa doesn’t know much about it, can’t tell what kind they are or name any brands for the matter, but Clarke perched on a bike, is fucking hot.

“That’s hot as fuck.” Bellamy says literally mimicking her thoughts word for word. She lets out a little growl, and tells him to start driving and to keep his eyes on the road. She doesn’t know what she’s feeling, but she can’t stand the lusty comment Bellamy made and the way he ogled Clarke. She chalks it up as her wanting to be respectful of her new… friend? Clarke and her are friends or something like that? Right? Whatever, the entire ride back to pack property she tells herself she’s watching Clarke for safety, not because she looks damn good while riding. Or imagining what other things Clarke would look good riding.

Clarke and Murphy pull through automatic iron rod gates to a massive… mansion? Estate? They don’t know the difference, but knew when Lexa said house…. It was an understatement.
Skycrew lived in a community called Arkadia. Pack leaders, their family, second-in-command, and their family usually shared a bigger home at the center serving as home base. The rest of the pack surrounded them. Lexa’s pack seems to all live under one huge roof, with acres of fenced in land.

They dismounted their motorcycles and take their helmets off, looking around in awe. “Clarke is this Xavier’s School for Gifted Youngsters? Are we joining the X-Men?”

“I hope not. I wouldn’t want to see you in a skin tight, full body leotard.” She makes a disgusted face at him and Murphy puts a hand to his chest, truly offended.

Clarke takes in the property. Last time she was here, she was drugged and unconscious upon arrival. During departure she was too caught up in her head about fake mates, green eyes, and how hungry she was. Just taking a quick glance around, she could tell there was a lot of ground to explore. And if she remembered correctly, there were woods to run and weave through. Her wolf woke with excitement.

Lexa ushers them inside, and it was even more impressive. The foyer was both modern and contemporary. Minimal with smooth straight lines. Simple and uncluttered, yet bold and artistic. It flowed beautifully, looking elegant but lived in. The only thing she would change or fix was the fact that the artist in her wanted to spruce it up with more color. Hang her work on the walls to bring it to life, or just to leave her mark, her brand in her new home. But the thought was fleeting because this was temporary.

The next thing Clarke noticed was that the space completely void of people. Not a soul in sight or a peep rang through the halls. She felt Lexa place her hand at the small of her back, guiding her up the stairs and through a series of hallways. They stopped at a door and Lexa moved to open it. “John, this is where you'll be staying.” Both sky wolves peered in. Not to their surprise, it followed the same theme as the rest of the home.

John walked in, appraising it from the floor to the ceiling. He fell backwards onto the bed with his arms out, and Clarke followed. They rolled around and bounced a bit, getting a feel of the mattress, and then sat up.

“It'll do.” He said plainly, as if his verdict was important.

“I'm glad the room has met your standards.” Lexa says politely, although not really meaning the words. Murphy moves back into the hallway towards the room next to his. He assumed the room next to his would be Clarke’s, and with his hand already on the door’s knob, he asks “Is Clarkey’s room the same, or does she get special treatment?”

“Clarke won’t be staying in that room, or on this floor for that matter.”

Clarke and Murphy's heads snap in her direction.

Lexa's face is unreadable as she stares at Clarke. “You'll be staying in my room, with me.” There's a beat of silence. “To consummate our relationship, of course.”

Clarke's eyes go wide while Lexa grins at her cheekily. Her mouth opens and closes, but nothing comes out. She's at a complete loss of words. That wasn't part of the deal and she had no plans for it. This was supposed to be fake. They’re not really together.

Not that she really cares. After her dream of Lexa, she couldn’t lie about wanting to get between the sheets with the alpha. She wouldn’t be able to fake her orgasm with the alpha. Wait— stop, she tells herself. This isn't about that. Her thoughts are interrupted by laughter.
“I was kidding, Clarke.” And again Clarke has no words and she's sure she’s still gaping like a fish. “I would never, unless you want to that is.” The alpha says cooly. “But we are staying in the same room. I believe it would help us make this more believable.” She gestures between them. “What better way to build something between us than to spend time together when we're at our most vulnerable.”

It honestly makes no sense. Again, her stupid brain should be raising red flags, blasting off warning signals, and although her head is screaming, *What the fuck*, she feels herself nodding in agreement, totally agreeing with Lexa's logic and whole heartedly thinking it's the best plan ever.

Lexa nods, glad there was no fight with the decision and leads them back down to the lower level. Clarke feels Murphy elbow her, silently communicating, ‘What the actual fuck,’ to her. Obviously, his red flags are working—unlike hers—but she has no answer for him so she shrugs and follows Lexa to the next part of the house.

“The pack should be waiting for us in the den. I've asked everyone to come and meet you both,” Lexa explains. “Indra and Gustus are not here. They’re visiting another pack, but you'll meet them when they get back in a day or two.”

They stop at the base of the stairs and Lexa turns back to them. “I understand both of you are not part of the pack, so I will not tell you what to do, but I do expect respect as you are staying in my home.”

John nods as Clarke says, “We understand. We will follow your pack rules, but we expect the same respect. And we will dish out as much as we get.” It wasn't a threat or a warning, more like a simple fact. Clarke doesn't like confrontation; hates it in fact, because drama was such a waste of time and energy, but if someone wanted to fuck with her and her best friend, she wasn't going to take it like a bitch in heat.

“Of course, I expect nothing less from the both of you or my pack,” Lexa responds. “We're all rather...” she drawls out, trying to find the right words. “… Highly spirited.” With that, she turns back around, leading them to the pack.

Clarke doesn’t know why she’s nervous. Doesn’t know why she feels like it’s the first day of high school, like she’s about to be fed to a pack of wolves. No wait, that’s exactly what it was. She was walking right into the big bad wolf’s den. Literally, she was walking straight into their lair to play the part of their pack leader’s mate.

No pressure. None at all.

Clarke rolls her shoulders, and cracks her neck. She refuses to be intimidated. She’s a Griffin, and Griffins don’t bow to others. She doesn’t cower in fear, instead, she faces it head on because nothing could be worse than her last pack. She feels Murphy at her side, and together they stand taller.

The hallway opens up to a large den area. There are about six new faces she hasn't seen before. Anya, Lincoln, Bellamy, and Roan are present and mixed into the group. All faces, new and old are staring her down. Most are eyeing her, not exactly in the disdain she expected, but more with a wary curiosity.

“Everyone, this is Clarke Griffin and Jonathan Murphy,” Lexa introduces. “As I have already announced, they will be temporarily staying with us as we deal with the pressing issues involving Nia.”

Clarke watches as the pack’s eyes fall on Lexa as she speaks. Their respect and loyalty for their pack leader is obvious. They hang on to every word, listening intently as their commander spoke.
Lexa pointed out each member, introducing them individually. She gestures to a short, longhaired brunette with fiery eyes. She has a dirty apron on and a dishtowel thrown over her shoulder like she was in the middle of cooking something. Clarke assumes she’s in charge of the kitchen, making meals for the pack. She wonders if the girl would mind sharing the oven with her. Clarke likes to bake: loaves of bread, cookies, pies, cakes, scones, and whatever else she felt like baking.

“This is Octavia.” Octavia flashes her a small smile, and Clarke thinks, *Maybe this won’t be too bad.* Next, Lexa introduces Finn. His hair is annoyingly long and she fought the urge to find scissors and chop it all off, but he has warm eyes and a kind smile. *So far so good,* Clarke thinks. Two for two haven’t been outright rude. Four more to go.

Lexa introduces Costia next. She has mocha colored skin similar to Lincoln’s, a slim body, long legs, and a tight waist. Her face is flawless, smooth and free of blemishes. She’s gorgeous. Absolutely stunning, but then she opens her mouth and the whole image shatters.

“You can't be serious, Lexa?!” It sounded like nails on a chalkboard, making Clarke and Murphy cringe at the whiny pitch in her voice. Like a pup throwing a tantrum not getting their way, but instead it’s a full grown woman stomping her feet and pouting. Clarke would’ve thought it was cute if Costia wasn't practically shooting daggers at her and complaining like a jealous girlfriend.

*Fuck,* was this chick Lexa's past or present lover!? This was about to get awkward real fast.

Lexa lets out a heavy sigh, “Costia, I have told you and everyone in the pack about my plan. I don’t expect you or anyone to agree with everything I do. As your pack leader, I always consider everyone’s concerns, but at the end of the day I have the last word. I expect you to fall in line and respect it.”

Costia’s face twists into anger, but she doesn’t say a word. Instead, her eyes dart back to Clarke. Her deep brown eyes looking her over, judging everything she sees. She scoffs then stomps out of the room, pulling the woman beside her out too. Murphy lets out a, “Meoowww,” as they leave.

Lexa sighs again. “And the girl who was pulled out by Costia is Emori.” Clarke didn’t get a chance to formally greet her, but before Emori was swept away, she threw a small wave over her shoulder. Clarke took that as a small win.

“So, you’re Clarke Griffin?”

Clarke’s eyes follow the source of the voice. It belonged to a woman half-hidden behind Anya.

“And that’s Raven.” Lexa points out.

“That’s a sad introduction.”

“What do you expect me to say?”

“How about Raven of the House Reyes, the First of Her Name, The Unburnt, Queen of the Andals, the Rhoynar and the First Men, Queen of Meereen, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Protector of the Realm, Lady Regnant of the Seven Kingdoms, Breaker of Chains and Mother of Dragons.”

Octavia seems to be the only one amused as the others roll their eyes.

Raven points an accusatory finger at Lexa. “You know nothing, Jon Snow!”

Clarke barks out at a laugh, and just like that all eyes are back on her.
Raven doesn’t smile like the others did. Instead, she crosses her arms over her chest in an unwelcoming way. She isn’t exactly rude, but she isn’t nice either. The vibe she’s getting kind of feels similar to Jonathan Murphy’s attitude, a cross between “I don’t give a flying fuck, but if you cross me and the people I care about I’ll fuck you up.”

An awkward silence draws out between everyone, and Raven is still eyeing her with a look Clarke can’t quite place. “So is it true?”

And there it fucking is. Clarke had been waiting for it. One of them was bound to ask about the shifting issue. She wasn’t lucky enough to get through introductions without someone bringing it up.

“You’ll have to be more specific on what it is?”

Raven rolls her eyes, but there’s a smirk playing at the corner of her lips. “Is it true that you can’t shift?”

Murphy jumps to Clarke’s defense. “And that’s your business how?”

For the first time Raven’s eyes move to him. Taking in his appearance, she eyes the cuffs around his wrist. “Who asked you, Houdini?” She laughs. “And who are you? Her guard dog?”

Murphy rolls his eyes then glances Lexa’s way. “If we wanted to feel unwelcomed, we would’ve stayed with Skycrew. At least we wouldn’t have gone through the hassle of packing and moving.”

Before Lexa can respond, Raven clears the air. She uncrosses her arms, and holds up her hands in surrender. “Hey hey hey, I meant no disrespect. It was a simple question.” She pushes Anya to the side, exposing the rest of her body. Raven lifts herself up, and walks over to them. They both notice one of the woman’s legs caged in a metal brace. She limps over to them, and swings her arms around their shoulders.

“Honest, I wasn’t trying to offend.” She looks at Murphy, then to Clarke. “I have a feeling we’ll get along just fine.”

Murphy doesn’t drop the scowl, but Clarke grins. “We always attract the crazies.”

With that, Raven laughs. “I like you already, but I’ll like you more if you let me get my hands on those vintage Ducati Scramblers I saw you both ride up on.”

John lets out a firm hell no while Clarke says, “I don’t know about letting your filthy paws on it, but maybe I’ll take you for a ride.”

Anya growls. “You are not getting on that death trap. No one is, besides the stupid Skyrats.”

Raven turns to Clarke, “Excuse her, my mate seems to want to play the part of asshole today.” The brunette then glares at Anya. “Try telling me what to do one more time and you’ll be sleeping outside tonight.” The alpha grumbles.

“Can I go for a ride?”

Clarke looks around for the voice, lowering her gaze when she finds no one there. A little blonde, blue-eyed boy is staring up at her with excited eyes. He looked like he was maybe ten years old, twelve max. He also looked a little like Lexa, but also a little like Roan. She wonders what the story behind that is.

“Aden, manners!” Lexa scolds affectionately.
Aden juts his hand out towards Clarke’s face and wiggles his fingers for her to take it. His fingers are a little sticky, and his handshake isn’t firm. It doesn’t even move up and down like a standard handshake. Instead, it’s loose and erratic and he mostly just swings Clarke’s arm around. Clarke finds it adorable.

“Hi, I’m Aden. I know who you are. You’re Clarke Griffin! You can’t shift, but that’s okay because I haven’t shifted yet either. So that kind of makes us twins!” He’s talking a million miles an hour. “Well, maybe not twins because eventually I’ll shift, but you know what I mean.” His face scrunches, thinking real hard about what he just said, but it seems his focus goes to their still joined hands. He starts swinging them again, smiling at the action.

Right then and there, Clarke decides that this arrangement wasn’t so bad.

Clarke walks out of the ensuite of Lexa’s, and now her room. She feels a little awkward, like she shouldn’t be there, but Lexa insisted. She lingers at the frame, peering into the room. The alpha is sitting on the corner chaise lounge with her legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles. She might as well have been in nothing, only wearing a sports bra and boxer briefs that leaves nothing to imagination. She isn’t complaining, but how is she supposed to get any sleep with Lexa looking like that, and them sharing a bed.

Just like she knew, Lexa had impressive abs. And her bare arms were just as delicious. Her biceps were well defined, and one had sported a tattoo. Clarke wondered what it meant and if it was too forward for her to ask. Lexa decides at that moment to look up.

Green meets blue.

They smile sheepishly at each other. Clarke plays with the bottom hem of her sleep shorts and casts her eyes down to the ground. Lexa plays with the corner of the page of the book she’s reading.

“This feels—”

“Do you—”

They both start at the same time. They chuckle and Lexa signals Clarke to go first. The blonde chews her lip. “Do you feel weird?” Lexa tilts her head, contemplating her response. Clarke continues, “It doesn’t have to be weird, right?”

“Right. We’re mature adults. And to tell you the truth, no I don’t feel weird.”

“Yeah, adults. Good... good to not feeling weird.”

Lexa closes her book. “It’s just a sleepover amongst... friends? We’re friends, right?” She doesn’t mention she's never had or even been to a real sleep over. Neither an innocent one or an adult one.

Clarke chuckles as she moves to the bed and climbs in. “Yeah, I'd say we’re friends.”

The alpha beams at her. They stay where they are, staring at each other. The air between them feels charged. The blonde moves onto the bed, sliding underneath the sheets. “Do you prefer a certain side?”
Lexa shakes her head. “I kind of just lay in the middle.” She watches Clarke scoot to the right side, and then pats the vacant spot beside her. The alpha places her book down, and turns off the lights. She flops onto the bed face down.

“It’s not weird?” She says into her pillow, her statement coming out as more of a question than she intended.

The amused blonde doesn’t answer right away. Instead, she turns to the alpha and firmly says, “It’s not weird.”

There’s another comfortable silence, and both of them think about how it really wasn’t weird at all. In fact, it was nice. Enjoyable actually.

Lexa lifts her head to face Clarke. “How was your first day here?” She asks softly, like she’s afraid to pop the peaceful bubble they were in. She watches as Clarke’s eyes close shut. Her new favorite color disappearing behind heavy lids.

The blonde hums. “For the most part, it seemed nice.”

The alpha watches the rise and fall of Clarke’s chest, listening as her breathing evened out. Her eyes traveled up to the woman’s face, to the beauty mark above her lips, and for a moment Lexa thinks about closing the gap between them. Bridging the space between their lips to draw the blonde beauty into a sweet goodnight kiss.

Her eyes trace Clarke’s face again, highlighted by the moon’s glow. Her eyes get heavy with sleep, and Lexa slowly drifts off to dreamland, not fighting the undeniable pull towards Clarke as they shift closer.

Chapter End Notes

Drop me a line.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

All in favor for the rise of Lostia, raise your hand!

Lol..... just kidding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa woke up feeling like her room was on fire. She tried to roll over to find a cooler part of her bed, only to find something weighing her down, preventing her from moving. She's too tired to open her eyes to see whatever was on her, so she accepted defeat. She begins to wake up, only now realizing her arms were wrapped around something warm and smooth. She attempts to move when she feels light breaths on her neck. Her arms tighten instinctively. There's a faint mumble as a nose nuzzles into the crook of her neck.

Clarke.

She had forgot Clarke was now sharing her room. Said blonde was currently in bed with her; more accurately, in her arms, nuzzling the underside of her jaw, which was a very sensitive spot on her body. She doesn't move, thinking of ways she could maneuver herself out of this position without waking Clarke, but the blonde presses further into her. Clarke’s nose and lips are on her neck again, and Lexa can't fight the purr spilling from her lips. She can't deny that it feels good to have Clarke in her arms. She can't deny how good it feels to be touched by another, especially if that other happened to be Clarke.

She doesn't know why and doesn't care to figure it out because knowing would only complicate things. So she relaxes, accepting how she woke up and remembering that she and Clarke agreed to not make it weird, and she didn’t feel weird so there’s no need to freak out.

It takes her a while to fall back asleep. In the meantime, she thinks about how perfectly Clarke fit against her. The blonde’s head on her shoulder, Lexa’s arms snugly around her. It's like the little nook was made for Clarke. Her eyes feel heavy and she doesn't fight it as she rubs her cheek against blond hair never feeling so comfortable with another person before.

Clarke wakes up having the best sleep of her life. She thought being in a new place would’ve made her restless, caused her to toss and turn all night, but last night she fell into a deep slumber.

She buries her face deeper into warmth, not quite ready to face the world. Strong, firm arms pull her closer, and she relishes in the feel of it. Willing and accepting, she rested her head on a chest, tucking her head right under a chin. Her arm wounded tightly around a waist, and her leg tangled with another. It was the most comfortable she’s ever felt.
It felt right.

Then she heard it, the soft purring coming from Lexa and it all comes crashing down. She stiffened. God, what was she doing!? Yes, it's not supposed to be weird, and it's not. Really it's not, and that's the problem! For the life of her, she needed to get her head in the game. She can't be falling into this with feelings. She wiggles out of the alpha's death grip, and Lexa sports the same adorable pout she has when she's awake. Clarke’s heart flutters because it's just as adorable when she's unconscious to the world. She moves her pillow into lean arms, and Lexa immediately cuddles it to her chest. With a heavy sigh and a heavy heart, Clarke gets out of bed to get ready for a her usual morning run.

Sure enough, John is waiting for her out back. He's squatting down with his fingers in the luxurious infinity pool.

“Salt water system,” He says absently. He stands and flicks the water on his hands at her. She ducks away, pulling her hair back at the same time. “How was your first night sleeping with Cujo?”

She doesn't answer. Instead, she walks around him, moving towards the stairs that lead to the lower part of the yard into the woods.

“That bad, huh?” She still doesn't answer as she double checks her laces. “Clarke, you know we don't have to do this. There are other ways to get us out of Arkadia and away from Cage. It's not too late to call this off—”

He doesn't finish his sentence because Clarke darts into the trees. She doesn't want to hear it. She doesn't want to talk about. Not about Arkadia. Not about the jerks who live there. Not about her mom. Not about how it hasn't been the same since her dad and Wells’ passing. She doesn't want to talk about Cage and how he's a sick fuck who wants to break her into submission. And she certainly does not want to talk about whatever is going on with Lexa. Not about her stupidly beautiful emerald eyes. Her pouty, lush pink lips. The way her body fit beneath her. Or the way her skin felt against hers. No, she doesn't want to fucking talk because there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to talk about. There's nothing going on because they're just friends. All she's feels are friendly feelings. She nods to herself, a confirmation that that's all it is.

“Just friends.” She mumbles out loud, like it will make it more believable.

She focuses on running. With no real direction, she just runs free. Her feet digging into the fresh, moist soil. The cool, crisp air filling her lungs as she weaves through trees. Faintly, she hears John behind her, slowly gaining on her.

She pushes harder, working her muscles to the brink. Her lungs are burning, sweat is dripping off her, and her body is drumming, and just like that she loses him. She breathes in the cool air, fueling her body, filling her lungs. She feels the adrenaline pump into her veins as she fights through the pain.

Her ears pick up on running water. Following it, she finds herself at a small creek. She stops, catching her breath. In through the nose, out through the mouth, she thinks to herself as she paces the creek, her arms above her head.

With every inhale, and every shaky exhale; she lets it go. She lets it all go.

Dad.

Mom.

Wells.
Arkadia.

Cage.

Lexa.

She hears John about a minute or two out. She calms her breathing, and steadies her racing heart. When he's out of the treeline, she lets out one last heavy breath before looking at him.

He's gulping down air, trying to catch his breath, but his eyes are on her, filled with concern. Filled with a love she only receives from him.

She glances up to the top of the trees. The sun is peaking through the leaves as if the rays were trying to reach her. Trying to cover her skin like a warm embrace.

She doesn't want comfort.

She drops her eyes to the creek, and it reminds her so much of the creek her dad used to to take her to. The creek where they'd sneak copious amounts of skittles and not tell her mother. The same creek where it happened. Tears form in her eyes as she watches the ripples in the water reflecting her image, and for a second she looks like her five year old self and she swears she can see her dad sitting there, smiling with his arm around her. Looking at her like she's his world, explaining the importance of pack or some other important lesson. She’s at war with herself, feeling the urge to blame him. Blame him for everything that’s happened. If he were still here. If he were still alive, everything would be different. But she can’t. It’s not his fault. It’s no one's.

Her knees buckle, fighting the need to crumble to the ground, but she refuses. She refuses to let her past define her. She will not be weak. She breathes through it, kicking gravel into the water, driving the image away. She tears her eyes away when she feels an arm around her shoulders. Murphy’s saying something, but she can't quite understand him, only hearing her erratic heartbeat in her ears. She closes her eyes then pulls away.

Run. Just fucking run, she tells herself.

And so she does.

She swears she's not running to get away from her thoughts or herself. She swears it's only to give her wolf what she wants, but the growl her wolf gives her tells her denial isn't the best way to deal. She growls back.

No one tells her what to do.

She runs until she feels like she's about to collapse. Way past her limit, she stumbles out of the treeline back into the yard.

She's stretching her overworked muscles when Murphy shows up on wobbly legs. They give out, dropping him onto the grass with his chest heaving.

She smiles at him, finally feeling like herself again. “Tired, Bambi?”

He gives her the middle finger. “Got it out of your system?”

“Mhm.”

“Are we going to talk about it?”
“Nope.” Clarke says popping the “P.” She’s thankful he lets it go.

They climb up the stairs, back to the house and makes their way to the kitchen. All eyes are on them as they enter.

A low wolf whistle signals Raven’s attendance. Roan and Lincoln’s eyes flicker up briefly from the newspaper. They both nod their good mornings before continuing their reading. Finn and Bellamy are looking at them, or maybe just her. Clarke’s not sure, but they look hungry or something? She doesn’t really care.

“So the Skyrats aren't lazy shits.” Anya jibes before taking a sip of her coffee. There's a snicker from Costia who's sitting in the corner with Emori. Like yesterday, Costia still seems to have a chip on her shoulder and giving her death glares. Emori seems to be more focused on Murphy’s shirtless half. His abs and chest dripping with sweat. Clarke steals a glance at her friend. He seems to be staring right back. Interesting, she thinks to herself.

“Give it a rest, Anya.” Octavia says from her spot in front of the stovetop. Clarke finally notices the spread. There's pancakes, sausage, bacon, pastries, fruit and other stuff. Her mouth waters at the sight. Octavia looks over her shoulder expertly flipping a pancake without looking. “Clarke, Murphy, ya hungry?” They nod. “Help yourself. If there's something you specifically want, let me know. I can whip it up for you both.”

They both say their thanks. Murphy piles his plate with bacon and different carbs. Clarke has a craving for something sweet and juicy. She eyes the variety of fruit. There's a kitchen knife block near a chopping board.

“Octavia, do you mind?” The brunette waves her off and tells her to do and use whatever.

She picks the fruit she wants and a bowl. Clarke goes about cutting the fruit, popping pieces into her mouth as she goes. Nectar dripping from fingers, she licks it off. She doesn't notice everyone watching her. The way Bellamy and Finn licked their lips at every action she did. The way Octavia stared as Clarke masterly wielded the knife in her hand, or the way Costia was looking at her with a permanent scowl of disgust.

When she's finished cutting fruit, she rolls a lemon under her palm. She slices it in half and generously squeezes the juice over the freshly cut fruit. She finds some honey and drizzles it on top. With a spoon, she mixes it and takes a tiny bite. Her eyes flutter shut as she let out a content sigh. Before she digs in fully, she cleans up her mess, putting away everything she used and wiping down the counter. She settles her butt on a barstool at the island, somewhat separate from the rest of the pack, and still does not notice the watching eyes.

Lexa walks in and she immediately notices everyone staring at Clarke, except Costia who's looking at her like a hopeful puppy. Lexa ignores her as she saddles up next to Clarke, propping her hip against the counter. Lexa takes in Clarke’s appearance. The blonde has her hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. She’s wearing running shorts and a tight tank top. Her eyes shamelessly roam over exposed creamy skin, eyeing each freckle like it was a landmark to be explored. She hears someone in the room clear their throat and her eyes snap to the food Octavia prepared. She plucks a grape and pops it into her mouth. Clarke hasn't said anything next to her.

“You weren't there when I woke up.” When Lexa woke for the second time, Clarke was gone and she was clutching onto a pillow. She rolled onto her stomach, wondering how the blonde found the ability to leave their little bubble. Lexa couldn't when she woke the first time. Not a bone in her body wanted to leave the nest she made with Clarke, and it didn’t even seem odd to her. The best way she could describe it, like everything else with Clarke, it was comfortable.
Clarke swallows her mouthful of fruit before speaking. “Morning run.” She shrugs. “John and I go every morning.”

Her response is short and curt, and it makes Lexa feel like she’s missing something. Like something happened between them and it changed, but she doesn’t know what it could be. Last night, Clarke seemed fine. They said it wasn’t going to be weird, but now it is. She doesn’t know what to do. How to get the Clarke from last night back. So Lexa just nods.

She looks at Clarke’s fruit. It looks good. Refreshing and she desperately wants some. Like their first date, and their froyo date, Clarke scoops a spoonful and holds it to her lips.

And just like that, all the alpha’s doubts wash away.

She takes the bite graciously and hums at the taste. It’s sweet, sour, and tangy. Clarke always seems to know what she likes. They stay at the island, Clarke taking turns between feeding herself and feeding Lexa. Like a well oiled machine, it works. And feels like they’ve been doing it forever. Neither of them sense the watchful eyes, curious glances, or shocked expressions. With Clarke, Lexa feels like nothing else exists. Like everything fades away and it’s just them.

Aden comes sauntering in, eyes crusted with sleep and messy blonde bedhead. He makes his way next to Clarke and Lexa at the island. He drops his head on the counter, obviously not yet awake. Lexa watches as Clarke rubs his back, trying to ignore the weird feeling she’s getting because it is absolutely absurd to feel jealous. Ridiculous really. This is her little brother. So what if Clarke is giving him attention? He’s twelve and in that awkward puberty stage, but to her, he will always be a pup. For god’s sake, she can’t be jealous of a pup. She internally scoffs and tells herself to knock it off.

Then Clarke runs her fingers through his hair to smooth it out, and Aden purrs. Lexa’s odd feeling of jealousy dissipates into something else. Fondness, maybe? Because Aden cuddles into Clarke’s side, and she’s never seen him warm up to someone so fast. When they picked up Raven, Octavia, Bellamy, and Finn, it took about a month for him to even talk to them. But not only did he approach Clarke yesterday during introductions, here he is pressed against Clarke’s side as she untangles his hair.

Lexa assumes this woman has that sort of affect on every living, breathing soul. Everything seemed to gravitate toward her. She knows the feeling well.

Aden perks right up, lifting his head to give the other blonde a sleepy smile. Her little brother, ever like her, drops his gaze to Clarke’s bowl of fruit.

She scowls because oh no, the little twerp is going to steal her food. Clarke was sharing her fruit with her, and now Aden is going to use his puppy dog eyes to get some. Lexa lets out an unintentional growl. It makes Clarke laugh and Lexa feels herself relax at the sound. The blonde pulls out a plate for Aden as he hops onto the stool next to her. She fixes him a plate of food then spoons a little of her fruit on it. Lexa feels a little disappointed because she wasn’t finish yet, but she understands she needs to share with her brother. It was Clarke’s food first.

The alpha looks at the spread of food trying to decide what to eat, but nothing looked appetizing after Clarke’s fruit salad concoction. She’s about to give up, and opt for a cup of tea when she feels a foot nudge her calf. She turns and there, right in front of her face, is a spoonful of lemony, honey, fruity goodness. Clarke’s lips, which are stained red from the berries, are in a playful smirk as if saying, “Like I could forget about you.”

She doesn’t know if that was Clarke’s intention, but Lexa can only hope.
When breakfast was over, people started to filter out of the kitchen. First, Finn left to do his rounds of the property. Then Lincoln, Emori, and Aden left. Lexa leaves next, thanking Octavia for breakfast, and a ‘see you later’ to Clarke on her way out. As soon as she was out the door, a whiny voice filled the quiet morning.

“We don’t need your help, and we really don't want you here.” Costia snaps at Clarke.

She honestly did not know what this woman’s problem was. She would be so damn pretty if she just didn’t speak, but no one can have it all, Clarke supposed. She goes for the more civil approach and keeps her mouth shut, not playing into petty arguments, but Costia doesn’t seem like she’s giving up. “I don’t know why you’re here.”

Clarke tried really hard to bite her tongue, but sometimes bitches really need to be put in their place. “You know, I was just wondering the same about you.” She says coolly, not even looking up. Clarke hears Raven, Octavia, and Bellamy stifle a laugh, and she knows for a fact Murphy has a satisfied smirk on his face.

Costia hmps and huffs before she recovers. “Well, how does it feel to have my sloppy seconds?”

And there’s the confirmation to her curious thoughts of Costia being Lexa's ex-lover. Bingo, she definitely was. It bothered Clarke more than she cared to admit, but she doesn’t show it. She doesn’t give Costia the satisfaction, but the woman was really trying to get to her. “How does it feel to lay on the same sheets we made love on?”

Clarke suddenly felt sick. The pit of her stomach churned, ready to projectile vomit her entire breakfast on Costia’s annoying face.

“Watch your mouth, Costia. Don't spread lies.” To Clarke’s surprise, Anya joined the conversation.

“Yeah Costia, it was one time and making love?” Raven chimes in with a scoff. “I’d hardly call it a quickie, and we all know you’ve never been in Lexa’s room. Your drunken one night stand happened in the back of your car.” Raven started laughing, “It was a hit and run.”

Octavia giggles. “And Lexa doesn’t even remember it. Are you sure she even gave consent?”

“From what I heard, Lexa didn’t even finish.” Bellamy mumbles.

Costia yells for them to shut the fuck up and bumps the table as she stands. She stumps over to Clarke, who was sitting on the stool, and towers over her. “I don’t care who you are, or what the plan is. Lexa will be mine…” She jerks her thumb at herself. “Lexa and I are going to end up together.”

In the back, someone—maybe Roan, says she’s delusional, possibly psychotic. Clarke mentally agrees.

Costia ignores him, and her fingers jab into Clarke’s chest. “And you’re not going to get in the way. No one, especially Lexa, would want some latent wolf!” She finishes with another hard push of her fingers.

Clarke is done, really done playing nice, and she’s pretty sure this would be an unfair fight because Costia is a walking, talking stick. A pretty stick… pretty fucking annoying stick. Clarke could literally snap her in half, easily. But like she said, sometimes bitches really need to be put in their place.

She brushes Costia’s fingers away from her and stands from the stool. She’s not quite as tall as
“You know Costia, you’d be really pretty if you didn’t have such an ugly personality. Didn’t anyone teach you, if you have nothing nice to say don’t say anything at all? Or were you just born rude?” Clarke steps in a bit closer. “If you just shut that mouth of yours up or put it to better use, you’d have so much going for you.”

Costia opens her mouth to respond. Clarke shushes her. “Ah ah ah.” She tuts. “Now, I let you talk. The polite thing to do is let me talk. There’s your second lesson in manners.”

Costia and the room remained silent. “Costia, I have no intention of ‘stealing’ Lexa away from you.” Clarke even makes a show of gesturing quotations marks with her fingers. “I’m here for one reason only, and that’s my clean break away from my old life. Once all of this is said and done, I’ll be out of here and if Lexa wants to jump your bones now or later, cool, have at it. Go at it like rabbits. That’s not my business. But here’s a piece of advice, sugar.” She pats Costia cheek with fake affection. Costia’s hackles raise at the action and the pet name. “I doubt she will, if she’s always looking my way.”

Costia snarls, jerking away from Clarke to crank her arm back into a fist. But she’s untrained, and well, Clarke, she has a lot of experience and most say she’s an expert. She dodges the punch. Costia tries again, but to no avail. Clarke really does feel bad because it really is an unfair fight so she makes no move to fight back just stays on the defense.

But Costia just has to go again and open that bitchy, stupid mouth of hers. “How dare you say that about me! I know all about you and your family! Your mom doesn’t even look at you! The Griffin name is a shame!”

With that, Clarke doesn’t hold back. As Costia opens her hand to throw a sloppy slap, Clarke blocks and throws her fist square at Costia’s face. Like Cage, Costia’s nose is for sure broken. Costia lets out a screech and falls to the ground clutching her no longer perfect, pretty face.

Lexa comes running in, and Clarke watches as green eyes dart from Costia, on the floor, to everyone in the room. Clarke sits back down on her stool and turns back to the island like nothing happened. Like no one was lying on the floor, screaming in pain. Like there weren’t drops of blood on the kitchen tile.

“What happened?” Lexa asks, looking to anyone for an answer. Everyone was speechless but Murphy, who was laughing and slapping his knee.

Blue meets green.

Clarke shrugs, picking the last strip of bacon off her plate and biting into it. Her hunger always flared up after shit like this. Lexa stares at her expectantly. She finishes up her bacon, and reaches to pick at something else while giving Lexa an answer.

“She fell.”

The whole room bursts into laughter, and Lexa can’t help but laugh too because with Clarke, it was contagious. She asks Costia if she’s okay, but she doesn’t help the girl up. She gets a muffled response, and Lexa figures she should be fine if she’s still responding. The alpha throws one last smile at Clarke before looking away. Behind the blonde, Raven and Octavia are bending at the waist with their hands up, bowing to her. She laughs all the way out of the kitchen, faintly hearing...
“That added ten years to my life!”

“That was so badass! Punch me in the face!”

“Always going for the nose.”

Lexa sneaks into the room a quarter to eleven. She’s not sure if Clarke’s asleep yet, but she’d rather not wake up her new roommate. To her surprise, Clarke was wide awake, finger skimming over her collection of records. As blue eyes look up at the alpha, Clarke’s finger stops and pulls away like she’s been doing something wrong. Lexa shakes her head, “Don’t stop on my account. You’re welcome to play anything.” Clarke gives her a heart stopping smile.

Lexa moves to where Clarke is. She sits on the floor, leaning against the chaise lounge as she watches the blonde choose a record. Clarke’s pointer finger stops on a sleeve. She pulls it out and reads the list of songs. She twirls it between her fingers, trying to decide if that’s the one she wanted to play. It is and soon enough, Tommy Dorsey’s smooth jazz trombone fills the quiet space of the room.

With her eyes still on Clarke, Lexa rests her head on the lounge behind her. The blonde stretches her arms to her side, palms and delicate fingers placed softly on the bookshelf hovering over the record player. First, her head nods to the melodic swing of the music, then her body starts to sway along with it. It puts Lexa in a trance.

She wants to stand and pull Clarke into a slow dance; hold her body close and guide her around the room. It’d be perfect. The moon was high in the sky, shining in through the floor-to-ceiling length glass windows. The fire was burning and crackling, warming the room. And Clarke, Clarke was simply beautiful and Lexa just wanted to hold her close.

