Not All Warriors Can Cry (My Young Alpha)

Summary

Leksa [Lexa] looks over her life and how she became Commander over the 12 clans when an Omega comes to her attention.

'Wow, okay. I wrote that first line a few months ago and now re-reading that sentence and thinking back when I first started to write this story and where I am now, I know it needed just a little more.

The beginning of each chapter covers the time: BC ~ Before Clarke. I'm tempted to give you details, but I can't, sorry. My thoughts were going back before the beginning of Lexa's first introduction on the flop (the 100 tv show) and give a story to the Trikru people and culture from an ABO POV. At some point, the chapters will have caught up to the present time and
no longer be the case. Although I might go back further in later chapters before she came to Polis, This may not make much sense right now, but after the first chapter, you'll get my drift. Leave me questions in the comments, and I'll try to explain better.'

A strange craft is spotted falling from the sky, and people are seen stumbling away. Have they been cast away from the heavens in punishment or are they here for something more?

'Yeah, that still sounds pretty lame to me to also. I don't have the heart to change it thou.'

Notes

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Unless specified, assume the clan people are speaking in their language. I will on occasion use their words when Sky people are present to make this more clear. Hopefully at a minimum. English will follow the Trikru language in [ ] like Closed Caption. And I decided in this story to use Lexa's name as she is known to her people, Heda Leksa and will do so throughout this story. My thought was to give respect to the Trikru people and their tradition. Just for future reference, paragraphs with the () are mostly reflections of something in the past or description of things. Sort of a story within a story to fill in blanks

My story will veer way off of the original book and flop. IE: No black blood, A.I., no conclave where you slaughter all of your friends to be Commander. I always found that to be ridiculous.

In the flop, there is a scene where Clarke gives Lexa the lock of hair from Anya, and says, "She told me you were her second." In my story, Anya is Leksa's Second, and she would assume command should Leksa fall ill, etc. Anya is also her mentor and friend.

Updates to NAWCC will depend on if there is an interest to this story. They may not be as frequent as with my other stories. (FYI: It won't be months apart, more like weeks, unless the story moves faster in my head and fingers.) Also if you haven't read my other stories before you can find them at My Works.

Every comment you leave will receive a response. If you would like to see the photo set I made for this story, please visit my Tumblr dashboard.

https://warrior1955.tumblr.com/

I will do my best to treat these characters in these roles as best as I can.
Hidden beneath the dark, overgrown foliage, squatted a skinny undernourish dark haired girl. Her bright green eyes watched for warriors, who seemed to be by her short stature tall as mountains. They scoured the forest looking for her. When she escaped their camp two suns ago, she ran into the underbrush, and her body grew covered in scratches. Desperate in her haste to escape, she tripped over roots hidden under the leaves; falling and keeping silent as she landed in a puddle of muddy water. Her hands came back covered in dark muck and grime, grateful in literally falling into by chance and began to smear it on her face and arms to further conceal her lightly tanned skin. The clothing she wore, given to her by the people who capture her barely clung to her small frame. In her impatience to escape, she wore no covering on her feet.

She continued running as they grew closer and sought safety. Going to her hands and knees crawling further under the scrub, quietly scooping out leaves and bugs and wiggled her body underneath to hide in a hole under a fallen log, a few times larger than her size, and away from their searching eyes. The girl pushed the debris over the opening and laid on her belly and waited.

She held her breath and squeezed her eyes shut when a curious black spider crawled along her arm. Its legs made the hair along her arms rise in its wake and unable to move, less the giant man covered in leather, bone, and heavy weapons who stood near the log she hid under could see her movements. As a young alpha, her scent had not fully developed making discovery by the warriors difficult for them to detect. She watched through the tiny gaps in the curled brown and dead leaves as they sniffed the air trying to find her scent or find anything she may have stirred by her movements. Laying on the dark and musky soil her scent would be masked even further, their smell, however, would not. The air grew heavy with beta irritation and then when it mixed with their body odor it began to hold thick stench in her nose. The young girl closed her eyes and scarcely breathe.

The man moved away through the trees and out of her sight. "Keep looking for her," He barked out his harsh order as he turned and sent it echoing through the forest. The gathered warriors moved away swiftly and continued to hunt for her. Smiling the girl held still, and brought her other hand up and flicked the spider off her arm, and sent it scurrying away into a dirt hole. She moved back against the wall and relaxed against the cold hard ground. Going still, when she heard his sharp voice again. "Find her before the light goes dark."

What the young girl did not see was the slender woman standing nearby. Hidden behind the brush and leaning against a tree. The woman held a clear view of the tiny opening in front of the log where the girl was hiding when she saw the glint of her eyes. All she would have to do is step down and forward, and she would have her trapped. She held her scent in check, further disguising her presence.

When she spotted the girl, she kept quiet and out of sight until her warriors had left the area. Her fear was her men would be too rough with her and further terrify the young pup. She needed to feel safe. It had been her duty to train the young girl when she had arrived in Polis, just days before she escaped and she had uttered not a word, even after hours coaxing with food and water.

The girl was found living in a small cave, just to the south of the city. Hungry, distrustful and stinking of filth, a skill she noticed right away. Only clever alpha pups knew to hide their scent in pungent odors.

It was apparent she had fed off of anything she could find, which wasn't much going by her underweight. Eventually, they caught in a net, when food was placed out in the open. A trick she was sure the girl would not fall for again. How she was able to spot the girl, was her penchant for
small places and the fact that Anya was the most accomplished tracker of her Trikru clan and saw her tiny footprints in the disturbed leaf litter. The woman moved away from her hiding place and stepped down and cross the clearing and casually sat on the log above her, spreading her legs, effectively blocking her escape. She'd have to wait her out.

The crimson sun soon faded away into the unknown land in the west, and it was chased nightly in the sky by the rising glowing crescent moon coming up over the distant hill in the east. As picturesque as that was to watch, it could not take Anya's mind off of how much her ass was aching against the rough bark of the log she sat on. Soon she would have to pull the girl out and somehow get her under control. Last time she got a sharp kick in the stomach and got bit while bathing her of her stench. She ended up tying her hands and feet and binding her mouth then ducking her in a large pail of water and scrubbing her clean.

Instead of the direct approach, Anya moved away and started a fire just in front of the log. After she had a blaze burning, she pulled out her skin of water and took a long drink. Over exaggerating the coolness of the water and wiped her lips and let out a satisfied sigh.

Anya understood the young alpha's fear and why she might be hiding. Sometimes they were killed outright by an angry leader, when they began to show signs of their status, fearing a new stronger alpha would take over when they grew weary, grayed with age and trying to cling to power. This one somehow escaped detection and could not have known her presence was not of her death, but to secure her place among their warriors. If appropriately trained and guided by wisdom and the art of battle, this young alpha maybe someone that stands out and perhaps become a leader to all of them one day, if she only could make her understand.

A story that was passed down from elder to child was of a legendary alpha girl found in the wild, many hundreds and hundreds of years before the great shadow fell over the world. She grew to lead her people out of misery, only to die young never achieving her goal and be reborn again and again. Ever trying to fulfill her duty to bring people together through peace. This story of this legend was always on her mind. Now, this alpha girl showed the early signs of an intelligent and cunning alpha, and her behavior made Anya think that maybe she could be the one. She had been wrong many, many times before in the last few years she became a mentor. Only to find a skilled warrior but not someone to rule them all. Anya had not spoken to Heda about the girl, yet. She wanted to question her a little more to get her story.

Anya blew out a frustrated breath and thought of their ailing alpha leader, Heda Ainia. A woman who was many years older than herself. She was not the true alpha girl reborn, but Heda was beloved by the people of Trikru. The clans were not united, and Heda struggled for years, sometimes losing ground, and in other more fruitful years regaining that back and more to their land. Currently, they were not a war, thus giving Anya the time to keep searching.

This knowledge of her illness if known could quickly change if they knew of her secret. Heda Ainia's guards protected their people and others against the knowledge that she was sick. Faithful servants, keeping the mystery of her health. Only the closest of advisors knew of her illness. Anya cursed under her breath and started to pump out a soothing alpha scent, a lighter more sympathetic odor still not always effective on one so wild and other stronger alphas. No matter, she must give a try and coax her out.

"Young pup, I know you are hiding. It is okay to come out. I promise I will not harm you."

The girl had fallen asleep trying to wait out the female warrior and woke to her gentle words and sniffed her calming scent. Her nature would ignore the prodding of another alpha she could not trust, but the smell held in it a forgotten memory. The woman was rough with her at first after she had
removed her camouflage, then grew almost gentle, liked her long-dead mother, when she bathed her clean and softly hummed an old song. Then comb out her tangled and ratty hair, and fixed it into a simple braid down her back.

Now, this woman wanted her, and girl feared it was to punish her for her crimes although from her actions and questions she asked it was apparent the woman did not know what she had done. But her overwhelming thirst and hunger could not be ignored for long. She would die either way if this woman did not leave and she seemed to be as determined as she was in this standoff. She looked around for another escape, but all sides blocked by dirt and roots, and now she was trapped by her foolish mistake. If she lived another day, she would not make this mistake again.

Resigning herself to her fate and checking once more for anything she could use as a weapon and finding none, she dug her way out and crawled into the opening and dusted herself off. Anya eyed her and pursed her lips at the now once again filthy child and handed her a skin of water. The girl took it from her outstretched hands and sat cross-legged in front of the fire and drank her fill.

"Here." The woman reached into a leather pouch and pulled out a piece of dried meat and handed it to her. She was starving and began gnawing on it, never taking her eyes off of the warrior.

"What is your name girl?"

The green-eyed girl looked up from her spot next to the woman and pronounced her name slowly, "Leksa." Her voice sounded strange in her ears after so many months of silence.

"Leksa. Hmm. That's a fine name for one so brave. How long have you been on your own?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders and continued to speak slowly, "What is your name?" Young Leksa boldly asked.

The older woman lifted an eyebrow at her courage. *This moment could be a start with this one. Maybe I should let her asked the questions. Let her learn how to speak her mind. "Anya kom Trikru. Have you wood clan people also?"

Leska held out her hand for more food and Anya tossed her another piece. Her tiny voice, hardly stirring the air, "I have no family."

"But you were birthed here, correct?"

(Leksa's mind drifted with her question. The smell she remembered the woman sent out held in it memories she kept safely hidden away before they caught her. To think of them was to give power over her feelings, and that she could never allow. When Leksa lay carefully hidden at night, she would remember and take out those memories of her family and never forget. She came from a litter of three alphas, an extremely rare birth. Two males and one female, she along with her family, lived a quiet life on the outskirts of Polis, tending small fields. She and her brothers were a tight pack; she was the first one born, and the runt of the litter and most protected. One awful day when she returned with cages of wild hens, she found her mother and father along with her brothers strung up as a warning, all slaughtered by their leader in the nearby village. Their meager home ransacked, and she had been running ever since she took revenge. That was nearly a year before these people caught her and when her whole life changed.

She had reason to fear for her safety. During the time she was alone, a red-hot anger for lust and vengeance for the death of her family spike through her heart. She discovered who had killed her family but not who gave the order. One by one she would hunt them down and kill every last one of them. She returned to the village and blended into the villagers and played with the children.
Keeping her ears open to hear of talk of the slaughter of her family and finding it was their leader's two beta sons who had destroyed her family. She killed them first. It was shockingly simple. She waited till they drank themselves into slumber and slipped into their tents and slit their throats with their knives. She held her hand over the last beta's mouth as he gurgled when he choked on his blood, she feared it would call attention to what she had done. Later, she crept into their father's home as he slept and drove a sharpened stick into his temple until it pierced the other side, slicing his throat as well for good measure.)

Leksa nodded her head.

"No other litter mates?"

She shook her head and looked away, keeping her emotions under control. She was exhausted and said too much to this woman already, but knowing to survive and if the woman was going to continue to be friendly and feed her, she could answer her questions now and escape later.

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Heda Leksa recalled the memory she shared years later with her Second, Anya, as she sat on her horse waiting for word. That was twelve years past, and her second encounter with an alpha woman when she was almost nine seasons old. So many memories now that have been laid down from that day till this.

They now called her: Heda Leksa, Commander of the Twelve Clans, Leksa kom Trikru (Lexa of the Woods Clan), The Last True Commander.

Her attire was all black. Her feet covered in thick black boots to her knees. Black pants, with buckles on either muscled thighs, her long-sleeve shirt hung low over her hips. Another thick belt over her taut waist, fixed with a long sharpen knife. The only other color was the brown hilt of its blade. Around her breasts held more leather to protect against sharp pointy objects and pauldrons as well for her shoulders. Two swords strapped to her back. Hair braided skillfully by her attendants. Around her eyes more black, running like tears down her cheeks. The black makeup made from the ash of the dead around her eyes, to further accentuate the green of those fierce eyes. Between them, her bronze Helm of Awe.

Heda's chestnut horse adjusted its stand as she sat tall on his back, ducking his head in boredom. Her leather cuffed wrists crossed before her while she waited for her scouts to return with word of the strangers who it was reported to have fallen out of the sky in a metal structure, a week-long past. Then a second craft appeared. The people in the surrounding land had panicked, and it was her duty as their leader to calm her people. But, this was out of the realm of her understanding. Anya, her Second was dispatch to seek out who they were, where did they come from and why are they trespassing on their land.

The first scouts reported days ago that strangers were heard speaking in the old language called, Gongas leng, [English] not spoken frequently but she was well versed. It had been her training when she first came to live with Anya and her people. Her concern remained, were they like the mountain men who spoke the same language? Dangerous men and did they carry fayogons as they did? Firing weapons that could take down her people from afar and something they had no defense.

In the distance, she spotted her riders returning and took her horse's reins in one hand and tapped his side and guided him through the steep path and a down to the flat plane and sent her him into a gallop and met them at the edge of the treeline.

The first warrior to reach her, dismounted from his horse and bowed. "Heda Leksa."
"What say you, Quint?" The beta warrior's head had a tattoo covering part of his face, the other side, scarred with a thick line of skin trailing down his cheek, won in battle.

He indicated with his chin. "There are many people in a small clearing just to the west of the hill. They keep to the metal craft, and their numbers are said to be under one hundred. They will not be hard to take out. They are confused children, some adults, but unskilled. It took them over a day to even start a small fire." Quint found this funny and laughed at their helplessness.

Heda would not order her people to kill children. "No. Keep your distance. Watch, but take no action against them."

"But, Heda." She gave him one look, and her alpha scent gently warned him, that she did not elicit his response, and he bowed. "Yes, Heda. We will keep our distance."

"See that my Second returns to my quarters just after nightfall."

"Yes, Heda."

She turned and headed back to Anya's hidden encampment.

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You would have thought that the first days and nights on Earth after the world had ended almost a hundred years ago would have been heaven.

It was initially.

Taking in the clean, unfiltered air of the surrounding forest for the first time with its fragrant flowers perfuming the air woke up long unused senses. And the warm, comforting light from the sun, a strange sensation against her skin. Able to see it on the Ark through the thickness of windows that shielded them from the vast vacuum of space, but unable to feel its comforting rays. Now, there was no time to enjoy it for the moment. Everyone was hungry, thirsty and miserable. There was no sense of the order, hurling untrain children into an unknown wilderness after given hasty instructions on how to read a map by teachers who'd never step foot on the Earth, was laughable.

Clarke rechecked the map and compass. Looking around, trying to find her location. Nothing made any sense until she realized they were way off the site they should have landed. "Fucking figures." She exclaimed, "Couldn't find their ass if they had directions." She rolled up her map and tucked into a rucksack and shoved the compass in her coat pocket.

That they had no leaders, but a few alphas tried to compete for leadership, caused fights to break out and frighten the younger kids, that in turn, had slowed down their progress. Nervous, scared delinquent children and it was up to the betas to keep them calm. "If I ever see my mom again, I'm going to..."

"What you going to do, Princess?"

"Shut up Finn, and stop calling me that." He put his hands up in defense. "Hey don't scare off your only friend."

"Wells was my only friend, and you haven't earned that title. I haven't known you long enough to be my friend."

"Would you like to get to know me better?" He sauntered over to her side. His scent smelled sour, and she rubbed her nose. His body held the smell of boy in need of a bath. His beta scent didn't help
either. It was something she once enjoyed; now it irritated her. She twitched her nose again and stepped away from him. She already had got to know him a little better one night in a bunker. He was friendly, and she felt vulnerable and settled for the comfort. Hiding out from a killer acid, taking everything it touched. He joked about wanted to have his first earth sex and Clarke was the only one around and said she was kind of cute. That this line actually worked on her, pissed her off most of all, especially when his girlfriend arrived, the attractive brunette girl with the piercing dark eyes who was sent by her mother.

"Why don't you asked Raven." That was intended to be a low blow. It was obvious by Raven's arrival, and how she fell into his arms, she had no idea that not a few minutes from landing on Earth that Finn was already hitting on her.

Clarke pointed around in the area. "This isn't some campout and at the end our vacation we get to go home. All of this is the real deal. We're still dealing with Jasper's injuries. We already lost people, seven by my count and we need to get to Mount Weather and get supplies before we all starve to death. All I see are people hooking up, no planning. Nothing. That's just great for the younger kids to be seeing, by the way." Clarke was scolding herself as well as the rest.

What had stayed on Clarke's mind after Jasper got harmed, who was their enemy? The people who took him could have killed him outright. They left him as a warning from her estimation. The acid fog was more sophisticated, deadly. Whoever was using it had the upper hand. Their only defense was to hide out until it dissipated and collected their dead. It was a faceless enemy coming from where she couldn't figure out.

Finn kept quiet after that, and they headed back to camp. He followed just downwind from her. Her nose was extra sensitive ever since they landed on Earth. What Clarke could only attribute to her olfactory system detecting new smells for the first time that had no names.

The anger she held for mother and their leaders was seething in her. She knew why they were cast down. The Ark was dying, and they sent them as a sacrifice, like the stories of old, canaries in a coal mine. Only here to test the air and perish first, if the air grew toxic. All of them, even the youngest were expendable. They were no better on the Ark and may have only bought themselves a little time by sending them down first. Their people could essentially come down at any time if they could communicate with them, which was impossible now that an alpha named Bellamy had made sure to destroy their only communication and forcibly removed their life monitors in barter for food.

Her mother must think her dead since Raven arrived confirmed her mother still cared for her. It bothered Clarke because she wasn't completely heartless when it came to her mom. She was the only family she had left in this world. Clarke paused in her thoughts. Pushing away the memory of the face of her father and crying into her mother's arms. Saying how sorry she was over and over, it was her fault her father was dead.

A couple of the alphas sniffed around her, and she muted her scent. Finding new and inventive ways to seem unattractive, and boring. Her hair hadn't been washed in days, her clothes as well. She kept the other parts of her body clean for sanitary reasons and rubbed newly discovered fragrant perfume flowers overexposed skin. With her new deception in plain sight kept them at bay.

A few of the other omegas hooked up with the more attractive alphas and taking their bites, reducing the number of available more desirable omegas. Clarke was one of only around four that were left. One was the little girl Charlotte which was hands off from everyone until she committed suicide, another girl she didn't know her name who kept her head down and stayed with her closest beta friends. And a girl named Octavia a year young than herself, who demonstrated pretty quickly she could take care of herself. It was a surprise to find she had a brother when couples on the Ark were
allowed no more than one child. The leaders had instructed the birth control injections to reject the weakest group in a litter, and preselecting status of birth, by sections on the Ark. Alpha's went to the more powerful groups of people running the Ark. Betas were for the worker class. Omega's sprinkled among the rest, to keep everyone happy.

Her mother and father were both betas, which should have meant she would be one too. Despite the controlled injections, she came out an omega. She had no other siblings to destroy. Clarke was a rare single conception. Also, assuring her life.

This morning some beta boys found a kit in their supplies, and they each tried to teach the others how to hook a line and headed out this afternoon to fish and bring back fresh water. That's what she needed to see, people working together. Not just the alpha's fucking everything that they wanted.

When they stepped into their camp, it was in an uproar. Bellamy was barking out orders to everyone and was on his way out to search for his sister. Clarke grabbed his arm to stop him because the sun would soon set.

"Wait a minute. You can't lead a bunch of you out there and leave us defenseless."

"I can do what I please, and get your hands off me. Take care of the kids, like a good girl." Bellamy pulled his arm away and led the group of alphas out of camp. Clarke reached out to punch him, and Finn pulled her back.

"Don't Finn." He released her, and she took off towards Raven's tent.

"Clarke," He called after her and ran to catch up.

"Save it." Pulling the curtain back, she found Raven working on a radio to communicate with the Ark. The table now organized with piles of spare parts. When Raven first arrived her concern was contacting the Ark and her mother and quickly set up a workstation in a tent that was currently being underutilized. Raven worked on tightening the last bolt on the device in front of her. Turning when she felt the stir of air in her work area.

"I need to bring this back to the dropship and hook it up to the relay and batteries while they're still good. See if we can run a cable and hook it up to the solar panels to recharge them."

"Hey, can you use a hand?" Clarke asked.

Raven sniffed her gave her once over. "Let me guess, omega."

Clarke was impressed. "Guilty."

"I'm beta, but you could probably tell. First, I don't take shit from no one. You want something fixed, get in line and keep out of my way."

"I'm here to help, too." Finn meekly sent out his beta scent to try to calm her. It didn't work.

Raven's nose twitched with annoyance. "I know that look you're giving me. Who was it?"

"It was me, and I'm sorry. Finn didn't tell he had a girlfriend. It was only once, and It won't happen again."

Finn gave Clarke a pitiful stare which Raven saw and shook her head and gave him a hard gaze. She liked the omega's bravery. "Finn you got a good taste in women, now get your ass out of here and take care of the kids."
He did an about face and left them alone. Clarke looked around her tent. "You work fast."

"I have too. I just didn't think I would be working with a lot less than we have on the Ark." She threw down a useless piece of wiring connected to a broken end of circuit broad into a collection of other damaged parts.

Clarke moved up to the table and looked around. Setting her bag on the ground and turning when Raven asked her a question, "Was it a rough landing?"

"Yes and scary. We lost a couple of kids who thought it was fun to float weightless, until..."

"Yeah, gravity. It's the law," Raven joked sadly. "Well if you want to help, start by helping me bring the radio to the ship and hooking it up the cables."

Late in the night, muffled shouts came from their crudely assembled gate. Voices demanded the gates opened. Clarke could hear the noise from her bunk just inside of the dropship. Quickly pulling on her boots, coat and picked up a piece of pipe on the way down. She joined the growing group of delinquents surrounding Bellamy and his crew holding a beaten man between them and throwing him roughly to the ground. Bellamy held back his sister when she started to run to cover his limp body, crying over the strange man. An outsider, the first they had laid eyes on and confirming her suspension that the earth wasn't dead. People had survived.

"Who is he?" Clarke asked when the petite dark-haired girl fell back into her arms after Bellamy yanked her off of him. She turned to look at Clarke as panic fell over her face along with her tears and something else. She cared for this stranger.

"Don't hurt him." Octavia pulled away from Clarke and laid her body on the man lying face first in the muck and earth. His breaths came out in gasps, stirring the dirt at the blows he had endured by her people.

"This animal fucked her." Bellamy came around on his other side and kicked the man hard on his side causing the man's eyes to roll back in his head and groan in pain.

"Stop, Bellamy. Don't kill him. He can help us. He knows what's going on," Clarke cried out. She said this for them, but also for Octavia. She could see she had a connection to him. Clarke wasn't willing to miss this opportunity to get some answers. Killing him would just doom their chances.

"Listen to Clarke," Raven said behind her, and crossed her arms over her chest and giving him attitude. A growing group of people stood behind Clarke and gave her courage go to his side and help him up.

"Bring him inside and fetch hot water." The betas followed her instructions causing Bellamy to pushed forward and tried to interrupt. Clarke caught his arm and drew him aside. "Listen, we don't know what the fuck we are dealing with and killing him might just get all of us dead."

Bellamy stopped and watched as their people helped the man up and brought him inside their ship. The muscles in his jaw clenched tight, and he gave Clarke a hard look and held up one blood covered finger. "One day, Princess." Bellamy pushed past her and headed for his tent.

Clarke followed the group and went to the man's side and helped him on a cot. His face was bloody, covered in grime and sweat. When she moved his clothes off his shoulders, she could see strange markings on his skin. Two thick dark lines over his chest. Around his biceps more dark ink in circled in patterns. Clarke could see the girl's attraction for the alpha. He was strong and handsome. He was
tall where Octavia was petite. Almost of a perfect fit for the young omega, she thought. His eyes never left Octavia. What she saw was love. Concern and helplessness.

Octavia tried to climb on the bed with the man, and a beta male held her back. Clarke motion to her and brought her to the corner of the room. "Look at me," Clarke instructed. What she suspected was evident on her neck by a mating bite. "You better cover that up before your brother sees that. But, let me clean it up for you first." Octavia nodded her head and let Clarke take care of her. Clarke could barely touch the area of the alpha's bite because of how sensitive Octavia's reaction was to her touch. There was a bit of dried blood, and she did her best to clean it off and applied a clean bandage to the area. Octavia pressed down on it and took in a calm breath.

Clarke had to look away. It felt so intimate to stare, knowing how she received her bite. It's not that she had never seen a healed mark on the neck of an Arker. It wasn't a big deal. Seeing a fresh bite, on the other hand, was brand new to her. The one thing that Clarke zeroed quickly on, she could use as leverage with Octavia, not that she wanted to use her like this, but had to try to get information out of this man.

"Okay, listen. I don't know what you've got yourself into, but if you want to save his life, we need some answers from him. If not, I can't hold your brother back." Panic again filled Octavia’s eyes and broke away from Clarke and ran to his side.

Octavia looked down at him and whispered to him that she was sorry. Her voice came out quietly, "His name is Lincoln." The man now identified closed his eyes in fear.

"Okay, Lincoln. Let me see I can't make you more comfortable. Can you sit up?" He tried to pull himself up and fell back down. "Let me help you."

Octavia pulled at one arm while Clarke got behind him and set him upright. He took in a strangle breath when Clarke felt his abdomen. By her count, two ribs were broke. They carefully cleaned him of the grime and blood and wrapped his torso with strips of an old threadbare blanket.

Raven came up behind her and motioned to Clarke, and they moved away from the group. "What if these grounders are big as he is, our guys are in for trouble."

"Grounders?" Clarke asked.

"Yeah, I figured we are from up there, and he's from here." Raven pointed to the sky, and Clarke noticed the man's reaction. He could hear what they were saying.

Clarke turned her back to the man and whispered to Raven, "Okay, I think he can understand us and I want to come up with a plan to get information out of him. Like who hurt Jasper and who's responsible for the acid fog." She paused to think. "Have you got the radio working yet?"

"I just got the solar panels attached and will have to wait a day before it's charged up enough and we can align with the Ark to communicate with them."

"We need numbers if there are more people out there we don't stand a chance. They're out there where all the food is, and we need water and more supplies than we have."

"Well, let's see what he has to say."

Clarke motion for the betas to move away from him and then he was on Clarke, backing her up against the wall. One hand around her throat and squeezed. Octavia screamed at Lincoln and pulled him off of, and Clarke went to her knees and took in deep breaths of air. "Tie him up," Clarke motion to her people and struggled to stand up. The group of them easily fixed the injured man to the
wall hooks and gave him room to lay down. Clarke walked over just beyond his reach rubbed her neck, and kneeled down. "Keep that up, and I'll let her brother at you," Clarke said as she hooked a thumb over her shoulder. "I'm sure you can understand how he's feeling, Octavia, being his only sister. Wait till he hears you marked her. Do we have a deal?"

"Trikru." He uttered.

"What?" Clarke was astounded.

"Wood Clan."

Clarke stood up and got his meaning. She tried the strange word on her tongue. "Trikru. Okay, you can call us Sky People. You know." Clarke pointed upward as Raven had done before.

"Skaikru."

Clarke smiled. "Yeah, I guess that's right."

"Trikru land." Lincoln leaned back against the cold metal wall and measured Clarke. He liked her feistiness, but he would see little of it. Soon this area would be surrounded by his people, and every last one of them killed. But, not his mate.

Clarke pulled over a metal box and sat down in front of Lincoln. "Okay, I get what you're saying. We're on your land. Did, Octavia tell you about us, where we came from?" He shook his head. "Okay, this is low down dirty. All of us were born in space in a place we call the Ark. Made out of metal like this." Clarke pointed around the room. "Before the apocalypse, our ancestors, about a hundred years ago were orbiting around the earth, when whatever happened down here destroyed everything and threw the world into chaos. We were stuck up there, and we didn't know that anyone survived. We had to come back down because the Ark is dying. They sent us first. Just the juveniles to find out if it was safe."

"All children?"

"Yeah, most are underage. A few are a little older. We were the delinquents, and we were expendable, even Octavia."

"You're not safe here, either."

"I get that, but you've got to understand. We didn't know anyone survived. We've lost people to this orange acid as you have. Do you know anything about that?"

"Mountain men." Lincoln pointed in the direction of Mount Weather.

"What?" Clarke got up and moved back over to her friends. "Shit, who didn't survive?" Clarke shook her head and looked down. "Don't answer that."