But she doesn’t.

She stays firmly seated on the floor, watching Clarke get lost in the music.

The blonde turns to look at her, and they share a smile. It’s small and sweet. Nothing is said between them. No words at all. Clarke takes a seat next to Lexa on the floor and lays her head on the alpha’s shoulder. Lexa leans her cheek onto blonde hair the same way she did that morning in bed. They watch the fire eat away at the wood. Occasionally, Clarke would tap on Lexa’s thigh, following the beat of the music, and maybe they weren’t dancing, but Lexa thought this was just as good. And when Clarke curled firmly against her, purring in delight, Lexa thinks, maybe this is even better.
Chapter End Notes

Leave me something.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Loving your responses. You guys are the best!

I do not own anything from The 100.

They were supposed to be discussing their strategy if Nia decided to challenge her. Roan and Anya are in her office, sitting across from her, going over tactics. Instead, Lexa was staring out the window, which was overlooking the backyard and giving her a great view of Clarke.

The blonde and Murphy were making use of the outside amenities. John’s passed out on a floatie in the pool with one leg hanging in the water. His jaw is slack and his sunglasses sit crookedly on his face, and every few minutes he would twitch or slap himself. It was so odd. Maybe he was drunk? All Lexa could think was that she's sure he'd get burnt if he didn’t reapply sunscreen.

Most of the pack seemed to have taken to them easily. She looks over to the edge of the pool, and sure enough Raven’s there, up to no good. She has a water gun aimed at Murphy, and soon, she’s squirting the sleeping beast with her water gun. First, it's just his chest, and John unconsciously twitches and wipes away the water. Then, Raven aims for his face. This time, John slaps himself and startles awake, making him fall off his floatie and into the water.

Lexa chuckled as she watched a frantic Jonathan Murphy emerges from the water looking like a wet, grumpy cat. At the sound of her laughter, Roan and Anya stop their planning and look up at her questioningly. She clears her throat and gestures for them to continue.

She turns back to see Raven laughing and so is Octavia, who’s lounging on the sidelines near Clarke.

The alpha worries when she spots Murphy approaching Raven. He looks like he's going to play rough, and while Raven is more than capable of taking care of herself, she still worries because the girl has mentioned her leg irritating her lately. Aside from that, she doesn't know John, so she doesn't trust him. Murphy gently lifts Raven, holding her in a bridal carry before jumping into the water with her. When they resurface, she looks for any signs of pain or discomfort coming from the brunette. She relaxes when sees that Raven has a wide smile on her face and throws her head back in a full belly laugh.

Next, green eyes search for blonde hair.

Sure enough, she finds a head full of blond hair, but it wasn’t the blonde she was looking for. It was Aden, who has taken to Clarke more than anyone else. He’s sitting right next to her, set up with his own art supplies, looking like her mini me.

Her eyes finally fall on the right blonde head. Clarke looks adorable today (not that she doesn’t look good any other day). Her hair is up in a messy bun on top of her head. It exposes her entire neck, which is bare and free of any marks. It should drive the alpha crazy, wanting to claim the woman, but instead it’s a reminder of what could be.
She gave herself a mental shake down. That thought is crossing dangerous territory. She doesn’t want to mate Clarke for real. She chalks it up to just liking Clarke’s hair in general because even when it’s down it's beautiful. Blonde tresses hang loose, and she imagines how it would look splayed out against the sheets. Clarke under her, writhing in pleasure as Lexa slides into her—Fuck. She needs to stop.

She takes in the rest of Clarke’s appearance, staying away from the hair that was giving her x rated thoughts. The blonde’s wearing denim overalls with a bandeau underneath. She has the bottoms rolled up and was wearing those ugly Birkenstock sandals that are all the rage. Lexa doesn’t understand why people like them so much. They’re hideous. Even Clarke’s beauty can’t pull them off.

But she takes another look at Clarke. Well, maybe Lexa was lying. As ugly as the sandals were, the blonde kind of, sort of makes them bearable? Who was she kidding? She doesn’t want to admit it, but Clarke can pull them off because there she is looking cute as hell and for the life of her Lexa couldn’t deny it. But that’s besides the point. The point was, Clarke in all her denim overall, birkenstock wearing feet glory, has paint streaked and splattered all over her.

Something in her wanted to run down there and be a part of it, just to be near her. Her wolf howled, pushing her to go, but she stayed rooted in her spot despite her wolf’s best efforts against it.

Lexa’s eyes narrowed in on the little smudge of yellow paint on the woman's jaw. She wondered if Clarke knew it was there or if she was oblivious to it. Her fingers, which rested at her side, twitched to scrub it off.

Floppy hair catches her eye. Looks like Finn decided to join the party. She watches as he approaches the blonde. He awkwardly stood to the side, and at that point what was being said was lost to her, but Lexa assumed he was making a comment about her art. She watched as Finn inched closer to Clarke. Her wolf stirred, anger building as if her territory was being encroached. Then his hand moved to her face, but he doesn't touch her, he only points out the paint smudge. Lexa thinks he's made a good call because she might have cut off his hand.

Clarke, adorable as she is, uses both her hands to scrub away at her chin. But Finn laughs, making it obvious that she didn't get it. Clarke pouts and tries again, still missing it. This causes Finn to cup her chin and use his thumb to wipe it off himself. It sends Lexa into a blind rage. She lets out a growl and storms toward the door. Although Anya and Roan weren’t aware of what was going on, they moved to follow. Lexa swings the door open, only to collide into Bellamy. He reaches out to steady them both, but Lexa shrugs him off with a mission on her mind. He stops her.

“Lexa, Indra and Gustus have returned and they aren't happy to hear about our newest additions.”

Behind her, she hears an “uh-oh” come out of both Roan’s and Anya’s mouths. Fuck. She takes a few calming breaths.

Indra and Gustus were the closest to parental figures she’s ever had. Gustus was her uncle, her mother’s brother, and Indra was her father’s second in command. When all that shit went down and she was banished, without a single doubt in their minds, they followed her and became trusted advisers as she led her pack.

They both didn't agree to her plan of bringing Clarke into the fold. And while they voiced their advice against it, unlike Costia, they respectfully supported her. They always had her back, and now wasn't any different. But now that they were home, she wouldn't put it past them to be rude and
unwelcoming to Clarke and Murphy.

She started moving again, back to her mission of getting to the backyard, but this time in hopes to intervene and avoid a confrontation, while the others stay back to stay out of it. But she was too late, Indra and Gustus were already there. Indra held her arms open for Aden to come to her. Lexa watched as her brother looked up at Clarke, then back to Indra, indecision clearly written on his face. Clarke smiled softly at him and ruffled his hair, then nudged him towards the other woman. Lexa felt the familiar warmth blossom in her chest.

Murphy was quick to get to Clarke’s side. Raven and Octavia on the opposite side. Finn stood away. She was glad he was away from her. Lexa hurried and got between them all.

Gustus stared at the new comers, and all Lexa got was a protective vibe. Indra, on the other hand, didn't hide her judgmental looks.

“Indra, Gustus, I’m glad you’re back. How was your trip?” She says, trying to diffuse the situation.

Clarke eyes the two pack members she hasn’t met yet. Gustus, she assumed, was huge, a bear of a man looking very intimidating. Not just in size, but his face was hard with the experience he'd overcome. He looked at her with so much distrust, and Indra, was no less intimidating. The woman looked like she wouldn’t hesitate to strap Clarke or Murphy to a tree and slice them up.

Although both were wise with age, they bowed their heads respectfully to Lexa.

“Our trip was fine. How are things here?” Both pair of eyes are back on her and Murphy. Clarke listens as Lexa explains their new profound relationship and how well everyone seems to be blending. Indra voices her blatant wariness of Lexa’s friendship with Clarke and the possible alliance with Skycrew in Trigedasleng. Unknown to everyone, Clarke and Murphy were both fluent in the dead ancient language of the wolves.

“Ai nou wich em op.” I don’t trust her. It’s said in almost a snarl. “Dison laik son swima op ona rein, goufa.” This is a waste of time, child.

Clarke doesn’t miss the affection said in the term of endearment, nor does she miss the way Lexa’s shoulders sag. Clarke can see the struggle of carrying the weight of being a leader and making hard decisions in Lexa’s posture. And she aches to comfort her. Aches to wrap the alpha pup in her arms and tell her she’s not alone. That the weight of the world can be split between them. But that’s far too left field to be considered friendly behavior. So instead, she rocks on her feet fighting the urge.

“Indra—” The alpha tries.

“Osir na teik daun Nia thau Skaikru!” We will defeat Nia without Skycrew!

“Em pleni, Indra!” Enough, Indra! Lexa says exasperatedly. Clarke sees the change as the Heda mask everyone spoke of, surfaced. “Ai laik Heda, wich ai in. Wich ai strat.” I am the Commander, trust me. Trust my plan.

Indra backs off with a huff. She directs her attention to Aden, bending down to the yongon and fussing over him and his paint covered clothes. Gustus’ silence is deafening and Clarke isn’t the only one to notice.

“Chit yu gaf, Gostos?” What is it, Gustus? Lexa asks still in Heda mode as she turns to the towering man.

“Disha hukop ste get ai daun.” I'm concerned about this alliance. His eyes briefly flicker to her then
back to Clarke and Murphy with a critical stare. “Nau ge ponk klin disha, Skaikru ste noseim.” Don’t be fooled, the Skycrew are different.

Clarke watches as Lexa shifts into the same pose she first saw her in. Straight back, lifted chin, and her hands clasped behind her back. With a firm voice she says, “Ogeda hukop ste ifi. Nau get yu daun, Gostos.” All alliances are risky. Stop worrying, Gustus.

“Disha hukop na frag yu up, Heda.” This alliance could cost you your life, Commander. Gustus respectfully points out.

“Ai nou don na teik kom au.” I wouldn’t let that happen.

All eyes snap to Clarke. Whoops, she just outed herself. But she couldn’t bite her tongue any longer. These people were having a conversation about her right in front of her face. And Gustus had the audacity to judge her. Fine, whatever, she could care less about gaining his trust, but to think she would be the blame or the reason Lexa gets hurt is something she couldn’t deal with. It wouldn’t happen, at least she wouldn’t let it happen, not while she was around.

She lifts her chin in confidence, and switches back to English. “I wouldn’t let that happen. You may not trust me, but trust I have everyone’s best interest at heart.” She glances over her shoulder to the crazy girls who have been so welcoming of her and Murphy. Then her eyes drift to the little boy who captured her affections so easily. Lastly, her gaze falls on Lexa. Emerald eyes stared at her. With earnest conviction and a hundred percent Clarke Griffin sass, she channels her inner commander and she says, “I protect what's mine.”

If she had a mic, she’d drop it, but she doesn’t, so she turns and walks away from them after making her intentions clear. They could take it or leave it, she didn’t really care, but at least they knew.

Clarke gets into the house and she doesn’t stop walking, but she doesn’t have a sense of direction either. All she knows is she doesn’t want to be found so she needs to find a place to hide at until everything that just happened blows over. She walks up the stairs and through a series of hallways thinking it'll lead her to John’s room. He wouldn't mind and she can dig around for his stash of Skittles that she knows he keeps for them. A few minutes pass and she thinks she's passed the same piece of art for the fourth time. So she stops and looks around. She thinks she's in the west wing? Maybe east? Where is the east? The sun rises in the east, sooo... she looks up as if to look for the sun but realizes she's indoors. “Duh,” She mutters to herself, looking around again in hopes she recognizes what part of the house she's in, but it doesn't help because the not-house is ginormous and she's lived there for like three days. She continues walking, determined to find her way when she walks by an open door. She’s about to pass it, but something catches her eye.

A whole wall converted into bookcases and filled to the brim with books. The blonde can't help herself, as she walks in and eyes the mini library. She kind of feels like Belle when Beast takes her to the library in the castle. Her fingers have a mind of their own as they reach out to trace the spines of books. There's even a sliding ladder. She climbs on, continuing her perusal. Her eyes dart around, not knowing where to start or what to choose. All she knows is she wants to read them all.

A throat clears, pulling her back to the present. She glances back to see Roan. He's lounging on a royal blue accented chair, with a book in his hands. His right foot is propped onto his knee. He has glasses perched at the tip of his nose as he scrutinizes her. She smiles sheepishly as her eyes dart
around the room, noticing a bed behind him.

“This is your room?”

He doesn't respond, doesn't even nod. Just continues to gaze at her with icy blue eyes.

She gets off the ladder and rubs the back of her neck. “Sorry, I didn't mean to barge in on your space. I was looking for Murphy’s room, but then I saw this.” She rambles as she spreads her arms out, staring back at the wall of novels. “...just, wow.”

She turns back to him and she's noticed he closed his book. She wants to ask what he's reading. Wants to know if there's more to this icy wolf than just the silent observer, but she's unwelcome and disturbing him in his private space.

“I'll just be on my way.”

She's almost out the door when Roan finally speaks. “You like to read?” She turns to face him and nods. Roan looks to his lap, fingers sliding down the cover of the book. “What's your favorite genre?”

It's the most he's ever said to her. And she's not sure how to proceed, but she pushes through the awkwardness because he's trying and so she should too.

“Definitely historical fiction.” His brows shoot up to his hairline in surprise. “Thought I’m some dumb blond bimbo who only likes romance novels? Or doesn’t even read actual novels, but instead flips through fashion magazines?”

He shrugs. “You're different than I expected.”

Clarke hums. “Most people have this preconceived idea of me, and think they know exactly who I am.”

Roan’s icy blue eyes lock with hers, but this time he's not looking at her like she's a puzzle he's trying to figure out, but in understanding. Like he knows exactly what she's talking about. “I know how that feels.”

There's a silence and she thinks he's not going to say anything else. That he isn't going to open that can of worms, but he surprises her. “Being Nia’s biological son, and her first born, most are quick to think I’m just like her, or will turn out like her. Or fall in line behind her when the time comes. But...” His eyes shift to a picture frame nearby. It's a candid picture of him, Lexa and Aden. They all look so young, but so happy. Aden’s a toddler sitting on top of Roan’s shoulders, but trying to transfer himself into Lexa’s arms. It's sickeningly cute and perfect. A heavy sigh comes from him. Clarke watches the turmoil of the ice wolf and Clarke senses his feelings. She knows better than anyone what it feels like to have people waiting for you to live up to your family name.

“But that's not who you are.” His eyes snap back to her. There's a tick in his jaw, and she doesn't miss the way his knuckles turn white while gripping the book in his lap. Maybe she overstepped. Maybe she read it all wrong and she has no idea what he's feeling. And now she's going to pay the price. He's going to throw the book at her head, and while she was an excellent dodgeball player in grade school, she knows this will be a lot different. Roan has been trained to kill and never misses his mark. Him and his pack wouldn't hold the reputation if it weren't true.

He lifts the book, but instead of chucking it at her, he places it on the table. He walks over to the wall of books, skimming over a few titles. When it looks like he has found what he’s looking for, he turns to her. “This is the historical fiction section. Help yourself to any of them or any of the other books.”
There’s a flicker of a smile playing at his lips, but Clarke’s not completely sure because it was so out of character for Roan.

He takes his seat again, returning back to his book and leaving her to decide between choosing a book or leaving in search of Murphy’s like she planned. She’s a little lost on what to do. Without looking up, Roan’s voice breaks her thoughts. “If you want romance novels, Lexa has a great medieval romance section in her room…. or well I suppose it’s your room now too.” She doesn’t know why, but a blush creeps up her neck and across her cheeks. Of course Lexa, the book nerd and big bad alpha, would be a secret fan of medieval romance.

“Is that so?” She digs.

Roan chuckles. It’s a new sound to the blonde, but she immediately decides she likes the sound. It’s deep and reminds her of her dad a little. “It’s our thing. If Lex and I weren’t out making a ruckus with Anya and Lincoln, we had our noses stuck in books. Especially when—” He catches himself. “Just when we wanted to escape, books did that for us.” Again, she knows more about that than she’d like to admit. “Medieval was our favorite. You know, fire breathing dragons and stuff.” He laughed again, “You didn’t get this from me, but Lincoln was always the locked away princess. Even as pups he was always the calm kind hearted soul. I was the dragon and Lexa played the knight in shining armor with Anya as her trusty sidekick.” He barely got through the story by how much he was laughing. “One time, we tried making Lex the princess. And she beat us, naturally.” He rolls his eyes. “But we got the last laugh by all of us pushing her into the mud.”

It was Clarke’s turn to laugh at the image of the four of them as pups with wild imaginations playing make believe and a little Lexa covered in mud. She’s still standing in the same spot, stuck in indecision. Roan doesn’t push her. Doesn’t tell her what to do, he lets her decide. The blonde eyes the section, and quickly spots a book she wants to read. She plucks it from the shelf and moves towards the accented chair across from Roan. She takes a seat and tucks her feet under herself. She opens the cover, and immediately the scent of how old the book is hits her nostrils. It’s an odd smell, but it makes her smile. She flips to the first page, and gets lost with Roan’s comfortable presence not too far away.

Clarke sneaks in with a couple books tucked under her arm. The room is completely dark besides the dying fire. She had spent the rest of the afternoon with Roan. They sat in comfortable silence as they read their books, talking a little bit here and there.

Clarke places the books she borrowed on the nightstand next to her side of the bed. Quickly and quietly she got ready for bed, then slipped into cool sheets. Lexa shifted, scooting next to the blonde so there was no space between them. In a sleepy mumble that Clarke found absolutely adorable, Lexa said, “You speak Trigedasleng.”

Clarke gently nudged Lexa to lay on her back, as Clarke positioned herself into her little nook on the alpha’s body. She hummed as she felt Lexa wrap her arms around her, and their legs tangled. Sleepy Lexa spoke again, “Why didn’t you tell me?”

The blonde nuzzled closer into the alpha. “You never asked.”

Strong arms tightened around her. “I want to know more about you.”
Clarke hums in response.

“Did you mean what you said?” Clarke doesn’t have to ask what Lexa’s referring to. She knows the alpha is asking about her comment of protecting what’s hers.

“Did you?” Clarke asks. Even before she said it herself, Lexa had said it twice. And every time she wondered if the alpha truly meant it or was it a part of their little plan. Despite the fact of if the alpha did mean it or not, she knew for herself she would protect them.

Without missing a beat Lexa answered, “Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave me something.
“What did you want to be when you were a pup?”

“A Power Ranger.”

Lexa squeezes Clarke’s sides, causing the blonde to giggle, interrupting the morning silence.

Just as they were when they fell asleep, they woke up wrapped around each other, even before the sun rose. Before the world came to life and ruined their perfect little bubble. Not ready to leave each other, the two of them stayed huddled together getting to know one another. She wanted to know everything and anything about Clarke. She liked hearing the sleepy rasp in Clarke’s morning voice. She wanted to hear Clarke’s laughter all morning. She wouldn't admit it, but it was her favorite sound.

Between gasps and giggles, Clarke breathed out, “I'm serious, Lexa! I wanted to be a Mighty Morphin Power Ranger with my own zord!”

The alpha took back her spot behind Clarke, spooning the blonde. She molded herself to Clarke and clung to her. In turn, Clarke laced their fingers at her waist.

Both stopped over thinking what they were feeling and took it as is. There was something building, but neither brought it up. Both choosing to avoid that awkward “what are we doing” conversation. Instead, they did what they did best and ignored it, and enjoyed whatever it was.

Lexa nuzzled into blonde hair. “Fine. What’s your favorite movie?”

The other woman hummed, thinking about her answer, and when she didn't respond, Lexa guessed. “Don't tell me it's The Notebook? You're not one of those girls are you?”

Clarke turned in Lexa’s arms to face the alpha. Strong arms still wrapped around her waist as hands skimmed over bare hips, rubbing her skin in that lazy Sunday morning kind of way. Her eyes narrowed, but with a gleam of playfulness. “What do you mean one of those girls? What's wrong with The Notebook?”

“Oh god, it's your favorite isn't it? You're going to make me watch it a million times with you!” The alpha whined.

The blonde pushed the brunette’s shoulder. “I didn't say it was my favorite.” She laughed. “But it's not an awful movie. It's cute.”

“Clarke.” Lexa said in a very serious tone. “It was a sad excuse for a love story.”

“And why is that? Noah rebuilt that house with his bare hands for Allie.”

“Isn't that a little pathetic on his part?” Clarke pinched her this time. “Ow ow ow!!”

“Don't be rude.” She scolded with a hint of a smile.

“I'm not trying to be, just being honest. It's unrealistic.”
“Unrealistic?” Clarke parrots.

“Well yeah! It gives people these unrealistic and unreasonable expectations.”

“How!? Everyone tried to keep them apart. And for years they were, but they came back together to create this sweet love story.” Lexa fake gagged. “Fine. Since you’re such an expert on love from reading those medieval romances, tell me a better story.”

The alpha blushed. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I do not read romances, Clarke! I read about badass knights kicking ass and saving the princess. And dragons! These stories have dragons!!”

“And you say Noah and Allie are unrealistic, but here you are talking about princesses and dragons… Mhm, sure Jan.”

The blonde rolled to get out of bed, but Lexa moved to pull her back. The blonde’s back hit the mattress and the alpha quickly moved to lay on top of her to stop her from leaving again. Clarke let out another chuckle and Lexa wished all her mornings were filled with that sound. The blonde slid her hand up the back of Lexa’s shirt, tracing circles and swirls on Lexa’s bare skin. It felt domestic and very intimate, but Lexa didn't think about that. Instead, she just melted underneath Clarke’s gentle touch. Purring contentedly as the motion lollled her back to sleep.

When Lexa’s breathing evened out and she was sure the pup had fallen back asleep, Clarke gently moved out from underneath the sleeping beauty to get ready for her regular morning run. She was almost out of bed when Lexa’s hands shot out to try to grab her. Clarke quickly shifted out of her grasp.

The alpha pouted, making grabby hands at her to come back. “I’ll admit I like romances if you come back!”

Clarke chuckled as she made her way to the ensuite. “Morning run with Murphy.”

Lexa responded with a groan and cuddled into Clarke’s side of the bed.

They collapsed onto the ground, panting and sweaty.

“Clarke, what the fuck?” There was no response from the blonde. She had pushed them hard today, not letting up the entire time as they ran the entire expanse of Lexa’s land. But she had to. She felt… tense? And what better way to work through it than exercise?

Murphy had rolled onto his back, still trying to catch his breath. “I know what this is about.”

Clarke flipped onto her back to stare at the sky. There were different shapes of clouds rolling through and if she squinted, the one right above her reminded her of a donut, which probably meant she was hungry. Also, it helped her avoid her best friend’s expectant gaze. If she could help it, like always, she'd deny and ignore talking about it.

“You need to get fucked.”

“You mean by something other than my life?” She quipped. “I agree.”
She expects him to drill her about her feelings. To make her admit that something was going on between her and Lexa. She’d brushed it off long enough and it was time to come clean, but admitting it and saying it out loud would make it real and she wasn't sure she was ready to deal with that. It wasn't part of the plan and adding feelings makes everything so damn complicated. Makes it messy and she doesn't do complicated and messy.

But like always, Murphy knows exactly what she needs. He doesn't push her. He already knows without her even having to say anything. Instead, he says, “Don't get hurt.”

She cuddles into him and he wraps his arms around her, creating a safe bubble for the both of them. In a soft voice she whispers, “Life hurts.”

He presses a quick kiss her sweaty forehead. “Don't we know it. But that's why we have each other. We make it hurt less.” He pauses. “Well… at least it does when you don't break my nose.”

She rolled her eyes. The jackass was right.

Lexa was almost to the kitchen. Her ears picked up on all the commotion and a familiar laugh filtered through to her ears. It was a magical sound and it could only belong to one person. She felt the butterflies flutter wildly in her stomach as she got closer to the sound.

She turned the corner looking for the source. There, sitting in her usual spot at the kitchen island, was Clarke.

Aden was normally sitting next to her, but this time it was Finn. He seems to be around a lot more. He was saying something and Clarke threw her head back in laughter. Like it always did, the sound warmed her, but she wanted to be the cause of it. Not stupid Finn.

Like every morning since Clarke moved in, she saddled up next to the blonde to eat breakfast. Clarke didn't immediately turn to greet her like usual, and something ugly blossomed in Lexa. Her insides boiled green with jealousy. Finn was getting Clarke’s attention.

He was getting Clarke.

A second later, the blonde turned to her with a blinding smile. “Hey pup, what do you have planned today? Want to watch The Notebook with me?” She wiggled her eyebrows and bit her lip to stop from laughing.

Lexa didn't stop her laugh from escaping. “I have a few things to do. Another time?”

“I'll watch it with you, Clarke!”

Lexa balled her hand into a fist. Of course Finn would watch that stupid movie with Clarke. She wanted to tell him no. Wanted to tell him to stay away from Clarke because she's off limits. But she couldn't. Because she has no right to do so. Clarke was her own person and could do whatever she wanted with whoever she wanted. But it still pissed her off that Finn was sniffing around her. Not because she had feelings or anything, but because she cared for Clarke and Finn isn't good enough for her. She didn’t know who would be, but that's not the point. Finn tried offering for the second time since Clarke didn't respond, and Lexa swallowed her territorial growl.
“That's alright, Finn. It was an inside joke between Lex and I.” The blonde reached out to place her soothing hand over the alpha’s fist. Lexa didn't know what it meant, but she instantly relaxed.

“Then guess I'll go on patrol. See ya later?” Clarke didn't respond and Lexa’s wolf howled triumphantly. In your face, Collins.

After breakfast, most of the pack cleared out from the kitchen besides Raven and Clarke, who lingered behind to help Octavia clean up. Indra decided to hang back as well, for the sole purpose of giving Clarke a piece of her mind.

“I told Lexa we didn't need your help. Nia isn't stupid enough to attack, and even if she did, we'd defeat her.” Clarke doesn't comment. If Indra wants to spout her dislike for her, let her. She could care less what the woman thought or said. “Lexa should just throw you out instead of wasting her time.”

“Her time is never wasted on me. Matter of fact, she can't get enough, but she can throw me around, I do like it rough.” Clarke was totally kidding, but she threw in a wink that sent Indra over her boiling point.

“Don't be disrespectful throwing those innuendos around the kitchen in front of the food we eat!”

Clarke bit the inside of her cheek to keep herself from laughing. “Indra, just save it. Lexa and I made a deal. I'm going to keep my end of the bargain and until then you're stuck with me. So get over it.”

Indra was about to protest but the blonde rambled on. “We can just ignore each other and not talk, or if you want to keep on trying to intimidate and insult me, knock yourself out. Literally. All I ask is if at any point you think I give a fuck, tell me.” She puts a hand to her chest and looks at the woman earnestly. “I wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression.”

Indra looks ready to skin her alive. “I want her out!!” She screams.

A few pack members rush back in to find out what was happening. Indra turns to face the curious crowd. Lexa, Anya, and Gustus are mostly unreadable. Costia looks smug, like she's been waiting for this day to happen. For someone to finally get Clarke. Roan is trying to hide his amusement. Indra yells again, “I want her out!”

Clarke hasn't moved her pretty little ass and is still sitting in the same spot. “I'm sure they heard you the first time.” She mumbles.

“Alexandria, get her out of here! She has no business being part of the pack! The lack of respect she has and that filthy mouth!” Lexa bit her tongue before she spilt the tea on being a huge fan, probably the number one fan, of Clarke’s mouth. “It's worse than Reyes’!”

“I take that as a compliment.” Raven calls out.

“I told you, we don't need her! Get her—”

“Indra...”

“...Out! She is—” Lexa silences her with the raise of her hand.
“I will not go over this again, Indra. Clarke and Murphy are here to stay and—”

“She's not good for you! She's a distraction! She can't even shift! What good is she to us?!”

Lexa seethes and her patience is gone as she’s interrupted and undermined, and now Clarke was being disrespected. “That is enough, Indra! Her inability to shift has nothing to do with her worth!” She growls, every word dripping with anger. “And it is not for you to decide if she's good enough for me! She is here to stay, so show some respect!!”

With an air of superiority, she calmly turns to the rest of her pack, “Would anyone else like to question my decisions?”

Everyone casts their eyes down.

She caught Clarke’s gaze, a silent exchange asking if she was okay and an apology written all over the alpha’s face.

The blonde shot her a goofy smile that meant no harm no foul and waved her off. In turn, it pushed all the frustration and irritation out of the alpha and she cracked a smile, all cutthroat feelings miles away from the sweetness she’d just used on Clarke a second ago.

She threw one last glare at Indra, still hesitant to leave, but figured she made her point, and left.

“Way to go Indra. You gon' fucked up.” Clarke shook her head. “And here I thought you were house trained.”

“You do not speak to me!” Indra snarls. “Ever!”

“Gladly.”

Clarke found her way to the living room. She had her eye on that giant seventy inch Ultra HD 4K television with surround sound for awhile. She was ready to binge on some shitty show that would melt and fry her brain for the rest of the day.

On the couch was Raven with her leg kicked up on the coffee table next to some of her tools. The brunette hadn’t noticed her yet. She was rubbing her leg, and had a pained expression painted on her face. Clarke made herself known and Raven quickly moved her leg and immediately schooled her features.

“You okay?” The blonde asked carefully.

Raven shifted a little, moving her leg to a better position. Clarke didn’t miss the little wince she made. “Just dandy, Clarkey.”

“Right.” Clarke sat next to her and without permission reached down and started undoing the clasps and buckles of the brace framing Raven’s leg.

She tried pushing and swatting Clarke’s hands away, but the blonde didn’t deter. When free, she moved Raven’s leg onto her lap. She tried rolling up the pant leg to expose it, but Raven’s jeans were skintight. While they did look nice on her figure, Clarke needed them off. She took one of Raven’s tools off the coffee table and used it to cut the seam, then she ripped it up until she was
satisfied with the access to her leg.

“Hey!” Raven protested. “These were my favorite! You could’ve just asked to get in my pants you know!” Clarke gave her a disbelieving look. “For you, I would’ve said yes.” Raven purred as she wiggled her eyebrows. Clarke rolled her eyes as her fingers worked the muscles. Raven let out a content moan as the pressure and tension began to seep out of her sore leg.

“Are you going to tell me what happened?”

Raven fell back onto the couch with a thump, then swung her arm over her eyes. “Do I have to?”

“No, you don’t, but if I’m going to help you, I need to know what I’m dealing with.”

“Can’t I just use you for your magical fingers and pass on all the questions coming from your mouth?” Clarke’s fingers stopped, and Raven whined. “Alright, alright. I’m sorry. Please don’t take your fingers away from me. I’ll take your smart ass mouth too.”

Clarke resumed her hand’s ministrations and chuckled. “No pressure, but I’d like to help you, Rae.”

“You’re lucky I like you.” She grumbled as she propped herself up on her elbows. “I’ll save you the sob story, but I got shot and now I’m suffering nerve damage.”

“How long ago was that? How often do you experience pain and discomfort? What does it feel like? Sharp? Dull? What other steps have you taken to improve it or to subside the discomfort? Are you affected while in wolf form?” There was no pity in her voice. They were standard questions any medical professional would ask. Raven answered each truthfully while Clarke worked out a health plan in her head.

“I think I can help you.”

A throw pillow was thrown in her face, and when it landed in Clarke’s lap, she got a view of a scowling Anya. Raven grabbed the pillow and chucked it back at her mate’s head. “Anya, stop being rude. Clarke is doing God’s work. I need her hands!”

The alpha’s eyes took in the scene. “Why are your favorite pair of jeans ripped?”

“Who cares!? I haven’t felt this good since before I got shot.” The brunette turned to Clarke. “I don’t care what anyone says, I’m keeping you.” She pats Clarke on the cheek.

Anya growls, but stops when she sees her mate’s happy, pain free expression.

Clarke didn’t care, her attention was on the entertainment get up set in front of her. Netflix was calling her name. From her peripherals, she could see Anya glaring at her with a petulant pout that the alpha probably would have argued it was a scowl. But to Clarke, it was definitely a pout that was very similar to a forest green eyed alpha.

“I don’t like you.”

Clarke scrolled through Netflix trying to find the perfect binge worthy show. “Join the club. You and everyone else seem to share the same feelings. Membership is free, but don’t forget to wear your ‘I hate Clarke Griffin’ shirt every thirsty Thursday.”

Raven glares at her mate. “We have enough dick in the room with the one between your legs, so stop acting like one.”
Anya ignores her. “You’ve been here for a week and already stirring up trouble.”

“Were you actually there for every confrontation? Because if you were, you would have seen that I did not start anything. Each person started something with me.”

“Yeah, but—”

“No but, Anya. It’s crystal clear you don’t like me. And you certainly don’t care to get to know me, and that’s fine. But know this, I don’t take shit from anyone. Ask my last pack, they ragged on Murphy and I all the time, but we never took it lying down.”

Raven shot Anya a death glare.

Anya furrowed her eyebrows confused, then dumped herself on the armrest of the sofa. “But you’re a Griffin? Why would your pack mess with you? To this day, your name holds importance. Your parents were the epitome of perfect leaders.”

“Tell that to yourself, and everyone else who has been putting me down my entire life for not being able to shift and shaming their legacy.”

The scowl finally dropped from Anya’s face. It softened into something else. Not pity, but sympathy, then to anger towards herself. Guilt rushed into her as she realized what Clarke had said. She put down the woman for something she couldn’t change or fix. The alpha acted as if she were better than Skycrew, when in reality she was just as awful. She treated Clarke maliciously, out of what? Distrust? Dislike? She didn’t have a real answer. There wasn’t a real root to her dislike of the Sky girl. It’s not that she didn’t like or trust the blonde, it was merely the fact that she felt this way towards anyone outside of the pack. And maybe, just maybe her alpha ego couldn’t take the fact that they had to ask for outside help to deal with Nia.

Now, she was being a bitch to the blonde who was helping them out, and really hasn’t been anything but helpful. And the blonde was stronger than she expected. If she were being honest, she had a lot of respect for her.

Fuck, she was a bitch. She was an ass to the woman who has made her mate pain free and her best friend happier. But she didn’t have it in her to apologize.

“I’m not saying sorry.”

Clarke still hadn’t turned to face her, her eyes glued to the television. “I couldn’t care less even if I tried. I learned a long time ago that some people will love you, but most will hate you and most likely the reasoning behind those feelings will have nothing to do with you.”

Raven elbows Anya to be nicer, but before she could try, Clarke’s phone dinged, notifying a new message. The blonde reads through it, gently moving Raven’s leg from her lap, then heads out to find Lexa. Raven’s curiosity gets the best of her.

“What’s going on?”

“Jaha has invited us over for dinner.” Clarke lets out a groan. “Fun, back to Arkadia with Skycrew.”
Chapter End Notes

As always, leave me something.
Clarke and Murphy strolled up the steps of the Griffin home. Lexa, Roan, and Anya following behind them.

“We’re back.” Murphy said plainly.

“Yep.” Clarke stood in front of the door, making no move to knock or walk in.

Jaha had invited them to a formal dinner. Clarke knew it wasn’t a big deal, that it was more of a formality than anything else. It was a chance for him to get to know Lexa, and to blend the packs early for the oncoming union between the two members of each pack, but she didn’t want to be here. She got out and had no intention of ever returning, even if it were just for something as simple as a dinner. But this opened up an opportunity to create an alliance, and that’s exactly what Lexa needed. And Clarke wanted to help her friend. It was part of the deal after all. And despite that, she really did want to help the best she could. So Clarke put on her big girl pants and dragged her ass back to her old home. She was at least thankful they were having dinner in her family home rather than out in public. She didn’t want to deal with snide comments tonight. Without giving herself another second to hesitate, she pushed the door open, letting the group in. The familiar foyer came into view and the scent of a roast in the oven filled their senses.

She was home.

Jaha emerged, a welcoming smile gracing his face. He held out his arms to hug Clarke. His hand moved to the back of her head, pressing her to his chest in a fatherly like hug. He pulled back, holding her at arm length to get a good look at her. “It’s so nice to have you back home.” He smiles fondly at her, as if she were his own. “I’ve missed you.”

The blonde shrugs indifferently, playing it cool. “Me too.”

Thelonious drops his hands from her then moves toward John. He reaches out to squeeze his shoulder in an awkward but affectionate way. “John, you look well.”

Murphy snorts, looking down at the hand on his shoulder then quirks an eyebrow at Jaha. “What? No hug?” Jaha looks taken aback. Never in a million years would he have thought that Jonathan Murphy would want a hug. His lips turn to form a small smile and opens his arms to welcome the boy, the same way he did with Clarke. Murphy leans in, then quickly turns away yelling, “Sike!!”

The entire room tries to bite back their laughter, but fails. Jaha shakes his head. “I certainly haven’t missed that.” He moves to Lexa, extending his hand out. “Ms. Woods, so very glad to see you again.”

Lexa shakes his hand firmly. “You as well. Thank you for inviting us.” She turns her body to Anya and Roan. “Let me introduce you to my second in command, Anya, and my brother, Roan.”

While more greetings and handshakes are exchanged, Lexa watches Clarke duck out of the room and head up the stairs. She wonders where the blonde was going and she’s about to ask, but Murphy slides up next to her, answering her unspoken question. “She’s going to visit her mom.”

The alpha’s eyebrows furrow, crinkling at the center. “Abby won’t be joining us?”
“Do you know anything about Clarke?” His eyes search her face. “Or Skycrew?”

Lexa doesn’t respond, giving Murphy the answer he was looking for. He leaves her to dwell on her thoughts. She thinks about whether she actually knew anything about Clarke. She comes up blank. Guess she really doesn’t know anything... She knows the little things. Like how Clarke has a sweet tooth, or how she hogs the covers at night. She also knows that she makes cute little growling noises in her sleep. It was similar to when pups first learn how to growl. Every time Clarke did it, Lexa was overcome with the urge to pull the blonde closer to her. It made her think of Clarke having little pups, but that's a thought for a different time, or a thought she should be having at all.

Back to the point, real substantial facts, she realizes she doesn't know much. She knows Jake and Abby are Clarke’s parents. She knows there was some incident that happened that caused Jake’s death, which in turn caused Abby to lose herself. But besides that, she doesn’t have a clue. It makes her feel guilty. She should know, especially if it involves and affects Clarke. The alpha feels like a shitty friend, but makes a mental note to discuss it with Clarke later.

Her eyes drift over the house, taking in the home Clarke grew up in. There are photos of little Clarke littered all over the walls. Ones with her in pigtails, missing teeth, in grass stained overalls, and dressed up in cute little dresses. And there are just as many pictures of a little boy who was the exact replica of Jaha. Most of the pictures are of them together with their arms slung over each other’s shoulders like they were the bestest of friends. She wonders where he is and wonders why he and Clarke hadn’t ended up together and mated. It seemed fitting for the childhood friends to grow up and be mates and leading the pack as their parents did.

She imagines their story would be romantic, but tragic all rolled into one. She pushes away the jealousy boiling in her stomach, focusing on a picture of a young Clarke sitting between who she assumes are Jake and Abigail Griffin. From her father, Clarke inherited her striking blue eyes and the same charmingly goofy smile. She got her sheer beauty from her mother. Clarke Griffin was a combination of their best physical features, there was no denying that.

The picture had a bright smiling Clarke who looked like she was in the best place in the world, sitting right between her two favorite people. Lexa wondered what the Clarke then was like. Wondered that if things turned out differently, would Clarke and her have met? Would they have become friends, and ended up in this little game they’re playing? Probably not because from that picture, and everything else in the home, if things did turn out differently, the blonde would have gotten her very happy ending with the perfect mate. Not her and their bogus arrangement. Her insides churned. Something left her feeling like what she was doing with Clarke was wrong and selfish.

She tries shaking off the feeling, but it doesn’t quite work. She takes in the rest of the home, ignoring her inner turmoil, and focuses on the vintage record player with a bronze horn attached to it. It was an old beauty that she could really appreciate. Her fingers skimmed over the corners, up the brass arm, to trace over the rim of the horn. Right next to the stand was a blank record sleeve. She slid the vinyl out to inspect it.

“It was her father’s.” Jaha’s voice broke her out of her thoughts. “Jake loved music. There was always something spinning on this thing.” He taps the side of the record player. “Not so much anymore though.” His expression turns solemn, and Lexa thinks about how difficult it was for them to lose Jake. Probably similar to the way she and her pack felt when she lost her own father.

He nodded to the vinyl in her hands. “Moon River.” He told her. It was an amazing song. Lexa knew the song was originally composed and written by Henry Mancini and Johnny Mercer. It won an Academy Award when it was featured in the movie, “Breakfast At Tiffany’s.” Since then, it’s
been covered by many famous people like Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, and Judy Garland, but to her nothing beat the original. Her fingers twitched to put the record under the needle and hear it play. Her body ached to find Clarke and slow dance with her.

It’s then that Clarke comes back, jumping off the last couple steps on the stairs, and landing with a thud. Immediately, Lexa notices the change. Clarke’s bright blue eyes are dim and pale. Her body’s tense, and there’s a well hidden sadness on her face. The alpha in her roared to make it right. To comfort Clarke and demand whoever or whatever caused her mood to change to show themselves so she could set them straight, but Roan beats her to it.

He slides up next to her and shoulder bumps her. It’s a little bit weird. She had never really seen them interact, and Roan wasn’t one to even socialize. But there he was, nudging the blonde to get out of her head and cheer up. Lexa didn’t know what to make of it. Couldn’t get ahold of what she was feeling. She watched as the blonde gave her brother a half smile. It wasn’t fake, but it didn’t reach her eyes either. Roan said something, and all of a sudden Clarke’s face lit up, all sadness gone and erased, now replaced with unbridled amusement.

As much as Lexa enjoyed the look on the blonde’s face, she turned away, refusing to deal with the other feelings rising within her.

Soon enough, everyone was ushered into the dining area. She thanked the heavens for giving her a distraction.

Dinner was delicious, and the conversation was light and neutral. Jaha was mostly interested on how Clarke and Murphy were faring away and outside of Arkadia. If they got into the same amount of trouble, and if they were getting along with Lexa’s pack.

Clarke and Murphy indulged him, telling him not to worry and that they knew how to take care of themselves. Jokes were cracked and laughter filled the room. It was an enjoyable dinner, smoother than what was expected.

“So Alexandria, I’d like to talk about an alliance.” Jaha started.

Lexa took a sip of her water, then dabbed her lips with her table cloth. “Please, call me Lexa.” She smiled.

“Alright then, Lexa.” He smiles in return. “I would love to set up an alliance between our packs. This union between you and Clarke will bridge the gap and bring us together.”

She was about to respond, when they heard the front door swing open and before they knew it, three people are standing in front of them.

The bald headed man in the center spoke first. “I apologize sir. I wasn’t aware you were having company tonight. I just came to update you on patrols for the night.”

He eyes the table. Lexa doesn’t miss the way his nostrils flared and the flash of hate that passed through his eyes as he gazed at everyone. The same look sits on the faces of his two companions. They must know who she and her pack were, and were probably not keen on them being there with Jaha with no back up.

“That’s quite alright. This is Charles Pike, he’s in charge of the guard. Let me introduce you to Alexandria Woods.” He gestures to Lexa then the others. “And her second in command and brother, Anya and Roan.” He then covers Clarke’s hand with his own, tapping it slightly. “You know Clarke and John, of course.”
Charles and company nod their heads to them. Lexa’s positive that Anya and Roan also noticed that they didn’t even glance in Clarke’s direction. As if she didn’t exist or didn’t deserve acknowledgment. It unsettled her.

“Clarke came for dinner. I’ve missed her since she’s moved away.” Jaha shares.

Lexa isn’t sure if she heard correctly. It was barely a whisper, but she swears one of the guys mumbled, “Good riddance.”

Jaha continues sharing the agenda for the night, “Ms. Woods and I are discussing an alliance, pending their mating.”

This time she heard the mumblings correctly. “Finally, she’s good for something.” Everything she’d noticed clicked. They weren’t giving her and her pack the stink eye. All the rude glares and snide comments were all about and directed to Clarke.

Before anyone could even move a muscle, Lexa was up and out of her seat. She fisted his shirt, growling, “What did you say?”

Roan and Anya were up positioning themselves next to Lexa, daring the others to make a move against them. Clarke and Jaha stood, but stayed rooted to in their spots. Murphy didn’t budge. He hoped the dickwad would get his ass beat while he helped himself to another helping of dinner.

The idiot didn’t answer. Lexa kept her grip on his shirt and backed him into the wall, hard. He winced at the impact. “I asked you a question.”

His eyes dart between Lexa and everyone behind her, hoping someone would step in and save his dumbass.

And that’s exactly what Pike does. “I’m sure whatever he said wasn’t anything but the truth.”

Lexa’s eyes snap to him. “And what might the truth be?” She’s certain her eyes are blazing with her anger.

Pike’s mouth opens and closes, but nothing comes out. He looks around the room, to Jaha, to Clarke, then back to Lexa. Still nothing. His lips stay tight and sealed. It’s awkward, and tense, and no one knows what to do to make it better.

Jaha gets between everyone, “Everyone, just take a breath. I’m sure whatever was said was taken out of context.”

Lexa snarls. She lets go of the fool in her grasp and shoves him away. “Did you hear what they said? Are you really that oblivious?”

“Hey now, there is no need to be rude—”

“Me? Rude?” She puts her hand to her chest. “They were disrespecting Clarke!” She turns to them. “Come on, let’s hear it. This time not under your breath.”

Jaha’s eyes light up with confusion. He looks to Pike and his companions, “No—No, they wouldn’t.” He looks to Clarke, his eyes begging for Lexa to be wrong, and when Clarke glances away, he knows he is. He grabs Pike by the collar, “Tell me, now.”

Pike drops his gaze, then back up to glare right at Clarke. “She is a disgrace to our kind. We’re happy she’s gone.”
Jaha snarls, moving his grip to Pike’s neck. “How dare you! She is Clarke Griffin, daughter to Jake and Abby. She is the rightful leader and deserves your respect!”

Between choked breaths, Pike grits out his defiance. “She is no leader of mine! She should’ve been forced out a long time ago. With her inability to shift, she might not even be Jake’s.”

Lexa has heard enough, and if she doesn’t leave now she knows she won’t be able to control her temper. “We’re leaving. The alliance is off.” She moves to Clarke to escort her out.

Jaha jumps to stop them. “Lexa don’t be rash, let's talk. Clarke, please I didn’t—”

She whirls around to be face to face with him. “I will not align myself with people who put others down for something they cannot change nor fix!”

“I didn’t know—” He tries again.

She scoffs. “You didn’t know?” She says incredulously. She laughs then looks at Anya and Roan. “He didn’t know.” She turns back to Jaha, her face back to seriousness. “You are pack leader. You are supposed to know everything... Your pack follows your lead.” She glances at Pike then to Clarke. Clarke’s eyes are filled with concern, and they look like they want to ask Lexa to calm down and let it go. But she can’t. Not this. Alliance be damned, Clarke is more important. She turns back to Jaha, eyes burning with anger. “For someone who claims to be like a father figure to Clarke, you sure do not act like one.”

He looks like he just got slapped across the face, then his eyebrows knit and his face hardens. “I was dealing with my own loss! And no one was stepping in to lead the pack, but I did! I had to step up and take on all these responsibilities—”

“Oh boo fucking hoo. Cry us a fucking river.” Anya slightly yells. Lexa fixes her with a gaze that reads she can handle it. She notices Anya and Roan have placed themselves in front of Clarke as if protecting her. It’s new, but she welcomes it and is proud of her pack.

“You were the Griffin’s second. You knew what the title entailed. You knew exactly what you were taking on. The moment you became part of the pack, it is your duty to care for each other. That’s what the pack does, and when you became the second to Jake and Abby, you pledge your life to the pack. To them. To her!!” She points to Clarke.

“And now, you are pack leader and come at me with your sob story and your pathetic excuses.” She shakes her head not believing this. “Knowing what’s going on in your pack is part of the job description, and you’re honestly telling me you had no clue?” Jaha sputters. “By the looks of it, it’s been happening for quite some time and right under your nose.”

She closes her eyes, taking a moment to calm the fire burning in her chest. Fighting the urge to put all of them in their place. When she opens her eyes, she fixes him with a stern look.

“You know what, I believe you didn’t know. You know why?” She asks him. “Because you were never meant to lead this pack. You aren't a born leader, and for that you don’t know any better.” She spits. “No wonder your pack is this way under your lack of so called leadership.”

She moves to Clarke and places her hand at the small of her back leading them out.

Down the steps and off the porch, Clarke stops them. “Lexa... we can't leave.”

The alpha moves to keep the blonde walking again so they could get out of that hell hole. “We can, and we are.”
“No, Lexa you need this alliance.” She stops them again. “That was the reason for all of this.” The blonde waves between the both of them.

The alpha pinches the bridge of her nose and squeezes her eyes shut. She felt a headache coming. “Yes well, you were right. You always knew there was a risk it wouldn't pan out.”

Clarke moves to make her way back into the house. “I'll fix this, don’t worry. I will get your alliance, just stay here—”

Lexa steps around her to block her path and puts her hand on her friend’s hip to keep her still. “No, I meant it.” She sighs, and takes Clarke's hand.

On their first date, Clarke held her hand and reassured her through gentle thumbs strokes and tight hand squeezes. For the same reasons, she holds Clarke’s hand hoping to channel the same reassurance by running her thumb over the woman's knuckles. “I don't want an alliance with them. I'll figure it out.”

Clarke doesn't squeeze her hand this time. Instead, she laces their fingers. “No.”

Green snap up to blue.

There's a soft smile on Clarke’s lips. “We’ll figure it out together.”

“Together.” Lexa repeated.

In that moment, for the first time she didn't deny her feelings for Clarke, and like a dam breaking, it came flooding in.

But before she could process it, an arm is thrown around Clarke’s shoulders. “As heartwarming as this all is, it's making me want to vomit. And I don't have nearly enough alcohol in my system to be yakking up my insides.” Murphy tilts his head towards the street. “Might I suggest we leave this dump?” Lexa laughs, Murphy is starting to grow on her. With the mood officially turning up, she nods her agreement.

Murphy slyly smirks at Clarke. “Drinks and dancing at Jonny’s?”

They end up at Jonny V’s. The place where it all began, the place where they had Clarke drugged and taken to Lexa to create their little deal. When they arrived, Lexa, Roan, and Anya were apprehensive. They were in an unknown territory around drunktards who mostly held no regard for who they were or who Clarke was.

There was a line wrapped around the corner with people waiting to get in, but they walked straight up into the establishment, bypassing the line. The bouncer at the front looked them up and down, but then fist bumped Clarke and gave a stink eye at Murphy and they were all let in.

Lexa didn’t have any expectations walking in, but she didn’t think the crowd would part for them. For Lexa it was nothing new, people gave her a wide berth, scared of her reputation and what she might do.

For Clarke, they moved for other reasons, like wanting to stay away from her, as if she had a disease.
Like her inability to shift was something they could catch. It irritated her, but it didn’t deter Clarke. She walked in with her head held high, and with purpose in her step. It was a sight to see.

As they walked further in the place, and the room came more into view. It was a pretty cool spot. There was a brick and wood bar smack dab in the middle of a spacious dance floor, pool tables in the corner, and what looked like an outside patio with fairy lights strung up in the trees.

Approaching the bar, someone moved from the crowd toward Clarke and Murphy. Hands are going for their necks, but Clarke dodges and shoves the stranger away. Murphy’s assailant gets his hand around the back of his neck. It’s a sign of asserting dominance, and Lexa’s about to step in, but Murphy quickly gets the guy off.

“Back the fuck off, Jordan!”

This scrawny kid with goggles on his head, holds his hands up in defense as he laughs. “Oh c’mon Murph, we haven’t seen you and blondie in a while. Don’t ya miss us?”

The other guy who went after Clarke chuckles, “Yeah! This is a happy reunion.”

Clarke and Murphy press their backs together. Both of them are always on high alert, but right now they’re on a whole new level. Lexa had never seen them this way. Sure they were still confident and self assured, but there was a tension in their bodies. Something that was ready not only to defend, but violently fight. It was a different look on them. Lexa didn't know if she was impressed or turned on. Probably both.

“This isn’t a reunion. Now, fuck off Miller.”

“Ooo Clarke I love when you’re feisty. Letting your wolf out to play…” He grins like a cheshire cat, then holds his hand to his mouth in a faux gasp. “Ooops. That's right, you can't.”

The two knuckle heads, Jordan and Miller, laugh like it’s the funniest thing in the world. The alphas growl, and the dimwits turn to look at them.

“So it's true, blondie got herself a new pack.” Jordan wiggles his eyebrows. “You guys have a go at her yet? Is the sex different with her wolf being latent?”

Lexa is going to fuck the kid up. Stupid fucking idiot and his lack of respect. How could he speak about Clarke that way? Clarke gets between them and shoves him back.

“We said back off, Jasper. You too, Nathan.”

“You guys are no fun. At least tell us you’re here for fight night?”

“No.”

“Damn. How about you, Murphy? You're a scrappy motherfucker.”

John gives them the finger, and they finally scamper off.

They find spots at the bar, and order drinks. Everyone has the same question on the top of their heads. Roan is the one to ask. He bumps shoulders with Clarke, “Fight night?”

She finds a stool to sit on and downs her first shot before answering. They watch as she doesn’t wince at the burn of the alcohol. In fact, she snags another shot and downs it. Murphy orders more. “It’s stupid. It’s this dumb underground fitting pit. You know wolves and their egos.”
Anya takes a sip of her beer. “And you and Murphy participated?”

John snorts. Like Clarke, he takes two shots back to back. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and signals the bartender for more. “More like we were forced to participate.”

“You mean challenged?” Roan asks.

“It’s not a challenge for title or status, or to the death.” Clarke explains. “It’s good sparring practice and training.” They all give her skeptical look. She shrugs. “Like I said it was stupid. It’s mostly to boast about your dominance and exert your strength. It’s mostly for fun and rough housing. You know, get the extra tension out that only fighting can do.”

“So you guys beat the shit out of each other for fun?” Anya deadpanned.

Lexa shook her head. Jaha really had no idea what the fuck was going on with his pack. “And you two were apart of this… why?”

“We’re the bottom of the food chain, the outsiders. Everyone picked on us. Clarke for obvious reasons and me because my family…” Murphy pauses eyes falling on Clarke. She is his family. The people he was talking about were the people that he was born with, nothing more. But he chose Clarke and Clarke chose him as family. “... well they really were the bottom of the barrel.” Murphy lines up shots. He offers it to the alphas, but they declined, happy with their cold brews. Him and Clarke clink glasses and shoot down the dark amber liquid. “People are cruel when they don’t understand something. They pick at everything. We could either let them, or stand up for ourselves.” Murphy doesn’t signal for the bartender this time. Instead, he reaches over and snags the bottle himself. He pours more shots for him and his best friend ignoring the bartenders protests.

“And I think it's obvious we never took their shit. We held our own, and then some.” He doesn’t brag that both rank at the top. That him and Clarke are the best of the best in Skycrew. They had to be.

Lexa’s eyes connect with Clarke. Blue eyes lit with something. Fire, perhaps? But not vengeance, but defiance. Clarke wanted to prove them all wrong. That she wasn’t held down by her inability to shift. Both her and Murphy did. They rose above it.

Anya orders a round of drinks for them to shift the mood. She hands one to Clarke, but Clarke doesn’t take it. Anya rolls her eyes, and takes a sip of it first. “I didn’t roofie it.”

With a pleased smile, the blonde takes it. “In that case, keep ‘em coming.”

Anya shakes her head and laughs. “You got it.”

Lexa scoots next to the blonde. “So we’ve got ourselves a real life Tyler Durdan.”

“First rule of fight club: you do not talk about fight club.” Clarke rolled her eyes. “But it wasn't like that.” Lexa eyed her skeptically. “When it was clear I wasn't going to shift, people were quick to try and assert their dominance on me. Thought they’d rise up the ranks by stepping on a Griffin.” She shrugs. “But I held my own and most backed off.”

A catchy beat drums out of the speakers, and Murphy slams his glass on the bartop. “Clarke! This is our song!” He pulls her up to drag her to the dance floor. She turns to face the three alphas to have them come too. Anya and Roan shoot her a look like “don’t even ask.”

Clarke’s gaze falls on Lexa. The green eyed beauty shook her head, “I don’t dance.” The blonde raises an eyebrow. “Okay, I don’t dance like that.” She waves to the grinding dirty dancing crowd.
The blonde rolls her eyes and lets Murphy pull her to the dance floor.

They watch as Murphy swings them around. Clarke’s head drops back as she laughs. The duo throw their hands up in the air and belt out the lyrics to the song.

“They’re really something.” Roan comments.

“They’re something alright.” Anya says vaguely not wanting to admit she’d been wrong about them.

At that moment, they bark out laughs as Murphy twerks and Clarke slaps his butt in encouragement.

Lexa’s eyes fall on Clarke, watching her sway to the music. Clarke’s eyes find hers. They smile at each other as the song ends. Clarke’s movements stop, and all Lexa can think is she wants the song to play again, and again, and again.

And then maybe she’ll work up the courage to get up and dance with Clarke.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me something.
Chapter 12

 Clarke and Murphy barely made it out of the trees after their morning run when Raven rushed towards them.

 “Finally!” The other woman cried out. “You need to get ready, now!” She said as she grabbed onto Clarke’s arm and began pulling her back to the house, leaving Murphy behind.

 “Raven, hold on, slow down!” Clarke said breathlessly, not even given the chance to catch her breath. “What’s going on?”

 “Nia.” Raven simply answered, ushering the blonde up the stairs to her and Lexa’s room.

 As they were going up, Indra was coming down. “Oh, are you actually going to be of use to us now?” Indra snidely asks, her tone sarcastic.

 “Indra? Is that you? You're still alive?” Clarke feigns surprise. “Shame, it's been so quiet without your bullshit. I thought you finally did us a service and left.”

 Indra grumbled something under her breath while Raven ushered Clarke away with a laugh.

 When they got into the room, Raven wasn't shy about snooping around. She stepped into the ensuite and let out a low whistle. “I don’t know if it’s all a coincidence or if news got out of your meeting with Jaha last night, but Nia was on her way here to talk politics. Lexa and the team just left to intervene. They don’t want her anywhere near our territory.” She says as she walks over to the vanity, picking up random items and reading the labels. She sniffs at all the beauty products before dabbing them onto her arm. Raven stuck her tongue out when she encountered items that resembled the scent of old ladies. Continuing with her testing, she tries a moisturizer and her face turns upward at how silky the product felt on her skin. She quickly rubs a generous amount on her face and checks herself out, knowing it totally enhanced her beauty.

 “And Lexa needs me to go and play my part of future mate.” Clarke said, assuming that’s what Raven was trying to explain.

 Raven sprays some perfume into the air then walks into it and twirls to gather the scent. “Exactly. Now get ready. Finn will drive us.”

 “Got it.” Clarke starts peeling off her sweaty clothes as she looks through her closet for an outfit. “What’s the dress code? Am I going for a ‘I’m going to kick your ass’ type look or a ‘sexy as hell and make you wish you were mating me instead’ look?”

 “Lex and company went in suits. They decided to dress more diplomatically rather than look like they were out for blood.” Raven tapped the rim of the porcelain tub, trying to decide if she should get in or fiddle with the controls for the shower. “I’d say go with a sexy business look.” She suggests to Clarke as she climbs into the giant tub.

 Clarke eyes the perfect outfit. “I think I might have something.”
Lexa hadn’t called for a civil meeting with Nia, yet here she was. Word had gotten out across town that Nia and her wolves were spotted and headed towards their direction. Naturally, Lexa couldn’t let that happen. She doesn’t know why they’re here, but she has a feeling Nia found out about her gathering with the Skycrew Pack. Nia must feel threatened at hearing that Lexa might possibly be gaining allies. It’s the only explanation as to why she was here now, to maybe find out if it’s really true, or to push Lexa’s hand perhaps.

So there they were, face to face with an invisible line drawn between their packs.

“Alexandria, it's been a long time.” Nia’s voice cuts through the tension. It was cold and demanding. She gave a sly smirk. “You look like the same wild wolf that left us some years ago; maybe just a tad bit older, but that doesn't change anything. You'll always be a wild untamed pup to me.”

Lexa growls. The only time she’ll ever accept being called a pup if it's coming from Clarke’s pretty mouth.

“I see you haven't gotten that temper under control. I'm surprised it hasn't gotten you killed…” Her grin widens. “Yet.” Nia’s eyes shift to the others. “Roan, my son, how are you? Regretting the side you chose?”

Roan and the others let out low growls.

“Now now, that's no way to treat your mother. You know I'll forgive you.” She looks over all of them. “All of you. I'll take each of you back, even the strays you have picked up along the way. You only need to bow to me, accept me as your pack leader, and swear your allegiance to me.” She continues on, not giving them a chance to reply. “Don't you miss home? The land you were born on? Don't you miss your rightful pack?”

Lexa reigns in her anger. “What is this really about, Nia?”

“I want us to be a family again. You, me, Roan, and Aden. Don’t you want that?”

“Let us be honest for once, Nia. You’ve never been my family. This about territory and enlarging your pack.”

Roan steps up besides Lexa. “This is just some sick game to her. She just wants to see us bow before her.”

From her other side Anya agrees. “She probably has some sick perverse fantasies about the power play.”

Nia snarls, “This is to unite our packs and be a family again!”

Lexa doesn’t believe any of it. For as long as she has known Nia, it has always been about power. Always been about gains and how it will benefit her. She is certain it was the main reason Nia mated her father. It wasn’t out of love, but about how the union could help her own selfish agenda. “After all these years, why now?”

“I thought it’s been long enough. I assumed you’ve learned your lesson and matured, got a handle on that temper of yours.” It sounded rehearsed and lacked authenticity. Lexa knew Nia was spouting bullshit. “Although, I see that I have assumed wrong, but I am still willing to proceed if you would only bow.”
“No.” She says, her voice loud and clear.

“No?” Nia repeats with genuine surprise. “You would deny your pack to come home and reunite with their loved ones? You would deny what is best for your pack?” She exclaims, attempting to paint Lexa as the bad guy and a horrible, selfish leader.

“I wouldn’t deny my pack anything. They stand behind me in this decision. None of us want to join you, or be under your rule.”

“Liar!” Nia snarls. “Roan, you support this? All of you truly follow her and her decision?”

Lexa’s pack stands straighter as they nod their agreement. Without a doubt they all support Lexa’s decisions.

Nia loses her composure. “You’re even stupider than I remember. How could you not want this? We’d be unstoppable! We’d have the largest and strongest pack. Think of what we could do? What we could conquer—”

“I said, no.”

A fire ignites in Nia’s icy blue eyes. “Where is Aden? I want to see my son.”

Lexa and Roan growl. “Your son? The son you didn’t care for? The son we raised.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I was— I am a good mother. You took him away from me, and I want him back. Now!”

“Are you delusional? People like you shouldn’t even be a parent. You were, and still are, hell bent on gaining more power and territories. After my father died, you ignored Aden, and Roan.” She seethes. “We’re lucky Aden didn’t go into abandonment.”

“Don’t make this about me because you have mommy issues, Alexandria. You took my son away from me and I want him back.” She spits out venomously.

“Well, you can’t have him! And if you want him, my pack, or my territory, you will have to challenge me!”

Nia scoffs, as if the thought of challenging her was absolutely absurd and beneath her. She was about to respond, but was interrupted as a familiar Rover pulled up to a slow stop a few meters away from them.

Finn slides out from the driver’s seat and opens the passenger door behind him. The Rover was parked so that those from the outside couldn’t see into the car. A red Christian Louboutin heel, which could only be described as ‘fuck me heels,’ peaked out from behind the car’s door. The well known red back caught Lexa’s eyes. Her eyes then trailed up a familiar toned, stocking clad calf. The stocking seemed to stop around the thigh and hid underneath what looked like a tight, grey pencil skirt that bunched up from the drive over. Attached to the lace edge stocking was a delicate strap clasped to it. Hot damn, it was a strap for a garter belt. Lexa didn’t know those were used outside of the bedroom. She wondered what type of lingerie graced Clarke’s body. La Perla? Agent Provocateur? Was it lace? Silk? Did it have embellished embroideries? Delicate criss cross ties? Cute dainty bows? Oh, how she wondered what it looked like against the cream of Clarke’s skin.

She sucked in a breath when Clarke stepped out completely. All anger left her body and was instead filled with longing and arousal.
She was dressed to the tens. Her outfit screamed she wasn't fucking around and meant business. And again, they unintentionally matched. Clarke wore a skin tight, high waisted dark grey pencil skirt with a crisp white dress shirt with the cuffs neatly rolled up to her elbows and the top buttons undone. Her hair was out of her face and up in a messy but classy, stylish updo.

She looked sexy as hell.

Clarke looked ready to rule the fucking earth and crush all those who opposed her under her four inch heels, but at the same time she looked like she was the star of an office fantasy porno. All she had to do now was whip out a riding crop for some kinky play, and oh how Lexa was so fucking game.

It made Lexa’s mouth water and she didn't have to look around to know everyone else felt the same way. She could smell it in the air. Clarke walked to her with a sense of purpose and confidence. Every step done with importance. Every sway of her hips increased the beating of her heart. And each click of those ‘fuck me’ heels made it harder for her to breathe.

When they came face to face, Lexa’s half lidded eyes dropped to red painted lips, which held a knowing smirk. Clarke slid her hands over the lapels of her suit jacket, smoothing them out as she did so, then her fingers slid up her shoulders to loop behind her neck. Her body reacted by wrapping her hands around Clarke’s waist, as if they belonged there and nowhere else, and pulled her hips flush against her own.

She presses her forehead to the woman who so easily bewitches her. She wants to say something, but she has no words and Clarke is so close, literally in her hands but she wants her closer. Wants nothing between them.

Clarke nuzzles her cheek then slides her nose to the spot behind her ear. This woman will be the death of her.

A growl breaks the little bubble they were in and it pulls Lexa back to the present. She pulls Clarke firmly against her side and forces herself to look away from the beauty.

Nia and her lackeys are staring at Clarke. Something flares in her to rip their eyes from their faces and send them packing far away from Clarke and her pack.

She growls back, her eyes flashing dangerously. Clarke’s fingers play with the curls at the base of her neck, and she instantly relaxes. She straightens then turns to face Nia. “I’m sure you’ve heard already, but let me formally introduce you.” She pulls Clarke’s hand to her lips. “This is my future mate, Clarke Griffin.”

“Griffin.” Nia repeats. “As in Jake and Abigail Griffin?”

There’s a look in Nia’s eyes. Lexa can’t place the meaning, but warning flags go off, like something shady is about to go down. Like everything they’ve been working towards is about to go up in flames, and Nia will get the final laugh.

“It’s mostly been attached to the fact that you have an affinity to break noses.”

Clarke chuckles, and it warms Lexa’s heart. “What can I say? It’s better than therapy.”

It makes everyone laugh, even Nia’s cold demeanor cracks as she grins with amusement at the blonde’s smart mouth. Lexa will truly never stop being a fan of Clarke’s wit.
The laughter dies down when Nia speaks. “Ah, I heard what happened to Jake and then what happened to dear Abby after his passing.” She puts her elegant and perfectly manicured fingers to her heart. All Lexa can think is what a useless gesture because Nia is heartless, soulless even. “My condolences.” She bows her head to complete the sign of sympathy. It’s so fucking fake. No one in their right mind would eat that bullshit up.

Nia nods to Lexa. “Alexandria, you know all about that incident with Jake Griffin, right?” Lexa’s eyes furrow, knitted with confusion. No, she doesn’t know what happened. Her and Clarke never spoke about it. In fact, she had plans to ask Clarke tonight. She wanted to have a real conversation with the blonde. Maybe go out for dinner, just the two of them and really share their past with each other, but then the reincarnation of the devil showed up. Honestly, she doesn't know how Roan and Aden turned out so well when they spawned from her.

She focuses back to Nia’s words, not understanding where she’s going with it.

“I’m surprised you two are mating.” More confusion and tension builds between everyone as Nia continues. “I mean, with all that happened, I just don’t see how Clarke could choose you after what you’ve done.”

What I’ve done? Lexa thinks. What did she do? What is Nia talking about?

“Oh Alexandria, you didn’t tell her?” Nia’s eyes flicker to Clarke, a mischievous glint in those icy blues eyes. “You don’t know?”

Clarke tilts her head to the side. “Whatever you’re going to say won’t change a thing, Nia. I know Lexa. I might not know everything about her, but I know who she is. She will be my mate, and our packs will unite.” It was a bold faced lie. Last night, Lexa revoked the alliance with Skycrew, but Nia didn’t know that. They just had to convince her that Lexa would have all of Skycrew behind her if she were ever to call on them for help.

“Your pack.” Nia hums. “Heard they aren’t really yours, but....” She waves off, not finishing her sentence as she appraises the blonde. Eyes trailing over her. “So strong.” She says with a smile, like she knows something, but is about to spill the tea anyway. “Just like your father.”

“How would you know that? I know my father never aligned himself with you, nor did any business with you.”

“So defensive.” Nia says, amused. “But you’re right. I have never had the pleasure of meeting your father. What I do know, is that before he died, he put up quite the fight to protect that pup.” She clicks her tongue. “He died trying, but it was no use, there were no survivors.” There was something about her grin that didn’t sit quite right with her.

Clarke cracks. If Lexa weren’t there holding her up, she would’ve collapsed to the ground because her knees gave out. “How do you know that? No one besides Skycrew should know that.” Their eyes connect. Clarke’s ocean blues with icy blue eyes that both Roan and Aden have, but hers did not even contain a flicker of warmth. No depths of good, just an unforgiving and callous coldness. “Unless—unless, you were there....”

Lexa tugs on Clarke to look her way. For their eyes to catch. “Clarke—Clarke, what is she talking about?” The blonde doesn’t respond. Too shocked beyond words.

There’s a smug and tight smile on Nia’s face. Clarke growls, snapping out of her despair and attempts to advance on her, but Lexa holds her back. “How do you know that!!?”
“Ask your future mate.”

It’s clear as day. Every word was masterfully enunciated. There is no doubt what she said, but Clarke swears on everything she didn’t hear her right. Lexa wouldn’t know. Lexa wouldn’t be involved.

Right?

“How—What?”

Nia barked out a genuine laugh. It was both lovely as it was maniacal. “You both really aren’t fooling anyone. How could you be mates when you know nothing about each other?” Nia shook her head. “Haven’t you wondered why Lexa was banished? How she got the reputation of losing control?”

It all clicked into place.

But Lexa would never… she wouldn't. No, not her Lexa. She knows the green eyed alpha, but she really doesn’t. They don’t know anything about each other. Clarke doesn’t know why Nia and Lexa don’t get along, or how her father died. She doesn’t know why she was banished, or even how the pack all got together. She doesn’t know how Lexa got her reputation, or if it's really true. She knows absolutely nothing. She backs up out of Lexa’s grasp. Out of their little bubble. Away from Lexa. Away from Anya, Roan, Lincoln, and Bellamy.

Something in her simmers. Distrust. It feels like it's boiling over. Her mind feels fuzzy and she feels sick. They couldn't be involved. Or could they? A wretched feeling surges through her. It physically manifests in her, making her chest feel heavy, like the air was sucked out of her lungs, and someone put a hold on her heart to keep it from beating. She felt physically stunted.

Lexa’s reaching out to her, but Clarke recoils like she’s been burnt. She misses the triumphant grin on Nia’s face. She also misses the flash of hurt on Lexa’s.