"What are you saying, Clarke." Raven looked over at the man then back to Clarke's concerned eyes.

"It's obvious, people survived, and going by what he said, there are people in Mount Weather also."

"Grounders, excuse me Trikru and mountain men survive the apocalypse? I'm betting that the mountain men are more dangerous of the two." Clarke watched Raven as her mind put together what Clarke had already figured out. "They're the ones with the acid of death. Fuckers. Well, you know what has to happen?"
"What?"

"Team up," Raven said. Clarke looked at her and then to Lincoln. He smiled and shook his head and crossed his ankles in front of him as he stretched out.

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Clarke talked for hours with Lincoln and only after coming to an understanding. That she knew no way was Bellamy going to go for, she needed to free Lincoln. He would contact his people and be their go-between. That's if they could trust him. They did have a winning card, in the form of a pissed-off Octavia. Tied up inside and checked for knives. She wouldn't be allowed to leave with him.

"Listen, I am holding Octavia here for her safety. I have to restrain her from leaving with you because of her brother, and I want you to come back. I also don't want anything bad to happen to her, just as you don't. I'm sure Octavia would tell you she wants her friends and family to be safe. We may be young and naive, but we have a lot to offer. Can you arrange for me to speak to your leaders?"

"Give me a day. I return with an answer. But, let me say goodbye to Octavia."

Clarke released him and walked to the back of the craft and watched as Raven opened the bolts and released a panel. It was just enough room to let the man drop to the ground outside of their ship and fence. Bellamy was going to have her head, but he's not in charge, anymore.

"I sure hope you know what you're doing, Clarke. You heard what he said, or didn't say. We're up against two different groups, one that will rip us apart and the other doesn't have to lift a finger and kill us at the flip of a switch."

"Yeah, about the acid cloud. What would it take to set up something up like that? To disbursed a deadly fog?"

Raven pulled out a notepad and a pen out of her front shirt pocket and checked her notes. "Well the mountain pumps out a liquid, that converts to fog, probably held in suspension by the wind and carried eastward, anyway, it's must be pumped out through pipes. What I can't figure out is how they would have known to place them around this area unless maybe they were afraid of invasion from another country and instead they have used against these people, or what's left of America for some reason. That's the question I have."

Clarke pulled out her map and spread it across the table. Lincoln walked over and leaned down to scour the land and pointed to a spot on the map. "Here."

"What?"

"Death," Lincoln said.

Raven circled the spot that Lincoln pointed out. "Okay, so where are we on this map?" He looked again and indicated to another place just to the northeast that location. She added another circle.

Clarke studied the map. "Are you saying this is where the pipe is, and there is only one? Have you seen it?" He nodded his head. "I've got an idea. Lincoln, do you know why or when they send out the fog?"

"No. Our people blow horns to warn when it is coming, and we take cover."
"Yeah, I got that. Trikru is letting everyone know, to back off." Clarke's eyes roamed over the map. "I guess we could just stay clear of the area, maybe move further southeast or maybe around the mountain on the other side, far from here."

"They sometimes take men," Lincoln added.

"Whatever for?" Clarke asked.

"To make ripas. [Reapers.] They take men and women, and they are never as they were. The mountain man releases the ripas, and they are different, now they sometimes kill, most times capture more Trikru to take back."

"Do you know why they took your people and changed them just to capture more and make more ripas?"

"I do not."

"I can see the wheels spinning in your head Griffin. But, we need more people. You got to bring Bellamy in an explain this to him. We should let him go while it's still dark out."

"Octavia, do you trust him?"

"More than my brother." She had settled down and crossed her legs at her ankles. Mimicking her partner, contented for the moment to let this play out. Even though they restrained her, this was the most freedom she'd ever felt.

"Shit, okay. Well, we're going to let you go. I can't promise what Bellamy will do, but we need a good sign of faith. If not you'll probably never see her again. I don't want that. I want you guys to be together. Can I trust you?"

Lincoln stood up and walked to Clarke and put his finger on her throat. "I am sorry for hurting you." He put out his forearm for Clarke to shake. "You have my word."

Clarke released his arm. "Let him go." She watched as he ducked between the panel and Raven fastened the bolts back in place. Raven patted her on the back and left for her quarters. Clarke worried her lower lip and hoped she hadn't made a fatal mistake.

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Lincoln jumped down quietly on the ground and leaned back against the wall of the ship and waited silently for a response. Hearing none, he crept low and passed through the trees into the darkened forest and headed for a Trikru camp. It would take a while time to find their hidden grounds, and his body ached the further he moved away from the Octavia.

It was miles and hours later that even in the darkness, his eyes could make out signs, and he stopped when he got to the warning tree purposely bent in half. A place you went no further and ducked down. Scanning the trees and spotting a watcher hidden, not very well in a tree and blew one soft short whistle, and waited for their answer. A few seconds later, one quick rap against a tree echoed through the forest, and he stood up and walked to the clearing holding his hands away from his body now open and vulnerable. As an alpha he was strong, but he was no leader. Two large betas met him at the entrance of a Trikru concealed camp and brought him towards the Second's tent.

Pushing past the opening and then going to his knees when he saw Heda Leksa waiting with her back turned scanning a map.
"Heda Leksa."

She turned and motioned him to stand. "What say you?"

"My name is Lincoln. I come bringing a message from the Sky People."
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all of the hits and kudos, everyone.

It was midmorning when it found Leksa tracking her prey miles from her home in Polis. She crept through the forest, her feet now covered in thick boots and wore protective clothing. She carried weapons on her body. Some visible on her hips, other's concealed. She was hunting her mentor, hidden somewhere in the dark and humid forest with the light from the sun not able to penetrate the high canopy of branch and leaf.

Silently covering the ground, then stopping to let her eyes adjust to the dark. Leksa gazes around at what had moved past this location. At eye level, one stray hair caught by a single green leaf hanging precariously on a thin limb that set her blood racing. Now passing within the darker shadows, sniffing the air trying to seek her out. Leksa could smell the slight difference in the wind and let out a low growl sensing her presence. Her alpha station and abilities were now a part of her. It manifested in her keener senses as her hearing picked up sounds, sometimes too faint for others to hear, her sight also enhanced. Leksa's reactions were quick, and her blows harder than the other trainees. The last three years under Anya's careful guidance allowed her alpha out freely, proud of who she was, but while hunting she subdued her scent.

Her muscles filled out as well as the rest of her body. When she was younger, she would tire out quickly, but under her mentor's rigorous training and better food, her strength grew. Leksa became comfortable in her body, and signs of a young alpha woman developed, and her loins felt different. Almost primal. Anya would shy away from discussing little when she would ask why her body was changing and said to come back when she was much older if she had not figured it out on her own.

Leksa quickly turns as she pulls out a blade and pitches towards the tree Anya was hiding. Embedding it into the limb, just a fraction of an inch below where she stood on a branch.

A small pine cone fell on her head, and she ducked away. Glancing up to see Anya pulling out the blade, fixing it to her hip and stealthily jumping branch to branch until she was standing a few feet away from her.

"What gave me away?" Anya tosses another pine cone in the air waiting for her answer.

Leksa crosses her arms over her chest. "You stink," She said as she lifts her chin. Anya smirked and pitched the pine cone at her soft leather covered chest, and Leksa lazily batted it away before it struck her.

"Hardly, you passed me by and did not know I was up there until it was almost too late. However, I will give you an extra mug tonight, just for getting in the general area," Anya joked with Leksa as she motions around their area. The young alpha surges in happiness and grabs her around the neck with her arm and drew her to the ground. The spirit was a mild brew. Nothing that could get you staggering. It had a bite and a distinctive, bittersweet taste to it that Leksa loved.

Anya grew to care for Leksa the longer they trained together. She was almost seven years older than the young alpha, and every day, she continued to show signs that she could be the one. The Last
True Commander. It was in her ideas and how much she studied their text. Also becoming skilled in all things the made a great leader. She outperformed everyone in their group of young trainees. One of Leksa's best qualities, besides her eye-hand coordination with all matter of blades, was her compassion. For one as young as Leksa, it was through she had lived ten lives. Anya believed it came from the time alone she spent after she lost her family. It made her an observer and patience with their people. She would listen and make quiet suggestions and beg off attribution for the success.

Anya was in awe of how humble Leksa could be. Some would not think this to be a good quality of a leader, but they never saw Leksa fight. She was ruthless and fierce at times. The bloodlust would overtake her emotions until she pushed it down and her mind began to think. One time, she witnessed Leksa cut a man in half who was a part of a group of men who looted a small village and raped the women. What Leksa did was gruesome in its savagery, and the man died quickly. But, it was better than being tied to horses limb by limb and a firm slap on the rumps of the beasts, and they would be pulled apart slowly, as their muscles snapped, and joints dislocate and finally pulled them apart. This punishment was the usual sentence for this crime. To give warning, if others desired to take what not given freely. Leksa never attended such penalties and spent time alone cleaning her gear and sharpening her blades.

Anya quickly had Leksa on her stomach, hands behind her back and bound with rope. "You have got to be quicker than that. Do not be so obvious with your movements, Leksa," Anya growls in her ear and leans back and pulls her off of the ground. Leksa struggles with the bindings and quickly had them cut and brought them around in front, holding them in her fingers and letting them fall to pieces on the ground at her feet. In her hand, Anya saw Leksa held her knife. Anya quickly felt around for Leksa's blade on her hip, and the girl had removed it without her noticing. Anya smiled proudly at her and nodded her approval. "Okay young warrior, enough for today."

Leksa was curious about the light haired omega Lincoln kept referring. Her name sounded strange on her tongue when she repeated it under her breath. For now, no harm would come to them. Lincoln would take back her message to the omega when she would meet with her. From his description of Clarke, she sounded ordinary, almost plain, but smart. No matter. If the young omega had an offer, she was open to learning what she had to say. She did, however, instruct Lincoln to tell Clarke she must obey, or she would give them no quarter. Leksa used this strategy when dealing with unknowns. And these people from the sky surely fell into that category.

"I can hear you thinking all the way from the gates of my camp." Anya ducked inside and put out her forearm in greeting. Pulling her close to give her a hard stare and looked into her eyes. "You look tired. Are you not sleeping well?"

Leksa's smile turned into irritation and released her arm. Moving to a back table and poured them a mug of fermented drink. "Here, old wise and rested one."

"Already into my supply I see." Leksa gave her look of warning over her shoulder. "Ah, but what is mine is yours." Giving her a lazy smile, pleased that still, she could always get under Heda's skin, way too quickly.

"Lincoln calls them, Skaikru. They are, from the sky." Leksa pointed up as Lincoln had demonstrated.

"I heard. Mostly children." Anya took a long draw of her spirits and licked her lips.

"Young yes, a few older by their size. Untrained and dangerous." Leksa took a long drink herself.
"I am glad you noticed. Since the sky people do not speak our language are they mountain men also?"

"No, they are not. Please." Leksa pointed to Anya's bedchambers.

They passed through a leather-covered door to a fairly decent size ancient concrete structure in the shape of a long room, not unlike her home in Polis. Leksa slept and worked here, effectively taking over her Second's bed while she visited.

(The concrete walls were lined with faded graffiti and the room held all of Anya's things. The room was comfortable year round. No matter the weather outside. In here you could rest. It contained a large bed, cleaning area and a place to work at a desk. Away from the outside distraction. The room had the main entrance and another secret door to the outside hidden behind a panel.)

For the moment, it was not a problem. Anya was bedding a beta woman, well more like two, and Leksa had the large room to herself. It did not bother her, that her Second indulge herself. More than often than not, their lives were short.

Leksa did not. Not since she lost Costia. She could not bring herself to find pleasure with another, that she took care of by herself. Sometimes unable to sleep she would run her fingers down to her mound and cup herself. Letting fingers stray to her small opening. Staying still and remembering how Costia felt. Sometimes she could picture her in happier times as she pushed away painful memories and recalled when she was alive. She would start to extend. Holding herself in her hand at the base and begin stroking herself hard and hearing echoes of the past of her omega whispering in her ear asking if she can take her into her mouth. Sometimes she thought she could see her face again, her lips around her. This fantasy would continue, and she would be inside Costia once more, surging, knotting her and sending her to climax, and she would soon fall with her. Leksa would continue to stretch out this fantasy as far as she could, making it last until she could not hold herself back and would release, spilling all she had with a groan. Her body shook, and she would fall on her side until she grew calm promptly fell asleep.

She did not feel shame, that she continued to hold Costia close to her heart, but did keep the pain buried deep. One of the many regrets Leksa's carried that she had not taken her as her mate and planned of the day until the Ice Queen returned her body to Polis, and Heda Leksa shut down that part of her heart.

*Not all warriors can cry, my young alpha.* Those words echoed in her head from the late Heda Ainia. Now Leksa understood its painful meaning and responsibility it held.

Anyah caught her lost in reflection and asked, "Where did you go, my old friend?" She stretched out on her fur covered bed and kicked her boots off. Leksa joined her, removed hers and rested her feet on the edge of the bed frame and pushed her body back into the comfortable chair.

Leksa sighed, "Same place."

"You know I could bring you..."

Leksa raised her hand to let an out a gentle scent. This warning would be all she would say, "Lincoln, told me their leader, Clarke request to meet. He also tells me that she is an omega and leads their people."

Anyah got up on her elbows, and a let out a slight snort and shook her head. "They are asking for trouble. How can an omega rule?" Anyah closed her eyes and put one finger up to her temple, always a sign of Anyah thinking of something clever to say. "Or maybe she is their mother since they are all
children." She was satisfied with her answer and laid back down.

"I hardly think that you have the answer. Lincoln indicated they had no clear leaders until he talked to her and she took over from an alpha by the name of..." Leksa paused trying to remember his name. "Belimi, or something like that."

"He does not sound that strong. So, this is a new role for this young omega, and now Clarke is a leader for the first time? They cannot be serious. It sounds too good to be true." Anya emptied her mug and held it out for Leksa to see.

Leksa poured them another mug. "I was young and green once. It is clear, that I did not turn out so bad."

Anya threw back her head and laughed. The sound felt pleasant on Leksa's ears, and she joined her. "Yes, you were young, very green and also trained, by the best tracker and warrior in Trikru history."

"That is true, my friend. Still, I want you to come with me, also bring another alpha for numbers. Fifteen betas to my rear on horses, and twenty more in the trees."

"That many for just one omega? Hmm, interesting strategy. Indra could be your third, she visiting from Tondc. I will have her come along."

"Good. Lincoln should have sent word by first light if so, we will set up just outside of your camp."

"Yes, Heda."

Leksa pulled off her coat and emptied her mug. Lying down on the bed and joined her. Anya always made sleeping seem simple, and her mind wandered while her Second got comfortable and fell deeply asleep on her back. Sometime later she felt her roll over and away from her and started to snore. Leksa put her hands behind her head, and her mind wandered back to the light-haired omega and tried to picture her plain ordinary face.