Lexa tries again, this time slower and her voice is low and soft. “Clarke.” She doesn’t move, she can barely breathe. She wants to run. Dash back to the car and be taken back to Arkadia. And that’s saying something because she hates it there, but she can’t be here. Not with Lexa, not with the pack, and especially not with Nia. The alpha says her name again, “Clarke.”

Just minutes ago, the way the alpha said her name sent shivers up her spine and shot arousal to her core, but now it makes her stomach hurt. When Lexa’s fingers touch her arm and slide up to her elbow, it’s no longer warm. No longer does it stretch through her body, making her ache for more. It’s cold and Clarke hates the way it feels.

Lexa pulls their bodies together, and tries to press her forehead to hers, but Clarke turns away. She feels the alpha tense and lets out a shaky breath. “She’s trying to divide us.” Her voice shakes with vulnerability. “Don’t let her get between us.”

She can feel the doubt growing and vibrating in her. She fought to feel otherwise, fought to believe Lexa, but years of being on her own and depending on herself taught her to listen to the red flags. Her head and her heart both concluded that Lexa’s words meant nothing. They were just words, but not ones to be trusted until she got some answers. How could they even trust each other? They didn’t know anything about each other, and everything they built was based on a lie.

This was a mistake. It was all a mistake.

She couldn’t take it. She knew that this was going to look bad. She knew they were supposed to
hold a solid front to all outsiders, but she couldn’t fake it anymore. She broke away from Lexa’s hold and ran for the Rover, leaving Lexa and everyone behind. If she really stopped to think about it, she knew Lexa didn't do it, but she couldn't be there right now.

She had to get away.

Green eyes watched the blonde retreat, taking her heart with her. Lexa was numb to everything around her, but she could slightly hear Nia address her, “Now that she’s out of the picture, let's discuss you bowing before me.”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t condemn Clarke and hate her for leaving. It's very reasonable. Her actions are VERY valid.

All will be revealed soon. Patience is a virtue my young padawans. If my beta finishes editing the next chapter, MAYBE I'll post it early.

Drop me something.
Lexa watches as the Rover drives away, a shaken Clarke in it. Her alpha was on the verge of breaking free to chase after her. The hurt on Clarke’s face, and the way she recoiled from the alpha’s touch hurt her more than she ever felt before. But that pain quickly turned to anger when she remembered who was to blame. She turned to the woman who was at fault. The woman who planted the seed of distrust between her and Clarke.

Nia had a menacing grin on her face, and all Lexa wanted to do was claw it off until it would no longer be recognizable.

“Now that she’s out of the picture, let's discuss you bowing before me.”

Lexa ignored her, instead straightening her jacket and smoothing out the nonexistent wrinkles of her suit with disinterest as the woman spoke.

“Are you listening to me, Alexandria? Now that that tramp is out of the way, let's discuss uniting our packs. Without her, we both know you will not have outside help. I know that was the reason behind this fake mating of yours.” Nia steps forward, crossing the invisible line between the two packs. “You can’t fool me, Alexandria. I figured out that little plan of yours.”

When Lexa finally looks up, she cracks her neck then connects her eyes with her step mother’s. “The answer is still, no.”

Nia snarls in her face, but Lexa doesn’t flinch, unfazed by Nia’s obvious attempt of scaring her. Lexa pushes into her personal space, causing Nia to step back. “This doesn’t change anything. You might think you’ve put a rift between Clarke and I, but know this, you haven’t. Think what you want, but Clarke and I know each other.”

Lexa knows this will be difficult to get past, but she knows Clarke. Despite their lack of knowledge about each other’s past, she swears she knows her. She knows in her bones that Clarke feels the same way. That they could overcome this. Something good was building. It was fragile, but it was something. And as the blonde said, together, they’ll get through this. This wasn’t for her to have Clarke as back up against Nia again, but to truly gain Clarke’s trust, and hopefully affection too.

Lexa continues advancing forward, pushing Nia further back. “You want what’s mine, challenge me!” She spreads her arms out, palms opened, welcoming a challenge. If Nia wants to fight, she was ready.

Nia steps fully back and away from Lexa. She composes herself. “Very well then, Alexandria. I won’t challenge you… for now, because we both know who will win.” Everyone behind Lexa scoffs. Nia is more delusional than they thought. “You think over my proposal and get back to me. Then we’ll discuss this barbaric challenge of yours.”

Nia throws one last dirty glare at the lot, before turning to leave.

Roan slides up next to his sister. “Should we follow them? Maybe just issue the challenge ourselves and—”

Lexa couldn’t wait for him to finish. She had to leave. She had to find Clarke.
When she stepped through the front door she dashed up stairs, directly to her and Clarke’s suite. When she opened the door, Clarke’s outfit was littered around. Her heels were kicked off next to the door, her button up half thrown in the laundry basket, her skirt unzipped and on the floor, but there was no Clarke. She peeked into the ensuite hoping the woman would be in front of the vanity taking down her hair or wiping the makeup off her face, but still, no Clarke. Lexa quickly changed into something more comfortable. Something in her chest was building; a feeling like she knew Clarke wasn't there, wasn't inside the house. It made her feel anxious and on the verge of panic. She threw on some shoes then went in search for the one person who would definitely know where Clarke was.

Outside, near the pool, was a pacing Murphy and a worried looking Emori who was trying to reassure him. As soon as Lexa stepped foot outside, Murphy whirled to face her. “What did you do?! What happened?!”

“Where is she?” Lexa asks as she approached him.

He gestures to trees. “She ran into the woods.”

“And you didn't go after her?” She growls.

Murphy scowls then. This wasn't his fault. “Even if I did, it's not like I could keep up.” He ran a hand over his face. “When she's like this she's way too fast. Usually, I let her tire herself out and she eventually comes back. She just needs a moment to collect herself.” He gazes back over to the trees, hoping Clarke would reappear. “Trust me, I'm an expert in all things Clarke Griffin.”

Lexa shakes her head. No, that wouldn't do. She wasn't waiting around for Clarke to come back. She quickly made her way to the tree line before disappearing inside the woods. As she disappeared, Murphy called out, “Good luck, Cujo. You're going to need it.”

She took a deep breath, using it to focus on her surroundings and heighten her senses. She wasn't going to shift, but she needed to find Clarke. She picked up the faint scent of something sweet and welcoming. A scent she would know even in the middle of a forest. It was Clarke, and it reminded her of home. Of the feeling she got as a pup when she’d return home to find that her mom had cookies waiting for her in the oven.

She followed the scent trail to a small creek, and there, pacing along the water's edge was the blonde beauty. Lexa stood back for a second. Actually, she was rooted in her spot, not prepared for Clarke to look as radiant as ever in the warm midday glow. The sun was peeking through the trees above them, catching Clarke's blond hair and making it appear as if she was glowing.

She was ethereal.

Lexa could feel the emotions rolling off the other woman. They were coming off her in waves. Clarke was always so put together, always calm, cool, and collected. It was something she admired about the woman. Their first meeting, Clarke could have thrown a fit, demanded to be taken home. She should have been angry, furious with being drugged and kidnapped. She should have denied to even hear Lexa’s offer for an arrangement after her treatment, but she didn’t.

Then, relocating into a new territory with less than welcoming people, Clarke still didn’t lose her cool. She dished out what was deserved, but besides that, she never lost her head. Never let her emotions get the best of her.
Right now, for the first time, Lexa is seeing the woman frazzled and on edge, but even now, Lexa can tell Clarke had control. It was mesmerizing. Clarke was unraveled, vulnerable, and the realness was beautiful. It was like seeing Clarke for who she really is. As if seeing Clarke for the first time.

Clarke Griffin was human, flawed, imperfect, and so damn beautiful.

Her feet, now no longer rooted in place, had a mind of their own as she began moving closer and closer to the blonde. She could hear the ramblings of Trigedasleng spilling from Clarke’s skilled tongue. It made her smile at how adorable it was.

She fully stepped out into the clearing, crunching a twig underneath her boot. If Clarke didn't know she was there before, she did now. Although, Lexa had a feeling Clarke had always known. She's too in touch with her surroundings to not know. Just as she suspected, the blonde knew, her eyes didn't snap over to the alpha. Instead, she stopped her pacing and her eyes looked to the treetops. Lexa could see the tears in her eyes, begging and fighting to spill over, but like with everything else, Clarke was in complete control. Not a single tear fell. The alpha watches as long lashes blink away the betraying tears pooled around her eyes. She watches as the blonde rein in that raw emotion under lock and key. Then, with one more steadying breath, blue eyes move to meet green.

Her eyes… they're different. They're clearer and bluer, but filled with so much sadness. And she wonders how she ever went so long without seeing it. How could she have stared at those eyes everyday and not see everything Clarke had gone through and is still dealing with.

“I'm sorry—”

“I'm sorry—”

They both say at the same time, and start rambling and talking over each other.

“No, Lexa I'm so sorry I left.”

“Clarke, I'm sorry. I let you walk—”

“As soon as I got away I realized I made a mistake…”

“…in with no idea who Nia is or…”

“And I ruined everything!”

“…what she’s like. I should have known—”

“Wait!” Clarke yelled. She blew out a calming breath. “Just wait.” Lexa didn’t stop her ramblings as Clarke got her bearings.

“No Lexa, let me finish.” The alpha was ready to protest, but Clarke sighed and gave her a pleading look. “Please.”

She nodded. Clarke shook her head, looking anywhere but at the brunette in front of her. “You needed me, and I bolted.” Blue eyes finally lock with green. “I'm so sorry.” Lexa opened her mouth to argue, but the blonde didn't let her. “I let you down, and not just in front of the pack but in front of Nia.”

Lexa didn’t care if she interrupted her or not; Clarke had to hear her out. “No, Clarke this isn't your fault.” She clenched her fist, angry with herself. “From the very beginning you said for this to work, we had to be honest with each other. To be a united front and make this believable, we had to trust
each other. I asked for your help, but I never gave you the full story. That's on me. If I didn't let my ego get in the way, you could have gone into this thing with all the facts."

Clarke shook her head vehemently. And Lexa matched her. The alpha let out a shaky breath and stepped forward. “We could keep going back and forth on who’s to blame, or we can agree to just move past it and have a real conversation.” The blonde let out a breath too, nodding her agreement.

There was a beat of silence.

“I hope you know I didn't do it.” Lexa said in a precarious voice. “I-I know I have a reputation of being a killer and losing control, but I—” She stuttered. “I never met your father, and I-I'm not the one who kill—”

Clarke rushed to the alpha, her fingers going to her chin, lifting it for those emerald eyes to meet hers. The brunette leaned into the blonde’s touch as her lip trembled. “No, Lexa. No. Don’t think that. Please, don’t think that.” Lexa’s eyes were glistening. “I know you didn't do it. I know.” There was a heavy pause. “To be very honest, Nia really got in my head, and for a moment, I believed her. My mind jumped to it, but I think I always knew, deep down, that it couldn't be you.”

Lexa couldn’t hold off anymore. She wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist and pulled the blonde into her. Her nose nuzzled into the crook of her neck, inhaling Clarke’s familiar and comforting scent. The blonde followed in kind, her arms wounding around the alpha. Being in her arms made her instantly feel better.

“Tell me what happened.” The alpha mumbled into Clarke’s neck.

The blonde pulled back, extracting herself from Lexa despite the brunette’s protests. She ran her hand through her hair and exhaled.

It was like any other morning, she was in the kitchen serving herself a bowl of cereal. Sneakily, she was trying to pick out all the marshmallows out of the box to have a bowl of sugar for breakfast. From the corner of her eye she watched her parents, hoping they wouldn’t notice. Hoping she was stealthy enough to get away with it.

Abby was at the sink, washing a few dishes. Jake was beside her, leaning on his hip against the counter. The morning sun was filtering through the window above the sink behind them. Clarke couldn't hear what they were talking about in hushed voices, but her mom throws her head back and laughs, causing the sun’s rays, which were previously blocked by her face, to shine directly into Clarke’s eyes. It blinds her for a moment or two, and she thinks for a second that the light was coming from her mom’s beaming smile.

She blinks, focusing back on her surroundings and using her mother’s laugh and her dad’s chuckles to ground her.

“Kiddo, you okay?”

She nods, hands quickly moving over her bowl to hide the sugary goodness.

As if on cue, like her mom had eyes on the back of her head, Abby says, “Clarke, baby, you better be eating an equal marshmallow to cereal ratio, or you can eat your father’s cereal instead.”

Her face scrunches in disgust while her father laughs. “What? Don’t like Bran Flakes?”

“You mean Bland Flakes?” She sticks out her tongue. “No thanks! It's for old people, dad!” She says exasperatedly. “It tastes like cardboard and there’s no sugar in it!” She holds a tiny rainbow
shaped marshmallow between her fingers, and lifts it up for them to see. “Like these!” She pops it into her mouth, her face melting into pure bliss as the sugar coats her tastebuds.

Jake laughs, while Abby shakes her head affectionately. “She is every bit your daughter.”

Jake smiles proudly. “Darn straight!”

“You have to stop sneaking her Skittles.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He sips his coffee, hiding his not so guilty grin.

Clarke’s head perks up. “Skittles? For breakfast?”

“See!” Abby says swatting at her husband’s shaking shoulders with her soapy hand.

Clarke was pouring actual cereal in her bowl when Wells walks in. She glanced up at her best friend and immediately knew something was wrong. He looked uncomfortable, and a little on edge.

She calmly reached out to him to place the back of her hand to his forehead. “Wells…” He flinched back from her touch a little too quickly, causing him to lose his footing and fall onto his backside.

At the commotion, Jake and Abby rushed to them. Abby wrapped her arms around a worried Clarke while Jake settled his focus on Wells. Jake crouched down beside the boy knowing exactly what was happening. He cooed, “Wells, breathe through it.”


Abby and Jake share a knowing look, and both pump out calm, soothing pheromones to help the overstimulated boy. “I’ll take him out to the woods near the creek.”

The first shift is always difficult. It’s never smooth or fluid. That only came with time and experience. When a pup first shifts, they all say it’s painful. They fight with their wolf, not trusting their beast enough to relinquish all control. Human and wolf fight each other for their body, making the shift rough as bones break and change. It puts all senses on overdrive, making everything overwhelming. Some do it alone, but most do it under the supervision of their sire or pack leader in a secluded and quiet setting. It makes the shift a little more bearable when surrounded by the wilderness.

“Thelonious isn’t back yet.” Jake and Clarke have been out to the woods alone countless times, but something in Abby told her he would need company. “I’ll come with you.”

“We’ll be fine Abs. It’s broad daylight, and besides we have a little pup here who can’t be left alone.” Jake throws a wink at his daughter.

“I can come and help!” She says indefinitely. “I want to be there for Wells.” Clarke’s still eying Wells worriedly.

Jake kneels in front of his daughter, cupping her chin so their blue eyes align. “You’re such a good friend, Clarke, and one day you’ll make a great pack leader.” He brushed his thumb across her cheek. “I know you’re worried for Wells, kiddo, but have faith in your old man. I know how to get him through this shift. We’ll be back before you know it, and Wells will be in control of his wolf to play fetch with you before supper time.” He laughs when Abby huffs.

He quiets down to talk to his daughter again. “I have a very important job for you, Clarke. Can you hold the fort down while I’m gone?” He tucks a blonde curl behind her ear, then places his hands
on her shoulders. “We protect what’s ours.”

She stands a little straighter, her blue eyes shining with determination. She nods, “I won’t let you down dad.”

There was an unbridled pride in his eyes. “You never do, kiddo. And I doubt you ever will.”

He gives her a kiss on the nose, and stands to do the same to Abby. Both his girls giggle. He helps Wells up and ushers him towards the door. Wells gives a small smile at his friend and waves goodbye, then heads outside.

Jake hangs in the doorframe for a second. “Find a ball for Wells and warm up that throwing arm, kiddo.” He grants them one last goofy grin and closes the door behind him.

“That was the last time I saw them.” Lexa grabbed onto Clarke’s hands, squeezing them in comfort and support. “Mom, she— she—” Clarke choked on her words. She couldn’t talk about what happened to her mom. That Abby felt the moment Jake was gone. The moment he died. She shook her head, trying to rid the thoughts from her mind. “I called for help and sent people out to the woods.” She didn’t want to explain how they found her father’s lifeless body shredded and torn. His usual golden brown and white fur matted and soaked red.

She wasn’t there, and she couldn’t explain it, but she could almost see what had happened. That her father died trying to protect Wells. Died trying to fight off whoever attacked them, and to get back to her and her mother.

Clarke cleared her throat and her mind. “They came to the conclusion that there were rogue wolves in the area.” She shrugged. “Wrong time, wrong place type of situation.”

Lexa’s grip on Clarke went slack, her hands dropping from Clarke’s. Her eyebrows furrowed as gears turned. Her mouth opened and closed, but nothing came out. “No…”

It confused Clarke. “What?”

“No. No!!! Fuck—” Lexa said frustratedly as she paced along the water, much like Clarke did earlier.

“Lexa…”

The brunette was going off, speaking a million words a minute. It didn’t even sound like English. Maybe a combination of both Trig and English slurred together. Clarke reached out to get a hold of the other woman. As her fingers wrapped around Lexa’s wrist, the green eyed beauty ripped her arm away. Clarke felt a pang of hurt wash over her. Lexa saw it flash over her blue eyes, “Fuck— I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Clarke said softly.

Lexa pinched the bridge of her nose. “Jake and Wells were the only ones out there? Just the two of them? Near a creek?” Lexa gestured to the water next to them. “Similar to this one?”

Clarke nodded.

“Your father in wolf form was a golden brown and white color?” Again Clarke nodded, her mind wondering how Lexa knew that. “And Wells, he had salt and pepper fur, a mixture of white, grey, and black.” Clarke didn’t nod, she didn’t know what color Wells’ wolf was, but those were the same colors as Jaha’s fur.
“Lexa, how do you know that?” Clarke internally begged that there was a good explanation for the brunette to know. Prayed to every deity that she was a good guesser, and had all the luck on her side.

Lexa didn’t answer, instead she turned away from Clarke. With her back to the blonde, Clarke could see the tension in her broad shoulders and the slight tremble in her body. The blonde rushed forward and pulled the brunette to her. Slowly, she turned Lexa around so they were facing each other. Her green eyes were cast down, and her pink lips were caught between pearly whites.

“Lexa…”

Green finally meets blue.

“…Clarke.” She drew out a shaky breath. “I’m so sorry.” She shook her head. “I’m so, so sorry.”

Clarke’s fingers cupped her face, her thumb skimming over rosey cheeks. “Sorry for what? Lexa, you didn’t do—”

“But I did.” Lexa stammers. “We did… My pack did it.”

Chapter End Notes

Drop a line.
I didn't have a chance to respond to all the comments from last chapter, but I read every single comment. Thank you taking the time to leave a comment or kudos! Love getting all your thoughts!

“But I did.” Lexa stammers. “We did… My pack did it.”

Clarke swore when this was all over she had to get her ears checked. She could not be hearing this right. Lexa confessed to her pack being responsible for killing her father and childhood best friend. They are the reason she lost everything. Anya, Roan, and Lincoln… they were all part of it. Their paws had her family’s blood on them.

She needs to get her ears checked. That can’t be right.

Green eyes are looking back at her, filled with so much sorrow and searching for something in Clarke’s. A response of some sort. Maybe anger or hatred. Maybe for Clarke to lash out at her, or deck her in the face… anything.

The blonde turned away, closing her eyes. This day just kept getting worse and worse. “What are you saying, Lexa?”

“That we— that…”

“That you, Anya, Roan, and Lincoln are the reason my father and Wells are dead—”

“No, Clarke no! Not them, not me. Not exactly—”

“Then who?”

“Not my pack, but my old pack, or I guess, now Nia’s pack.”

Lexa’s father had passed away not too long ago, and while most took it hard, Nia didn’t bat an eyelash. She accepted full responsibility of the pack as the new singular leader, and went on like nothing happened.

Aden was barely two. Literally, just a pup still at the age of needing his parents. With his and Lexa’s father gone, he would need his mother, Nia, more than ever. Nia didn’t seem to care though. Her focus was on her rise to the top. She jumped into the position. Working the pack into expanding their numbers and taking over territories. Hell bent on power, and being top dog.

Nia had always ignored her duty of being a mother to Roan, and even more so as a stepmother to Lexa. They didn’t care all that much because Nia lacked all sort of motherly skill, and the less focus on them from her was more than welcomed. But now that Lexa’s father was gone, they worried for Aden.

Roan and Lexa loved their baby brother, but they feared he’d go into abandonment. It was Lexa’s
final straw. She didn’t care how Nia treated her. Their relationship, or lack of, was mostly civil. And when it wasn’t, Lexa turned her cheek ignoring her unkind words. When Lexa’s father died, and Nia didn’t shed a tear, she knew their mating was all for political gain and part of a different agenda. Lexa still put it aside, putting Aden’s needs above her feelings. While the young alpha might not need Nia, her baby brother did. More than ever, Aden really did need her.

Lexa was furious. She wanted to challenge Nia, force her out of her position to focus on raising Aden, but Lexa hadn’t shifted yet. Her wolf and her had always been in sync, but the time was just never right.

She marched to Nia’s personal quarters with a blind rage, ready to give the older woman a piece of her mind. Confront her for abandoning Aden. The door was cracked open, just a sliver. Lexa could hear voices. She stopped in her tracks and quietly listened in. One voice belonged to Nia and the other Lexa recognized as Ivon, one of Nia’s loyal guards. They were whispering, but Nia’s voice raised with anger.

“What do you mean something went wrong?!” Lexa heard movement in the room. It sounded like someone was getting themselves a drink. She heard shifting, someone fidgeting in their spot, scuffing their boots against the floors. She guessed it was Ivon, nervous to give report.

“I — you said no witnesses.”

“Don’t tell me you were caught?!”

“We took care of it.” He said firmly.

There was silence. Tension building in the air, until Nia’s enraged voice spoke again. “This was to be an easy scouting mission.” She scolded. “I agreed with your idea to go during the day to avoid suspiciously lurking around their territory at night.”

Lexa’s ears perked up. Lurking around territories? There were no rules about going on other pack territory, but common courtesy was to be formally invited, or at least announce your presence. Even when looking to take over territories it was done when someone issued a challenge. It was their way, an honorable way. Nia was being shady. It angered her that her pack would gain a dishonorable reputation.

“We thought so too, but running into those two wolves was unexpected. But we took care of it.” Ivon kept reassuring.

“Looks like they put up a good fight.” Lexa imagined Ivon’s face must don a few cuts and bruises from the fight. Ivon was built and fierce. He was head of the guard for a reason. She had respect for whoever was able to get a few hits on the man.

“There was a golden brown and white wolf… an alpha. He was strong, very strong.” Ivon explained. Lexa could hear the respect in his voice. “If he wasn’t protecting a newly shifted pup....”

Nia cut him off. “Was it his?”

“I don’t think so. The pup’s fur was a mixture of black, grey and white.” There was hesitation in his voice. “But the alpha protected him like he was his own.”

This alpha they spoke of was a better wolf than Nia. He protected the pup as if it were his own, and fought with life while Nia sat behind walls sending others to do her dirty work. She hasn’t even asked if they lost any wolves during the mission. Didn’t care if any of their own wolves were hurt. And most of all, she seemed to not care of the status of the pup. A pup, a young wolf that was present
during a fight. How could she be so callous? She had her own pups? Wouldn’t she be worried about their wellbeing or any other yongon? Obviously not, Lexa thought.

Nia humed. “And what of the pup? Alive?”

Lexa fisted her hands and held her breath, praying that the pup was alright. That her pack had nothing to do with killing an innocent pup.

Lexa swears she can hear Ivon’s voice crack. “Taken care of.”

“Good.” There was no remorse in her voice. None, whatsoever.

It made something in Lexa snap. How could she allow this? An ambush on a wolf and a pup on their own territory, then killing them both? She pushed through the doors angrily. “You are a disgrace and shaming the pack and my father’s name!”

Nia waved Ivon to leave. “Watch your mouth, Alexandria.”

“How could —”

“That’s enough.” Nia poured herself another drink. “You are not in charge around here.” She took a long sip. “I am. Know your place, pup.”

“I’ll tell everyone what you’re really up to!”

Nia scoffed. “Oh really? And who will they believe?” She argues. “Who will lead them? You? You aren’t ready Alexandria. You haven’t even presented yet. And besides, I’ll accuse you of slander. Blame it on you losing your mind after losing your father. You acting out, being rash and emotional.”

“They won’t believe you!”

“Sure. If you believe that, then issue a challenge. You want to lead this pack, Alexandria?” Nia laughed. “Challenge me.”

Lexa didn’t say a word. Thinking over her plan. Thinking of how she could win this. When she didn’t answer Nia took of a sip of her drink. Then she grinned, Lexa could see the red wine staining her teeth and she imagined her blood staining and dripping from the woman’s canines.

“You won’t issue the challenge? Fine, I will.” Nia places her glass down. “Let’s go then, pup. Me against you.”

Lexa knew it was hardly fair. Challenges were always in wolf form, and her not shifting yet would put her at a disadvantage. Nia stalked up to her, and Lexa backed up knocking over a table and everything on it. Her mind was all over the place thinking about her brothers, her friends, and the rest of the pack. Nia kept advancing, trying to grab her.

“Come on, pup.” The other woman taunted. “This is what you wanted.” Lexa moved away pushing things in front of Nia’s path to slow her down. “I’ve wanted you gone since the beginning. Finally, I can make it happen.” Lexa put a lounge chair between them. “Now that your father is gone. I can get rid of you once and for all. There will be no one in my way.”

“That’s not true! Roan and Aden won’t follow you.” The green eyed girl argued.

“Are you so sure about that? Aden is young. I can shape him any way I like, and it’s not too late for
Roan.” Lexa shook her head disagreeing, as Nia continued. “Anyone who defies me will end up like your father… Dead.”

Lexa let out a gasp, “You killed —”

“Thats right. I killed him.” She admitted. “He was small minded. He held so much power, but didn’t seize it. He was weak and soft, spouting your mother’s ideas of uniting packs peacefully. What a load of crap! We should take what is ours! The strong will live while the weak will die!”

Something in Lexa broke. She was never born to back away or stand behind another in their shadow. She was bred to rule, born to lead.

In that instant, her and her wolf became one.

She shifted. It was fluid and instant, unheard of for the first time. Nia fell back in surprise. Lexa was a large all black wolf, her piercing green eyes burning violently as it tracked Nia’s movements. She lowered her head growling, hackles raised and sharp canines ready to rip the woman apart.

A cry called out.

Aden.

Lexa’s black furry ears perked in the direction of the sound. Her brother needed her. She rushed to his room, running to the crib.

Aden was standing, his chubby hands holding himself up and crying. The wolf went up to him, her nose nudging his little fingers. Aden’s cries died down as his fingers ran over Lexa’s snout, then trailed up, fingers toying with her furry ears. He giggled as Lexa licked his tear streaked cheeks.

Nia ran in, and Lexa whirled around standing between Nia and Aden’s crib. She wouldn’t let the woman any where near her brother. She growled and snapped at her stepmother to back up. Aden’s cries filled the night again, wanting his sister’s attention. Guards came running in taking in the scene in front of them.

An unknown wolf, on edge, ready to attack in front of Aden’s crib and a frantic unhinged Nia. They looked back and forth between the wolf and the woman uncertain what to do.

“Detain her! She attacked me!”

Lexa growled. It wasn’t true. Nia started it, but of course no one knew that.

“Alexandria Woods, shifted and tried to kill me! And now she’s after Aden! She is a danger to us and the pack!”

The guards tried capturing the wolf. Getting the ropes around her legs to bind her. Roan came in pushing them to stop. He knew the wolf was his stepsister. He knew Lexa would never hurt them. Roan rushed to the crib picking up a crying Aden. He stood in front of Lexa, with Aden in his arms, showing them that Lexa wasn’t a treat and wouldn’t attack.

Nia wasn’t having any of it. She yanked both her sons towards her. Roan pushed her off, backing away from her. “Get off me!”

Lexa growled when Nia grabbed him again. This time, she grabbed Roan’s jaw roughly, forcing him to look at her. “You are my son, my blood, your loyalty belongs with me!”
Roan pulled out of her grasp in defiance.

“That’s it. Tie them both up. They will be punished for treason!” Roan tried fighting the guards off, but it was useless with a wailing Aden in his arms.

Lexus finally stopped fighting. They were going to get hurt, and they couldn’t protect each other if something happen to them.

Her green eyes locked with Roan’s blue ones as they were tied up.

“Nia wanted me killed, but I assume she was scared the pack would revolt against her. She couldn’t risk it. She announced to the pack that I had lost control, and attacked her and Aden. She feared that I was out of control, and my wolf was a danger. As an act of mercy and respect for my father, she wouldn’t sentence me to death, but instead banish me.” Clarke squeezed her hands in silent comfort.

“Indra, Gustus, Anya, Lincoln, Costia and Emori followed me. Roan and Aden weren’t allowed, but I wasn’t leaving without them. We snuck them out.” The alpha sighed heavily. “No one came after us. Nia didn’t care about them leaving. Probably just happy she didn’t have to deal with their disobedience and ruining her agenda of complete control of all the northern territories.” She shook her head, looking at blue eyes.

“I’m sorry Clarke. We’re responsible. I knew Nia was up to something, but I didn't know it was that bad. I should’ve done something. I could have stopped her!”

“No Lexa, you couldn't. You were young and you just lost your father. You aren't to blame—”

“But I am! If Nia wasn't mated to my father, they would be my pack and I should have taken over to lead them!”

“Lexa... You lost your father, and you hadn't shifted yet. She was right, you weren't ready, and you aren't to blame for that.”

“But if I did shift earlier and challenged her, maybe your dad and Wells would still be around.”

“We don't know that.” She let out a sigh. “It's unfortunate that all happened, and I really miss my dad and Wells. My mom too, but you know what the silver lining is out of all of this?” Lexa shook her head. Clarke laced their fingers. “I found out the truth about their deaths.” Lexa’s tense shoulders sagged with a shaky breath. “And we met. Under very unfortunate and tragic circumstances, we met and for that, I am also thankful.”

Lexa hugged her. Again, her face going to the crook of the blonde’s neck. The blonde once again followed in kind rubbing the brunette’s back. “Everything's a mess. What are we going to do?”

“We?” The alpha asked. If they weren’t hugging and if Lexa’s face wasn’t buried, Clarke knows that would have come with an adorable puppy head tilt attached to it.

“What? You thought you got rid of me?” Lexa hid her bashful smile against Clarke’s skin. “I told you we’re in this together.”

Lexus nodded with more confidence, “Together.”

“Yeah, together we’re bringing that ice bitch down.”
When they got back to the house they spent the rest of the afternoon apart to collect themselves. Lexa shared the connection of Jake’s death and Nia with the pack, while Clarke took some alone time to pull herself together.

Lexa crawled into an empty bed twenty past ten. It was now past eleven and Clarke still wasn't in the room. While they did end on a good note, Lexa was still worried these revelations would put a rift between her and the blonde. She laid there waiting for Clarke to come back. She knew she couldn’t sleep even if she tried. Not only was she worried about her friend, but also was used to having the warmth of Clarke’s body next to hers.

The alpha threw off the covers in search for Clarke. She trekked through the quiet house. Everyone was asleep or quietly in their rooms. Her nose caught a whiff of something sweet coming from the kitchen. She followed hoping it was Clarke maybe having a midnight snack. She could go for a snack, and on cue her stomach grumbled. As she got closer to the kitchen, she could hear faint music playing.

She turned the corner to the sight of her friend with a rolling pin in her hands, looking hard at work rolling out dough. She was mouthing the words of the song, and bobbing her head. There was flour on her nose and she wore one of Octavia’s silly aprons that said “kiss the chef.” Oh, how Lexa really wanted to kiss the girl. First, she wanted to kiss the flour off her button nose, then go for those luscious lips she’s been dreaming off.

Lexa must have made a sound because Clarke’s head snaps up. She smiles and it makes Lexa melt.

“Hey pup, I thought you’d be asleep by now.”

Lexa shrugged. “Couldn't sleep, thought I'd come find you.”

Clarke grinned. “Missed me?”

The alpha rolled her eyes, and made her way over to Clarke. “What are you up to?”

The blonde threw a bit more flour then continued rolling. “Making a crust for a pie.” She nodded to the apples sitting in the sink.

“You can cook?” She thinks she might have fallen more in love—wait no— she is not, definitely not, falling in love. Whoa, too soon. Way too soon. She’ll admit she’s falling for the blonde, but certainly not in love.

“I can cook a few dishes, but baking is my speciality.”

“Did you learn from your parents?”

Clarke nodded, and a fond smile graced her face. “No matter how busy dad or mom was, Sundays were always reserved for us. We always made dinner together.”

“What else can you make?” An excited glint in her eye at the possibility of eating all the scrumptious food Clarke can make.

“Well pie...” She giggles as she finished up with the pie crust. “Cakes, strudels, turnovers...”

Lexa leaned back to steal a glance at Clarke’s back side and mumbled, “I’d like to turn you over.”
“... cookies. What was that?”

The alpha cleared her throat. “What?”

“You said—”

Lexa interrupted. “Do you need help? I can help! Where do you need me?”

“Oh… Um. First, how are your cooking skills?”

“Nonexistent.” The alpha admitted honestly.

Clarke laughed. “You can't be that bad. You know how to boil water at least, right?”

Silence. Lexa just shrugged under questioning eyes.

The blonde lifted an eyebrow. “You're one of those.”

The brunette threw her hands up. “Fine you caught me! I can't even boil water!” She groaned. “Now you know all my secrets!”

Clarke’s cheeks puffed like she was trying to suppress a laugh. Lexa narrows her eyes at her friend. “I didn't have time to cook, Clarke! I was running a pack and taking care of a pup!” She pouted.

“Oh don't be so extra you big baby.” Clarke said as she rolled her eyes as Lexa huffed.

“Alright then pup, Cooking 101 with Clarke Griffin. Get an apron.”

Lexa threw on the first apron she saw without looking at it. She was tying the ties around her waist when Clarke barked out a laugh.

“What's so funny?” The brunette asked with her own smile making its way across her face as it always seems to do while around the one named Clarke Griffin.

Clarke didn't stop giggling, her eyes darting to the apron. The alpha looked down to see the apron had “Let me rub your meat” printed across the chest.

“Ha ha very funny.” Clarke’s laughs finally settled down. “So how can I help with this pie?”

“Oh no! You are not going anywhere near my famous apple pie with your inexperienced hands.”

Lexa held up her hands wiggling her fingers and in a very serious voice said, “I'll have you know these are very skilled.”

I bet they are. Clarke bit her lip to stop her thoughts from escaping.

“You're going to make Top Ramen.” The blonde pulled out a small pot, a packet of instant noodles and tossed it to the alpha.

“Top Ramen!? But why?” She whined. “Come on, put me in coach! I can do better than this.”

“Boil water first, then we’ll work our way up the ranks.” The blonde said with finality. Lexa grumbled getting started on the soup.

The water was boiling and Lexa was so proud of herself. Clarke bit back a laugh. Next was to add the packet of seasoning. Over the pot, Lexa was carefully trying to open the packet. Clarke watched
as the other woman struggled to tear it open. Fumbling and almost dropping in the pot of boiling water. When her hands failed, Lexa tried using her teeth. She whooped and did a little happy dance when she got it open. Being so excited, she tore the rest off too fast resulting in spilling the seasoning everywhere but the boiling water.

Lexa whines, pouts and stomps in place. Clarke couldn’t stop herself from laughing.

“All right, enough of that. Turn off the heat, and come be my assistant.” While Lexa was making her soup, Clarke had peeled and sliced the apples. Now they needed a little sweet, sour, and spice.

Clarke had her hands in the bowl of sliced apples. Lexa followed every instruction being the best assistant, complying to every request for more freshly squeezed lemon juice, sugar, cinnamon, or nutmeg. The blonde tossed and tasted everything, and when it was finally perfect, she held a slice to Lexa’s mouth. Per usual, Lexa obliged, but this time her lips didn’t just wrap around the apple but Clarke’s fingers as well. Her tongue swirled over the blonde’s fingertips gathering all remnants of spice, sugar, and citrus. Like the first time Clarke fed her on their first fake date, she swore she could taste Clarke. This time she knows she does, and she definitely wants more.