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Clarke held her arms crossed over her chest while Bellamy yelled in her face and made a spectacle in front of all of their people, early the next morning. That was after she went to his tent and found him in bed with the last omega girl and beta girl. Clarke stormed out, and he quickly followed her angry retreat as he pulled on his clothes.

"I thought we could talk about what we do next. You clearly have your mind on other things," Clarke said over her shoulder.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"We let him go, and your sister made a choice, and the man she mated with might be able to help us out a find way to survive. Which, by the way, is why the fuck we are down here!" Clarke was yelling at this point causing their people to stop working and gather around them.

Bellamy pulled on his shirt and slipped his coat on. "Whatever I'm doing with those girls is my business. But, you had no right to make the decision that concerns the rest of us."

"Maybe not. So, tell me what's your plan?" She stood her ground and waited for his answer.

He twisted his mouth and sent out his angry alpha stink and spat on the dirt. "Not to let him mate
"That's not your decision to make." Clarke was in Bellamy's space and he back up a little.

He tried to regain control back from her. "The hell it's not."

Octavia watched this display from the opening of the dropship. Clarke released her an hour after they let Lincoln go and started to get furious and pushed the light material of the parachute out of the way. Shaking her head at him, Octavia had heard everything her big brother had to say and got right in his face. Pointed her finger at his chest and pushed, "You don't own me. I'm not a little kid anymore. I can make my own decisions." He went to grab her arm, and she slapped his hand away. "If you don't want to lose me forever, back the fuck off and listen to Clarke."

"Whoa," Raven said at hearing the commotion when she came out of her work tent wiping her hands clean of the grime. "Omega Girl Power. It sounds like things are going to be different than it was on the Ark." Clarke tilted her head and gave her a sweet tight smile and watched brother and sister move away from the crowd and continued to argue.

"Okay, one disaster avoided. How are the solar panels charging?" Clarke asks as she put her hand up to shield her eyes from the sun while looks up at the top of the ship.

"Not bad for being ancient, I guess the rest of the day. I'm having Monty adjust the panels when the tree's shadows start covering them." Raven waved at him, and he gave her a salute. "Also, he's got a line good sight of the land from up there."

"Good. No word yet from Lincoln?"

"Nothing so far. The alphas and betas need to be rotated out. We need fresh eyes on the fence. I've made a job schedule if you'd like to go over what I've got so far."

Clarke went over the list at what she suggested. Raven thought of everything. A break down of supplies that were to be filled and placed in different areas of the camp. Like firewood, kept in a safe place away from the main fires or anything that was combustible. The meat dried and store in sealed containers. Not that they had much for the moment. What trash they had, was to be recycled, down to the last piece of wire. "Good job, Raven. I'm impressed."

A yell from the top of the gate and then murmuring forest air cut with a sharp whistle coming from outside of their camp. Clarke looked at Raven and grabbed her arm. "Come with me." Outside the bars of the gate, Clarke could see movement within the trees. Lincoln had returned like he promised and held his hands out to his side. That raised her trust him by a few degrees.

"It's okay. Let Lincoln in," Clarke told the guards. He passed through the opening, and all eyes went to his direction. "Lincoln, I'm glad to see you." He nods his head, but his eyes fell on Octavia. She stood behind her brother and gave him a wink. "We have something for you to eat. I'm sure you've probably not had any sleep either, I could..."

"Is there somewhere we can speak, Clarke?"

Clarke quickly looked around. "How about where we cleaned you up last night?" He followed Clarke and the others, and this time Bellemy joined them. Clarke offered Lincoln a tray of food, which consisted of overcooked bits of meat and wilted gray-green vegetables. He politely excepted the meal and picked over the pieces taking only small bites.

"I met with my leader, and offered what you proposed; she has agreed to meet with you."
"She?"

"Heda Leksa, yes. She leads the twelve clans. Many thousands of warriors."

Clarke glanced over the see Bellemy shocked face. "Thousands? I don't know about this, Clarke."

"She will ensure your safety, for now. But, take no hostile action against her people, and it will go far to prolong your life. She will only give you this one warning."

Clarke didn't like the sound of that at all. "What about Jasper? He didn't deserve to be hurt."

Lincoln pulled out the piece of meat he gave up chewing on and set it back on the plate. "It is what I spoke to you before, about the ripas. Reapers come from the mountain, and they hurt your Jasper."

"Then why didn't they take him to the mountain?"

"Probably because they injured him too severely. Maybe they thought he was dead." Lincoln shrugged his shoulders.

That took the wind out of Clarke's sails. She wanted a leg up when speaking with his leader, but from the sound of her, they would be lucky if they just let them leave and find another place to settle down. "When does your leader want to meet?"

"We could meet with her tomorrow, and I am to bring you and two others. No alphas."

"Wait a minute. How do we know you won't just slaughter us when we get there?" Clarke stood up and join the others in the back, and thought that with a group of her people standing with her she would feel safe.

"Her land, her rules. You have a day to decide." He stood up, exhausted and needed rest. Octavia left with him and away from the growing tension of the group.

Raven shut her eyes in disgust. "Well, shit. This Heda bitch must rule with an iron fist or something."

"Yeah, or something." Clarke was angry at the narrow path that she laid out. There wasn't much wiggle room, and one small mistake might get them all killed. "I'm going. I want to take Octavia since she mated with one of her people. I need a beta male to come with us, and it has to be a volunteer."

Bellemy shook his head at her. "While you're off getting killed, will be coming up with another plan."

"No, you won't. I'm leaving Raven in charge while I'm gone."

"Who died and made you Queen?" He said.

"No one. Please just let me try and work this out." Clarke knew what was at stake. The survival of her people and everyone still on the Ark. She swallowed down her fear and shook her head at him and gave him a sidelong glance. "Hey and if I die, have at it and good luck, 'cuz you're going to need all the help you can get."

Clarke stormed over to her bunk and started to pack her rucksack with a few items she thought she'd need on this trip. Raven jumped when sat down on her bed and pulled out a crude knife that Clarke had made and handed to her. Clarke tucked it inside the bag with the rest of her meager belongs.

"Listen, I'm rooting for you. We all know this needs to work. I'll keep our people under control while
you're gone. Do me a favor and please come back in one piece. But, before you go I rigged up a radio to take with you, just in case."

Clarke gave her a hesitant smile. "Thanks that will come in handy. I'll do my best."

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The male beta that bravely volunteered was Finn, to Clarke's frustration. That they had history, and Raven said it was okay even though their relationship was over, it still didn't feel right.

"Finn, I want you to stay quiet. Don't do anything suspicious. Keep your hands visible and well you know, your a beta. Just do your thing and stay out of the way."

"Thanks, Finn for putting your life on the line for your people," Finn said mockingly. He had his hands loop around the straps on the bag he carried on his back. It was a typical beta stance that let him puff up his chest trying to show a bit of dominance.

"Be mad all you want, but it's for your own good. You did volunteer."

Finn released his hands and backed down. "No problem. I'll do what you say." He was just happy to be included and to be with Clarke.

A decision Clarke made a day and a half ago and if this doesn't work, that day will have sealed their fate. When she let Lincoln know that she would agree to meet with his leader on her conditions he suggested they move out well before first light. By the time on her watch is just after two. Clarke figured Lincoln wanted to spend the evening with Octavia and show her the wonders of the forest and his world, now that he knew all of this was the first time for her. They wouldn't be able to linger long, just quietly pass by the luminescent flowers and glowing insects. Clarke found it romantic until he hushed her again told them they were to walk in single file, not to speak and move without noise. They traveled in silence as Clarke followed behind Octavia, with Lincoln in the lead and Finn taking up the rear.

Clarke went over in her head of what she wanted to say to the ruler of this land, this Heda Leksa. She assumed Lincoln told his leader everything she said about the Ark. A rookie mistake. Now just needed to explain it further. She took her role seriously and reckoned she’d just start by saying how sorry they were, for coming down to Earth, the way they did, and they didn't know people were still alive. Clarke waited to let those words run in her head a couple of times, finally agreeing with herself, that didn't sound right. It would seem like that were invaders, taking over an empty and pristine world. Which, if she were Trikru, she would feel the same way.

Okay, she tossed that one out. Another thought came to her head more in the line of being an equal. Saying, Woman to Woman, we strive to survive with many different challenges, and by fate, we find ourselves in your beautiful country and pray for a reprieve. It was to the point but perhaps a little too antiquated. A really stupid thought came to her mind and one that surely get her killed. Maybe from the lack of sleep and terror, she thought what if were to go to her knees and plea, Oh mighty Heda, leader to the twelve clans of thousands of warriors, please don't kill us. We are at your mercy. Clarke knew she should take this more seriously, but since landing on Earth and scrapping out a bit of life from a completely unknown world scared her. Clarke knew she was making all of this up as she went along. Getting angry at not having the experience to deal with all of that was thrown in her lap. She was alone without her family, her best friend dead and maybe would never see her mother again. Joking was a way to release herself from the absurd. Clarke couldn't help but chuckle at a bit and cleared her throat when Lincoln stopped and gave her look. She zipped her mouth shut, and he shook his head at her.
They traveled some distance in the dark. Silently moving, stepping where Lincoln said to step until he went still, and waiting for him to continue. Then he pulled Octavia to the ground with Clarke and Finn joining them. Clarke crawled to his position and looked in the direction he was focused. Clarke whispered, "What's goin'..." His hand covered Clarke's mouth to silence her. He started back the way they came, and they followed his lead. When Lincoln moved them away, he kept them close to the ground and found a broken side of an old bridge to hide beneath. Telling them to wait and he would return, taking Octavia with him.

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Clarke didn't know why she assumed they would be back in a few minutes and it was going on at least a half an hour. It gave her time to wonder, how they ended up in this spot at this moment lost in a forest somewhere, miles from the dropship.

Looking around she noticed much of the old bridge was gone, but at one time it was completely whole. Clarke first thought this bridge would be over water but in front was just more forest. Ah, a walking bridge. Clarke shut her eyes and imagined what that might have been like when it was whole. Was this bridge in a park somewhere? She had seen pictures. When her back went against the cold stone, it tried to wake old forgotten memories lost to time. She could envision a time long past when this bridge was reformed and joined on the elevated side away from her and taking a curious wanderer along a tree-lined path.

Finn walked to the opening and peered out. The sky was still inky black. "Pretty night for a stroll, don't ya think?" Clarke couldn't fault him for trying to clear the air. Maybe at some other time before all of this, they might have walked in a park and crossed this old bridge like this together.

She watched his silhouette for a moment. "I guess." She stood up and dusted her pants off, moving to stand next to him and breathe in the clear air. "Yeah, it's pretty," indicating by the softness of her face as she gave him a friendly smile.

Finn clasped his hands behind his back. "So, what are you going to say to their leader?"

She didn't have a clue. "Beg for our lives, might be a good start. We don't have much leverage at the moment." Finn opened his mouth to respond, and Clarke grabbed his arm and pointed to the sky. "Check that out. A falling star."

"Make a wish, Princess." She shoved him with her shoulder and did. Silently praying for a miracle that just maybe a wish could save their lives. It was a mere minute later that Lincoln and Octavia returned and signaled to follow him again and made their way back to the path, to their destination.

"Do you mind letting us know what that was?"

"I am uncertain. They were not Trikru or reapers. Perhaps, others from another clan. I could not get close enough to see them. They moved quickly through the forest."

"I thought you all got along?" Clarke asked.

"Heda has a coalition, that does not mean there is no strife."

"Ohh," Clarke drawled, and her mind went into overdrive with this bit of knowledge. So, Heda has a quote, unquote a coalition. But they still are fighting? Does this woman want to seem more important than she is, maybe she just bullies people into what she wants and we are the next victims?

Clarke was getting angry the more she thought about what a fool she was in believing that this Heda was a great ruler. She was probably just a local leader, bossing around the new kid on the block.
Clarke knew of fear, of being afraid of dying. She saw her father sucked out into space. Fuck, she survived crashing to Earth, what could she do to her that hasn't already happened? Okay Heda, let me see what you got. Clarke was resolute not to be pushed around and maybe find a way to reason, logically with another woman trying to survive in an alpha run world. Another beta or omega woman she could handle.

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"You still snore," Leksa said atop her stallion.

"At least I sleep," Anya said.

Leksa could not argue Anya's point. Her nights grew restless whenever a new challenge came before her.

"Lincoln sent word they would be arriving midday." A rustle behind them and Leksa turned to see, Indra of Tondc approaching. A friend and another mentor. Indra preferred to keep both feet on the ground. A well-known secret that she was not fond of four-legged creatures. Turning her horse as Indra approached her. "Indra, it is an honor to see you today. I hope that you have enjoyed my Second's generosity."

"Yes, Heda. My people are grateful to be received by our clan so graciously."

Part of her training growing up was artfulness in language and practiced it when she was young with Indra. Leksa laughed and made her horse bowed his head, and she swung her leg over his head and slid to the ground and into her embrace. Indra clasped her arms. "I see you still do not sleep."

"Anya has a big mouth." She motioned to the Second behind her.

"No, I see it in your eyes, Heda."

"I am okay. How is Tondc?" Leksa smiled and moved them back to the treeline. Leksa's ploy was to talk to Indra alone. She decided to play a game with the omega and disguise herself as a beta warrior and have Indra meet the new leader from the sky as Heda. Let her speak freely and coax more information out of her. Then be firm and give no ground. If she retreats, then entice with time, before they told they must leave.

"Heda, I must speak freely, to start a meeting with trickery, fools only the foolish that think that this will work."

"Why not keep them off balance? Once I assess their vulnerability, then I strike."

"I thought this meeting is to negotiate a treaty, move them to land away from the mountain?"

"Yes, yes. Still, I want to observe Clarke from a different angle, to get the measure of this omega. See what she will do when met with a challenge."

"She's omega, and she's their leader? Okay. Yes, I see your point. I will be Heda for a day."

Leksa came up with this idea when she prepared herself to meet this woman from the sky. Her mind began to paint scenarios based on that fact these people were not of this land. It was beyond her understanding and needed a way to see how powerful or vulnerable they were.

Leksa pulled a hood over her head and mounted her horse and signaled to her men to give Indra a horse. Leksa coaxed her to ride today. She kicked her horse and moved to the right position facing
"I hope you know what you are doing, Heda," Anya said after seeing what Leksa had planned.

They went silent for a few long minutes until a soft whistle carried over the field, and the corresponding response echoed out.

Leksa's eyes searched the area and saw the tall presence of Lincoln just at the treeline as he walked into the open field. Behind him were three people walking in a line. One long dark haired women, possibly his new mate, a boy behind her and in the rear position was the light haired omega.