If the blonde noticed the charged sexual energy between them, she played it off well. Lexa watched as Clarke took the same fingers she just mildly sucked on, into her own mouth. It made Lexa’s throat go dry. God damn her mouth.

They finished the pie, and popped it in the oven. While waiting for it to bake to golden perfection, Clarke helped Lexa make a perfect bowl of instant noodles. This time, with the seasoning in the pot and not all over the counter.

When the pie was cooled and ready, they sat on the counter sharing more than a slice of pie topped with a scoop of ice cream. Clarke fed them both between giggles and secrets way past midnight and into the early morning.

Chapter End Notes

As always, drop me a line or something.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

So this is my favorite chapter that I've written so far. Hope you all enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it.

Special thanks to @ellemmenn (Lee) for beta-ing this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So we’re taking down that ice bitch, right?” Murphy says seriously. They’re laying on the grass after their morning run. Clarke needed some time to get her head together so it was the first time they talked after the recent revelations.

Clarke was on her stomach, propped up by her elbows making a flower crown. “Definitely.”

Murphy rolls to bump shoulders with her, “Good. I have to defend your honor.”

“Sure, Lancelot.” The blonde snorted.

John scowls. “Why can’t I be King Arthur?”

Clarke finishes the flower crown, and places it on her head. “Then who would I be?”

John scowls harder, kind of turning into a pout as if he was sad he didn’t get a flower crown. Clarke rolls her eyes. She takes the one on her head off to place it on top of Murphy’s. “Fine, you big baby, you can be King Arthur.” She spins her hand and bows her head dramatically. “I now pronounce you King! All hail the King!”

He nods triumphantly, and then lifts his chin like royalty. “As King, I shall grant you with position in my royal court.”

Clarke thought a bit, trying to figure out who she could be. She shrugs, as Murphy’s eyes light up. “I know!” He clears his throat, channeling the voice of a king. “You will be a horse.”

His friend glares at him. “What? Being a horse is important, Clarke! Every knight needs a good horse!” He explains. “And plus, you’re kind of a jackass.”

She rolls her eyes. “There’s a difference between donkeys and horses.”

“You would know.” He mumbles.

There was a beat of silence, then Clarke launches herself at him, pinning him to the ground. Her face very close to head butting him. He struggles underneath her, his hands trying to go to his head. “Clarke, my crown! And watch the nose!!”

Clarke’s in the infirmary per usual. She’s waiting for Murphy to come in. Since that day of them sharing Skittles some odd years ago, they’ve become inseparable. He has become her best friend. Her confidant.
She’s putting away some charts when he slides in. His head is ducked low with his hair is in his face. Clarke notices the collar of his shirt looks ripped and stretched. She sighs; she knows what happened. The stupid kids their age who have shifted and presented bullied her best friend.

“Don’t tell me you were picking fights?” She asks pulling out supplies to clean up his face.

John lifts his face, and she can see his lip is busted and his right cheek is starting to swell and bruise. He smirks, “Not my fault everyone wants a piece of me.”

She shakes her head, and taps for him to sit on one of the stiff medical beds. She gives him a look, waiting for him to tell her what happen. He jumps up on to the bed and rolls his eyes at her. “I had to defend your honor.” It’s just like him to stick up for her even when she’s not there. She dabs at his lip, and he winces at the sting of the alcohol. He brushes her hand away, and flops backwards. “I’m fine, Clarke. Just a couple scratches, nothing I can’t handle.”

Clarke puts an ice pack to his cheek. “You shouldn’t have to.”

“Yeah well, they need to shut up their faces.”

She starts pushing him off the bed. “Get up.”

“Wha- What? Why?” He whines and scoots closer to the middle of the bed. “I don’t want to. Leave me here to die.”

“Stop being so dramatic and throwing a pity party for yourself. Get up! I’m going to teach you how to fight.”

He lifts his head to look at her. “You know how to fight?”

“You know who I am, right? Who my parents are?” She responds incredulously.

“Sometimes I forget.”

She smiles at him because he doesn’t look at her like she’s broken. And that’s why she’s going to do this for him. She shoves him off the table, and he barely lands on his feet. “C’mon Clarke! I’m injured!”

He reluctantly meets her in the area she cleared for them. She goes through the basics of how to fight. The stances, how to hold up his arms and fists, how to throw a punch, and dodge and block.

“Alright, Murph looking good.” She praises. “Now, lets see how you do with an actual opponent. I want you to try and hit me.”

He drops his arms and stands up straight. “I am not hitting you.”

Clarke moves to him and pulls his arms back up into position to strike at her. “You won’t. I’ll dodge and block.” He looks at her skeptically. She relents. “Fine. How about you go on the defense trying to block and dodge my attacks?”

“Oh yeah! That I can do.” He holds one arm out to the nonexistent audience, and the other comes to his mouth holding an invisible microphone. In his best announcer voice he says, “Ladies and gentleman, welcome to the main event!”

Both Clarke and Murphy start hopping around, and winding up their fists.

“Let’s get ready to ruuummmmmmmmmble!!!”
They both break out into the infamous pump up song used for professional fights. They bump fists and start their first round with Clarke on the offence, and Murphy on the defense.

Clarke pretends to strike and Murphy flinches. She laughs, and he sends her a death glare. They both shake it off, and get serious. Clarke observes him. He’s holding himself up right like he could really hold his own. His fists are positioned perfectly, he’s moving around, and keeping his eyes on her. He looks good considering this is his first lesson. She’s proud and knows he’ll be kicking ass in no time.

She’s stalled long enough. She takes a few breaths then throws a punch straight at his face.

Murphy is supposed to block. Clarke taught him how to fucking block. Or at least dodge, duck, jump out of the way... or something. Anything, but stand there!

But that’s what he does. Stands there like he’s a deer caught in headlights and frozen stupid.

Clarke gets him square in the nose.

He falls back, clutching his face. Blood trickles down, and Clarke rushes to him. “Oh my god! I’m so sorry! Why didn’t you duck?! Or move?!” She tilts his head back and snags a towel to wipe the blood. “Oh man! Why did you just stand there?! We need to work on your reflexes!!” She panics. “Oh god! What if you don’t have reflexes!? I should’ve checked before we started! Murphy? Murphy, say something?!”

He hasn’t said anything. Not a single word or snarky comeback. His eyes look glossy. And shit— fucking shit, she might have made her best friend cry. He blinks and looks up at her. She pulls the towel away from his face. His nose is crooked and looks like it needs to be set, blood is dripping down his nose to his chin. But he’s smiling at her.

“Clarkey!! You got me good!” He laughs, but quickly winces. “Like falcon punched me!” He makes a fist and throws an air punch. “I think it’s broken.” He brings his fingers to feel his face, but quickly recoils. “Ow! Yeah, that’s broken. Right, doc?” He looks up at her with his big blue eyes.

She smiles and brings the towel back up to stop the bleeding. “Definitely broken.”

“My best friend broke my nose.” He says in awe that Clarke can’t decide if it’s fake or serious with his muffled and nasally voice.

She gets in front of him, in position to fix his nose. “Next time protect your face.”

“Next time?” She nods. “No way, there is no next time— fuckkkkk!”

Murphy’s words turned into a yelp as Clarke sets his nose.

She rolls off of him and he quickly retrieves his crown to put back on his head. “For that, you shall be nothing more than a lowly peasant in my kingdom!”

“Where is this kingdom? Is that where we’re going after here?”

“Are you saying we aren’t staying here?” Murphy inquires.

The blonde shrugs then turns to look at her best friend. “Do you want to stay here?”

He shrugs back. “Are you finally going to talk to me about Cujo?”

She couldn’t deny it any longer. There was something building between them. The feelings were too
large, too much, and too real to ignore and deny any longer. Lexa was everything, and Clarke… Clarke couldn’t fight the way Lexa made her feel. But she deflects, she may have finally admitted her feelings, but she was far from being ready to talk about them.

She lifts a challenging eyebrow at him, “Depends. Are you going to admit you like Emori?”

He blushes. “Touché Griffin.”

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Lexa was in her personal office. This was her sanctuary. Every superhero had a hideout, like how Batman had the bat cave; her office was her wolf’s den.

Like the rest of the house, it was elegantly decorated. She chose the same theme as her room and went with floor to ceiling length windows for the wall to the left of her desk, while the opposite had built in bookshelves. She had an English leather couch, perfectly matched accent chairs, and in the corner there was a drink cart with an impressive selection. Among the choices, she had her favorite bottle of aged scotch within reach if the day or night called for the specific taste.

This was her own personal haven, and she was lucky enough to have it while working through pack details. She had an open door policy, but most didn’t bother her while she was in here, which she was grateful for. They knew better than to interrupt her while in her safe place.

There was a knock; her eyes look up to find Clarke Griffin leaning on the doorframe. She was still decked out in her workout clothes from this morning, and had a book and what looks like a sketchpad tucked under her arm. Compared to whatever Lexa was doing at her desk, Clarke looks far more appealing, and just like that, her attention shifts.

Lexa watches as blue eyes trail over the room, taking in every inch of detail. It was the first time Clarke had been in here, and Lexa was all too keen to invite her in despite it being her private quarters.

“Clarke...” She breathed. “Come in.” She gestured the blonde to take a seat. The blonde placed her things on the coffee table and sat on the English leather sofa, eyes still roaming around the room.

She lets out a whistle. “You sure like to live in the lap of luxury, pup.” She looks very impressed, and Lexa knows she’s the type of woman to appreciate a nice workplace. Understands the importance to have a place called sanctuary. The wolf in her preens at impressing Clarke.

Lexa doesn’t respond, caught up in having Clarke there with her and looking damn good in the afternoon light. Blue eyes land on the drink cart. Lexa smirks, “It’s five o’clock somewhere. May I pour you a drink?”

Clarke dramatically flips her ponytail off her shoulder, bats her long eyelashes, grinning cheekily. “Ms. Woods, you may. Scotch, neat.” The choice surprises the alpha. She didn’t peg the blonde for a scotch drinker, but a situation like this is why she has her favorite bottle of scotch stocked.

As she pours the liquid into Waterford crafted gold banned crystal tumblers, the blonde asks for addition of maraschino cherries. And there’s the kicker she was waiting for. She knew scotch neat was too simple for the blonde. With Clarke everything isn’t so black and white. If Lexa’s father were here he’d scoff and lecture the blonde for ruining such a good thing. But she finds the request so… Clarke.
People say drink orders say a lot about the person, and in this case: The drink matches the woman. There are a lot to say about scotch drinkers. For example, they come from money and have class. The drinker probably has a monocle and spends too much on leather wallets. But also, a scotch drinker is appreciative. They take their time and enjoy their drink as if it is an art form as opposed to chugging cheap vodka like a frat boy.

As for Clarke’s addition of cherries, Lexa thinks that speaks volumes on its own. While Clarke enjoys the strong smoothness of scotch, she also likes things sweet. And it’s so very entertaining to watch the blonde twirl the stem between her teeth and the fruit juice stain her lips red.

Again, so very Clarke.

Clarke sips her drink as she walks around the office, appraising everything, every little detail. It’s clean, sharp, and cold, offset by the warmth of the sun shining in and a similar warmth radiating off the alpha.

The space is big enough to be a more than comfortable sized bedroom, and the floor to ceiling length glass windows have the best view of the backyard. Her fingers twitch to set up shop to sketch and paint. While the office was impressive, Clarke notices it was lacking something.

Lexa’s room was decorated with personal items, like the record player and other random gadgets and gizmos. But the office did not. It was crisp and dignified. It was void of any pictures and kept without any other distractions or any sort of special or intimate items. She understood offices are meant to be that way, are meant to be used solely for work, but Clarke imagined Lexa cooped up all day sitting at the desk, thinking of ways to better the lives of her pack members. She imagined the alpha hunched over, working to the bone in the stark coldness of the room. It didn’t sit well with her. That was no way to work. Like the way she felt when she first moved in, she wanted to spruce up the space with life and color. Throw in her personal touch, but she still wasn’t sure if it would be welcomed.

She leans on the edge of the desk, and looks out the windows with a sigh.

Lexa copies her. “Penny for your thoughts?” Green eyes looking at the blonde’s profile, following the slope of her nose to pillowy lush lips. She watches as Clarke brings her drink to her mouth, the dark liquid looking more amber with the sun hitting it.

Clarke knocks the rest of the drink back, emptying it, and then she licks her lips. “This view…” She closes her eyes and tilts her head back, letting her face soak in the sun’s rays. She opens her eyes again to take in the sight before her. “… It’s breathtaking.”

Emerald eyes haven’t moved from Clarke’s face, and Lexa hums in agreement. Clarke was like the sun, and Lexa wanted to soak her in.

Blue meets green, and they share a shy smile. The air around them feels charged.

Lexa clears her throat and breaks eye contact. She points to Clarke’s empty glass. “Can I get you another?” The blonde nods and hands her glass over. Their fingers skim during the transfer, and both swear there’s a spark of electricity. It’s hardly the first time they’ve touched, and they both know that’s the most innocent. They’ve literally woken up each morning wrapped around each other, but the moment feels different. More intimate, like they’ve shifted into something more than friends, yet both are still too scared to make anything of it. To make a move and make a leap for what they could have.

Clarke crosses her arms over her chest and looks back to the windows while Lexa fumbles over
pouring another drink with shaky hands. “You’re welcome to come in here any time and sketch or paint the view.” She gulps down the lump in her throat, daring herself to be bold. “Or you know, to keep me company.” Lexa nervously looks up at Clarke, and she’s prized with a heart-stopping smile.

“All right?”

The alpha hands the blonde her drink, fingers skimming again, “Of course. What’s mine is yours.”

Lexa enters the room, and Glenn Miller was filling their space tonight. The room was lit only with the burning fire and a dim glow coming from the ensuite. Lexa calls out for the blonde, “Clarke?”

“In here!” The response coming from the direction of the glow.

With her fingers covering her eyes, mindful of the blonde’s privacy, the brunette walks into the ensuite. She hears water splashing and a soft giggle that makes her smile. God, she’ll never get tired of that sound.

“You can look, pup. I'm decent.” Green eyes peek between spread fingers. It's a bit dark, only minimal light from a few burning candles. She removes her hand from her face, blinking to adjust to her surroundings. Clarke was making full use of the soaker tub. It was filled to the brim and had tons of bubbles. Clarke created the perfect ambiance for prime relaxation.

“My my my, Miss Griffin, looks like you're enjoying my tub.”

“What's yours is mine. So, indeed, I am enjoying our tub.” Clarke corrects.

“I apologize.” She holds her hand to her chest and nods solemnly. “You are right. Our tub.” She takes in the vision of Clarke again, “You know, I don't think I've ever used the tub before. Miss Griffin, you might be the first.”

“Well, get in. It's big enough for two.” Clarke shrugs. Her bare shoulders come in sight. “Or maybe even four. We could throw a pool party.” It's all said like a joke, but there's a glint in her eyes like she's daring the alpha because she knows Lexa is much too shy to do it.

Lexa toes off her shoes, but leaves everything else on. She doesn't shed a single layer of clothing. “If you insist…”

Clarke laughs. “I was kidding— Lexa you're going to splash all the water out!”

Lexa gets one leg in. “Ooo nice and warm.” She places her hands on the rim of the to steady herself as she gets her other leg in. “Smells good too.” She takes a dramatic inhale. “What did you put in here? Salts? Bath bomb? Is that lavender I smell?”

Clarke giggles watching Lexa lower herself in. “You could have at least taken your clothes off.”

Lexa plops down, making the water slosh over and onto the floor just as Clarke predicted. She leans back closing her eyes as she drops her head back. “Clarke, you minx, are you trying to get me out of my clothes?”

The blonde grins and moves the bubbles to make sure she's fully covered. “Well, it’s only fair.”
The alpha’s head snaps up remembering that Clarke, is in fact, naked. Nonchalantly, but completely obvious, her eyes roam the water looking for any openings to see if she could get a peek of Clarke’s naked form. To her annoyance and disappointment, there isn't a single spot to give her a view. Not even a single sliver.

Clarke laughs then kicks her foot to splash the brunette. “Stop being a perv.” She says teasingly.

Lexa catches the blonde’s foot and brings it to rest against her as she uses her thumbs to massage it. She watches as Clarke melts further into the water. Her head rests against the tub with a towel supporting her neck. She looks absolutely gorgeous. Her messy blonde hair piled on top of her head, and a few strands sticking to her damp neck, the steam coming up from the hot water warming her cheeks to a rosy pink. She looks relaxed, like the stress of yesterday has washed away and evaporated out of thin air. She looks younger too. Not hardened by the drama going on in their lives, but a young woman enjoying the spoils of life.

Lexa wishes Clarke could always feel this way. And she wished this were the norm for them. Goofing off, and relaxing. Enjoying each other's company. It feels so natural. She can imagine days like this in the future, coming home to Clarke in the same scene in different variations, but all ending relatively the same, the both of them relaxing after a hard day in their room, together. She imagines asking about their day over a glass of wine while they cook dinner, or well, while Clarke cooks dinner because Lexa is still working on her kitchen skills. She imagines doing what they do every night, playing a record to listen to. They'd either share a slow dance or sit comfortably listening to the music masterpieces. Then they'd end their night curled in bed. Tangled together with Clarke in the perfect nook of her body. Lexa sighs. At the sound Clarke opens her eyes.

Green meets blue.

And Lexa feels like she's drowning. Like the water of the tub swallowed her whole. Like she forgot how to swim. Clarke's eyes are so blue. And she knows it's cliché to compare them to the ocean, but fuck it, she's a cliché.

She wants to compare them to the universe... that she sees stars and galaxies in Clarke's eyes, but that doesn't justify how she feels when their eyes connect. Staring into Clarke's eyes is like seeing dimensions, and it's like Lexa's falling through time and space for her.

And damn, it's a little bit scary.

Clarke wiggles her toes, getting the alpha's attention. The blonde tilts her head a little, there's a hint of genuine concern in her voice, “You okay?” Lexa flashes her a dopey smile and hums. Clarke smiles back, enamored by the brunette's dorky grin, “Care to share what you're thinking about?”

Lexa gets a hold of Clarke's other foot, dragging her thumbs along the arch. She shrugs her shoulders, “Space time continuum.”

“Nerd,” she hears Clarke mumble teasingly, and then she laughs. The laugh that Lexa swears is saved and used only for her. The laugh that makes her insides feel gooey, makes a blush creep up her neck to the tip of her ears, and makes her wish she could bottle up the sound to have it forever. That sound that she swears could save the world.

Green eyes drop to red painted toes. The curve of her lips turn up and all she can think is how she really likes the feeling of falling.

Falling for Clarke Griffin that is.
Chapter End Notes

Drop me a line or something.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

.... hi, I'm back lol.

Special thank you to my beta, Sami. So glad to have you back!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke was in the garage fiddling with her Ducati. It had been some time since she and Murphy took their motorcycles out for a spin. She had an inkling to go out for a ride. Speed up the highway, feel the power of the engine and the wind in her hair. Maybe Lexa would want to go for a ride some time? Sit behind her and wrap her arms around her waist as she does when they sleep at night.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Bellamy and Finn pulled up. She hadn’t spent much time with Bellamy. All she knew about him was that he’s Octavia’s brother. He seemed nice enough, minus the lingering gazes. She wasn’t really sure what to make of it. Maybe he was curious and wary of her like Gustus, or maybe he shared the same feelings as Costia and Indra and wanted her out on curb next to the trash. She wasn’t really sure because he hasn’t said more than a few words to her.

Finn, on the other hand, always had something to say. He would catch her at random moments of the day and strike up a conversation. It seemed harmless. He was always nice and treated her kindly, and in some ways he reminded her of Wells, friendly, welcoming, and generally just a good guy.

She didn’t acknowledge them, just kept her hands busy with what she was doing, but they stood there awkwardly, waiting to be addressed. She turned to face them and cocked an expectant eyebrow.

Both boys cast their eyes down and awkwardness built between them. Finn twiddled his thumbs as he stuttered out his thoughts, “Uh, hey Clarke. So, uh Lexa told us about your father and your friend.” He cleared his throat and met her gaze, sincerity in his eyes. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Bellamy stepped forward, “Me too, Clarke. My condolences.”

Finn got a tad closer, flashing her that warm smile of his. “You’re part of the pack, so we have your back if you need us.” Bellamy nodded.

“Thanks.” She responded curtly.

They both lingered a moment before Bellamy excused himself. Finn, however, decided to chat a bit more. “Do you need any help?”

Clarke gave him a polite smile. “I’m good, thanks though.”

Finn still didn’t take the hint and instead decided to perch himself on a stool. “So how’s your stay here so far? Do you like it?” She nodded. “Are you planning on staying or do you have plans to leave?”

Clarke hadn’t thought about what she was going to do after everything was over in a while. “Um… it was always the plan to leave but—”
Finn doesn’t let her finish her sentence, too eager to know her plans. “Where do you plan on going?”

“Well, the plan was to ask my uncle if Murphy and I could join the pack he’s apart of.” She’s about to explain she wants to talk to Lexa first. Ask if they could stay, and possibly be part of the pack, but he butts in again.

“Where—” This time he’s cut off by Bellamy, whose come back to tell him Roan wants a report about his patrols from this morning. “Sorry Clarke. Let’s finish this talk later?”

“Um, yeah sure…”

She kind of feels like she just got whiplash, and it unsettles her. She hadn’t thought about some of this stuff in awhile and she needed to talk to Lexa about it. She cleans up her mess and heads inside in search of her friend.

Clarke went straight to Lexa’s office, but the door was closed and she really didn’t want to interrupt the alpha. She made her way to the kitchen hoping Octavia and Raven were there, but it was empty. Damn.

But there was rustling in the pantry. She peeks inside to find a messy haired Aden sifting through the snack shelf. When he doesn’t find what he wants, he starts scaling the shelves to get to the top.

Clarke rushes forward, her hands looping under his arms and carried him onto flat ground. “Whoa there strikon, what are you looking for?”

He smiles at the term of endearment. “Clarke!” He yelped excitedly. He reaches out to hold her hand then points to the top shelf. “They’re up there! Now that you’re here, we can get them! And I’ll share with you because you’re my favorite.”

Her heart swells. She pushes hair out of his eyes. “Slow down, Aden.” But of course, he doesn’t and continues tugging at her hand to hurry it up. “What are we even looking for?”

“Cookies! Roan always hides his personal stash on the top shelf!”

“Is that all?” She scoffs. “Strikon, I can make you some and they’ll be better than generic store bought ones.”

He squeals, his arms going around her waist and his head pressed to her belly as he squeezes her in a tight hug. “Really?!” He looks up, his chin resting on her stomach. “Chocolate chip?”

His eyes are the color of Roan’s- blue, but the excitement shining in them reminded Clarke so much of Lexa. She smiles at him, and then boops his nose with her pointer finger. “Whatever you want.”

Aden squeezes her once more, and then releases her in preparation for the chocolate chips.

At the island, with all their ingredients out, Aden is perched on a stool vibrating with excitement. “Can I help?”

Clarke ties the apron around her waist. “Of course! You can be my sous chef.”
“Sue chef?” Aden tries.

“Sous chef.” Clarke corrects.

Aden nods as if he totally gets her now, “Soup chef.”

“No sous— you know what, close enough.”

They go through the process of mixing all the ingredients, and just like Lexa was the other night, Aden is a perfect assistant. Must run in the family, she thinks. When it’s time to measure out the flour, Aden swears he can do it. Clarke lets him, and while he’s doing that, she searches for a baking sheet.

It’s a full, new bag of flour and instead of scooping it out, he decides to lift and pour. His lip is caught between his teeth as he carefully pours some out into the measuring cup.

Clarke comes back just in time to watch it all happen. “Aden, wait— no!”

It’s like time slowed down for Clarke and everything was happening in slow motion. Before she could reach out to stop it from happening, a puff of white powder engulfed them, and flour flew everywhere. She fans the air around them to see Aden, with his shoulders up to his ears, looking sheepishly at her with an “oops” expression written all over his face. His face is covered with flour, and his hair is more white than blond. She looks at her own reflection in an appliance nearby, and she doesn’t fare much better. Their blue eyes reconnect, and they topple over in laughter.

When their giggles subside, Clarke dusts the flour off Aden as much as she can, but he’s still powdery white. Aden, in kind, does the same to Clarke. His small kid sized fingers combing flour out of her hair and off her cheeks. Then, together they measure out the right amount of flour, and then she teaches him how to sift it. Next, they mix in the chocolate chips, but not before they both pop a couple into their own hungry mouths. When it’s fully mixed, they scoop out the dough to place them on a pan, and pop it into the preheated oven.

Aden quickly turns on the oven light to watch them. He gets bored a half second later and turns to Clarke and asks, “What now?”

She grins at him. “Clean up dance party!” She pulls out her phone and puts on some catchy music. She dances around the kitchen while cleaning up, doing overly ridiculous and silly dance moves to make Aden laugh and join in.

That’s how Lexa found them. She smelt the cookies all the way from her office, and her stomach couldn’t fight it off any longer. She had to go and get one or a few.

She watched as Clarke and Aden danced while cleaning up the kitchen, making more of a mess than actually cleaning it. She could hear both blue eyed blondes’ laughs over the music, and Lexa is completely enamored.

Her green eyes connect with Clarke’s baby blues. They smile at each other, but Clarke’s turns mischievous. Lexa shakes her head anticipating what’s to come. The blonde dances over to her, and pulls Lexa into their flour covered arena and spins her. Aden barrels into her legs, swaying them along. The alpha looks down to her little brother, then to Clarke, and she can’t see herself, but she knows they all have the same beaming smile.

The kitchen is completely cleaned at the same time the timer goes off for the cookies. Clarke takes them out of the oven and sets them to cool. The scent of freshly baked cookies must have made it around the house because soon enough Octavia, Bellamy, and Indra wander in.
Indra eyes the cookies, then looks between Octavia and Clarke. Clarke decides Indra came in here thinking Octavia made the midday treats and is disappointed to be wrong. Clarke starts passing around the warm gooey chocolate chip cookies to eager hands. When she gets to Indra, she holds it out for the older woman to take. Indra eyes it warily, not too keen on eating something Clarke made.

The blonde rolls her eyes and urges the woman to take it. “I didn’t poison it Indra. If I wanted to kill you, I’d have more honor and do it with you knowing.”

Indra scowls and is about to tell Clarke off, but Aden, with his chocolate covered face, gets between them. “I was the soup chef!” He announces in her face, then takes the cookie from Clarke’s hand and shoves it in Indra’s mouth. “They’re so good! Eat it!”

The older wolf grumbles around the offending cookie that’s halfway in her mouth. “Soup chef?”

Clarke doesn’t get to explain what he means because Finn walks in, completely ruining the moment. “Hey Clarke! Sorry we got interrupted earlier. You said you were planning on leaving, but didn’t mention where?”

“Leaving? Where are you going?” Octavia asks, starting on her second helping.

Clarke doesn’t have a chance to explain herself before Finn butts in again.

“After we deal with Nia, she said she’s going to join her uncle’s pack.”

Lexa is stunned. She didn’t know Clarke was planning on leaving. It was always the plan, but she had thought Clarke would stay. Quickly, she loses her appetite, and something like heartburn fills her chest. She pushes away her cookies and milk as her hand moves to her chest then stomach. The pit of it churns and she suddenly feels sick and her chest feels tight.

Clarke is leaving.

She swallows the lump in her throat. She looks up to see blue eyes watching her. Clarke doesn’t want to stay, and even though it pains her to see her go, she wants the blonde to be happy. Even if that means being away from here, and away from her. Her wolf howls, fights to demand for her to stay and actually start something between them, but she squashes her wolf. Shushing the wolf and locking her behind a cage. She schools her features and grants the blonde a fake smile, “That’s wonderful, Clarke. What pack?” She hopes her voice didn’t crack.

Clarke hopes her ears are failing her again and hopes she didn’t hear Lexa say it’s wonderful for her to leave. Her chest feels heavy, and green eyes aren’t helping. Clarke shakes her head, trying to stay in control of her emotions. “He’s part of a pack out West, Floukrul. He’s second in command. I was hoping his position will pull favors with the pack leader.”

Lexa can’t hear anymore. She doesn’t want to hear about Clarke’s pending departure. She grants everyone one more fake smile, “If you need any help with the arrangements let me know.” She pushes her stool back and it screeches against the floor. “If you’ll excuse me.”

The last few sentences breaks Clarke. Lexa seems all too eager to let her go. Maybe she was wrong. That there was nothing building between them. Maybe it was all one sided.
Clarke was lying on her side of the bed. A fire was burning, and the slow crackle of the wood was the only sound in the room besides the quiet rustle of paper as she turned the pages of the book she was reading. She had the covers pulled up to her waist as she leaned against the headboard. She sighed deeply, looking away from her book to Lexa’s side of the bed.

Despite the feelings that arose today, Clarke remained level headed. The reality of the situation is that there were never any plans for her and Murphy to stay, so she had no real reason to be upset. And she wasn’t going to complicate their friendship by spilling her feelings. She was going to stick this out, not be weird, and be friends with Lexa.

She stared at the empty spot beside her. The alpha hadn’t come to bed yet. The brunette hadn’t mentioned anything, but Clarke knew. Lexa was one to take on the weight of everything on her very shoulders. To bear the weight of it all, so others didn’t have to, and Clarke knew it was weighing on her friend.

With Lexa refusing an alliance with Skycrew and Nia still on their backs about joining the packs, tensions were high while figuring out their next move.

The thought of Nia made Clarke’s stomach hurt, and rage burned within her. They had found out Nia was to blame for her father’s and childhood best friend’s death. Although she was angry, she also felt relieved. She had always thought something was off about their deaths, and now she finally knew the truth.

Her thoughts were cut off when the bedroom door opened, and a zombie looking Lexa walks in. She looked mindless, moving on autopilot and like she needed a vacation to hibernate and recuperate. Clarke watched as Lexa pathetically dragged her feet to the bed. Without so much of a look or any type of acknowledgment of the blonde, the alpha flopped face first into the bed. The blonde watched the basically lifeless body lay still. Clarke was going to reach over and check if Lexa was still breathing until she heard a muffled groan, like Lexa was letting out all that troubles her through that scream.

The alpha looked like she was about to roll out of bed, and before Clarke knew what she was doing, her hands were in brown locks. Her fingers had a mind of their own as they softly scratched and massaged the alpha’s scalp.

Lexa literally melts into the mattress.

Clarke took that as a sign to continue. Lexa always had her hair done with intricate braids, and tonight was no different. The blonde worked to get them out, gently undoing them and combing her fingers through silky hair. Lexa purred. If Clarke could transcribe the sound into feelings, it would be what she felt in her chest, a cozy warmth, and something she couldn’t quite put into words. But she knew it had something to with the girl beneath her fingertips.

The brunette rolled over and green eyes peered up at her. Clarke felt like the wind got knocked out of her. There was no doubting Lexa’s beauty, she was absolutely stunning. From the first time Clarke laid eyes on Lexa, Clarke knew nothing and no one could rival her beauty. But in that moment, with the Heda mask off, Lexa the pack leader left outside the door, this version of Lexa that was soft and cuddly made Clarke fall impossibly harder.

She reached out to push the other woman’s thick mane away and out of her face. Clarke’s blue eyes watched as the alpha pressed into her touch, emerald eyes disappearing and reveling in their skin-to-skin contact. The blonde laughs because it’s almost like Lexa is nuzzling into her palm. The sound makes green eyes open, and Clarke is graced with a dopey grin that let the butterflies loose in her stomach.
She strokes her thumb across Lexa’s cheek. “You okay there, pup?”

Lexa nods and presses more into Clarke’s hand. “I am now.”

Clarke’s heart swells and thumps erratically against her ribcage, but she plays it off with an eye roll. “Smooth, very smooth. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you’re trying to get me into bed.”

The alpha shifts, moving closer to curl her body into Clarke’s. “Jokes on you. You’re already in bed, my bed.” A crinkle forms between her eyebrows, and Clarke desperately wants to smooth it out, but Lexa’s face eases as she corrects herself. “*Our* bed. I’ve got you in *our* bed.”

Clarke smiles and hums, she certainly likes the way Lexa says “ours.” Again, she runs her fingers through Lexa’s hair. “Long day?” The alpha nods. Clarke hates that she’s so stressed and wants so badly to help. “Want me to draw you a hot bath?” She suggests. “I’ll even make it all nice and fancy just the way you like it.”

The corners of Lexa’s mouth turns up. “With those nice smelling salts? And candles? Lots and lots of candles?” The alpha inquires.

Clarke chuckles because of course Lexa wants the salts and candles. The alpha really, really likes candles as if she had some weird obsession. “Bubbles too!”

Clarke watched as Lexa’s face contemplated the offer. As much as she wanted her friend to relax and wash away the stress of the day, a part of her wanted to be selfish and hoped Lexa would just choose to stay as is in that moment, in bed with her. But Lexa looked like she really needed a bath, and she looked so exhausted and worn out that she might not even have it in her to make any sort of decision.

The blonde chooses for her, moving to get up and start the water. Her mind was thinking of what combinations of scents would be best, and instantly thought of her two favorites- vanilla and lavender, but a soft whine stopped her.

Lexa grabbed at her shirt to pull her back. “Can we- can we just stay like this a little while longer?”

Clarke softened, and nodded. “Of course.” She pulled Lexa close, and soon enough her fingers found their way back into brown locks. The fire was still crackling, and it was still quiet in the room, but now with the addition of Lexa’s sleepy purrs and content sighs. Soon enough her breathing evened out.

Clarke traced her eyes along Lexa’s face, and all she could think about was how with Lexa, she would stay for however long she could, and that would be enough.

It had to be enough.
Chapter End Notes

Drop me a line.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everyone is hanging around when Roan comes running in.

“Thelonius Jaha is out front. He came to warn you, Cage Wallace…” Clarke runs out before he can even finish explaining. Murphy follows. “…And his pack are on their way. He's furious about Clarke being here.”

Lexa rushes out front, flanked by Anya and Roan. She sees Clarke and Murphy talking to Jaha. Around them are a few people she assumes are from Skycrew, and in the SUV behind them she sees a woman in the passenger seat gazing out the window numbly. Lexa recognizes from the pictures that is the infamous Abby Griffin. She’s a little bit older, but there is no doubt Clarke inherited her beauty from her mother.

More unidentified SUVs are pulling up to the property. Lexa rushes to Clarke’s side, pulling the blonde behind her, and thankfully the blonde doesn’t fight it. An older man exits the car, and she thinks that must be Dante Wallace. He looks like a classy man. Like he enjoys the finer things in life and would rather sit around discussing how this is the time to be alive because there are less challenges and fights. He looks like he could talk his way out of anything without getting his hands dirty. Then a man dressed similarly stomps out. He looks irritated. Lexa continues to observe the man as he straightens, trying to shake the irritation off.

They stay outside the gate, respectful not to trespass. Maybe this will be civil, Lexa thinks, but it’s short lived.

“Clarke, sweetheart…” The bothered man calls out. His voice sounds fake and chilling. They both bristle at the pet name. Lexa guesses this might be Cage. “…Come here, please.”

Clarke doesn’t budge, but presses into Lexa’s back. The action comforts them both. “I don’t know what you’re doing here Cage, but I suggest you leave. Now.”

“Miss Griffin, please. We would just like to talk.” Dante says professionally.

Cage growls pushing past his father and crossing onto Lexa’s property. The pack stops him from getting any closer. He doesn’t fight them, but pushes them off angrily. “Clarke!! You are mine! Get over here!! Now!!” His father tries to pull him back, telling him to control himself. He closes his eyes and takes a few visible deep breaths.