It was too far to see what the omega looked like, but as they drew closer, it was evident, Clarke was not ordinary or plain at all. Lincoln must be blind. The omega carried herself proudly, and her face was like sunshine and light. Her body was of a woman coming into her prime. She felt her face flush against the vision of sky woman.

"Well, that was unexpected," Anya said from behind Indra's back looking at a distracted Heda. Leksa sat straighter on her horse's back, and she may actually saw her shiver. "Leksa?" Anya whispered.

Leksa kicked her horse and pulled her hood off her head. As she passed Indra, she told her to stand down, and turned her horse to the side and came into the center position of her two mentors.

Indra chuckled and pulled her horse aside. "As you wish, Heda."

Watching them approaching from a distance it, let her mind make up stories of the being who fell to the Earth, who she would now meet for the first time. Her mind could not perceive what that could have possibly been like, and she could feel her vein in her neck start to throb with anticipation. She swallowed and calmed her heart down and took in a slow, measured breaths.

"You better stop staring and see to your guest, Heda." Indra was pleased with this development and was trying to be helpful as Leksa sought to resist the lure that soon she would be in the presence of an omega leader. Leksa was expecting someone she could easily subdue with words, but her mind focused on what she would smell like. Falling under a spell willingly and Leksa's mind could not help but think that it was not fair to be so beautiful and have to beg for your life. Then shook her head to rid it of his foolish thoughts.

Leksa didn't see the look that Indra gave Anya. They both just shooked their heads at her and wished her luck.

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Clarke muttered under breath to Finn, "Do you see them?"

"Yeah, they're bigger than I could have imagined." They were referring to the horses, and Clarke moved passed Finn and joined Lincoln in the lead to get a better look when he stopped her.

"Wait. Heda Leksa approaches."

A breeze stirred the leaves in front of them as the leading rider on the other side of the field tapped her horse's and slowly started to make its way towards where they waited. Clarke swallowed, and her eyes caught the face of their leader. If she was an omega or beta girl, she was like none she had seen before. With the wind blowing in their direction Clarke tipped her head back and sniffed the air to gauge her status and gasped realizing that she was neither. The woman was alpha, and she was letting her know. Clarke's mouth fell open in shock and inhaled a deeper breath of her.
On the Ark, alpha females were never allowed to be born. Taken when they were determined and never let to mature. And now before her riding proudly on her horse was one in the flesh. She had only read stories. Hidden in the library data banks on the Ark. She would occasionally find stories about alpha women of old Earth's past. Women who stood equal with alpha men. Clarke had no understanding of how they presented themselves. Would they be intense and cold as their counterparts? From the look of her, she was most fierce alpha Clarke had ever seen, and her eyes kept focused on her. Clarke was ready to deal with someone who she felt was an equal. Now she was unsure.

The woman dressed for battle, all in black and carrying weapons over her back. Even black war paint around her eyes. When she pulled her horse to a stop before them, Clarke bowed her head to acknowledge her presence. But she didn't have a clue about what she was doing; just some long forgotten instinct wanted to display submission before her. It made her blush at its intensity.

Leksa was astounded by the omega's behavior. Watching her for a few seconds and sniffed the air cursing its effort to keep the omega's scent away from her. She dismounted her horse and approached the group.

"Ai laik Heda Leksa kom Trikru." [I am Commander Lexa of the Tree Clan.] Her eyes are blue. Leksa hid her gasp when the air around her grew with the omega's complex aroma.

When Clarke heard her voice, she brought her head up and met querying green eyes staring back at her. The first words the woman said she didn't understand but did catch her name.

Clarke spoke up and said, "My name is Clarke Griffin," pausing then adding, "Of the Sky People." Helpfully by pointing up and let her eyes wander to the sky, coming back and finding the alpha had not stopped staring at her.

"Clarke kom Skaikru," Leksa repeated in her language. She smiled at the omega and saw a smile reflecting back from the girl. The air was still between them, and Clarke watched for some reaction, word or something from this woman, but she seemed to be in a trance. Clarke made a motion to speak, and before she could utter a word, shouts came from her mounted men near the camp, and they charged for them. Leksa gathered the frighten omega and pulled her near her horse, shielding her from the oncoming rampage.

She called out for Anya as she and Indra got to their to location. "Hosas." [Riders] Anya pointed to her right of the field and group of Trikru warriors from Indra village came from the forest, carrying Indra's banner. Angry shouts caused Leksa's betas to form a boundary between her and Clarke’s people.

Indra broke free sending her horse in a smooth gallop, surprising Leksa with her swiftness and watched as she moved quickly to her men, dismounting her horse and began speaking with her warriors.

Clarke stood between the horse and Leksa. The alpha didn't touch her, just motion for her stand still. The horse gave her a once over and blew out a snort at her, then sniffed. He shook his head and turned back around. That was rude. Clarke took a whiff of herself, but what she inhaled wasn't herself, it was the alpha. Nothing like she had experienced before. Heda smelled like warmth and something more hidden under her leather clothes it was almost like a gentleness of a strong woman letting her know she was safe. Clarke shook her head. It was a conflicting memory of what she knew about alpha males. Never would they make her feel safe. She sucked in a breath through clenched teeth, realizing how exciting her smell made her feel. One thing she did notice, the alpha didn't exude was domination for the moment. Clarke didn't have a memory of this smell before coming from another woman, but whatever she was inhaling, made her body come alive.
The mounted warrior woman she spoke with before returned and Leksa called up to her, "Chit dom kom au?" [What happened?]

Anya yelled out as she led her horse in a circle, "A Skaifaya fayogun kos a faya Indra's stegeda." Clarke shook her head wanting to understand, and Leksa quickly translated. "A weapon of fire caused damage at Indra's village."

Clarke looked at Finn. "The shooting star this morning." The alpha tilted her head in question. "We saw that this morning. It was bright, but we thought it was falling star. A meteorite."

"I do not understand this meteorite, is it a weapon?"

Clarke smiled. "No, it's like this." A chance to be helpful, and show the alpha they could be of some use. She looked on the ground and found a small rock. "Okay, picture you're in outer space where there is nothing but a vacuum, no air to breathe and in the space are these rocks." She held up the rock. "But, they are way bigger than this little guy. Then it passes too close to the earth, and it falls on the Earth. We always called them shooting stars. But, they're just rocks, not like this one, much larger, but similar," and she tossed the rock to the ground. When Clarke stopped rambling she saw the confused looks on both women's faces, she felt like an idiot. Why did I think they could understand what the hell I just said or treat them like they are fools?

Anya thought that the omega might be crazy and gave a sympathetic look at Clarke and amused smile at Heda. Leksa gave Anya a warning glare and said, "That is interesting, but forgive me I do not understand."

"That's okay. From what your Second..." Pausing to be introduced.

"Anya."

"Yeah, your Second Anya said, if it came from the sky, chances are it was just a large meteorite. A really big rock."

Anya spoke to Clarke's language. "It did not come from the sky, omega. It came from your metal ship."

_Oh shit._ "That can't be possible. We don't have any weapons." Clarke slammed her mouth shut.

The omega seemed confused and uncertain to Leksa. She wanted to give her space to feel safe and gave instructions to her warriors. "Lid in emo bak to trap. Gifa in emo dina." [Bring them back to camp. Give them food.] Just like that, Leksa was on her horse and kicking into a gallop and leaving them with her men all around them.

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Clarke rested her head on her hand as she leaned her elbow on the crude table they were sitting. They had been waiting over an hour by the time on her watch, and their leader hadn't returned. The gave them food and drinks, and this was nothing like she had tasted before. Bread, meat, and fruit for the first time. Eating something that came from the ground. And the fermented drink was a welcome refreshment and a surprise. From inside of the open encampment they waited, it showed that this place organized. It seems ready for battle but still held a quiet air of comfort. A few of the beta and alpha women warriors eyed Finn, and he gave them a friendly smile. They complete ignored her.

"I think that the redhead likes you," Clarke whispered.

"Great," Finn drawled.
"You could do worse." Clarke meant that.

"I've had better." Finn gave her a knowing look raising his eyebrows. She shook her head at him, stamping out any hope he may have entertained. It may have been mean, but he should have known not to go there again. It made her anger with him flare up again.

"Maybe you can strike another thing off your list and have sex with a person born on Earth." She turned away from him and saw their leader standing at the entrance of the camp. From the look on her face, she was unclear of what to make of the sudden change in her demeanor.

"Lid in em hir." [Bring her here.] Leksa moved to the back of the open camp. Clarke just now noticed that behind the wall of trees was another tent. Not easy to see.

A warrior pulled her up and motioned for her to follow her. Finn tried to come with them, but hand on Finn's shoulder kept him in place. It was the woman warrior from before. He could only smile and look at Clarke's retreating form.

The warrior left her at the entrance and let her pass unrestricted to the inside the tent, and she looked around. There was a map on one wall, and she tried to get a thoughtful look at it, without being noticed. Leksa's back was facing her and poured out a liquid into a mug. Leksa drank down the cup and refilled it, then a second and turned around to give the mug to Clarke.

"My Second thinks that you are crazy. Are you?"

"Am I what?" Clarke blew out a frustrated breath. "Listen, I'm not crazy. Maybe frighten and nervous. All of this is new to us, to me." Clarke set the mug down next to her.

"What you said before, it was not a rock from the sky. We know of these things also. The angle was too short to be from there." Leksa looked at the roof of the tent and Clarke followed her eyes then down to her face, and she could see her point.

"I just guessed from what I have read. When you're in space, things just don't have the same perspective."

"In space?"

"Can I sit?" Leksa motion to a chair and Clarke sat as she moved to stand near Anya's map.

"I'm not sure of your culture and what came after the world was destroyed, or almost destroyed around a hundred years ago. But, when things were modern, our people were living in space on what they called space stations. They're still there, and it's dying. That's why we came down here now, to see if the air was safe for everyone. We didn't know anyone survived down here."

"The world was not completely destroyed, Clarke. Many thousands of people remained."

"I heard, you have a coalition of twelve clans, right?"

"Lincoln speaks of this to you?"

"I didn't mean to get him in trouble, but yeah. I think he wanted us to be afraid of you."

"Are you afraid, Clarke?"

"You're kidding? Of course, we are. I think that if I could start..."

A call from outside of her tent. "Hofi osa komba raun, Heda?" [May we come in, Heda?]
Leksa responded, "Sha." [Yes.] When Anya and Indra entered they order them to speak Gonaslang [English] in Clarke’s presence.

Clarke grew bold, now that she's showing her a little respect and the women turned and eyed her when she asked, "What does Heda mean."

Leksa looked at her Second for help. Anya motion for her to answer. Leksa said, "It means Commander."

Clarke repeated her title. "Commander."

"Excuse me, Clarke." Leksa approached her mentors and moved to the corner of the tent speaking quietly and occasionally looking over her shoulder at her. Clarke tried to show disinterest. But it was killing her to be left out of the conversation.

"You are sweating Heda." She was, ever since she laid eyes on the omega her body grew awake. She had not felt this alive since Costia. It felt like a betrayal.

"The pull is powerful with her." Leksa had to admit. The reason she waited to return to Anya’s camp to talk with her. Let her mind clear of her scent and see to her people's needs.

"She may be coming into heat," Indra said.

Leksa needed to take her mind off what her body knew was correct, the moment she sniffed the omega for the first time. "What of your village, Indra?"

"As you know we lost seven, two were children in the fire. It will take some time to rebuild, and we need strong men and women to assist."

"Anya, please see to that. You think that this was a weapon of fire Indra?"

"Yes, we found no rock, as the omega indicated. From what items that we recovered the object was made of metal and shattered when it hit the ground near the village and burned its way destroying much before it could be put out. Some of the fire overcame the people who died. My warriors seized the metal as proof."

"Good. I would like to examine it later. Did anyone see what direction it came?"

"It came from the metal ship, Heda," Indra said, and Leksa's heart fell.

Clarke overheard this part and said, "That's impossible."

They all looked to her direction. Indra moved towards the omega and Leksa held her back with an outstretched arm. "Let her explain."

Clarke stood shocked. Heda’s warrior wanted to hurt her and she back away until her ass hit the edge of a table causing the wood to grate against the hard surface it butted. Clarke's mind started to put two and two together and then turned around. The alphas stood behind her as she pulled out her map she kept in her rucksack and spread it out. Clarke placed an old book on one corner and strange carved object on the other.

"See here." Clarke motion to a circle that Lincoln had indicated at where the dropship was on the map. "Our ship came down in this area. Now can you point out to where your..." Looking towards Leksa for the warrior's name.
"Indra."

"Yes, thank you. Where is Indra's village?" Leksa poured over the map and found where it was located and placed her finger on the spot.

"What does this prove?" Anya asked.

"How in the world would we know where any of you live? My friends and I have traveled the furthest to your camp today since we've landed on Earth, and still, we didn't see anything but broken down ruins of the old world. We don't have any weapons, and I mean seriously, we thought that we were nearer to the mountain and since arriving here. I just found out that they have people living inside that mountain and they have been sending out the acid of death, killing our people as well as yours. We are just as vulnerable as you, probably even more so because we are closer to them." Clarke knew she was rambling and finally stopped talking.

Leksa smiled behind each of her mentor's backs and was proud of the omega coming to a very reasonable conclusion under a complicated and tense situation. Proving even to Anya that the omega was not crazy. Just scared.

Clarke's thoughts grew bolder and said, "If it isn't obvious to you by now. Why would I be here trying to negotiate a peace treaty, just to turn around and hurt your people? That's insane." She knew there was something else. "Oh, while we were on our way here, Lincoln spotted people in the forest and made us stop and hide. He said they were not your twelve clans or ripas." Adding after a second, "It wasn't our people either."

Leksa mind went dark and growled, and her mentors joined her. "So, if it did not come from the metal ship of the Skaikru. It must be from the mountain." Looking towards Clarke and gave her a tense smile. "I am not sure who Lincoln saw. Anya, please questioned him further."

"Yes, Heda."

Indra cursed under breath, "Jokas." [Fuckers.] Then gave Clarke an apologetic smile.

Clarke let out a breath of relief. Leksa responded in kind, stilling her heart against the thumping inside of her chest. She liked the omega and how her mind worked. She ushered her mentors to one side.

"I suppose this is a relief for you, Heda. What of this sky girl now?" Anya asked.

"I find comfort that this woman seems to be someone we can trust. Time will tell. I will see to her, and send her back to her camp when it is safe for her to travel. Then plan for a time we shall speak with them again. I must see in restoring your people, Indra. The time has come that I answer the mountain's incursion. I have avoided this problem long enough."