When he speaks again, it’s significantly calmer. “I apologize, but you must realize how upset I was to come back from my business trip only to find out you have been taken by someone else.” He shoots Lexa dagger eyes.

“I wasn’t taken. I went with Lexa willingly. I was never yours to begin with. Now, please leave.” Clarke tries again.

“Son, please. You had no claim, and you heard her, she wants us to leave. Let's keep our dignity and be on our way…” Dante says, trying to pull his son back to the SUV.

Lexa has yet to say a word, but she hopes Cage listens to his father. But he’s shaking. Literally, vibrating with anger, and Lexa can see he’s ready to shift. Ready to fight. “Clarke!! If you don’t
come here right now, you’ll leave me no choice but to challenge…” He looked at Lexa in disgust and spat, “…her! To the death!! You wouldn’t want anyone to die on your behalf, would you?”

Lexa felt Clarke stiffen behind her. Of course, Clarke cares and wouldn’t want anyone to get hurt. Of course she’d put herself before others. Before the blonde could sacrifice herself, Lexa stepped forward. This was always part of the plan. Clarke has held up her side of the bargain by trying to get an alliance with Skycrew. She’s even going to see this entire thing through until Nia is put down. And besides, she wants to do this for Clarke. She can feel the excitement in her bones. It's been sometime since someone has challenged her. She can feel her packs’ excitement too. They were all bred to fight, and this was going to be a good one.

“I accept your challenge, but this is between you and me.” Lexa says as she points to herself then Cage. “No one can intervene. Not from my pack and not from yours.” He nods. “Wolf to wolf.”

He glances at Clarke. “I'm going to say this one more time, Clarke. Get in the car before anyone gets hurt.”

“And I'm going to say this for the last time, I don't want to mate you. So leave before I challenge you myself.”

He advances forward ready to slap her for speaking to him that way in front of others. Clarke doesn’t back down because she's ready to fuck him up again, but the pack behind her had other plans. Lexa pulls her back while the others flanked them, all the while letting out territorial growls.

Cage stops a few feet away. “She's my intended and you took her from me.”

“He laughs. The fucker actually laughs. “Are you saying she belongs to you? Let’s be real here. She’s using you to get away from me.”

It hurts to hear those words, but it's the truth. It was the plan from the beginning. Clarke would help her get Nia off her back and form a possible alliance with Skycrew, and in return she would help the blonde get away from Cage and Arkadia. It was their arrangement. This isn’t new, but it torments her into believing that maybe what’s been growing between them isn’t real. Maybe it was all one sided. But Clarke’s hand grabs onto hers. The touch burns her, but it a good way. Spreading warmth through her body that only Clarke can ignite. The blonde laces their fingers together, and she feels a thumb swipe across her knuckles. It’s so light, so innocent, and it can honestly mean nothing, but it also means everything. When Clarke gives her hand a familiar squeeze, it reminded her of all the other times. The times Clarke had used this same gesture to reassure her, and that’s enough to squash the insecurity Cage is trying to build within her. At least for a little while.

“She doesn’t want you. So save yourself the trouble and just give her back to me. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You issued a challenge, either follow through or get off my property.”


“Traditionally, a challenge is between wolves. Are you scared you'll lose? Scared the rumors are
true?” Lexa taunts.

He rolls his shoulders. “I am confident I could best you in either form.” Cage gives that creepy smile Clarke says she hates. She's right; it makes Lexa want to vomit. “With the rumors of you losing control and going feral, I don't want that happening. You could end up hurting Clarke, and she is my main concern.” He runs a hand through his hair and looks back to Clarke. “She doesn’t even care about your wellbeing Clarke. Be my mate, I’ll take care of you.” He grins. “Very good care of you.”

“You don't really want me, Cage. You just want to break me into submission!” Clarke announces.

Lexa growls. That sick lying son of a bitch. He doesn't care about Clarke. He only wants to break her. Break that beautiful free spirit that makes her Clarke. That weak bastard. No wonder he wants to fight as humans. He knows she would tear him to shreds in wolf form and assumes human form would give him the upper hand. He’s only making excuses.

“Fine. Human form. Same rules apply, no outside help and no weapons.” Lexa removes the knife strapped to her thigh, and then her shirt. Cage lifts an eyebrow at her curiously. “This is Armani.” She says it like it’s the most obvious thing in the world. “Wouldn't want to get your blood on my designer shirt.” She says with a smirk.

Cage snarls, but removes his too. He's lean and slender. Body free of scars, like he’s never had to work a day in life nor felt real struggle or pain.

Lexa hands her stuff to Roan, and then turns to Clarke. “Don’t get involved. Let me take care of it.” The blonde glares at her. Her face hardens and Lexa knows exactly what Clarke is thinking. The blonde has that “don’t tell me what to fucking do” look, and the alpha adores it. Since day one, the defiance in Clarke had turned her on, and all she wants to do is bend the woman over her knee and spank her until that pretty little ass of hers is red. But, she can’t because they’re friends and friends don’t do that. And besides, she has to go kick Cage’s ass.

Clarke is still glaring at her, so she grabs her hand and looks into blue eyes, “I protect what’s mine.” The blonde softens.

A large circle forms around Lexa and Cage, giving them enough room to fight. It starts slow with them getting the feel for each other. It mostly involved walking in circles, warming up their muscles, and letting the adrenaline pump through their veins. Then it starts, they go head to head.

Cage swings first, cocking his arm back to throw a punch. When he lurches forward, letting his fist go, she side steps and grabs the offending arm to pull him forward making him miss. Lexa uses the momentum to get behind him and elbow the back of his head. When they both turn to face each other, Cage is already dazed and Lexa instantly hits him again with a solid punch to his right cheek, splitting it open and drawing first blood.

It’s going to be a good fight.

He shakes it off and rushes her, tackling her to the ground. He quickly straddles her, getting in as many hits as he can. A couple to her face, and a few to her body. Lexa rolls then, and moves away. She rolls her shoulders and cracks her neck, then surges forward.

Cage holds his own, getting a few hits on Lexa. She underestimated him. She thought it’d be a quick brawl, but Cage proves he’s not going down without a fight as he lands a few more punches to her ribs.

But soon, he gets messy. His anger and impatience getting the best of him as she dodges every swing
he throws. He throws a right hook, and Lexa blocks getting a solid punch to his side. He hunches over in pain, and it leaves him open for Lexa to get another hit straight to his jaw. He loses his vision for a second, making him feel dizzy as his surroundings blur together. He drops a knee, shaking his head side to side, hoping the ringing in his ears will dissipate and his vision will return to normal. It doesn’t subside, but he pushes up to stand on two feet.

All his energy is put into trying to get her down, but he’s losing focus, making mistake after mistake. Lexa gets jabs to his midsection and ribs. They’re aching, and he swears they’re broken. He slows down tremendously. His arms feel heavy, so he drops them a smidge to protect his middle, but it leaves his face vulnerable, and that’s when Lexa gets him again.

A right cross followed directly by a left cross to his open face. He moves his arms to cradle his head, again leaving the rest of his body defenseless. Lexa jabs at his ribs, then to his kidney, causing him to open up fully to her, and she finishes him with an uppercut. The three hit combo sends him crashing onto his back.

His face is bloody and swollen as it lolls side to side. She thinks she’s won. This is it, there’s no way the idiot is going to get up, but Cage rolls onto his stomach and he pushes himself up onto all fours. Lexa watches, circling him. She watches as his muscle strain and tremble, trying to get him standing again. He’s up, swaying like he’ll drop again at any moment, like he has nothing left to hold his body up any longer.

Lexa stalks around him, like a predator playing with its food, waiting to make her final blow to end it. To go for the kill. She surges forward, but in a quick desperate decision Cage shifts into wolf form.

His large jaws snap onto her arm. Canines piercing into her flesh making her scream in pain. She tries using her free arm to pry open Cage’s jaw. He shakes her back and forth like a rag doll.

Clarke moves from the sidelines to intervene, but Anya grabs her by the waist. “We can’t.” The blonde alpha grits out.

“But he shifted! He broke the rules!”

Anya pulls Clarke back. “Regardless, we still need to honor the rules or we are no better than he is.”

“He’ll rip her arm off!!”

Anya eyes the fight and she knows it might happen. It doesn’t look good, but they can’t step in. Her hold on Clarke tightens.

Clarke breaks Anya’s hold, but Roan and Bellamy are quick to secure her. She tries fighting them off, with one thought on her mind, help Lexa. But the alpha’s pained yells, the glazed look in her eye and the copious amount of blood makes her heart drop. Makes her stop and grow still.

Lexa feels like her arm is on fire. Like razor blades are ripping it apart, shredding her flesh. Her free arm is working on punching anything to get him to ease off, hoping she could wiggle free to shift, but to no avail. Nothing’s working. She changes tactics, feeling around the large wolf’s head, feeling what she can reach. He shakes her a bit, and it feels like her arm is about to rip right out of her body. Like it will be torn clean off. There’s so much blood. The metallic scent of her own blood fills her nostrils, making her feel lightheaded. Her body feels heavy. Her muscles and bones are exhausted. All her weight is leaned up against the wolf. She looks at his eyes, noticing Cage isn’t watching her. His brown eyes are focused on the sidelines. She follows his line of sight.
Clarke.

She looks over her shoulder. Green eyes meeting blue. Lexa can see the worry. Sees how Clarke is ready to run in and save her. Beat this worthless mutt into the ground. It makes her feel fuzzy, or maybe that’s the blood loss, but really it’s all very sweet on Clarke’s part. The woman really has a heart of gold, but all Lexa can think about is how she wished she kissed her. She wishes she seized all those moments to kiss Clarke stupid. To feel those lips against hers in a soft, wild, daring, out of control, languid, passionate kiss. She wanted every possible kind of kiss with Clarke. Soft morning kisses to wake each other up. Kisses over breakfast at their favorite spot at the kitchen island. Stolen kisses throughout the day in the hallway, in passing, in secret spots of the house. And goodnight kisses as they lied in their bed, pressed together. But more than ever, she wished she asked Clarke to stay. To stay and officially be part of the pack, and be with her.

She hears Cage’s growl breaking her from her Clarke induced haze. He shakes her again. He thinks he’s won. He thinks this is all over, that Clarke will be his.

Her hand comes to Cage’s throat. She uses all the energy she has to strike him in the esophagus. It forces him to cough and yelp, releasing his hold on her for a split second. Lexa pulls her arm from the jaws of life.

Stumbling back, she shifts, and lunges at him.

Clarke watches as a beautiful black wolf wraps its jaws around the back of Cage's neck.

Lexa in general is stunning, and now seeing her as a wolf, she's gorgeous. Just like the first time Clarke saw her, she's rendered speechless. Lexa's fur is a midnight black. It looks silky smooth. If she wasn't being held back, she might have walked out there to run her fingers through it. As the wolf fought, Clarke could see the pure strength in her muscles. She watched as large paws with fierce sharp claws dug into the earth, and deadly canines tightened its hold on its victim.

Cage whined, trying to get free, trying to buck the large black wolf off. Lexa doesn't let go of the vice grip she has on the back of his neck. Cage uses his position to bite at her wounded front leg. It makes Lexa release him and back off with a pained growl.

They circle each other, heads low, ears back, hackles up, teeth dripping bloody saliva. They're both ready to kill. Clarke watches on with baited breath. Lexa's leg is dripping more blood with every step and the area around Cage's neck doesn't fair much better.

It's quiet besides the two wolves’ snarling.

It surprises everyone when Cage makes the first move, pouncing Lexa. He's in midair, when Lexa finally lunges forward. Again, going for the neck, but this time, the underside. The throat. Her jaws clamp around it, sending Cage to land on his back. He tries to use his legs to kick her off, but Lexa anticipated the move and maneuvered her body away while tightening her jaws on him.

With him belly up and held by the throat, she runs her sharp claws up the softness of his stomach, gutting him. Then she yanks her mouth away from him, ripping out his throat.

Cage laid there, dead, his blood staining the earth, insides falling out, and his throat in Lexa's teeth.

It’s silent.

Lexa isn't in control.

She's feral.
This is the monster everyone heard about. This is the monster everyone was scared of. The monster Lexa hides.

She throws Cage's throat off to the side, then digs into Cage's lifeless body. Ripping it apart even more. Everyone stood still, scared to even breathe for fear the wolf would turn on them.

Clarke can't take it. She needs to patch Lexa up. She was losing too much blood and although wolf form accelerates healing, it isn't instant and doesn’t regenerate blood that fast.

Clarke breaks out of the hands she’s in, stepping towards Lexa who is bathing in Cage's blood like the Queen of the Damned. Anya tries to pull her back, but any sudden movements could set off the wolf.

“Clarke don't.” The blonde alpha whisper yells.

“She won't hurt me, Anya.” Clarke responds steadily.

At least, she thinks she won't. Lexa wouldn't hurt her or anyone. There isn’t a part of the brunette that would bring intentional harm. Not the Lexa who eats her food and likes to be spoon-fed. Not the Lexa who reads medieval romantic novels and tears up at the sappy endings. Not the Lexa who everyone swears is a cold-blooded killer, but really is mostly a cute cuddly puppy. Not the Lexa who she lies beside each night and wakes up with every morning. Not the Lexa who has the perfect little nook for her to cuddle into. No part of Lexa would hurt Clarke. And this Lexa, looking like Carrie on prom night, will not hurt her… hopefully.

Anya follows behind Clarke. “That isn't Lexa. Get back.” Anya moves quickly to grab Clarke by the arm. It catches the wolf's attention.

Lexa drops the guts in her mouth and snarls.

It was deep and frightening. The sound of a fierce beast ready to attack. It vibrated through the body, eliciting fear in everyone and forcing the need to want to run and hide.

The green eyed alpha doesn't move away from the corpse beneath her claws. Instead, she tracks their movements with her eyes. Green orbs staring them down.

“Anya, let go of me.”

Anya doesn't listen instead starts to pull Clarke behind her. “No. We need to leave her be. She’ll tire out and eventually come back to us. That’s how it always is.” Anya knows if Lexa comes back to herself and realizes she hurt Clarke she'll never forgive herself.

The wolf snarls grow louder. Her eyes on Anya's hand on Clarke.

The wolf snarls grow louder. Her eyes on Anya's hand on Clarke.

The blonde makes a rash decision pulling her arm away from Anya, and quickly moving closer in Lexa's direction and away from everyone else. The wolf’s full attention is on Clarke now. She puts her hands up in surrender and universal sign of “I come in peace.”

“I guess Murphy’s nickname Cujo is spot on, Lex.” She jokes. “But I think I’m going to call you Balto from now on.”

The wolf just growls. “He was an outcast because he was part wolf. They thought he was wild and rabid, beyond control and would turn on them. But he was strong, and brave. He helped them and led the pack to save those kids. Kind of like you.” She smiles at the wolf.
“Come on Balto, get away from that nasty thing.” Clarke coos, baiting her to get away from the dead corpse. But the wolf’s hackles are still raised, and her head is still low. Clearly still aggravated and in a murderous mood.

Clarke takes another tentative step towards the wolf, talking softly. “C'mon pup, I need to patch you up. You'll feel so much better after.” The wolf still doesn't move, but it isn't growling. It looks like it's trying to make a decision. And Clarke thinks Lexa's gaining control and coming back to her. “That's it, pup.”

The wolf looks down at its new toy then back to Clarke, weighing its options. Deep, translucent emerald greens staring at her. They were so familiar and Clarke knew that had to be Lexa.

She brushes her blonde hair from her neck, exposing it. She’s much too proud to actually submit and show throat, but she figures this should be enough for the alpha. Lexa’s nostrils flare as the breeze carries the blonde’s scent to her. The snarls turn to quiet breathing, little breathy huffs.

The large black wolf starts moving towards Clarke.

"NOOOOOO!!!!" A voice screams out.

L reflexivity, and then lunges.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Errmmmm it's been awhile, but hiiiiiiii!!!

Big thank you to my beta Sami for always doing an awesome job editing my shit work!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke hasn't heard that voice in years. More than a decade. She almost doesn't recognize it. She swears she has to be imagining it, but the sound takes her back to the last memory she had heard her mother’s voice.

He gives her a kiss on the nose, and stands to do the same to Abby. Both his girls giggle. He helps Wells up and ushers him towards the door. Wells gives a small smile at his friend and waves goodbye, then heads outside.

Jake hangs in the frame for a second. “Find a ball for Wells and warm up that throwing arm, kiddo.” He grants them one last goofy grin and closes the door behind him.

Breakfast all forgotten, Clarke runs to the hallway closet in search for the perfect ball. Her mom hangs back from the dishes for a bit, watching her daughter. Clarke is on her knees digging through everything. She throws random items behind her like shoes, some beach supplies, and all sorts of weird things that they stick in their storage and junk closet. Clarke sits back on her heels and rolls out a bowling ball. She smiles big and wide at her mom.

Abby chuckles. “When your father said ball, I don’t think he meant for bowling, baby. Find something a bit smaller.” The blonde, blue-eyed girl pouts but rolls the bowling ball in her mom’s direction and continues her search. Abby puts her foot on top of it to stop it from rolling any further as she watches Clarke pull out her next discovery. It’s a basketball. She dribbles it and bounces along with it, excited she found it. Again, Abby laughs, “Even smaller.” Clarke bounces the ball down the opposite hall from her mother. She really gets in the closet this time, disappearing completely, digging around she comes across an old tin box. She opens the lid, and instantly squeals doing a little happy dance.

Abby peeks to see what it is. “Unbelievable!”

Clarke dumps it over and throws the items in the air like she’s just won the lottery. “Jackpot!” Abby is quick to grab all the packets of Skittles and stuffs them back in the box. “Your father is in big, big trouble.” Clarke tries grabbing a pack to open, but Abby gets a hold of it first. Clarke looks up at her with puppy dog eyes, and a pout. Abby’s a goner. She tries to hold out, she really does, but Clarke says, “Please mommy.”

She sighs in defeat and takes a seat on the floor next to her daughter. She rips open the packet and pours them onto her hand. “Don’t tell your father.” Clarke yelps with joy, kisses her mom on the cheek then grabs a couple to pop into her mouth before barreling into the closet again.

Abby chews on a couple Skittles as she watches Clarke sift through more stuff. Her baby girl finds one of Jake’s old baseball caps. Clarke inspects it, noticing the worn and faded blue fabric, before
putting it on and turning to show her mom. Abby smiles, instantly recognizing the hat.

Jake wore that thing constantly when they were first dating. It was his thing, and he thought he was so cool. Always had it with him even if he wasn’t wearing it. It was either on his head, tucked in his back pocket, or in the backseat of his car just because. He was wearing that very hat during their first kiss.

Everyone hopes their first kiss will be romantic and movie worthy, but that did not happen with Jake Griffin. It was certainly movie worthy alright, but rom com style. But she wouldn’t have it any other way because then it wouldn’t be theirs.

It happened at the end of their second date. She was looking at him and all she could think was that silly hat made him look like a duck and she told him that much. True to Jake Griffin fashion, he humored her by quacking and pecking at her, leaving kisses in her hair. It was silly and she was in a fit of giggles. She pulled back and cradled his face in her hands. His captivating blue eyes looked down at her with such adoration that she knew he’d be the one. They didn’t need to kiss, or go on anymore dates, she knew right then and there that Jake Griffin would be her mate. She was about to lift up on her tippy toes to connect their lips for the first time, but eagerly, he rushed forward with the same idea and the lip of his hat hit her forehead. He pulled back apologetically biting his lip to stop from laughing. Abby pouted and rubbed her head between uncontrolled giggles. Jake quickly pressed kisses to her forehead then the rest of her face to make it better. She stopped him and reached up to turn the bill of his hat backwards so they could kiss without any bumping.

Just like she did with Jake, Abby’s delicate fingers reached out to turn the cap backwards. “There, just like your father.” Clarke beams, her blue eyes she inherited from Jake shining exactly the same. It made Abby’s heart swell with happiness.

They share more skittles and finally Clarke comes across a tennis ball. She grabs the fluorescent yellow ball in her hand and holds it up triumphantly. She laces her hand with her mom’s and before Abby can even get up, Clarke is practically dragging her across the floor to the backyard, dishes and breakfast long forgotten.

“Slow down, Clarke.” Abby says with amusement. “We have all day. Let’s finish breakfast first.”

Clarke is still pulling her mom. “But mom! I have to warm up my arm now! Dad said-”

Abby puts a finger to yapping lips. “I cannot believe you are going to play fetch with Wells. Honestly, we are not house pets.” She says with an eyeroll. She looks back to baby blue eyes, and sighs. “Alright. I’ll make you a deal. Finish breakfast, and when I say breakfast, I mean actual cereal, not just those dehydrated fake marshmallows.” Clarke opens her mouth to protest, but Abby shushes her with a stern look. “You’ve had enough sugar.” Clarke pouts. “Then clean up the table, and then we will warm up that arm of yours.”

Clarke rushes through breakfast. Eating in a hurry, and chugging down her milk. She cleans up the table, putting all items back in their respectful places and clears the dishes. She storms outside, yelling for her mom to come out and play with her.

Clarke and Abby are passing the ball between them. After every catch, they take a step back making the distance between them further, determined to see how far they can go. Abby throws the ball to Clarke, and it looks like her daughter might not catch it. Her little arms reach out, and her legs scramble to get into the right spot.

Now twenty minutes in, something feels off. There’s a feeling in her chest she can’t place. The feeling becomes sharper. She misses Clarke’s catch, but she can faintly hear her cheering and she’s certain
Clarke is doing a victory dance.

“Mom! Mom! Did you see that? I caught it!”

Abby fights through the odd feeling. She shakes her head a little, and nods at Clarke. “That’s great baby, you’re doing great.”

Clarke is talking, no doubt about how excited she is to play fetch with Wells. Clarke throws the ball for her mom, Abby doesn’t catch it. She doesn’t even reach out for it. The fluorescent ball flies past her and over her head. Clarke looks at her worriedly, “Mom?”

The sharp pain in Abby’s chest intensifies. It spreads.

Something is wrong.

Very wrong.

Jake.

The pain morphs and radiates into something she can’t take. It’s unbearable. She drops to her knees, screaming. One hand falls to the ground, her nails dig into the soil, using earth to ground her. Her other clutches at her chest, over her heart. It feels as if her heart was splitting in two, breaking and shattering.

Clarke runs to her mom, dropping to her knees. “Mom! Mom!! What’s wrong?! What’s happening?!” Her fingers wipe at Abby’s fallen tears, and she can’t stop her own from spilling over.

Abby chokes out a sob. She’s never felt such pain, it’s excruciating. But she tries to fight through it. She looks at Clarke’s tear streaked face. “Clarke, baby, call for help. Send help out to the woods for your father.”

Clarke looks like she doesn’t want to leave her mom. Doesn’t want to leave her side. She doesn’t understand, but Abby pushes her to go. “Clarke, go, get help.” She says between choked cries.

Clarke reluctantly runs inside, Abby watches her go while another wave of pain surges through her. It burns and aches, and the agonizing pain doesn’t stop this time. It only grows and intensifies.

She can do nothing to stop the blood curdling scream that escapes her lips nor the flow of tears, as she feels like her insides are being violently obliterated.

And then, it stops.

The pain ceases. It’s sudden. It didn’t gradually die down, dialing to a subtle dull throb, but completely halted, and she was left with an emptiness. Like a gaping hole in the middle of her chest.

She knew.

She felt him die.

Jake was gone.

She doesn’t think it’s real. In denial, both her hands claw at her chest as if trying to reach him. As if she could reach into herself and hold their bond in her hands.

But she couldn’t. She no longer felt their bond. No longer felt his soul entwined with hers. He was no longer connected to her.
She dropped her hands from her chest, bringing her to all fours, and lets out a sob and screamed. "NOOOOOO!!!!!"

Clarke came running back. It was the last thing she heard before her mom fully collapsed onto the ground.

"NOOOOOO!!!!" Her mom screams again. Abby is pushing through the lines of people, trying to get to her. Yelling for her to get away.

“Fuck,” Clarke breathes out.

Lexa goes back into Cujo mode, ready for another kill. She jumps in front of Clarke to protect her from the danger, and before Clarke can tell her mom to stop before she gets herself killed by a feral Lexa, Murphy grabs her by the waist and pulls her back. Jaha is quick to help secure her and cover her mouth from screaming more. Lexa is growling, her back to Clarke. The wolf takes a step towards her friends and family.

She’s going to attack.

Clarke barely has time to think, but she reaches out to run her hand through thick black fur to avert the wolf’s attention. She hopes Lexa doesn't bite her hand off.

She’d really like to keep all her limbs.

Quickly, Lexa turns around, and Clarke is met with all teeth bared at her. Everything around her goes silent and still. She thinks the earth might have stopped spinning. Lexa is inches away from her. She reaches out her hand, hoping Lexa would meet her halfway.

The wolf doesn't chomp it off, doesn't sniff it. In fact, she doesn’t even move, but her canines are still proudly showing. They're sharp and deadly. Clarke witnessed them in action, ripping through flesh like it was paper. She inches her hand forward. They’re slightly trembling, and she’s not sure if it's from fear or adrenaline. Blue eyes stay locked with green ones. They’re so close that Clarke can see the specks of yellow in emerald eyes. It's mesmerizing.

Only centimeters apart, Clarke holds her breath as her fingers meet the wolf’s bloody snout. So far so good. She pushes her luck. Delicately, she runs her hand across the strong jaw and scratches softly. She wants to say she earned a purr, but like with all things that deal with Alexandria Woods, she’s not sure.

It's so quick, but in one swift motion Lexa shoves her head forward, her muzzle going to Clarke's neck.

Everyone gasps, thinking the worst. Thinking Lexa is doing what she did to Cage, and going for Clarke’s throat to rip it out.

But she doesn’t, the large wolf licks at the blonde’s pulse point. Nuzzling the area where Clarke’s scent is strongest.

Clarke stumbles but wraps her arms around the wolf’s neck while her fingers are running through the fur grounding the both of them. More gasps of shock are heard all around. Murmurs of her being able to tame a feral wolf. Her not getting hurt.

Behind Lexa, Clarke eyes Cage's pack. With her hands still in black fur and ignoring the wolf slobber and blood drenching her, she addresses them with her head held high and her voice stern.
“I assume you don’t want to avenge, Cage.” Because honestly who would? After the dishonor Cage brought to his pack by disregarding the rules, who would want to back that up? Nonetheless, who would want to face and challenge Lexa after that display?

Dante steps forward. His eyes are sad, but like how Jaha said he is, he’s an honorable man. “No, we don’t. I tried to talk him out of it. I didn’t agree with him coming here. We all knew you didn’t want to mate him and he had no real claim. But he was insistent…” He sighs. “And he's my son.”

Clarke nods in understanding. “After we go inside, take the body and leave our territory.” Dante nods and looks at the mangled body on the ground. “I apologize on behalf of my son. I take responsibility for his consequences.”

“It's done. He's dead.” Clarke feels there’s nothing left to argue about. The issue is over and dealt with and Cage paid with his life, but she has an idea. “I propose an alliance between our packs to cleanse us of bad blood.”

Dante is quick to agree.

Clarke wants to jump for joy because this is what they need, an alliance, but she plays it cool and stays professional. “Finish burying your dead, then contact us to make it official. Lexa will decide if an alliance is possible.”

He nods, and eyes the large black wolf warily. “Will you be there?”

The blonde smirks. Everyone seems to be so scared of the puppy cuddling her. Her fingers play with the tips of Lexa’s furry ears, in turn, the wolf lets out a low whine. She bites her cheek to keep from laughing while responding to Dante, “Don’t worry you won’t be her next chew toy.”

Clarke doesn’t address anyone else. She ignores her mother's muffled cries. She wants to run to her, but Lexa needs her right now. In her heart, this is her pack and she protects what's hers. She pulls the wolf towards the house. Lexa stays glued to Clarke. Their bodies touching as they walk. Anyone who gets near them she growls and snaps her jaws at them.

Once inside the adrenaline wears off and Lexa's movements are significantly slower as the wounds and blood loss start to affect her. Clarke signals her to lie down. Most of the pack gives them plenty of room.

Gustus and Indra push to the front for a better view, but Lexa growls for them to stay back. Gustus’ eyes are full of worry as he takes in his niece's appearance. He turns to Clarke, his hands balled into fists. “This is all your fault!”

Indra slides up next to him, “We should’ve just handed you over!”

The blonde ignores them, even though she feels the guilt of their words, she doesn’t have time to deal with this. She has to take care of Lexa. Gustus reaches out to grab her to make her listen to him, but Roan and Anya are pushing him back.

His eyes blazes as he looks at them in disbelief. “You protect her? Choose her over the pack?”

Now Roan’s eyes burn with a fire as he grits out. “She is pack.”

Gustus leaves without another word, furious with everyone. Indra holds back to make sure Lexa will be okay.

Amidst all the commotion, Murphy retrieves Clarke’s med bag and other supplies. Lincoln has some
medical experience, and asks where he’s needed. Clarke coos for Lexa to settle and stay still.

Her and Murphy work together to repair Lexa’s leg. The alpha had passed out long ago. Hours pass, and little by little each wound is repaired, cleaned, and stitched up. Lexa looks better already. When finished, Clarke moves to stand, but stumbles.

Roan steadies her. “Clarke are you okay? You look a little pale.”

She shakes it off, and rolls her shoulders. “I’m fine.” She waves them off, but hey body sways. The anxiety of the fight then working on Lexa must have taken a lot out of her. Roan suggests for her to sit back down. Raven doesn't take her brush offs and pushes her to lay flat next to Lexa. They both need to rest.

“Guys, I’m fine. I need to check on Lexa.”

Anya places a pillow under the blonde’s head. “She's already healing, Clarke. You did a great job.”

“Careful Anya, I might start thinking you’re actually nice.” Clarke mumbles.

The blonde alpha rolls her eyes. “Rest blondie.”

“Don’t move her from that spot, and wake me if something happens.” She closes her eyes. “I just need five minutes.”

Raven covers both Clarke and Lexa with a blanket. “You brought her back and saved her. Now, shut up and rest.”

Clarke’s eyes flutter shut, no longer fighting the exhaustion. She snuggles into the wolf next to her, mindful of Lexa’s wounds. Five minutes she told herself, but she was out like a light.

Chapter End Notes

As always, drop a line or something.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Special thanks to my best bud, Sarah for editing this chapter for me!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexa woke up, naked as the day she was born. Her body felt like it was made of lead, heavy and weighed by exhaustion. She shifted slightly, testing her body. Her mind jogged through the last few hours. The last thing she remembers was shifting and fighting Cage in wolf form, but everything was blurry.

She was only certain about five things: One, she really needs to shower. Two, Cage is a fucking asshole and she hopes she tore him apart. Three, she still wanted to kiss Clarke silly. Four, this day sucked.

Then she felt something shift next to her catching her attention. She opened her eyes, and saw that she was sandwiched between a sleeping Clarke and Aden. Around them was most of the pack, circled and surrounded them in a protective barrier. Pulling the sheet to shield her nudity, she sat up and instantly she felt woozy, but the body next to her snuggled closer, purring. And that brought her to the next thing she knew.

Five, Clarke made it better.

A comforting hand went to her shoulder. “Hey, careful. You’re pretty much all healed up, but take it easy.” She turned to look up at familiar blue eyes. Roan was looking at her with concern.

She shook her head, ridding the dizziness. “What happened?”

Any snorted from her spot. “You went feral, tore that branwada to shreds.”

Good riddance, she thought. Cage had it coming, and the fact that he was after Clarke still made her blood boil. She looked down to the sleeping beauty. Clarke looked exhausted. She was on her side, curled into a ball looking vulnerable and small. It was a stark difference to the way she looked when awake, all brash and sassy.

“What happened?”

Raven whined. “I’m so bummed I missed it all go down! But apparently, after you swam in Cage’s blood, your girl was able to calm your wolf.”

Octavia nodded her head vehemently. “You didn’t attack her, and she was able to get an alliance with Dante Wallace. Then she brought you up here, and fixed you right up.” She scrunched her face remembering all the blood.

“Should’ve seen her, Lex. She calmed your wolf, negotiated an alliance, and patched you up.”

Green eyes snapped up. “She what?”

Raven whined. “I’m so bummed I missed it all go down! But apparently, after you swam in Cage’s blood, your girl was able to calm your wolf.”

Octavia nodded her head vehemently. “You didn’t attack her, and she was able to get an alliance with Dante Wallace. Then she brought you up here, and fixed you right up.” She scrunched her face remembering all the blood.

Lexa ignored Raven referring to Clarke as her girl, but she did feel a sense of pride for Clarke. The woman was extraordinary and surprised her with her strength and attributed skills. Lexa stood, and all hands rushed out to help her. She brushed them off and moved out of the giant cuddle puddle to
shower off the day.

Before she disappeared from the room completely, she threw one last glance at the group. Clarke was in the center fully protected by everyone. She had fully gained their trust and respect. Everyone in the room held some sort of affection towards her, and vice versa. She knew most of her pack had fully accepted the smart mouthed woman as their own, as one of them. This was a turning point not just for the pack, but her too. Lexa knew she had finally accepted her growing feelings for Clarke too, but as she took in the scene, she couldn’t help but feel indifferent.

Lexa’s heart was closed off and cynical, hardened by the world and the shitty hand that she had been dealt. She knew that Clarke truly did care for them, but she was leaving, and everything that was happening was temporary. She was a temporary facet in Clarke’s life and all she could really offer was what? Violence? And while she wanted that to change, wanted Clarke to permanently stay despite her drama filled life, she couldn’t ask that of the other woman when her plan and her choice was always to leave.

When the alpha made it to her room, she went straight to the shower. Stepping in, she immediately turned it on to hot. The waterfall shower head came to life, and water streamed down her body, washing away the blood, dirt, and grime of the fight. A mixture of red and brown swirled and circled down the drain.

Lexa watched.

Watched the colors mix, then fade until the water ran clear. As if that was supposed to make it better and cleanse away her sins and wrongdoings. Like it was so easy to dismiss what had just happened. But it had done nothing to wash away the weight on her shoulders.

The burning water hit hard against her skin, no doubt blotching red, and if she didn’t feel so numb, maybe she would have felt it. But her mind was elsewhere, muddled and clouded.

She leaned her forehead against the cold tile and closed her eyes. She didn’t know what she was feeling. She tried sorting through all the emotions, and more than everything she felt, anger reigned on top. She lost control. She really could have hurt Clarke. Cage’s words rang through her mind.

“With the rumors of you losing control and going feral, I don't want that happening. You could end up hurting Clarke, and she is my main concern.” He runs a hand through his hair and looks back to Clarke. “She doesn’t even care about your wellbeing, Clarke. Be my mate, I’ll take care of you.” He grins. “Very good care of you.”

She growls. The implication that she would hurt Clarke, makes her chest feel heavy. Makes her feel like she’s suffocating. She cares so much and so deeply for Clarke, she’d never intentionally hurt her.

Green eyes open to see her balled up fists. She opens her palms, staring at the hands of a monster. It wasn’t the first time she killed, but this was the first time she felt no remorse for killing. Honestly, she enjoyed it. That’s what bothered her. If she could, she’d do it all over again. She’d rip Cage apart, over and over just for looking at Clarke the way he did.

She blinks trying to remember the fight, but after she went feral, it was all hazy. But she could feel her wolf. Her beast was proud and satisfied with the feel of Cage’s throat between her jaws and the spill of his blood. Lexa stared at her hands again, and they felt permanently stained. She closed them, squeezing tight, then opening them again, watching the blood rush back.

When she was a pup, more than she wanted to be like her father and be pack leader, more than she wanted to be a fierce warrior or a knight that saves the princess, she wanted to be an architect. Lego
were by far her favorite. She remembers her father would walk in and step on the little things, and he’d yell and curse in pain and annoyance, but it would instantly turn to amusement and then swell with pride for his daughter’s creations.

Lexa knew the world was created out of chaos, out of violence. That it was a necessary part of all creation. But the alpha wanted to be an architect to build something good with her bare hands. She swore she would grow up to be an architect and build a skyscraper so high it’d reach the heavens. She’d build the structure out of brick, each brick stood for her feelings and devotion, and she would dedicate it to someone she loves, like her mother or her future mate. It’d be sky high breaking the barriers of the clouds into an endless abyss that was untouchable to all, but them.

She wanted to be an architect, but she grew up, and those dreams turned into a fantasy because she turned into an out of control monster. She could have seriously hurt Clarke. She was feral, and one wrong move, she could have ripped the blonde apart. And no one, not a single soul would have been able to repair the damage caused by her own hands. She couldn’t be an architect when all her hands had done was destroy and hurt things.

Maybe it was better now that Clarke was leaving. She stands up straight and rolls her shoulders. It was always supposed to be this way. She was never meant to stay, and as much as she wants Clarke to be apart of the pack and live with her, Lexa understands that life has a cruel way of doing the opposite of what we want.

She snarls. She didn’t understand what she was feeling, but it has to stop. She couldn’t keep going back and forth on this. She has to lead the pack, and she would be no use to them with her mind muddled with unstable emotions. It was time to start thinking with her head and not her heart. She had to move forward. Clarke is, so she should too.

Lexa knew this was for the best.

*Lexa’s mother died, and her father lost it. When a wolf loses their mate, some go crazy, others go rogue and leave the pack to wallow on their own. Some became depressed and withered away. Everyone reacted differently. Lexa remembers her father being pack leader sometimes had to put down a wolf because they went feral and violent after losing their mate.*

*When her mother died, Lexa worried her dad would grow violent. Lash out and attack everyone. She feared that the pack would put him down, and ultimately losing both her parents.*

*Her father was heartbroken. She saw the light dim in his eyes. For a week, he locked himself in his private quarters. Lexa remembers sitting outside the closed doors leaning against them, waiting for him to come out. She remembers it was split between being eerie silent on the other side or scary loud. She’d never been scared of her father. He was a wonderful father. Both stern, but affectionate. But what she heard that week terrified her. She heard angry snarls, howls of pain, and the breaking of everything in the room. Lexa was certain her dad was losing it. Was losing all sanity at the loss of his mate, and no one could blame him. The loss is excruciating, that’s why some didn’t make it.*

*But a week had passed, and he finally emerged. Lexa saw him for the first time in what felt like forever, and gone were his warm eyes. That’s when she knew, her father had hardened his heart.*

*It was unheard of for wolves to bounce back so quickly, but she knew her father wasn’t the same man. He lost a part of himself the day Lexa’s mom died. He didn’t turn into an awful man, but instead of a man who ruled with both his head and heart, he only used his mind now. That’s how he ended up with Nia. It was a political union, to join their packs and create one large army. That was the day, the day she realized love made people weak. Losing her mother made her father weak, and forge an alliance with a vile woman who ultimately was the cause of his death. She vowed she
wouldn’t make the same mistake. She wouldn’t fall in love.

Freshly cleaned and dressed, Lexa went to check on the pack. She argued with herself it was to see how everyone was doing, not just Clarke. As she neared, she could hear laughter and the television.

She peeked around the corner, just to get a glimpse. It was all she needed.

She was met with the sight of Clarke sandwiched between Octavia and Roan. Aden’s head was laying on the blonde’s lap, and his bottom half laid on top of their brother. Clarke was mindlessly running her fingers through blonde hair. Aden had a look of pure bliss on his face, and Lexa knew all too well how amazing Clarke’s fingers felt combing through her own hair.

Blue eyes catch green.

It made Lexa second guess herself, made her doubt her plan of staying away, and keeping her distance from Clarke. It made her think it was the stupidest idea ever. Her wolf fought within her, thrashing to break free, and be with the one she declared as her mate. But Lexa ignores it, figuratively putting a muzzle on her wolf. Her wolf was wrong. Clarke wasn’t hers, wasn’t her mate.

The blonde smiles softly at her, relief written all over her face to see Lexa up, walking, and alive. She holds out a hand and nodded for her to come over, beckoning Lexa to join them, to be with her.

Lexa’s eyes drop to the welcoming hand, then back to blue eyes. She memorizes the sparkle, and the exact shade, committing it to memory.

Then she turns, and walks away.

Head over heart.

She doesn’t turn back, but if she did, she would’ve seen the hurt on Clarke’s face. Rejection and abandonment flashing in blue eyes. But she didn’t look back, she hardened her heart, built walls around it, and told herself, love is weakness.

The alpha rushes to her office, quickly getting inside and slamming the door to slump against it. Green eyes close, taking deep calming breaths. When she finally felt in control, she opens her eyes. She was in her safe place. She’s fine. She can do this. She took a seat at her desk, and leaned back in her chair. Her eyes fell on the two newly framed pictures sitting in one of the nooks in the built in shelves.

*Clarke placed her glass of scotch on Lexa’s desk. The alpha watched with a questioning eyebrow, wondering what Clarke was doing. The blonde stood in front of the floor to ceiling length windows, nose to nose with it. Lexa waited and watched on baited breath for her the blonde’s next move.*

*Clarke turned around, her eyes searching the room, and landed on one of the perfectly matched accent chairs. It looked as if she was contemplating on moving it, but quickly decided against it, and Lexa thought it was a good choice because the thing was quite heavy to drag across the office. Clarke then eyed Lexa’s office chair.*

*It was a high back premium leather designed office swivel chair. With a generously padded headrest, rolled arms with brass nail trim, and mahogany wood capped base, it went perfectly with the rest of the design for the office. To Lexa, it was her throne. Some may say it was a silly chair, but it was where Lexa came up with some of her best ideas, like deciding to bring Clarke Griffin into her life. The seat was like a rabbit’s foot, it made her feel like she had luck on her side.*

*She watched as Clarke pulled it away from the desk and pushed it towards the windows. It kind of*
made her want to laugh. This was her office. Her very own bat cave. The place she calls sanctuary, and yes she did invite Clarke to make herself at home, but she didn’t expect this. She expected Clarke to be a bit timid, declining the first few invites, and then maybe accepting but being very, very shy about it. But there Clarke was, walking around like she owned the place, and Lexa would be lying if she denied how much she liked it. Clarke snagged her sketch pad, then took up shop at the little place she made for herself.

With her throne being occupied by Clarke’s perfect behind, she decided to take the time to catch up on some reading on the sofa. Every few moments her eyes would lift up from printed words, to steal a glance of the blonde. Clarke was completely focused on sketching. Her eyebrows knitted together in concentration as her fingers worked. Lexa desperately wanted to peek over her shoulder, but instead she sank into the sofa. It feeling deliciously comfortable, especially with Clarke’s presence nearby.

Her eyelids began to droop, and reality and dreamland blurred. She vaguely remembers the book from her hands being removed, and the warmth from a blanket placed on her. And she thinks she feels soft fingers brush hair from her face, but again it feels like a dream.

She wakes and the sun has set. Clarke isn’t anywhere in sight. The alpha sat up and stretched, her limbs popping and cracking. The blanket that was wrapped around her pooled at her waist. She plays with the soft material. She didn’t keep a blanket in her office, but recognition hits her. It was the throw blanket from their room that was usually folded and kept on the chaise lounge. Clarke must have retrieved it for her. It made her heart flutter. She looks around the room, and all traces of the blonde are gone. Disappointment builds in her. Clarke’s sketchpad and book are no longer on the table. The scotch tumblers they used were washed and put back on the drink cart. Her office chair is back behind her desk.

The only thing out of place was the book she was reading earlier was sitting on the coffee table. Lexa notices something’s different about it though. It looks puffed up, as if something was in it. She reached for it, and book fell open to where something was wedged between the pages.

It was two folded papers. She felt the paper between her fingers, and they were thick. Must be fancy art paper, she thought. She unfolded the one on top, and she smiled. Warmth blossomed within her as she took in the sketch. It was the view from her office, the trees were stretching to the sky, and the sun was setting behind them. Clarke was so talented, and this was just a rough sketch. She wondered what the blonde could do with colors.

She gently and carefully placed it to the side, instantly knowing she was going to frame it. The next paper, upon opening it, the alpha gasped. Her fingers trembled as eyes took in the drawing of herself fast asleep on the couch. This was how Clarke saw her. She looked soft and young, not at all as the rumored bloodthirsty feral wolf. Emotions flooded in being honored that Clarke sketched her. That Clarke left her mark in her space.

She groaned turning away and gazing out the windows, but even that reminded her of Clarke. This was going to be harder than she thought, everything had the blonde’s touch.
resolve would break and everything she’s trying to do to distant herself will go to shit.

The alpha goes through her nightly routine, then slips into her side of the bed. She’s on her side facing Clarke’s sleeping body. Everything in her wanted to scoot in close and wrap around the blonde. Mold her body with Clarke’s and tangle their limbs just like how they’ve done every night since Clarke moved in. But this was how it’s supposed to be. Clarke is leaving and she needs to accept that. She had to let her go. She needs to get used to sleeping alone again. She turns, her back to Clarke and leaving a space big enough for another person to sprawl out between them.

She lets out a frustrated sigh forcing herself to try and get some rest.

She didn’t sleep an ounce that night.

And neither did Clarke.

Chapter End Notes

Before you all yell at me, let me remind you that I tagged both angst and slow burn!

Sorry, not sorry.

Leave me a line or something.
Neither got any sleep that night. But both lay completely still, not wanting to disturb the other. As it neared to the time Clarke usually gets up for her morning run with Murphy, Lexa quietly slipped out of bed. Sneakily trying not to wake Clarke, unbeknown that just like the alpha, Clarke hadn’t slept a bit.

The blonde was surprised. She was always the first to rise while Lexa slept in. The pup was not a morning person, more of a constant snoozer. Clarke lay still while Lexa quietly got ready for the day.

Yesterday, they were fine. Well not fine, but things weren’t like this, weren’t strange, tense, and awkward, they were in this uncomfortable situation that neither knew how to navigate through. Clarke had no clue what was going on, while Lexa was trying not to get hurt.

There was a distinct difference between them. The air was charged differently. Like someone was about to snap, and the result wouldn’t be them slamming their lips together, but instead someone going off in anger yelling a slur of feelings and words.

It made Clarke want to scream.

When Lexa left Clarke finally turned to face the alpha’s side of the bed. Her fingers crept over slowly, but surely. Her palm flattened against the bedspread, and her fingers splayed, capturing the lingering warmth of where Lexa’s body just laid beside her.

She was just there.

The green-eyed beauty, the desire of Clarke’s affections was just there, all night, no more than a couple feet between them, yet she never felt so far. Clarke’s body moved an inch, but not quite on Lexa’s side. Her hand moved to soak in the rest of the warmth, but just like Lexa, it was gone and nothing was left besides cold empty sheets.

It was odd not feeling the press of the alpha’s body against hers. To feel the rise and fall of her chest or feel the steady puffs of breath against the back of her neck. The space between them felt like it went for miles, and Clarke’s body ached to travel across and right how wrong it felt to be away from Lexa. But she didn’t. She stayed rooted on her side of the bed. Stiff as a board and couldn’t sleep a second with how wrong she felt. For the first time in awhile she felt like she didn’t belong and she felt unwanted. Lexa was pulling away and she could do nothing but let her. The blonde groaned and pushed aside her feelings to get ready for her day.
Lexa tried to forego breakfast all together, determined to stay cooped up in her office all day, but with the lack of sleep she was in dire need of caffeine. She told herself, get in and get out. Quickly get a cup of coffee, then right back out and back to her office. But as she turned the corner and her eyes fell on Clarke, all her plans went to shit.

The spot next to Clarke is vacant and she really can’t help herself, her feet have a mind of their own already walking to the spot, following their daily morning routine of having breakfast together, but Finn sits his stupid butt in the seat. In a quick save and a desperate need not to feel like an idiot, Lexa sits in the closest open spot, which so happens to be next to Costia.

Just fucking great.

Costia’s eyes light up and immediately she starts conversation with her, but the alpha was focused on something else. Someone else. She watched as good ol’ Finn Collins chatted up Clarke.

He had a genuine smile on his face, and his body language was obvious that he was interested in the blonde. Not that she could blame him. Clarke was, well she was Clarke.

Finn was nice. He wasn’t an asshole like Cage, far from it. If anything he was one of the nicest guys she knows, maybe the nicest. Actually, he comes in second after Lincoln because Lincoln was the kindest soul known to mankind, but Finn was close. He was an all around nice person who got along with everyone, didn’t cause trouble and was always willing to help. And more importantly, he was normal. Clarke deserved normal, romance, and something wholesome. He could be good for Clarke, or maybe not. She didn’t really know, but she did know, the thought of Clarke with Finn, or the thought of her with anyone makes her sick to her stomach. Makes her stomach churn and she feels like she might vomit. Coming to the kitchen was a mistake.

She watches as Clarke prepares her breakfast while nodding her head to whatever Finn was saying.

Clarke had a plate of waffles and sliced up strawberries. Lexa watched as the blonde skipped over the maple syrup, and grabbed some honey instead. She lightly drizzled honey over a small portion of the waffle, not drenching the entire thing. Clarke cuts the piece off, forked a strawberry slice and popped it into her mouth. There was a drop of honey on soft looking lips, and Lexa watches as a pink tongue pokes out to catch it, then Clarke smiles with her mouth full. It makes Lexa want to kiss her, taste the honey from her lips.

Finn slid his hand through his long hair, and then he plucked a slice of fruit off Clarke’s plate. The small act makes the alpha furious. It takes everything in Lexa not to march over and use her knife to cut off his hand and maybe not stop there and just skin the boy alive. Eating off Clarke’s plate was their thing, that’s something they did. A low growl spilled from her lips, and before she knew it she was reaching for the knife strapped to her thigh, but a hand went over hers. She looks up to find Costia staring back at her with concern, and then sympathy. The alpha responds with a small smile. Costia takes that as cue to continue talking about whatever it is she was saying, and this time Lexa pays attention hoping it’d be enough to distract her from a specific blonde.

Blue eyes drift to a certain brunette. Lexa had been distant since yesterday after the Cage fight, but not having breakfast together then sitting next to Costia was the breaking point. She could deal with the alpha being cold and callous. It wasn't any different than any other alpha’s normal behavior. But to see her next to Costia made her blood boil. She had to talk to Lexa about what the fuck was going on. After breakfast, she told herself. Focus on eating, then after they could discuss it on full stomachs. But Clarke heard Lexa’s growl, and out of concern her eyes immediately darted to her friend. What she saw made her lose her appetite.

Costia was holding Lexa’s hand, squeezing it in what looks like reassurance, the same way the
blonde did to calm the brunette. Clarke tried to finish her breakfast, cutting her waffle into pieces while listening to Finn talk about how he’s never seen anyone use honey instead of syrup for waffles. She granted him with a smile because he was a very nice guy, and she tried her hardest to give him her attention, but her eyes kept darting back to Lexa who was now fully engaged in a conversation with Costia.

And it didn’t help that Costia was wearing a low cut top, and that she pushed her chest out, and leaned in real close to the alpha. Clarke wanted to grab her by the hair and drag her away and out to the trash where she belonged. She couldn’t take it anymore. She couldn’t take Costia being all over Lexa, and couldn’t take the sight of Lexa accepting it.

She absolutely couldn’t do it. She pushed away from her spot at the island abruptly, and dashed out the kitchen. Her feet carried her to the garage and to her Ducati. Perfect time to go for a ride.

She needs to visit her mom. They had to have a long overdue talk. She swung her leg over, and started her baby up. The engine roared to life, she revved it a couple times, drowning out all her surroundings. She felt a presence near her, then a hand shot out in front of her face, she turned and found Roan looking at her worriedly.

She got off her motorcycle and ushered him out of the garage. “What’s up?”

Never one to beat around the bush, Roan jumped right in. “Where are you going?” Clarke turned away, shrugging. “Okay, let's try this again, but this time use your words.” Clarke rolled her eyes. “Where are you going?”

“Thought I’d go visit my mom.” She answered vaguely as he eyed her with inquisitive stare. “I haven’t talked to her and with what happened yesterday…” He still didn’t say anything waiting for her to continue. “...and I can’t be here.” Clarke sighed heavily not wanting to say anymore.

Roan was a man of few words. He wasn’t all that great at comforting people either, but over his dead body would he want to see someone he cares about looking like a kicked puppy. He was in the kitchen, and like everyone else, he didn’t miss the tension between the blonde and his sister. But wasn’t about to get between it, if anything just offer a shoulder for his new friend to lean on. “Alright then, let's go visit your mom.” He made his way back into the garage.

She followed. “What?”

“What? You think I’d let you go all by yourself?” He cocked a challenging brow at her. “Seeing and talking to her for the first time in how long won’t be easy. So I’m going for moral support. I have your back, Clarke. You’re pack.” Roan shut down her Ducati and threw the keys at her.

“Except, I’m not getting on that with you. I like you, but I don’t want you riding us off into the sunset.” He joked as the Rover beeped. Roan got into the driver seat, and when Clarke didn’t follow he honked the horn, startling her. “Get in loser, we’re going shopping!” He said with his head stuck out the window. He had a goofy grin plastered on his face that made Clarke smile and laugh genuinely for the first time that day.

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They arrive in Arkadia, and Clarke doesn’t hesitate at the door like she did last time. She walks
straight in. No one stops her, instead they make way for her, bowing their heads ever so slightly. It’s different, but not exactly a welcomed change. If she were being honest, she hates it. They were treating her with respect because what? Her mom was back to normal? She rather have them be real and hate her, at least it’d be honest.

Abby and Jaha are in the office when Clarke storms in with Roan closely behind her. Abby is quick on her feet and she moves to hug her daughter, but she stops herself. It’s been so long, and with what she did, she’s not sure if her affections are welcomed or would even be accepted. So she stops herself, staring at her baby girl, who is not a pup anymore, but a grown woman.

Abby saw Clarke during Cage and Lexa’s challenge, but she was on the sidelines. Up close and personal, Clarke had grown into a beautiful strong woman. Abby’s chest swelled with pride, but tears spilled. She missed it all. She missed out on everything. Clarke grew up and she wasn’t there to witness it. Shame and guilt filled her.

Silence thickened and still they didn’t approach each other. It wasn’t that they didn’t want to, but too much time passed. It was wasn’t their norm to wrap around each other anymore. It had been years. Abby worried Clarke wouldn’t want anything to do with her. While Clarke just felt hesitant, felt out of her element. She accepted a long time ago that she lost both her parents, and for Abby to be in front of her, to be clear and sound of mind, she wasn’t sure how to approach it.

Jaha cleared his throat, and stepped forward. Him and Clarke hadn’t talked much after the eventful dinner they had. He slowly held out his arms, apology written all over his face. He didn’t know of her mistreatment or the pack’s rejection of her. Or maybe he did and was in denial of it all? Who knows? But it was certain that he loved and cared for Clarke like his own. Clarke stepped into his arms like she always had. There was nothing to forgive, she never blamed him.

He squeezed her tight then left mother and daughter to finally catch up.

Blue eyes found her mother’s watery gaze. Clarke was still at a loss for words, but she cracked a small smile and nodded to the door, hoping her mom would get the idea.

Abby does, and follows her daughter out of the house and into the woods. A small group and Roan accompany them, but keep a safe distance for the pair to keep their privacy. Clarke took them to the creek. The creek her and Jake went to, and the same creek he died at.

Clarke stands at the water edge and kicks gravel into the water. Abby smiles remembering how Jake would come home from their little exploration of the woods and recount his time spent with little Clarke, always starting with how she would always kick rocks into the water. Clarke might have grown up, and Abby might have missed a lot, but Clarke was still her pup.

“I’m sorry—”

“I’m sorry—”

They both say at the same time. Abby’s face twists into confusion. “No, baby, you have nothing to be sorry about. I’m the one who should be sorry.” Clarke goes to argue. “Please, let me go first.”

Abby’s brown eyes look into Clarke’s baby blue, trying to decide if she should take a leap. She steps forward, and her hands grab onto Clarke’s, sliding her fingers to feel her daughter’s pulse. The doctor in her needing objective data, but more than anything, the mother needing reassurance. She closes her eyes, and under her fingertips she feels the strong, rhythmic beat. The sign that her daughter, her pup, is alive and well. It grounds her.
When Abby’s eyes flutter open, she finds that Clarke has stepped in closer. Abby’s hesitation and insecurities be damned, she takes the leap and hopes Clarke doesn’t push her away. She pulls Clarke into her, wrapping her arms around her pup for the first time in years.

But she doesn’t hug her back. Her body is stiff and Abby hopes it’s just hesitation or even reluctance, not rejection. Another minute or so passes and Abby almost lets go.

Almost.

Instead, she pulls Clarke into her more, running her hand over her baby’s back, and kissing the crown of her head. It seems to relax Clarke because her body starts to sag against her, then Clarke finally responds by grabbing on tight, burying her face in her mom’s neck inhaling the familiar scent of what used to be her home.

Her voice thick with emotion, she croaks out a small, “Mom…” sounding like she just woke up from a dream and not sure that this was real.

Abby shushes her, and presses a kiss to blonde hair. “Shh, baby. I’m here. I’m here and I am so sorry.” Tears fall down her face. “I’m so sorry, baby.”

Clarke shakes her head. “It’s okay mom, I understand—”

“No. It’s not okay.” Abby hugs Clarke tighter. “It’s not okay. I left you all alone. Your father…” She chokes a little. “We both lost your father, but you, you lost both of us. And for that, I am so, so sorry.” She pulls back to look into eyes identical to her dead mate’s. “I’m sorry, Clarke. There are no excuses, and I know I can never get back the time we lost, but if you’ll have me I won’t waste anymore time.” She lets go of the embrace to cup Clarke’s face between her hands. She looks over her daughter’s face, noting the changes and the maturity. God, she’s missed so much. But Clarke is beautiful, and strong, and she’s the best thing Abby has ever done in this world. She presses a kiss to her forehead, then catches blue eyes again. “I’m here, and I won’t ever let you down like that again.”

Clarke just hugs her mom again. Getting used to the feel of it. Her mom’s embrace feels so familiar, but so foreign and she wonders if she’ll ever get used to this feeling, to having her mom back. They stay there for a little holding each other until Abby breaks the silence.

“You gave me quite a scare yesterday when you approached that feral wolf. It scared me so much it shook me out of stupor.” Clarke tenses a little, but Abby didn’t let her pull away. She just got her daughter back, she wasn’t going to let her go or lose her so soon. She rubs Clarke’s back the same way she did when the blonde was a pup, and the action once again calms her a little. “That little stunt you did, trying to tame a feral wolf, is something Jake would do.” Abby shakes her head fondly. “You are your father’s daughter.” She feels Clarke smile against her neck, which in turn causes her own smile to form.

“So that’s your future mate?” There was no judgement in her voice, just pure curiosity.

Clarke pulls back from her mom’s embrace, but stays in her arms. Her chin drops down and doesn’t meet her mom’s gaze. She’s going to tell her mom everything, tell her it’s fake, tell her about the new information on Jake’s death, but for now she just wants to soak in the calm before the storm. So she nods, “That’s Alexandria Woods.”

Abby hums. Thelonious filled her in on everything that she missed. Told her all about Alexandria Woods’ reputation, about their dinner and how Lexa didn’t stand for Clarke’s mistreatment. Abby growled, so very disappointed with her pack, but they would be dealt with, first she needed to mend the most important bond.
“Does she treat you right?”

Clarke hesitates. The answer should be yes. Lexa does, but the past couple of days is heavy on the mind. The distance from the brunette ring through her thoughts, but she nods.

Abby takes her daughter’s chin between her fingers to bring her gaze to her’s. There’s so much pain swimming in the depth of her blue eyes, and Abby blames herself, she should have been there, to protect her pup. To save her from all the pain the world has thrown at her.

“You’d tell me if she hurt—”

Clarke cuts her off. “No mom, she wouldn’t hurt me.” She sighs. “Things are complicated right now, but she would never hurt me.”

Abby shuffles between her feet, weighing her daughter’s words, but she nods and her eyes tear up again. “It’s just that I- I can’t lose you too.” She wants to ask Clarke to come back home, to stay here with her, but she has no right to make demands. Clarke is an adult, and has proved she is more than capable of making her own decisions. But she can’t help herself as her lips tremble in worry of losing her pup.

“You won’t. You don’t have to worry about me, mom. I can take care of myself.”

Her mother gives her a sad smile. And it dawns on her, her mom probably knows about her inability to shift.

“I know you probably heard, and I know it’s a disappointment to our name and your legacy—”

Abby shook her head. “No, baby that’s not it. I’m sad because you had to grow up at such a young age. You had to fend for yourself, when I should have been doing that. God, I’m your mother. I’m supposed to protect you, help you grow, and teach you.” The older woman holds her daughter’s hands, and squeezes tight. “But, look at you….” Her eyes shining with pride. “You did so well on your own.”

Abby instantly recognized and admired that even without her, Clarke bloomed. Without her and Jake’s guidance, Clarke flourished. She was everything and more. “Your worth isn’t based on your inability to shift. Clarke, that does not matter to me nor should it matter to anyone. You are still my daughter, and I am still very proud of you for all that you have accomplished on your own and for the person you’ve grown to be.” She cups her cheek, and Clarke leans into her touch. “When you were a pup, I told you, whatever you ended up being, you’d be the best. And you are. You’re the best version of you.”

Emotions swarmed in her, having her mom back and this type of support and acceptance was definitely going to take some time getting used to. And they had so much to catch up on, but first she had to fill her mom in on something.

“Mom…”

“Yes, baby?”

“I have to tell you something about dad’s death….”
Chapter End Notes

As always, drop me a line or something.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

........ hello lovely people. I am alive!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexa sat at her desk trying to focus on the work in front of her, but her eyes kept darting to the bottom desk drawer. Her fingers itched to yank it open, but she couldn’t. She was trying to let go, and opening that drawer to stare at Clarke’s sketches she hid isn’t going to help. But she ached because it was the only piece of Clarke she had at the moment.

Clarke Griffin became a deep seated fixture in her heart.

She lets out a frustrated groan and closes her eyes trying to settle her breathing. It’s been a day or so and it’s becoming impossible to stick to her plan. She didn’t realize how much Clarke had affected her. The woman hit her in her blind spot. Crashed into her and rooted so deeply in Lexa that she didn’t even realize the extent.

She spent her entire lifetime without someone by her side. These past few weeks should be nothing compared to the length of twenty something years. She thought she could throw herself into work, lead the pack and figure out how to take down Nia. She sighs looking at the work on her desk is meant to distract her. She looks around her office trying to find another distraction, but everything was futile. She never minded being alone. In fact she preferred it. But now with her knowledge that Clarke Griffin exists, that she experienced that type of light in her life, she hates her solitude.

The alpha pushes back from her desk and shoots up to start pacing the length of her office. She takes deep breaths trying to gain a semblance of control. When she finally starts to feel calm, something else strikes her. Something feels different. Something in her feels off, and when she got a better read of her feelings she realized something was wrong. For some odd reason she could sense that Clarke wasn’t there. She knew after breakfast the blonde ran off, but she didn’t think she left the property. Panic and worry flared in her. She was sure Nia was planning, finding a way to infiltrate the pack and bring her down. And the alliance with Dante Wallace was still in the works meaning he could still change his mind about finding retribution for his son’s death. The safety of everyone was in jeopardy, surely everyone knew to stay on the grounds, or at least leave with a team. Clarke wasn’t that stupid to leave the premises.

Her feet started moving, out of her office and through the house. She found herself in the den. Raven is napping on one of the sofas, and on the other Murphy was lounging with Emori, looking too close to just be friends.

She approached them. “Where’s Clarke?”

Murphy sat up giving her a confused looked. “What?”

“Where is Clarke?” He shrugged and gave her the patented John Murphy “fuck off look.” She asked again this time with a little more force in her words. “Where is she?!”

“How should I know? Clarke is a big girl, and I’m not her keeper.” He snorted. “And neither are...
you.” She growls, but he continues. “Why do you even care? You seemed more than happy to ignore her yesterday and this morning.” The truth of his words actually feels like a punch in the gut. She’s surprised she doesn’t keel over.

Raven stirs from her spot. Groggy and irritated to be woken up. “What are you two hollering about?”

“Do you know where Clarke is?”

The other woman shakes her head, and waves Lexa away, putting a pillow over her face in hopes to drown out the sound so she could fall back asleep. Lexa makes her way to the kitchen. Someone has to fucking know Clarke’s whereabouts.

Anya’s bent over, her butt sticking out the refrigerator digging for a snack of some sort. When she stands she taking a bite out of a sandwich. She catches sight of Lexa approaching her and holds her sandwich closer to her chest, like she’s not willing to share. “Lex, make your own sandwich—”

“What? I don’t care about food right now.” Anya looks shocked. “Have you seen Clarke?”

The blonde alpha takes another bite of her sandwich, and answers with her mouth full. “Blondie? Yeah after that awkwardness this morning…” She goes off on a tangent real quick. “Which, what the fuck was all that about?” Lexa doesn’t answer, so Anya went back to topic at hand. “She went out to the garage and Roan followed.” She took another bite of her sandwich, and Lexa glared at her to continue. “Bell said when he was patrolling he saw them leave.”

“Roan and Clarke?”

“Yeah.”

“Left together?”

Anya rolls her eyes. Damn her friend was slow. “Yeah branwada. Clarke and Roan left this morning, together.” She eyes her friend curiously. She notices that Lexa looks like she’s had trouble sleeping. She has dark circles under her eyes, and she looks frazzled and a bit like she might go feral. “What’s with you?”

Lexa doesn’t know what to say. Anger and jealousy pumping through her with the thought of Clarke and Roan out together. She eyes the clock. She hopes by the time they get home she’s calmed down.

Clarke’s melodic laugh travels through the halls, and any other time, the sound would have calmed the alpha. Would have turned her into a pile of goo. But she’s angry, and nothing, not even Clarke’s laugh can soothe her.

Clarke and Roan barely set foot into the room where most of the pack is gathered. Roan is carrying a few boxes of pizza, and Clarke is shoulder to shoulder with him giving him a heart stopping smile. The anger in Lexa only grows as it mixes with jealousy. She marches right up to them, rage in her eyes.

“You can’t just leave without notifying me, Clarke!” She yells.

Clarke is taken back at the alpha’s outburst. It’s the first time Lexa has talked to her since before the
fight with Cage. The first time they’ve acknowledged each other, and that was the first thing Lexa said to her? She’s commanding her? Like all the times before, it doesn’t fly well with her. “I’ve told you so many times not to tell me what to—”

Lexa cuts her off with an eye roll and the same amount of attitude. “Not to tell you what to do. Yes, you’ve said it many times, but how can I not when you make reckless choices!?”

“Reckless!? What are you talking about?”

Lexa ignores the blonde, turning her attention to Roan. “And you! You should know better! Leaving without the team while your mother is obviously up to something!”

Roan puts down the pizza boxes, ignoring the way Lexa insinuates his connection to Nia. He tries to put a reassuring hand on his sister’s shoulder, only for her to jerk away. “Lex, calm down. We went to Arkadia, it was perfectly safe—”

Lexa scoffs. “Safe!? Yeah it’s so safe Jake Griffin was killed there!!! Murdered in cold blood in his own territory!!!” She misses the way Clarke winces at her words.

Roan tries again to calm his sister, “Clarke and I have each others back. That’s what pack does—”

Lexa pulls away. “Right, except you seem to forget one major detail…” She gestures to Clarke. “She isn’t pack!!!!”

There’s a hurt that flashes on Clarke’s face and before Lexa can even register what she said and start apologizing, it's gone in an instant, turning into hot white rage.

Clarke shoves forward coming nose to nose with the angry alpha. “Thank you for making that abundantly clear. You’re right we are not mated, and I am not a member of YOUR pack.” Lexa takes a step back, but Clarke follows, pushing into her space. “And with that, I don’t take orders from you. I don’t have to ask for permission to visit my mom. I don’t have to ask if I can pee, shit, or breathe!” Lexa bumps into a decorative table behind her, leaving her trapped with an angry Clarke in her face. “I am my own person. I know that! Thanks for reminding me.” Glossy blue eyes glaring at her and Lexa desperately wants to make it right. “And thank you for making me feel so dispensable and for reminding me where I stand with you and this pack.” Clarke holds her gaze. Blue eyes flaring, better yet blazing with anger, but most of all hurt. Lexa’s alpha fought to comfort the blonde, but Clarke broke their gaze and marched out of room, officially ending the conversation.

As she watched her go, in that moment Lexa felt like she lost her, but she was struck with a mind numbing realization, Clarke was never hers to lose.

Lexa hung her head, while everyone stood silent.

Costia's voice broke the tension. “At least she knows her place now.”

“Shut up, Costia.” Octavia snapped. Her and Raven followed Clarke’s direction, no doubt to comfort their blonde friend. Slowly, the room grew empty. Lexa was glued to her spot. Not moving an inch after her altercation with the blonde. She was angry. Angry with Clarke for leaving without more back up especially with Nia scheming. Angry and jealous that she spent quality time with Roan. But more than anything, Lexa was angry with herself. This was her own doing. She pushed Clarke away. She distanced herself. She turned her back and closed up her heart. She blinks against the heat in her eyes. The undeniable burn of incoming tears, but she steels herself, she doesn’t cry. Especially over some girl. But Clarke isn’t some girl. She’s the girl, and it only frustrates her more.

The room was empty, save but one person. Roan lingered with her, sat comfortably on one of the
couches eyeing his sister. His gaze gave nothing away. Not a single thought or emotion could be read. The silence between them dragged on. Lexa stubbornly not wanting to give in and admit fault, and Roan was all for letting her sulk and let the guilt eat her alive. He did nothing wrong, and he certainly was not going to apologize for it.

The tension grew thick, and still nothing was said, until green eyes disappeared behind heavy eyelids. She couldn’t look at him, not while he answered what she was about to ask. She let out a shaky breath, and then barely above a whisper she asked, “Do you like her?”

Roan didn’t answer right away. Instead, he let the silence continue, letting the anticipation eat away at his sister. When green eyes finally met his, he answered. “Not like you do.”

She sighed, but it wasn’t a sigh of relief. “Be true.”

He let out a chuckle, the sound making Lexa and her wolf bristle. Roan just shook his head. “That’s rich coming from you.”

She glares at him. “Must you be an asshole?”

“Must you?” He challenges.

She growls. “Well do you? I see the way you are with her. I see how you talk to her, and spend time with her. Since when did you become a social butterfly?”

“And so what? Am I not allowed—”

“No but…” Lexa turned away, frustrated with her feelings.

“But what Lexa?” Roan pressed. “Spit it out.”

“I do!” She finally confesses. “I like— Fuck—I have so many feelings for her!” She covers her face with her hands and lets out a loud frustrated groan. “She makes me feel… feel…”

Roan throws out words that describe how Clarke makes him feel. “Understood? Normal? Not evil?”

Lexa contemplates her own feelings. How the pull between them is magnetized and she can’t help but want to be around her.

Clarke had utterly and irrevocably changed her. She finally lets her wolf’s feelings flood her.

“Like me.” She finally gets out. “She makes me feel like me. Like a better version of me.” She smiles the way only Clarke can make her. “With her it’s comfortable, and easy. I don’t have to be anything I’m not. She gets me just as way I am.” She presses a hand to her chest. “And my wolf chooses her.”

There’s another long silence drawn out between them, and she thinks her brother is finding the words to explain his undeniing love for the same woman. God, this was going to be awkward, they’ve never fought over women before.

“Finally!” Lexa’s eyes snapped to her brother. “You aren’t fooling anyone, Lexie. Almost everyone knows you’ve fallen for her. How does it feel to finally admit it?”

“You don’t… but I thought you…”

The blue eyed alpha shook his head. “I do like Clarke, but nothing more than a sisterly way.” Roan gives Lexa a small nudge for her to meet his gaze, and when she does, she saw sincere blue eyes.

“We get each other on a different level and I like spending time with her, but I have no intention of it
being more or mating her.” He made a face like the idea would be weird, wrong even.