"Yes, Heda. We will rebuild. Perhaps bringing another group into your coalition will give us the numbers we need to eliminate the mountain men once and for all times. Maybe it is wise to see to this young omega and talk to her and lure her to our side."

It seemed like her mentors were pushing her to pursue the woman now that they found she was no threat. She resisted. The obligation of her station was pleading with her to attack the mountain. It gave her time to think and took her mind off of the omega woman who she could feel was more than she could handle for the moment and having her mentors with her gave her the breathing room she needed.

"Say," Clarke called over to them, and they all turned around to face her. "Can we start our
negotiation?" This question directly pointed to Leksa, and she swallowed hard against the intensity of her searching blue eyes.

Leksa turned back to them, and they both were wearing smiles on their faces. Indra gave the omega one last look and then to Leksa. Indra held a question in her eyes, but they left her standing there, with her back still to the omega when she turned the woman was not two feet in front of her. That she was able to edge closer to her, slightly wavered her and moved away from her lure.

Going to the far side of the tent Leksa tried to take her breaths from her mouth and avoid her scent, the omega was pumping out. It was stronger now and thought that Clarke might be unaware of how she was affecting her. Then she felt a throb in her clit, and she started to feel the beginnings of it extending and turned around to get herself under control. A hand on her back and Leksa moved away again.

"What is wrong with you?" Clarke wasn't expecting this reaction. She seemed timid, almost shy. How in the world did she ever become their leader?

"It is not me it is you. You are coming into heat. Surely you can sense?"

"My what?" Clarke blinked and when her body relaxed she felt a warmth between her legs. Holy shit, not now. She was right. Her heat couldn't have come a worst time. Another thing she can thank her mother. Maybe it wasn't her fault. Nearly an adult, she should have kept better track.

She's been in heat before, and it was torture. Stuck alone in her room horny as hell. Masturbating herself to sleep and at the end of the third day, it would recede. She fooled around one time when she snuck a friend in with her when she was in heat, it was a beta girl, but they never got as far as just kissing and rubbing their sweat coated bodies over each other. The beta said she would do that but nothing else. It kept her satisfied enough, but she always knew she wanted more.

"I can not let you leave," Leksa said.

"Why the hell not?"

"You are a leader to your people, and you could find yourself unprotected against others who might take you," Leksa paused. "Pardon. Surely you understand the danger of an omega in heat."

She damned well knew. Frightening stories of what could happen to an unmated omega alone, another thing she found in the Ark library database. Restricted reading and quickly closing out the file when she began to read horrible stories of unfortunate omega girls alone unprotected in their heats. "I get what you're saying." She could feel the heat coming stronger as her face began to flush. Damn it. Clarke loved being an omega, but the downside of wanting something and unable to have it fulfilled. "So, where do you want me to stay?"

"You can rest back here." Leksa led Clarke back to her Second's quarters. A warm bath was waiting for her, and she looked longingly at the room at the far side to the steam rising from the basin.

"Hey, wait a minute. If you've got some idea about..."

"Please, no Clarke. The bath was for me. I promise. I thought our negotiations would have been over and my people would have led you back to your home by now, it only seemed reasonable to have you wait here. Get more comfortable and wait out your heat here."

"You're pretty slick for a grounder."

Leksa huffed, "What is grounder?"
"We're Sky people." Clarke pointed to the roof. "And you're from here." Casting her eyes towards the ground.

"Please, we are Trikru." Leksa seemed a little offended at the name.

Clarke gave her an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, yes. Trikru. So if you'd like to take your bath, I could wait outside in the other tent."

"Ah, no. Please. I insist you can use it and will give you your privacy and make you more comfortable when you..." Shaking her head with the words that caught on her tongue, she could not let pass. "I will have my attendants see to your needs, and you will not be disturbed. I will send word back to your clan and let them know your people know that you are safe and will return when..." Motioning to Clarke. Clarke nodded her head.

"Wait," Clarke called out when the alpha headed to the door and Clarke ran to catch up to her and grabbed her by the arm. Leksa shivered and politely lifted her hand off of her. "How about if I stay on the other side of the room so we can talk?"

Leksa wanted any time with the woman, part of her mind thought that it would not be right, the other, however. She was Heda, and surely for a little time she could take care of her guest properly and put aside what her body wanted and learn more about these strangers for the sky. "I would like that. Please get comfortable, and I will return in say when this candle is at this mark." Leksa pointed to the burning candle, and sure enough, lines marked the candle that must signify an hour.

"Okay, but I've got a watch." Clarke held up her arm and pointed to her wrist. "See it tells me the time."

Leksa held her arms around her back and bent over to looked at the watch and then to her blue eyes. "What time is it, Clarke?"

Those green eyes, surrounded by black held behind them something much, much more Clarke wanted to explore. An alpha woman in the flesh was nothing she could have imagined. Obviously strong and beautiful and her scent. Clarke wondered if this woman knew that she couldn't put a name on what it made her feel.

Clarke cleared her throat and checked the time. "It's two thirty-six in the afternoon."

Leksa smiled and stood upright. "Two thirty-six in the afternoon. What does that mean to you, Clarke?"

Clarke tutted and lifted an eyebrow and licked her lips. "Hmm, okay. I'd have to say that it's just the position of the sun in the sky that tells you how many hours are left in the day before it sets." Gotcha.

"Hmm, that is a good thing to know Clarke," Leksa said with a smile. So I will return at three thirty-six."

Leksa quickly passed between the covering to the door leaving Clarke in the middle of the room alone.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Anya grew impatient waiting for Leksa outside of her quarters. Her duty was to escort her to the Tower of Polis. When finally she stepped out into the afternoon sun. It took her breath away. Leksa had one hand on the hilt of her sword, the other by her side. Anya took a long look taking in the fresh leathers Leksa was wearing and gave the alpha an admiring gaze and nodded her head in approval. This moment now in her grasp came from the culmination of years of work with many warriors before her. The complete but still rough package of a seventeen-year-old, Leksa kom Trikru.

However, with much more yet to learn. Smart, trustworthy and brave in combat. This day she would meet with Heda Ainia alone to judge her intelligence. She would be one of the two only remaining warriors that survived each challenge that tested all of their abilities in the past seven years.

The call for her presence in the high Tower of Polis rattled the alpha. Now a proud, accomplished warrior who had shown her skill in battle once more. Leksa was sure it was to thank her for her part in the last campaign, but her mentor was silent as to the reason, and they took a lift to the highest part of the building where Heda resided.

Anya slammed the aged creaking doors shut after they stepped through the metal opening. Promptly, Trikru men began turning a large crank, and they began to move upward.

"It's always rough the first time rising with the air beneath your feet. If I have time, I always take the stairs," Anya said.

"Hmm," Leksa grunted. It did not bother her being in this contraption. Another bit of the past she kept stored away. Leksa kept a list of objects she had found when she was on her own. Then made rough stretches and if it had a name she wrote it down to keep a record of all she had witnessed. Leksa made sure to examine the walls, and these were blank and unmarked by vandals.

The lift creaked with a groan and settled as they reached the top floor and Anya motion to Leksa to grab the handle and to pull her side open.

"I am surprised that time has not welded these shut. Do the men keep the parts oiled?"

"Anya gave her look. "Always with your questions. Maybe after today, if it bothers you so much, you can ask them yourself." She pushed her out of the cage and walked her to the large door to the Great Hall. When they approached, it was as if they were waiting for them. One of her fellow initiates was now a trusted guard gave her slight nod as they opened large doors and moved inside stepping on the faded red carpet that led to raised dais. Anya stopped and let Leksa pass and stood before their leader and then went on one knee, bowing her head.

Heda Ainia was seated on her throne with her advisors to the left of her chair and on the right a middle-aged woman, her life partner, Alissa kom Trikru-Azgeda, the littermate of Queen Nia of the Ice Nation, a most dangerous and bitter rival of their clan.

Heda Ainia's voice rang strong and echoed through the room, "Rise young alpha."

Leksa did so to her full height. Her body now almost filled out. Heda Ainia gathered her spouse's hand to her lips and kissed her the back of her hand and beg for her to leave as well as the men
behind her. As Heda's wife passed by Leksa, she touched her arm holding it for a moment and looked at her with tired but discerning brown eyes and nodding her head. As Alissa left the hall, the power of the omega's touch lingered. There was weight behind the gesture that shook Leksa to her core.

Heda Ainia rose unsteadily to her feet and stepped carefully down from her dais and approached Leksa. Holding her arm out, not ashamed to have support from another alpha woman. Heda was a few inches taller than Leksa. A proud face held with one jagged scar, split through one eyebrow, sparing her brilliant clear blue eyes fading into her cheek. Her dark brown and gray hair, cut short and combed to the side and only going to her shoulders. Shaved on one side with a faded tattoo of a tree. Its limbs, bending towards the ground becoming the roots.

"Please, if you will." She guided Leksa around her throne to the open windows to a balcony that held manifest over the city of Polis. "Anya speaks highly of your accomplishments. She thinks that you are the one she seeks." She paused to take in Leksa's full measure. "Do you believe that you are the one?"

Leksa shook her head. "I do not, Heda. If I may continue, I beg you to understand. My teacher may believe in this legend and wish for it to be true, that does not make it so."

Ainia raised her unbroken eyebrow. "What if I were to tell you, I believe in this legend?"

Leksa nodded her head in reverence. "I would respect your belief, Heda Ainia."

"You speak as a diplomat." Ainia moved to sit on a small cushioned bench near the wall and away from the afternoon sun. "That you are not afraid to speak your mind and when you do it is with care is reassuring. Leksa, tell me, how would you lead our people?"

Leksa's eyes grew bright and as looked out over the city. She did have ideas. Something deep in her strove to end the bitterness and fighting among the remaining people of their world. They all had heard the stories of the time before when there was peace. Tales that was handed down elder to child that sounded unbelievable. But, Leksa had witnessed what was before. Coming across old broken buildings, covered in vines and time. Even the Tower of Polis where she stood, made by hands of their ancestors. At the time they were built, surely there was peace.

Doubt still flooded her mind with her knowledge of what she knew of this world and its violence. It did not allow her to believe in the legend of peace was possible even if Anya, who she highly regarded thought it to be so. The world had gone dark, and evidently, the alpha woman had failed again if she ever lived. If Leksa were to accept this belief, it might mean an early death for her. Like every alpha woman who tried before. Leksa caught between what she desired for peace, with what could be her end. Leksa turned to Heda and said, "My purpose would be to save as many of your people I could. Maybe others would want to join us. It might bring lasting peace, and would give our people time to recover from the darkness upon us."

Heda Ainia closed her eyes as she listened to her words. Maybe it was too much say, too lofty of an idea, from someone as young as she was. Heda reigned over their people for the past twenty years and was not able to unite the clans. Seeing her now, weary, broken down and not dying in battle, but falling ill to a sickness. She wondered if it had been worth it.

Heda opened her eyes, as she finished watching Leksa speak, for a few moments. "Behind your eyes, I feel you are thinking."

Leksa smiled. "Anya tells me the same thing. She says, my face is so simple to understand. I am an easy mark when it comes to her silly games."
"That is not what I meant, Leksa. But, yes you do look young, I feel more lays beneath. You have a story that you have not even shared with Anya."

Leksa looked away. It was though she read mind and heart. What she had done as a child, seeking vengeance against those who killed her family, she had hoped to take to her grave.

"I have only one story I have not told my mentor, you are correct."

Heda's scent subtly changed. It was not even as strong as Anya's, but she knew what Heda was asking her.

"You know of the death of my family before I came to Polis when I was no more than nine years old?" Heda nodded her head. "I could not let it go." Leksa turned and looked out over Polis, closing her eyes and tried to picture the faces of her family. Faded and only when she dreamed could she recall.

"You slew their killers?"

"I did." Pausing to confess what she had done in grief and anger. "As they slept." Leksa took in a breath. She did not mourn for the men she killed. She grieved only for her family.

"Oh, Leksa. I understand. I was seven when I took my first life to save my kin."

Leksa turned and nodded her head in understanding. Relief that what she had kept buried in her heart, she was finally able to speak it out loud and share with another.

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As she grew tired, Heda begged her to stay a moment longer to tell her this, "There is a burden on one who leads a nation, Leksa. Before and when I became Heda, I fought and loved hard with my whole body. I earned this scar on my face from Queen Nia, when I fell in love with Alissa and brought her back to Polis to be my wife. The Queen also injured my Alissa, and she could not bear us children, to our sorrow. A grief between us we pushed away, understanding that through all of that we survived and shared a life together. Life was much more challenging than it is today. Except with my damn illness." She coughed, and Leksa understood; she knew of Heda's irony, yes things were better now, not great.

"Our history that was passed down to me and taken from the text of old. One passage that has always stood out from the legend, of the one."

Not all warriors can cry because they are forced to push down what is to be a mortal and to take lives and make the harder choices to bring peace to the world.

"The woman sought solitude in her quest and still never achieved lasting harmony. In each new generation, that duty placed on the shoulders of the new alpha, and she keeps her tears away as well as love. That is a heavy burden, Leksa, I felt my entire life. I did try but was not successful to my joy and my love for Alissa. My young alpha, do not be afraid to find love if you are the one. It makes all that we do have meaning. It may be the missing peace."

Leksa caught the mistake in wordage Heda used. She knew she meant piece. Then after thinking about her words again, maybe Heda did not misspeak, the words became interchangeable in her mind. Leksa pondered on all she said to her and made a record of her conversation with Heda, in her leather bound journal when she returned to her quarters.

Her words echoed in her mind long after the moment passed. That Heda Ainia lingered in her illness
spoke to her desire that their clan would not fall into chaos and a few months later after Leksa defeated the last student in hand to hand combat. Grabbing Lajara, the only other remaining warrior, in a hold she could not escape and signaled she gave up, Leksa became her heir by title, Heda Ainia's Second. Ainia could die in peace knowing her beloved Trikru Clan was in her hands to care over. Leksa's heart broke, but the burden of her station did not let her cry.

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Clarke watched the woman leave and tapped her fingers on her leg, looking around the room in frustration. Only hours ago she was free to move around outside, and breathe in the fresh air, and now she was stuck in here. It wasn't bad it's just that despite Leksa absence her scent lingered. Clarke stood still for a moment closing her eyes and inhale her aroma that remained. It was like a drug. It made her want some elusive thing. She shooked her head to try and clear her thoughts and moved around the room, and at the far corner, she spied an alcove lit up with candles. It drew her into the small chamber that held a large tub. The lure was too tempting, and she dipped her fingers into the water. It was warm, almost hot.

"Oh my god, how is this possible?" Clarke spoke out to no one and quickly stripped out of her clothes tossing them carelessly to the ground and stepped carefully inside and moaned as she slid down until she was completely under the water. She held her breath for a few moments, and let the water still, keeping her eyes closed. No sound, no responsibilities. Only quiet and warmth around her body. It felt nice to float for awhile until she could longer hold her breath and let her face rise to the surface and sat up with a gasp taking in a breath of the alpha scent again that still lingered. She couldn't help but let out a groan of pleasure and let her smell permeate her mind until she realized what she doing and stopped. "Shit. Just focus on taking a bath." Clarke slid backward and dunked her head again to drench her dirty hair thoroughly and looked around for anything she could use that would soap up. Lining the wall, besides a few candles was an assortment of bottles of liquid. Clarke laughed. "Okay, not only people fucking survived, some live pretty damn good." The first bottle Clarke winced at its sharp smell. Nope. The second was okay, but the third bottle was half-full and perfect. Warm and spicy, the color was amber and foamed up when she put it in her hair.

"Okay, Griffin. You can scratch this off of your list of things to do before you die; bathe in hot water." She didn't consider it would include all these wonderful scents and with a beautiful alpha waiting to see her in an hour..." Clarke stopped, letting her words trail off. Coming into heat because like a dope she forgot how close she was, and it began to piss her off. So much was at stake and she would be trapped here for the next few days.

Laying on the edge of the basin was a reasonably clean cloth. Clarke tested the second bottle of liquid, and it soaped up like the first and used it to clean her body. The water wouldn't stay clean long with the dirt her body collected over the past days. Whatever, she was grateful to be clean again. When she finished, she laid back against the slope of the tub and thought of the alpha. Heda Leksa. Clarke let her name roll around in her mouth. "I wonder if it short for some other name." And she made a mental note to ask her later. There would be later, like minutes from now. She was at the waxing point of her cycle and wasn't in a full heat yet. But, her gut was telling her that the alpha was arousing her. When she first saw Heda, she wasn't expecting their leader to affect her and then finding out she's alpha, and a beautiful woman at that and now who's waiting for her could get interesting.

For Clarke, her body would become all want. But, her rational mind wandered into a dangerous plan. If she likes me, then maybe I can negotiate a way to save all of our lives.

Clarke tried to picture her face again. The green of her questioning eyes and those lips speaking out
hesitantly in her language. That was thoughtful when she told her friends to talk so I could understand. She commands with respect. She threw out the plan on seducing Leksa. It didn't feel right. Clarke didn't know why, but a thought of just going with the flow and not negotiate with tricks her made her feel better about her situation.

Clarke worried her lower lip. Leksa was beautiful. In all of that leather, the way it hugged her ass. 'Fuck. Stop it, Griffin. You don't want to tempt her, but I sure would like see whats under her clothes. Clarke's hand drifted between her legs and lightly ran her fingers through her dark blond curls dipping lower to scissor over her clit. When she got like this, it was easy to let her imagination run wild. It's all she ever really had. Being alone for days and fucking herself into a stupor. This time she had more to play with and thought of the woman alpha.

What a strange, beautiful creature this Heda Leksa is. Wondering what Heda's tongue would feel like and her long fingers inside of her and moved her fingers to the rest just at her entrance. Her mind drifted until she pictured the alpha surging over her; taking her cock deep inside, knotting her and taking her bite. Clarke moved her fingers faster over her clit, even in the water she could tell her clit had started to swell. She pulled back the hood and rubbed harder against it, raising her hips out of the water so the cool air would touch her sensitive skin as continued to stroke firmer over her clit. Her climax rose quickly and just as she peaked a noise from outside startled her and she fell back into the tub and crouched down thinking the alpha would catch her in the act of self-pleasuring. For the moment it made her clit throb harder in anticipation. Holding her breath and waited and nothing happened. It caused her to shiver and sat up in the basin with a splash.

"Wait, what am I thinking?" That she wouldn't mind if the alpha came in here? Clarke closed her eyes again and drifted to her face her long hair. I wonder what she looks like without... Clarke left what she was thinking unsaid, but her omega mind was finding all kinds of interesting scenarios and positions that involved the alpha woman. Clarke shook her head trying to get herself back under control. Why even go down this road. Her duty was to her people and negotiate and way out of their dilemma. Not to fall for the first alpha that crossed her path. Still, she laid back down and let her hand wander and try and soothe her aching sex.

Clarke stayed in the water until it grew lukewarm and when she stepped out the room it was still comfortable. She thought she would be shivering and found a towel to dry off and coming back to the main room on the bed, and clothes were laid out. A reasonably clean shirt that fell past her thighs and even a comb for her hair. That was considerate. What she thought in the beginning about the grounders, not Trikru people that would be savages because of what happened to Jasper, how she blamed them at first. It was a stupid and hateful thing to think. Now, she's finding that they are quite enlightened.

"Thanks for the clothes," Clarke called and began to comb out her hair.

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Leksa saw to what she thought the omega needed then requested a bucket of hot water and privacy to clean up. The next few days would be interesting. Beta guards were outside her tent standing guard, and no one dared enter. And of course, this place was surrounded by her people.

She cleaned her face and combed out her braids. They sometimes gave her a headache and felt relief to be free of them. She did, however, hold back her long hair that fell past the middle of her back with a piece of leather wrapped around the length of it, keeping it from getting in her way.

Clarke was not anything she was expecting. The evidence was between her legs giving away her betraying body. When she grew hard, she could not help put out her scent in response to Clarke's heat; she had no control over her reaction. The omega scent overpowered her senses. Leksa knew
that an omega in heat the surrounding area would grow restless for a partner. It was a dangerous time, and betas were called on heavily to guard their camp.

The short time she lived with Costia, they prepared for her heat, and they needed to be separated, and never experience Costia's omega heat together to avoid pregnancies. Leksa had planned for days, to be away from everyone and join with Costia the first time together in her heat and she would take her as a mate. Their desire to have a litter grew between them.

It was never to be.

Now here is a living breathing omega in heat that, wants to talk not twenty feet from where she stood. Leksa rid herself of the heavy leather protection covering her upper body and changed into some more comfortable clothing and pulled a longer top that fell past her groin, just nearly covering the swell in her pants. Any longer and it would look like a maiden. The hour quickly passed as she waited. Groaning and staying still praying she would go soft. Trying to take her mind off Clarke, with the not so plain and ordinary face. Leksa cursed Lincoln's name and put her head back to count the creases in the tent covering. Nothing could have prepared her for Clarke. Before when she tried to picture her face, and her mind just conjured up a woman she may have noticed before that had blond hair. Clarke was not like anyone she had seen previously. Her body was not of a child but a woman. Full breasts and having a soft, smooth face. Her eyes are what caught her attention when the first penetrated past the wall she kept up around her heart. It had protected her against anything that might break it and turn the rest of it to dust after Costia died.

'No, stop your simple mind. Leksa shut her eyes and to trying and clear her head once more. She would take care of Clarke's needs, and they would become... She let the thought linger. She hesitated to put a relationship on Clarke before they even begun their negotiations. She's a stranger; they invaded your land. Remember your duty is to your people. She did spare more thoughts to the mountain and what to do with this growing problem.

Checking the candle, she had a few more minutes to give Clarke the hour she promised and tried to think of mundane things besides the omega in heat on the other side of the door. Leksa had to admit, ever since she heard her name and of her existence, it was all she could think about; she did not want to take her mind off of Clarke. Leksa stood and adjusted her clothes and cleared her throat and she passed through the door.

Clarke was gone, and she panicked. Moving quickly across the room and just as she got the hidden door, it opened, and Clarke ran into her body. The omega gasped and pushed back against her body with both hands and looked up into her surprised green eyes. They stood still for a moment, and it was Leksa who had to pull back from her. Clarke froze in place.

Leksa gazed down at what she was wearing. Trying to show she was pleased that it fit her frame not to frighten the omega. "I am glad that I had something you could change into that was more comfortable for the next few days. Clarke finally moved and rushed pass Leksa, returning to the room.

When Clarke ran into the alpha, her body felt the hardness hidden beneath her clothing, it was unexpected and kicked up her arousal even further. She needed to avoid touching and smelling her because caught in a room with this alpha was weakening her resolve, and she needed to work out their treaty before she lost all control.

"I said we could talk, is it okay if I do it from up here?" Clarke pointed to the bed, and all the air escaped Leksa's lungs. Thinking of when the omega is gone her scent would linger.

"Of course. It's early, and I've thought that we could eat later and we could begin our negotiation
now."

"Thanks." When Clarke sat on the bed, the soft swells of her breast showed through the pale, thin material of the long shirt. It was an old one of hers that she slept in on cool nights. Seeing how Clarke pulled at the shirt and held it close to her body as she settled against the headboard, she was wondering if her scent still lingered. If so, that might have been a big mistake to let her wear it. The omega watched Leksa for a few moments, and she tried not to seem so self-aware and breathed out alpha domination to regain herself under control. Clarke's eyes slammed shut as she swayed to the temptation and then stammered. "I can't, I... Is that you?"

Leksa's face betrayed her embarrassment and burned like shame, turning the tips of her ears red. "I am sorry, Clarke. I usually avoid omegas for just this reason. I want to reassure you that you are safe and I will not touch you or cause any harm to come to you and bring you back to your people when it is safe. Unless you would like to bring the beta boy in here to..." Watching with amusement when Clarke shook her head in a vigorous no.

Leksa calm demeanor and care in which she spoke caused Clarke's body to react. Emptiness was growing between her legs. Leksa effort at trying to put her off of her by pushing her away was breaking her heart but made her desire her even more. "Why do you avoid omegas?"

Leksa said as a matter of fact, "I lead many people, and to be distracted by pleasures diverts me from the peace that I keep a precarious hold."

"Oh," Lincoln mention it to them on the way over here. It made sense. Sure they're living off of what remained, and of course, keeping the peace would be hard. Now what. Leksa wouldn't be able to linger long because her heat was making her head swim. She could feel a pulse throbbing in her clit, and when Leksa shifted in her stance, she could see she was losing control. "You're the first alpha woman I've ever seen in person."

If Clarke's intention of taking down the growing desire that was building Leksa's chest, she was mistaken. Leksa closed her eyes and swallowed then checked the omega's neck for the mating mark, and her shoulders were bare. Her body was urging her show the Clarke what an alpha woman was like; stand naked and proud before her and heard Clarke cleared her throat as if she was waiting for a response from her.

Leksa focused on her beautiful face and tried to clear her lustful mind. "I don't understand how that is possible. Surely your people are like ours."

"Yeah, except for that."

"Is it a mutation, Clarke?" Okay, talking with the omega was better. Just asked her questions you know nothing about, maybe it will clear your mind. But her scent was growing stronger causing Leksa to swallow again and plead with her body. She was achingly hard, and she started to drip down inside her pant leg.

Clarke looked away. "No, it's not. Space was limited, and our leaders who in the beginning mostly were alpha men decided to purge their counterpart. I wasn't sure why at first until my parents explained that we lived in a patriarchal society and told me my responsibilities of being an omega."

Leksa grew fond of the omega's voice and let her foolish mind wondered what she would sound like begging her for release. Then mentally slapping herself back under control. "You have parents?"

"Just my mom now." Clarke turned away, not wanting to share this memory with an almost complete stranger.
Leksa quickly understood. She knew of loss also. "I am sorry, Clarke."

"Yeah, there's a lot of awful things that happened on the Ark that I'd like to forget. But, now our immediate problem is finding a place to live now that we know the air is breathable down here."

Clarke could sense the alpha's discomfort; that she kept herself from pleasure because of her duty as their leader was odd. Why shouldn't she be close to someone? Have a person care if Leksa lives or dies. She could understand that maybe she wasn't Leksa's type and probably has a mate somewhere. Even though she didn't see any marks on her neck didn't mean she didn't have someone special. Clarke could mate, and there's not a chance she would get pregnant. Clarke scent grows stronger thinking about having a litter. She could feel between her legs her body preparing itself for penetration, and her heat started to build.

"I understand if you can't stay because you belong to another."

"As I said before Clarke. I assure you that is not the case. I am without a mate. Clarke, we have more to speak on, and I promise that I will answer your questions, but your heat is making this difficult for me. I do not know how much longer I can remain without breaking my promise to you."

Clarke felt a subtle shift in her body. The reaction of coming into heat in the presence of alpha and her breathing increased. Clarke focused on her face. The clean line of her jaw and the cords of her neck, her arms lined with muscle as well the powerful legs visible through the thin material of her pants, it was clear this woman was strong.

"But, I don't want you to go, Heda Leksa." Something clicks in Clarke's body, making a carnal decision. It was simple; she wanted her. Wanted this alpha to do with her what she pleased. Why not just try to get her to stay. The way Leksa squirming at the moment, it really shouldn't be that hard.

Leksa sucked in a breath and remembered that Clarke had yet to say her name until this moment. The way she hesitantly said it, even Clarke was unsure of the weight of her name carried and reminded her of what it is to be a leader. Maybe she could see staying would not be wise.

"Please, Clarke call me Leksa. We are friends, yes?"

Clarke smiled. "I'd like to be your friend, Leksa. I'd also like you to come over here."

"I can not, as much as I desire you, Clarke."

"Just one night?"

Her resolve was melting at her plea, but Leksa pushed it down and shook her head. "I can not." She then carefully rose and headed to the door, and turned at the last moment to give her sad nod and left her alone. Clarke breathed out a shocked and disappointed cry. The last thing she wanted to do was masturbate when there was a perfectly good alpha just on the other side of the door. For the moment her heat receded and she laid down on the bed putting her hands over her face huffing out a frustrated breath and kicked at the bed and then went still and tried to relax.

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"Anya!" Leksa called out to her Second as she saw passing by her tent. "A moment of your time." Leksa motion her guards to step away.

"What in the name of Trikru are you doing out here?"

"I do not understand how I got myself into this position with this omega. She wants to..."
Anya understood her reluctance. Knew that this would be coming from Leksa. Afraid, even after achieving peace to find comfort with another. Savor the joys of the relative order they had for the moment.

"What is stopping you? Just don't bite the omega. It is okay to enjoy yourself once a while."

"But, I am Heda. I have responsibilities to my people."

"And you have desires like the rest of us. It does not have to mean never to be with one again. Being with someone is okay, Leksa. Costia would understand."

When her Second said her given name without her title, she became her friend, a counselor, and mentor again. She saw her through one of the worst periods of her life, through the death of the one who had captured her heart. Waiting with her the night after the embers of Costia's pyre died out, Leksa stood silently for her people. Her eyes only glisten, but not even a tear fell from her eyes. Later, Leksa laid in Anya's arms in Anya's bed and left early that next morning and did not return until the following third night. Weary and dirty and stinking of death. When she passed the gates of Polis, trailing behind was her horse bearing the carcasses of two large bucks gutted and cleaned over his back. Leksa handed Anya, Draco's reins and headed to the tower, alone. During the time she spent away, she pushed out of heart anything that could be used ever to hurt her again. She became that wild girl hiding in the forest once more. Only this time, she willing went back to the city of Polis. Back to the responsibilities that Heda Ainia entrusted with her.