Then it all made sense for the younger alpha. All that she saw between them was nothing but a sibling bond. The shoulder bumps, the time spent together bonding over their similarities was the equivalent to her and Roan’s noogies and atomic wedgies with each other. It was never anything romantic. She let out a sigh of relief, and then a groan for her stupidity. She was getting jealous over Clarke building relationships with others when she knew, Clarke never had the chance to when her pack basically ostracized her. She should have been happy for her finding others to relate to, instead the alpha got jealous.

Roan broke Lexa out of her self wallowing. “But I can’t say the same for Finn.” Lexa growled. She knew Finn was harboring feelings for Clarke.

“You need to talk to her. She’s planning on leaving, and after today…” Roan shook his head, not believing his sister went off like that. “After your tantrum, you’ve all but pushed her out. And I think Finn might follow.”

“I can’t. She wants to leave.” She clenches her jaw and balls her fists. “And if he wants to follow, I can’t stop him.”

Blue eyes gave her a reassuring look. “You don’t know that for sure. Talk to her.”

She doesn’t respond, and Roan says one last piece of advice. “I know you want to protect yourself. That’s what you do. You’ve been protecting the pack and yourself for all these years, but there’s a difference between protecting yourself and holding back. If there’s an opportunity to be happy, grab it. Not many people get the chance, so be one of the lucky ones.”

Lexa sneaks into the room. Mindlessly she starts to unbutton her shirt as she moves further in. She looks at the bed and it’s untouched and without a familiar blonde. She peeks into the ensuite, still no Clarke. She goes about her nightly routine, stripping the day away slowly, in hopes someone specific might waltz in so she can apologize.

But she slips into bed, and Clarke is a no show.

She still hadn’t come back to the room. Lexa doesn’t blame her. After her angry outburst, she didn’t want to be anywhere near herself either.

She closes her eyes, but she forces them back open. The look on Clarke’s face that afternoon was printed on the back of her eyelids. Instilled in her mind. Clarke had never looked at Lexa that way. Not when they first met and she found out Lexa was the one who ordered her to be drugged and kidnapped. Not when she proposed their fake mating. Not when Nia poisoned her thoughts and tried to pin them against each other by blaming her with Jake’s death. And not even after going feral. In the time they’ve spent together, Clarke had never looked at her the way she did when Lexa said she wasn’t part of the pack. Guilt washed over her. All this time she was scared Clarke would hurt her by leaving, but she was the one who ended up hurting the blonde.

She laid in bed, staring at the ceiling. She knew it was going to be another sleepless night. Every time she blinks, every time she closed her eyes, she saw Clarke’s hurt expression. She turned her head to face Clarke’s side of the bed. It was untouched, and completely made. It bothered her. Clarke should be there. It’s where she belonged. The alpha closed her eyes, and let out a frustrated groan.
She rolled to be on Clarke’s side. Maybe the lingering scent of the blonde will help lull her to sleep or at least calm her. She over rolled, and fell straight off the bed, landing on the floor with a thud. She groaned and moaned about her back hitting the hard floor. Nothing was going right for her. Maybe she deserved all this. She sighed in defeat and curled into herself making no move to get off the floor. As her body turned, something under the bed caught her eye. She reached for it, soft and worn material was felt between her fingertips. She held it out to inspect it, it unraveled and the scent of Clarke hit her senses.

It was her shirt that Clarke stole and wore a couple nights ago.

She was coming out of the closet and stopped dead in her tracks when she took in the sight of Clarke. She was hovered over the record player putting something on like she does every night before they go to bed. But something was different, Clarke’s attire. Void of her usual sleep shorts and tank top, she had a long t-shirt that ended about mid thigh.

Lexa swallowed hard wondering what was underneath, a pair of panties or maybe nothing at all.

Her mouth went dry at the thought. Clarke turned around as soon as music filled the room. The front of the shirt was familiar. Then it dawned on the alpha, that was her shirt. Her favorite shirt, Clarke was wearing her clothes.

She quirked an eyebrow. Clarke responded with doing a slow spin, and then ended with a little curtsey.

Lexa laughed. “Stealing my clothes now are we?”

With an innocent shrug and smirk on the blonde’s face, the alpha knew Clarke didn’t feel an ounce of guilt, if anything she was smug. “What's yours is mine.”

Lexa hummed. She couldn’t agree more. Nothing felt like it was hers anymore, but theirs.

Their room, their bed, hopefully their life.

Lexa eyed Clarke's legs up her bare thighs until it disappeared beneath the shirt. “Not stealing a pair of boxers from me?”

Clarke grinned. “Why? Want me out of my underwear and into yours?” The blonde winked and the alpha sputtered, making Clarke laugh. She hooked her thumb at the bottom of the shirt to lift up.

Lexa didn’t have time to react because she was internally freaking out and hoping she wouldn’t die from seeing Clarke in her panties or completely bare, and then she didn’t know if she wanted to cover her eyes and be a gentlewoman, or whip out her phone to take a picture and save it as spank bank material.

But when Clarke exposed what was underneath, Lexa saw that Clarke had on a pair of very, very short sleep shorts that might as well have been underwear. She didn’t know if she was relieved or disappointed.

She looks at her entirety again. Clarke is a vision and she wishes she could absolutely keep the moment forever.

They climbed into bed and assumed their normal positions cuddled into each other. Lexa nuzzled Clarke. “I like you in my clothes.”

“Yeah?” The brunette nods sleepily. “Me too. Smells like you.”
Lexa buried her nose in blonde tresses. Taking a deep breath, “You smell better.” She snaked her arm around Clarke, the soft feel of the material rubbing against her skin. “Looks better on you too.”

Clarke hummed. “Can’t argue with that.”

The alpha responded by pulling Clarke closer.

Lexa stood up, and took her own shirt off, then slipped on the shirt she just found. Clarke’s scent engulfed her, but it did nothing to ease the ache she felt missing the blonde woman. She crawls into Clarke’s side of the bed and cuddled Clarke’s pillow hoping that would do for now.

She glances at the clock, “11:11” and all she wishes is for Clarke to come back.

Clarke was in a random guest bedroom. She couldn’t go back to Lexa’s room.

Yeah, that’s right, Lexa’s room. It wasn’t theirs. There was never a their with them. It was the alpha’s and Clarke was just a guest. So she couldn’t go back there. Not after what Lexa had said. She was right, everything the alpha had said was the truth. She wasn’t part of the pack, but it didn’t mean it didn’t hurt.

She tossed in bed, trying to get comfortable, but the huge bed just made her feel so alone. She laid in the middle hoping it wouldn’t make the spaces next to her feel so empty, but it didn’t help. She let out a sigh as she pulled the sheets tighter around her body.

It felt colder that night. And Clarke thinks there may be a storm brewing outside, tumbling down with a path of destruction. There’s a roaring sound like thunder and a chill that doesn’t help her fear of nights similar to this. But she soon realizes there is no storm, there is no thunder, but instead the sound is of her heart beating erratically in her ears. The panic of loneliness ripping through her. And the chill isn’t from the storm either, but from the cold empty sheets and the absence of a warm body beside her. The warmth she’s been sharing a bed with for the past couple weeks.

She tosses and turns, but nothing feels right. Not the room, not the bed, not the scents in the air. It’s all wrong. Really fucking wrong. She doesn't belong there, but she doesn't belong in the arms she wants either. The familiar cold strikes to her bone this time, and it hurts and makes her ache. Not just a body ache, but her heart does too. People say the heart is the strongest muscle in the body, but if that’s the case, why does hers feels like it might give out? Why does it feel broken and shattered?

She lets out a frustrated groan. It was never supposed to be this way. She was never supposed to catch feelings.

Because feelings are a fickle thing. One minute the person of your affections can’t wait to see you, and the next they can’t stand you. She should have known better.

They say, never fall for the devil. Never make deals with evil. But Lexa was the devil, and every time she saw her, it made her want to sin. Made her fall to the trap of green eyes. And don’t even get her started on Lexa’s scent. It was delicious and she smelled like desire, and she’s kind of glad they never kissed, but she wonders if the alpha would have tasted like regret. It doesn’t matter now because she’s still paying the price, living in her own personal hell. Lying awake trying to hold herself together. Trying to figure out where she went wrong. She opened up, showed what she had to offer, and Lexa turned away. Deciding she didn’t want Clarke.
Clarke curls to her side. She really did feel colder. She tucks her feet close to her backside, hoping it’d thaw her ice cold toes. She really wished she had her fuzzy socks.

“Nah uh! No socks in bed.” Lexa says sternly, stomping her foot to get her point across.

“Why not?” Clarke whines.

The alpha shakes her head, trying to not give in. “It’s a pet peeve of mine. No socks in bed, Clarke.” She pushes at Clarke to either get out of bed or take them off.

The blonde grumbles and whines. “But my toesies are cold!!”

The brunette cracks a little smile, but tries staying firm as she lifts her eyebrow at Clarke’s choice of vocabulary. “Toesies?” It’s so fucking adorable. The word and Clarke’s little pout, even the fuzzy and obnoxiously bright colored socks are so fucking adorable. Lexa is losing the battle to stay firm on her rule, but she powers through and turns her gaze to the offending socks. “Nope, get your yucky socks out of bed!”

“They’re clean!!” Clarke lifts her legs and shoves her feet towards Lexa’s face. “Smell them!! Fresh laundry scent!!”

“Ew! Yuck!! Gross!!” She brushes Clarke’s feet away from her. “I don’t care if they’re brand new! No socks in bed.” The alpha says with finality.

Lexa watches as the blonde pouted some more, then wiggles her socked toes one last time before she begrudgingly peels them off and throws them somewhere in the room with a loud “hmp” spilling from pouty lips.

“What am I going to do with my cold feet now?”

Lexa doesn’t answer, just happy there are no socks in bed. Then, she feels cold toes press against her calf. “Clarke, get your ice toes away from me.”

The blonde doesn’t listen, and Lexa’s glad because she doesn’t mean it. Clarke scoots into the alpha more and her toes dig into her, stealing her warmth. Lexa spins quickly, surprising the blonde. She wraps her arms around a giggly Clarke, and pulls her head to her chest, tucking it beneath her chin. She tangles their legs and feet, ignoring icicle toes.

“Better?” Lexa asks. Clarke hums. “Good. Now remember from now on, no more socks in our bed.”

Clarke responds by pressing her cold toes to her calf again. She feels Lexa shiver, and she almost takes her toes away, but Lexa tightens her hold on her and pulls her closer, and all she could think is how if Lexa held her this way, she’d burn all her socks.

Clarke blanket burritos herself. Hoping it’d provide enough comfort and warmth for her to get some sleep. She just wants to sleep. Fall into unconsciousness so she doesn’t have to think, doesn’t have to feel. She just needs it all to stop, just a short reprieve from all of it because tomorrow brings a new day with new issues and new feelings that she certainly doesn’t have the strength to deal with. But that’s her life, it always kicked her when she was down.

And because the heart is the strongest muscle in the body, even when it is broken, it keeps on beating.
Chapter End Notes

Drop a line or something.
It was another sleepless night. She couldn’t even get comfortable. Tossed and turned until she finally gave up. That’s how she found herself in the indoor gym. It was the dead of the morning, so it was completely empty. She hadn’t been in here before, but now was as good as time as any to make use of it.

Although her issues with Lexa still hadn’t resolved, the new day brought on a new set of issues, and she was all too keen to drown out her thoughts with physical exertion.

Blue eyes roam over her playground for the next few hours or until she passed out. She was impressed, but also rolled her eyes. This pack was so extra, but she didn’t expect anything less. The mansion was done up, so why would the gym not match? Part of the area looked like it was taken straight out of American Ninja Warrior. There’s a salmon ladder, and she wonders which members of the pack uses it. Taking in the rest of the gym, she sees weights in one corner, and then top of the line equipment lined up in another area. There were also some mats, probably for sparring, but her eyes set sight on the punching bag. That would definitely help her growing frustration, but she decides to try her luck on the parkour set up. She does a few stretches to warm up, then runs through the course.

Murphy finds her later. She didn’t meet him for their usual morning run, so he knew something was up. Immediately, he can see the frustration etched in her body.

“So you ditched me for this?” He said unimpressed with both the gym and her excuse for forgetting him.

She keeps running the course, only stops when she’s finished, she still doesn’t acknowledge him. Doesn’t even face his direction. Murphy isn’t having it. Clarke can be in a pissed mood over Cujo being a jerk, but that is no reason to ignore him.

“Are you serious? You’re going to give me ‘tude over some alpha?”

Clarke lets out a series of huffs, groans, and other weird noises. To anyone else it would just sound like aggravated nonsense, but not between best friends. Clarke and Murphy are on the same wavelength.

Always.

They know each other so well they can communicate through huffs, sighs, and grunts. They can communicate just through glances and looks. They can convey messages and emotions most people can’t even put into words. So when Clarke lets out another sigh and when their blue eyes finally connect, he knows.

He just knows.

There’s no malice or annoyance in her gaze, but instead there’s a familiar sorrow and sadness in Clarke’s eyes that he’s only seen on the same day once a year. His brain scatters to figure out the date.

“Fuck- Griff! Is today—” He’s cut off with a pleading look. Clarke doesn’t want him to say it out
loud. That’s how it always is. Saying things out loud, makes it even more real. He softens, and he hopes his eyes don’t show any sign of pity because it’s not how he feels. If anything he’s upset that this is the one thing he was never able to help his best friend with. For once he’s at a lost of words, so he blurts out his honest thoughts. “I forgot…”

She closes her eyes. Pale blue eyes disappearing as she shakes her head. John thinks Clarke might want to say “me too.” Wish she could forget this day just like he had, but it wouldn’t make things easier, would it?

“I didn’t.” She says simply.

And of course Clarke didn’t. A day like this haunts her and is not easily forgotten, and with the new revelations he wonders how Clarke is even staying relatively calm. He wants to hug her. Wrap her up and protect her, the way they’ve done since the beginning of their friendship, but he knows that’s not what Clarke needs. She doesn’t need to be coddled and treated like she’s weak and that it defines her. Knowing Clarke Griffin, she just wants to get out the pent up frustration by keeping busy, then tomorrow when the new sun rises, she’ll be back to normal, as if today wasn’t the day that destroyed her world.

She opens her eyes again and gives him a soft and apologetic look. “I’m sorry about this morning, the lack of responses and losing track of time.” She lets out a deep breath. “I’m a shitty friend, but I’ll make it up to you.” She grants him an apologetic smile and moves to head to the backyard, but stops when Murphy shakes his head.

He eyes the mats. He knows how to get through this morning. He tugs Clarke over, and throws wrapping tape at her. She catches it and cocks a questioning eyebrow at him.

“Wrap up, Clarkey.” He smirks. “No glove, no love.” His joke doesn’t earn him a laugh, but a small grin.

He takes it as a win.

They both tape up their hands in silence. They haven’t sparred since they moved in with Lexa and their pack. They went from bi weekly fight nights to absolutely nothing, but both are confident they’re anything but rusty. This will help, he knows it will.

They stretch and crack limbs, warming and readying their bodies.

Blue eyes catch, and they both have matching smirks.

Like they did during their very first match years ago, and every other match against each other, Murphy holds one arm out to the nonexistent audience, and the other comes to his mouth holding an invisible microphone. In his best announcer voice that he had perfected over the years he says, “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the main event!”

Both Clarke and Murphy start hopping around, and winding up their fits.

“Let’s get ready to ruuummmmmmmble!!!”

“Fix it!”
“Excuse me?” She asks calmly.

Raven and Octavia storm into Lexa’s office not even bothering to knock. The alpha was rearranging the room. Currently, pushing the english leather sofa to the opposite side of room hoping it’s placement would help configure the rest of the flow of the office. She places the legs of the sofa on to the floor with a huff. No one ever storms into her place of sanctuary. Nonetheless, no one makes demands of her.

Raven pushes forward, directly into Lexa’s personal space. “We said fix it!!”

“Fix what exactly?” She cocks an eyebrow at the two girls.

“Clarke!”

Her wolf goes still at Clarke’s name. “What’s wrong? Did something happen?”

“You! That’s what happened!! You messed her up! So fix it!”

The alpha turns away from them. “That’s not my responsi—”

Raven wasn’t hearing any of it. “Not your responsibility!! You’re the pack leader! We’re all your responsibility!”

Lexa tenses a bit, but doesn’t respond.

“After you yelled at her yesterday she was upset, but today something is wrong.” Octavia explains in a more calm voice. “Lincoln and Bell…” She pauses not sure how to explain something she didn’t witness. “They agree something is off. They saw her and Murphy sparring in the gym…” Lexa quickly turns to face her. “They said it was different. When we train, of course we don’t hold back, but them, they fought like it was the real deal, like they were fighting to survive.” There’s a look of awe in Octavia’s eyes, but she blinks it away. “Now she’s in the kitchen baking like a madwoman, but she’s unresponsive to everything we’re saying.”

“She’s not even responding to any of Indra or Costia’s taunts!” Raven yells. “That’s not Clarke!” The blonde was known for her infamous clapbacks. “So fix it!” Raven calms a notch and so out of character of her, she pleads, “…please.”

Worry builds in the alpha. “Well, where’s Murphy?”

“He said he needed to get Skittles…” She waves her hand dismissively. “Whatever that means.”

“Then, I’m sure when he gets back she’ll be back to her normal self.”

“Are you serious right now?” Octavia snaps, all patience gone.

“What?”

“You brought her here. You set up this stupid fake mating with her, and all of a sudden you’re scared about your feelings so you toss her to the side like she means nothing?”

The truth of her words make Lexa’s spine straighten and go on the defense. “That’s not—”

“Riiiiight.” Raven crosses her arms over her chest. “We understand that her staying here was to be temporary, but let’s be real. Majority of the pack have accepted her and want her to stay, and it’s obvious you do too. But you have been purposely avoiding her, and yesterday you lashed out at her…”
Octavia is back to being level headed again. “Your wolf is on edge because of it.”

“Neither of you know anything.” Lexa grits out defensively.

“Fine so be it. We don’t know jack shit. But that doesn’t mean you can’t at least try to fix it.” Raven throws her hands in the air. “We don’t care what you have to do. Fill the entire house with her favorite flowers, hold a boombox over your head outside her window, maybe some knee action—”

“Knee action?”

“Drop to your knees and beg for forgiveness! Or do some grand gesture!” Octavia explains exasperatedly.

“You want me to drop on one knee? Isn’t that a proposal—”

“Oh my god, you’re useless.” Both girls roll their eyes at the alpha. “That woman wouldn’t accept your proposal with how much of an jerk you’ve been. So you better drop to both knees. If you’re going to grovel, you better do it right.”

Lexa shakes her head from side to side. “I am not getting down on me knees—”

Both girls gave her a pointed look. “If it will fix Clarke, you should think about it.” They say with finality, and then storm out without another word, brushing past Roan and Anya who are hanging out in the door frame, watching, their eyes appraising her.

“Can you believe them? They can’t be serious?”

Anya walks into the office, her eyes traveling around taking in the mess of unarranged furniture. “They have a point.”

Lexa glares at her. “It is no one's business anyway.”

Anya snorts and it annoys Lexa to no end. First, everyone barged into her safe place. Second, she literally just got lectured about getting on her knees, and now she’s getting even more shit.

“Blondie really has done a number on you.” The older wolf says as she plops down on to the sofa Lexa was currently trying to move.

Lexa growls, and gives up on trying to rearrange her office. It was obvious she wasn’t going to be left alone to sulk.

“You’re our pack leader, your actions affect the rest of us. Most of us like Clarke, and—”

Lexa scoffs. “You like Clarke?”

“I’ve accepted her and as a pack we protect our own.” Lexa growls again. “Something is really wrong Lexa, and maybe if you weren’t acting like such a stubborn goufa, you would have noticed.”

“Well, what's wrong?” She grunts as she starts pushing her desk.

Roan and Anya both shrug. “Maybe she’s still hurt over your tantrum. You still haven’t apologized.” Lexa’s alpha whines. “Or maybe it has nothing to do with you at all, and she's just having a rough day. Either way, as pack leader it is your responsibility to at the very least check up on her.” Lexa doesn’t respond, she just wants to be left alone. “More importantly, she is a friend. She’s the one who was able to reach your wolf while feral. She negotiated an alliance for our pack, and the girl who chose to heal you instead of talking to her mom who has been absent for how many years. Are
you really going to be that much of an asshole and not be there for her when she’s been there for you?”

Still no response from Lexa. Anya throws her hands up defeatedly, done with her friend’s attitude. “Fine, forget it. Hide in here some more, but when that woman leaves, and trust me she will leave, you’ll have no one to blame but yourself.”

Roan lingers just a second longer. Lexa doesn’t look up at him, but she can feel his disappointed gaze. “Come on, Lex. Get it together. We talked about this.”

“I’m just having an off day.” She mumbles, still avoiding his penetrating blue eyes.

He moves towards the doorway, coaxing her to get out of the office. “Maybe you need a little sun to brighten it.” Lexa knew he was right, but the only sun that would cure her dark mood was a blonde who was extremely upset with her. She doesn’t respond, and his gaze burns into her, but he lets her wallow, leaving and closing the door behind him.

She was alone, again, and it doesn’t feel as great as she hoped it would.

Angry and frustrated, she let out a fierce yell and kicks her chair. It rolls to the other side of the room, doing absolutely nothing to tamper down her frustration. She grips the corners of her desk, trying to breathe and calm down, but everything in her just wants to go hulk smash and destroy and break everything. She pushes her desk over. It crashes on its side and all the drawers fall open.

Clarke’s drawings see daylight.

The glass is shattered, looking as broken as she feels.

After her mother died, home stopped feeling like home. Then she was banished and her and her new pack searched aimlessly for a new place to lay down roots and build a life. They had won this territory, and the pack would argue they built a real home there filled with life and so much love.

But to Lexa, it still didn’t feel quite right. She started to believe that maybe she’d never feel at home in a certain place. That maybe there wasn’t a place in the world where she would feel complete and feel like life made sense. Maybe she wasn’t meant to set down roots. Maybe she would never feel that sort of calm and peace inside her heart.

Then she met Clarke Griffin.

She didn’t recognize it before. Masked it with denial and sexual tension. Thought it was lust and being touch starved, but looking back at it now. Having step back to really feel the weight of the build up, Clarke was undoubtedly the definition of what home feels like.

Lexa crouched down, gently picking up the broken frames, careful not to cut herself on the shattered glass. She took in the sketches and walked over to her bookshelf and put them back in the place where they belong. She pulled back to take it in, and something clicked for her.

Her thoughts rush back to that early morning with Clarke where the alpha had assumed Clarke’s favorite movie was The Notebook. The brunette had said it was a pathetic love story about how Noah built a home for Allie despite being separated. If the alpha remembers correctly, when Allie finally comes back she finds that Noah not only stayed true to his word and made the house identical to every detail she wanted, complete with the wrapped around porch and blue shutters, he also set up an art room for her.

And that’s it.
Lexa finally understood.

Noah built that house, and put in that art studio, not because he was a lovesick puppy dog (well he was, but that’s besides the point), but because he had no choice. Allie was it for him. He was never going to want nor love anyone but her, and doing everything he did: The house, the studio, it was all done in hope that she would show up and be apart of it and use it.

It hit Lexa like a freight train. That’s how she felt for Clarke. She wanted the blonde and everything about her. Her witty mouth, her constant eyerolls, her kindness, her goofiness, fuck she even wanted Murphy if that meant she could keep Clarke.

Lexa wanted Clarke permanently.

The moment she scented her, the moment her eyes fell onto her, and then when blue finally met green, Lexa was taken with her. She didn’t know how all this time she didn’t recognize her own feelings. How could she chalk up the way Clarke felt against her anything but growing affection. God, denial is not a river in Africa.

Maybe she was too distracted by the way Clarke made her feel, all sappy and gooey inside, to really recognize the extent of her feelings. But now with time spent apart, time for the heart to grow fonder, she can see it for what it really is. She had fallen so damn hard for Clarke Griffin. And she’d be stupid to let a woman like her go.

She’s broken out of her thoughts when Aden pokes his head in, timidly hiding in the doorframe. Lexa waves him in. “Come in, pauna.”

He shuffles in, wringing and twisting his fingers. He’s still lingering by the door, and Lexa wonders why because usually he bounds right in and climbs her like a tree. He’s small for his age, but Lexa knows even if he were bigger she could still take his rough housing. “What’s wrong, Aden?”

His blue eyes are cast down, and his blonde hair is in his face. She approaches him, kneeling on one knee to be on the same level as him. “Talk to me.” She brushes the hair from his forehead and gives his shoulder an affectionate squeeze. He gnaws on his lip, and Lexa gives him all the time he needs to gather his thoughts.

Aden still doesn’t meet her gaze. “Leksa, are you okay?” She smiles at the way he says his name. Her father always pronounced her name the same way, and now Aden does it too. Not that he would know, but when she mentions it, he gets a proud look being similar to their sire.

“Of course. Why do you ask?”

He gnaws his lip again, and it worries her because Aden always speaks his mind and has always been comfortable speaking with her. So she reminds him. “Aden, you know you can talk and ask me anything.” He nods his head. “You don’t have to be scared or nervous.” She really wonders what prompted his anxious behavior. She takes hold of his hands to stop his fidgeting, hoping it calms and reassures him.

Aden’s chin finally lifts, his blue eyes roaming around the room. She sees the worry in his eyes, and oh. Her office is a mess, and fuck, Aden is so intuitive of course he doesn’t miss how on edge she’s been, and her trashed office is proof. Their eyes meet, “Are you sure?”

She doesn’t want to dump all her adult problems on him. He’s a pup, who deserves to stay a pup for as long as he can because being an adult sucks. But she doesn’t want to lie to him either so she settles with, “I’m working on it.”
It doesn’t quite satisfy him, but he takes it and Lexa is more than grateful she doesn’t have to explain herself. He loops his arms around her neck and hugs her tight. She puts a hand to the back of his head and holds him closer, practically cradling him to her chest.

There’s a beat of silence, then Aden breaks it. “Leska?” She hums in response. “I’m going to miss Clarke.”

She wants to say me too, but she doesn’t want to upset him more and if she were being honest she still has a silver of hope that Clarke might just stay. Probably not for her, but for the bonds she had built. “What do you mean pauna?” His hold on her tightens. He did this when he was younger, wrapping his limbs around her like a monkey. Hence the nickname. She shuffles them around, sitting on her heels to hold him closer, and he just clings to her like a lifeline.

“She’s leaving.” His voice is soft and low, as if he said it any louder it’d make Clarke’s departure happen faster. “I don’t want her to leave. I like her.” Lexa nods her head in agreeance. “She makes you happy and have heart eyes. That’s what Raven said. And she makes Roan smile too.”

It makes her laugh, and Aden goes quiet for a second. “But I’m worried about her.” Lexa feels Aden tense in her arms. “She seems sad, Leska.” It makes the alpha’s heart ache. “Ice cream always makes me feel better. Do you think it will help Clarke?”

“I don’t know, but maybe we can try.”

Aden pulls back to look at her, a triumphant smile on his face. “I know what will make her feel better!”

She grins at him. “Yeah? What’s that?”

“You should hug and kiss her!”

She chokes a little. “Wha— Why would I do that?”

“Because! When you or Roan hug are affectionate with me, I always feel better! So you should do that to Clarke!!” A blush creeps onto her face at the thought of kissing Clarke. Aden breaks out of their embrace to pull her out of the office. “C’mon Leska, you gotta kiss her!!” He starts singing the song Kiss the Girl from The Little Mermaid.

“Aden, I don’t think that’s such a good idea—”

“Why?” His face twists in confusion. “You don’t want Clarke to be happy?”

“No! That’s not it—”

He gets even more confused. “You don’t want to kiss her?”

“I— I um, but it’s compli—” She stutters.

“Then what’s the issue, Leska?” He crosses his arms over his chest, and taps his foot waiting for her to answer. He looks every bit of her and Roan when they mean business. She sighs in defeat, the battle loss. Lexa gestures for him to lead the way. Aden beams at her and continues singing Kiss the Girl.
There are a plethora of baked goods lying on every inch of the kitchen. Pies, cookies, muffins. She didn’t even know they had enough ingredients for Clarke to even make that much food. And fuck, did they all look good. The sweet smell of everything made her stomach grumble, and her mouth water. But now wasn’t the time, and Clarke probably wouldn’t even feed her. Probably throw the food at her. Not that Clarke would really do so, but she wouldn’t blame her for losing control and snapping.

Taking in the rest of the kitchen, a few of the pack members were gathered. Anxiously watching Clarke zip around like a mad woman. Clarke was throwing ingredients into a mixer. Her eyes laser focus. Murphy was beside her holding a pack of Skittles, not sure what he was saying, but probably trying to coax the blonde to take a breather and sit for a second.

Raven and Octavia were not too far away noticing her arrival. They were mouthing for Lexa to get over there and comfort Clarke. Green eyes scanned the rest of the room, and everyone held the same worrisome expression. Even Indra looked a little worried about the blonde’s sudden change of behavior and attitude.

Her eyes fall back on Clarke. She’s decked out in everyday casual wear, but what’s different is that her blonde hair is covered by a backwards baseball cap. It’s blue and looks old and worn. It doesn’t look bad on her, actually it’s quite cute, but it’s different. She wonders if there’s a story is behind it. Blonde strands are escaping the sides, and her fingers twitch to tuck them back. Her eyes trace over Clarke’s face. She looks a little like she did that day near the creek after meeting Nia; frazzled, lost in thought, and human.

Even though they aren’t speaking, she somehow still felt connected to Clarke. Somehow felt what the blonde felt because she understood that some of the biggest battles are not physically fought, but are within oneself. Sometimes your biggest enemy is yourself, and the biggest wars are fought within the confines of the soul.

All of a sudden she’s being shoved forward. “Leska, go kiss her!” Aden is behind her, pushing her towards Clarke’s direction. And she suddenly feels like being there is a bad idea. She was the last person Clarke needed at the moment. Her mind screams abort mission!

She quickly gets behind Aden and nudges him forward. She whisper yells, “You go, first.”

He glares at her like, “Are you for real? You’re a big bad alpha!” She shrugs because she does not feel like big bad Heda. The two siblings push and pull at each other to step up.

“Finally decided to come out of that hole you dug for yourself?” It sounds like something Clarke would say, but she looks up to see Jonathan Murphy glaring at her.

His nose is swollen and a bit bruised. Like it was broken not too long ago. She wonders if Clarke got him while sparring. Oh, would she have loved to see that.

“Hello, earth to space pup?” They both have mouths on them, but she prefers the blonde’s quick wit over Murphy’s. She clears her throat and looks over his shoulder to Clarke who is now scooping out the contents of the mixer into what looks like a bread pan.

“How is she?”

Murphy regards her for a second, probably deciding if he wants to give her a straight answer or some smart remark. He chooses the former. “Not too good.” He sighs. “Why don’t you give it a shot?” He tosses her the pack of Skittles, and she’s not exactly sure what the tooth rotting candy will do, but he steps out of her way clearing the path to Clarke. “May the odds be ever in your favor.”
The alpha takes a calming breath. She could do this. It’s Clarke, and Clarke may be mad, but it’s not like she’s the boogeyman or something. She strides over with confidence, but it instantly deflates when she gets closer.

Lexa clears her throat, and in a soft voice she calls out her friend’s name. “Clarke?”

The blonde is unfazed. Not at all stopping what she’s doing to acknowledge Lexa. The alpha had assumed that much. She knew it was going to take some work. She tries again. “Clarke. Can we talk —”

She’s cut off by Clarke’s glare. It’s a cross between “I can either rock your world or wreck your life” type of look. Is it wrong that Lexa is both equally scared and turned on?

Stormy blue eyes answer her question. This is her second time being on the receiving end, and she wonders how anyone could ever mess with Clarke with a look like that. Man, if looks could kill, she’d already be six feet under.

Lexa stands there awkward and silent, calculating her next move. Aden is now in her line of sight, and he wraps his arms around himself and makes kissy faces at her, indicating he wants her to go ahead with their plan of smothering Clarke with affection. She shakes her head no, but he continues with encouragement like the little turd he is.

Clarke is still moving about, and Lexa thinks she’s on her next recipe, and if she doesn’t stop the blonde now they’ll have enough baked goods to start their own shop. The alpha reaches out to put a comforting hand on Clarke’s arm, but her fingers never touch the blonde’s soft skin. Clarke jerks away, and in a voice she’s never heard before, and says, “Don’t.”

It’s one word, and even though it’s low, Clarke’s voice calls to attention. It’s threatening and frightening.

She doesn’t say another word, only moves around Lexa to continue baking. Lexa gathers herself for a second, then moves to trail behind Clarke. After a few minutes she tries again.

“What are you making?”

“Why are you putting that in it?”

“Is that how it gets fluffy?”

And again.

“Can I lick the mixing spoon?”

She’s not much of a scientist and she’s absolutely not a medical professional, but she knows the body is filled with what… billions, probably trillions of nerves, and she wonders if she’s cutting every last one with Clarke. She hopes she’s getting to the blonde because at this point any reaction is better than none at all. While spiteful words hurt like physical punches, those wounds heal and mend. But silence… silence hurts the heart. Silence speaks volumes.

The blonde stops. She stops mixing, everything coming to a complete halt, but her shoulders are tense, and her hands are balled up into fists.
“Stop.” She says with that scary voice again that sends shivers up the alpha’s spine.

“Stop what? Clarke, I want to help.”

The blonde whirls around, it startles Lexa. Blue eyes lit with something unrecognizable. “You can’t pick and choose when to be present. When to be my friend.” Her voice drips with controlled anger, making it both impressive and frightening. “You can’t just walk out and expect the door to stay open. That’s not how it works.”

Clarke’s words are nothing, but true. She knows she fucked up and she wants to fix it and restore what they have. “I know, but I’m here now. And I want to help you and be there for you.”

“Oh? Now you do?” Her response speeds Lexa’s heartbeat. “I don’t need you to be there for me, Lexa. I certainly don’t need you to take care of me. It’s not your job. You made that very clear, so just go back to your office.”

She didn’t mean it, but it doesn’t excuse the fact that those words did come out of her mouth. Every word has consequences and she learned that her silence does too. “I- I know what I said, but Clarke if we could just talk it out—”

“Just back off, Lexa.” The blonde sighs tiredly. “Please.”

Lexa doesn’t. She pushes into Clarke’s space, hoping that her hug will calm the blonde. Again, Clarke pulls away and dodges the alpha. “I said, don’t. You want to help? Then leave me alone because you’re really good at that.” Lexa fights the urge to flinch at the sting of her words. This version of Clarke: cold, defensive, and dismissive really knows how to throw verbal punches. But Lexa won’t give up this time. She goes for another hug, and the blonde’s voice finally raises as she puts more distance between them. “Stop trying to be the knight in shining armor! This isn’t one of your medieval romance books! I don’t need saving! I am not some damsel.” She closes her eyes. “You’ve been doing well with ignoring me, and the day I need it the most you decide you want to redeem yourself. Just give me this day.” She rushes away, but before she goes she looks over her shoulder. Blue meets green.

Clarke’s voice is back to being controlled, and Lexa hates it. “You’ve made your choice. Now live with it. I’ve made mine, so don’t worry, I do know where I stand. I’ll be out of here soon.”

Clarke’s words are sinking in, but all she can think about is how Roan said maybe she needed a little sun to feel better, and her sappy self said Clarke was the sun. But right now, all broody moody and dark, Clarke is like a storm. She watches Clarke run out in a whirlwind of emotions through the backdoors to the backyard.

The other day, she let Clarke walk away. Thought the blonde walked out of her life forever, but this time, she wasn’t going to let it happen.

She wants to go after the girl because she’d pick Clarke’s thunder, Clarke’s rain, Clarke’s dark stormy days, over anyone’s sunshine.
Chapter End Notes

Drop me a line or something.

P.s. the angst will end soon, hang in there.

End Notes

Check out my other fic She Feels Like Home.

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