That was almost a year ago. Costia's memory had faded a bit, but not the fondness with she felt for her. It just did not hurt her anymore, and that is was scared her the most. Was she incapable of loving another woman ever again because something was broke in her? Could she be the alpha girl reborn? Without realizing it, she was following the same pattern as before. She did not want to be this alpha.

Leksa took in a breath. "It is possible that what you say is true."

"Leksa, just look to your own heart and understand what it is to let go and be human. Costia would understand. Just don't release inside of the omega." Anya turned Heda around and pushed her back towards her tent. "Enjoy these moments. They come so seldom for you. I will send food and take care of the beta boy. Lincoln and his mate Octavia have been training with our warriors. She will fit in well with our clan. This Skaikru might make our alliance even stronger."

"Before, we get that far. Let me get through one night."

Anya patted her back and left her, grabbing a beta and pulling her into her embrace and kissed her cheek. Clarke's heat was even working on Anya. How comfortable it was for her Second to move among her people and share an intimacy so easily.

Returning to Clarke's room, she was laying on the bed taking in deep breaths and running her hands over her body. Leksa subdued her scent and quietly moved to the bed and sat down and did not disturb the girl with her movements.

Leksa reached out to touch Clarke on her arm causing her to jerk, and her eyes came open. Clarke's eyes were wet with tears. Gasping for air as she sat up and wrapped her arms around Leksa's back and sinking her nose into her neck, taking in a deep breath and she held on as Clarke's cries came out shaky and full of desire. Leksa fell heavily into her arms and pulled Clarke tighter to her body. Stunned at the deep scent of submission that Clarke released. Leksa would not be able to break away from Clarke for the moment because of the pull she held over her. It was feeling very familiar to her, and she grew harder.
Leksa rubbed her back and let herself lean in and buried her face in her hair and shoulder and breathed deeply. She saw stars and had never smelled anything like this before. Clarke's scent filled her lungs and stimulated her senses. It was not of the soap, she bathed. It was her strong scent of an omega willing to give herself to her. She could almost feel it coaxing her to join with her. Seducing and enticing her to bed. Clarke's soft voice whispered, "Thank you, Leksa." Those three words caused a tiny spark in her heart. She blinked at their intensity.

Clarke would expose her tonight. She could feel herself letting go and not caring if another metal ship fell on their land. Leksa relaxed into her embrace and considered everything. The warmth of her arms around her sides. Clarke's fingers past through her hair as the omega moved her arms under her thick braid and stroked her hands along her back. The soft swells of her breast pushing against her chest when Clarke released a breath; it felt intimate and safe to be in the arms of a stranger. Leksa pushed her nose into Clarke's neck further and took another breath, tipping her head and wrapped her mouth around her neck, not to sink her teeth. Her alpha domination is begging for a little control back. Clarke responded and held her tighter, tilting her head aside and gave her more access. The moment felt right at letting the omega set the pace by the drawing out the anticipation of the coupling.

(Anya told Leksa of a drunk night of pleasure she shared with an omega in heat and all of the details. She said it could be intense letting go and allowing the omega take the lead was much more desirable. Releasing her seed into an omega in heat could bring offspring. Anya had not planned well and was relieved to find that it did not produce a litter.)

It caused her to shiver, but she did not let go of her neck yet and weighted the complication of mating outside of her clan with a stranger not even in her coalition. Leksa removed her mouth from her neck and placed a soft kiss of regret on her neck.

"Clarke, I will not be able to release inside of you." Leksa throbbed hard at her words and was just able to keep her cheeks from turning crimson.

They were mere inches apart. Their breaths clung to the space between them as Clarke ran her fingers over her face and down her temple; studying her expression. Of course, she wouldn't know of our ways and how at the age of her first heat she was too young to mate. Her mother was also her doctor and gently slipped the device under the flesh of her arm that detected her heat and released a suppressant. She smiled at her concerned face. "I can't get pregnant if that is your worry."

Leksa pulled back in shock. "I do not understand. How is this possible?"

Clarke put out her arm and grabbed Leksa hand and ran her fingers over a bump on her arm. "This keeps me from getting pregnant. It's called birth control."

"Your culture is strange Clarke."

"And your way is normal? Listen, I grew up where alpha men were always in control and down here it's like paradise and a damn relief for a change."

Leksa liked the omega and wanted to be honest with her. "I appreciate that we have just met, Clarke kom Skaikru and I beg you to understand I am unsure of how to start as you are a stranger to me."

Leksa grew shy and felt her place was to let the omega take the lead. Her coupling with Costia was similar but that they had known each other for an extended time. Falling into bed with her the first time was easy.

"You could start by taking off my clothes." Clarke's body in heat gave her the courage to ask for what she wanted. Letting her set the pace made her feel safe. Leksa blinked her eyes and bowed her
head and moved her hands to the edge of her shirt. Letting it rest there while she leaned into Clarke's neck again; imprinting her scent deep in her heart. A dangerous thing to do, but for the moment she was powerless to resist the omega woman.

Leksa head was swimming, and the fullness between her legs was begging for release. She needed to steady herself. She kissed her neck again. "My shirt." Clarke quietly whispered, and Leksa was drawn out of her stupor and leaned back and pulled it over her belly, and Clarke raised her arms, and it slipped off her body.

When the alpha hesitated, Clarke's heart beat sideways in her chest. Then when she leaned into her body, Clarke relaxed with a sigh. She knew this was wrong on so many levels but is one thing in her life she finally had control over. Where she wanted to be and who she wanted to be with.

Leksa mouth fell open watching Clarke's questioning blue eyes staring into hers. Clarke's cheeks took on a pink tinge, and she bit her lower lip waiting for her green eyes to drift down and gaze at her breasts for the first time. She finally looked down, and Leksa breath quickened. Clarke's breasts were perfect, full and her nipples were pink and growing hard against her gaze.

Clarke pulled her shirt out of Leksa's hand and brought it up so she could cup its fullness. Then releasing her hand and Leksa shifted and moved her other one up to cup its twin and ran her thumbs over each nipple. Leksa's fingers felt good over her skin, and she bent over to capture one between her lips and sucked a good portion into her mouth.

"Ahh, Whoa," Clarke breathed out and rocked against her mouth, she wanted this, but the omega in her didn't want her to go too far this fast, not yet. "Just a little slower please."

Leksa pulled back, and her eyes were unfocused, and her mouth hung open. Clarke squeezed her thighs tightly together from the onslaught of the intensity of her mouth against her body that still lingered. It created a quake beneath her skin. It began to awaken her bodies urges and pulled her into another hug.

The gentleness in which the alpha held Clarke as she rubbed Leksa's back drew her in. "You feel so good Leksa." Moaning and holding her tighter, she whispered into her ear, "Can I take your shirt off?"

Breaking Leksa out of her spell she stumbled out, "My shirt, yes of course."

Clarke kept her eyes on Leksa's. Running fingers over her shoulders and down to her hands and pulled them away from her breasts. Kissing each palm and placing them on her lap. Clarke didn't know where her courage was coming from, but having the liberty to do what she pleased and knew soon she would be filled with Leksa was making this process quite difficult. But, there was a reason to this pace. One, to get to know the person and show respect, the second she's starting to like this woman. A lot more than she should, given the precarious duty to her people.

Leksa let the omega take her shirt off in one swift movement. It almost felt like the time Anya and grabbed her after the first month of living with her she yanked her clothes off and tossed her into a tub. Leksa grew to love baths after that. This time the water was warm.

"Your breasts are beautiful Leksa." The alpha proudly sat a little straighter, and under Clarke careful examination she reached out to run her thumbs her nipples, tipping her head as she gazed at them and licked the swell of one. Leksa closes her eyes and felt it through the length of her cock. She held her growl not wanting to frighten the girl. She found herself pushing into Clarke's hands and mouth, wanting to feel her warm skin against hers.
"Oh my God." Clarke cried out as she took in the heavy alpha scent Leksa was putting out, it was nothing that she had smelled before. The intensity signaled in Clarke that Leksa as no ordinary alpha. She had caught a whiff of rutting alpha before passing by a room of couple engaged. The male alpha's scent didn't appeal to her as much as the omega's reaction. But, smelling Leksa triggered a gut level response that recalled the memory of having an alpha desiring her caused the insides of thighs to grow wetter.

Their arms went around each other and held on as Leksa pushed her back and fitted herself between her legs. Still half-clothed and wanted to fill the omega. When she opened her eyes, she was staring into her astonished gaze. She tried to pull back, but Clarke held her firm.

Thin material that separated their bodies betrayed the thickness resting against her body. Clarke wasn't sure if Leksa was unaware of her cock rubbing against her swollen clit. She opened her legs further apart to give the alpha complete control.

Clarke's mouth parted, and her tongue licked her lips, biting her lower lip as her eyes became focused on Leksa's full lips. It was an invitation, and she leaned forward and pressed her lips against Clarke's. Their first kiss. She continued to fall under the pull of Clarke's heat. The omega parted her lips, and Leksa tentatively grazed lightly over her lips with her tongue and pushed inside. Clarke couldn't hold back her shudder when Leksa's tongue slid against hers and ran it around her mouth.

Leksa in her status as Heda, sometimes she would be gifted with fine sweets and delicacies. Offerings to their coalition to bring favor and further bond their clans. It fell short against the taste of Clarke's mouth.

Clarke in turned claimed Leksa mouth. Guiding her hands over her body and wrapping her whole body around, pulling her impossibly closer. They both still retained their bottom clothes and it was when Leksa pulled back she saw that the blue of her eyes grew dark, and Clarke began to slide the remaining bit clothing off of her body with Leksa's help and tossed them over the end of the bed. She kept her eyes on the Leksa as she quickly removed her clothing and Clarke eyes went from her face down her chest and to her firm cock laying on her belly.

"Oh my God." Leksa blushed and tried to pull back, off of Clarke. But the omega held her firm, throwing a leg over her thigh and bucked her hip just slightly so her slit kissed the underside of her cock. "This is nice, right, Leksa?"

Heda forgot her name, where she was and why she should care."

Leksa finally stumbled out, "We are, we are still strangers, Clarke."

"Not after tonight."

Her logic was sound and well thought out, and she laughed. Clarke smiled and laughed with her. And Leksa's fell over on the bed, and they watched each other for a few quiet moments.

Leksa reached her hand up to touch Clarke's cheek. "The girl from the sky."

Clarke put her hand over Leksa's and pushed it tight against her face. "The woman who rules the world."

Leksa leaned up and held herself over her body by one arm and running her other hand over her face and down to the middle of her chest. "You are beautiful Clarke." She bent down and softly ran her lips over Clarke's. Expelling a breath, she was holding when her lips touch the soft smile on Clarke's face.
When she pulled back, Clarke replied, "Nobody has ever said that to me before."

"They are fools, Clarke." And she kissed her again. Lingering longer to taste the essence of this omega. When she pulled back, there was a small hurt in her eyes.

"Don't get me wrong; sometimes someone would call me cute but not like you just said." Clarke pulled her down for another kiss.

"Again, they are fools," Leksa said against her mouth.

Leksa felt a desire to join with Clarke, and she could feel the pull from the omega, but needed to slow this urgency down so they could manage it over the next few hours was not working for the moment. Clarke's eyes grew questioning, and Leksa drew her into a breathtaking kiss. She growled and bit lightly down her lower lip. Clarke cried out, begging for penetration, and Leksa pushed her tongue into her mouth again. Her alpha instinct was pulsing hearing the omega's call urging her to enter and fill her.

Leksa was free and ran her hand between her thighs pulled her legs apart and moved to her side. Clarke plea came out in a whisper. "Touch me." Leksa pulled back to study her face again. Needing to understand this woman who fell from the sky, who only mere hours ago was unknown to her. What part of rational mind was still functioning didn't have a clue. She ran her finger down the center of her chest and stopped at her mound and laid the flat of her palm over her. Leksa's head grew dizzy feeling the softness of her curls where her palm rested. Remembering again how an omega felt when she was aroused and feeling the wet slick covering mound. Clarke's body was shaking, and insides of her thighs were growing wetter. That Leksa had no experience with an omega in heat made her body hum. She knew she told Clarke it would be only one day, but with her heat, Leksa didn't think she could leave her alone. The question would be would her body last.

Leksa bent over to kiss her lips and again and dipped her finger just to her opening, feeling wetness spilling out of her center. Clarke gasped when she slipped one finger inside, and she sucked it deep. Leksa cock laid across her hips surged, and she started to drip on Clarke's stomach. She was aching to fill her when she pushed a second finger inside of Clarke arched into her chest and grabbed her face and started to kiss everywhere. Leksa continued to kiss Clarke as she placed her hips between her legs. Lining herself up, but just resting at her entrance. "Clarke look at me."

Clarke was breathing hard and waiting to be filled and opened her eyes to see the wonder on Heda's face. "Leksa please." Clarke breathes came out with need, and she shifted her legs apart and presented for her.

Leksa uttered as she pushed against her opening, "Keep your eyes on me." Leksa could feel it would be a snug fit and wanted Clarke to tell her if she should stop.

Clarke could hardly breathe at how full just the little bit that was inside of her. Leksa kept a steady push and then with a little jerk of her hips the crown nudge just inside, and Clarke gasped grabbing her shoulder and wrapping her legs around her back.

Leksa held still. The tight opening around the head of her cock was being pressed tightly by the pulsing muscles lining the entrance of Clarke's sex. As much as she wanted to linger, Leksa pushed harder and slid a little further inside.

Clarke was tight with her size and held her firmer with a squeeze and caught Leksa off guard punching a groan through her body causing her to reflexively pushed deeper. Clarke's gazed never left her until she sighed and closed her eyes and her muscles relax and Leksa sunk entirely inside.
Leksa was stunned to be in another and in awe at how wonderful Clarke felt. Tight, wet and rippling around her shaft. She held still, feeling Clarke warm channel for the first time. Clarke squeezed harder, and she snapped her hips tighter against her. Leksa wanted to lay down this memory forever. She was in the omega from the sky.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry to end this last scene here. Chapter 4, I will continue where this scene left off.

Plot point: So as Heda Ainia's explains to Leksa about what maybe a missing peace/piece to finally fix the world in which they live. In their language piece and peace are spelled differently, which is how Leksa understood that sentence. She made a note of it because she believed later that Heda did not misspeak. Reading this line in English or hearing it you wouldn't have picked it up, in their language it was obvious.

Also, when Leksa told Heda Ainia about the men she killed as a child in vengeance for her families death, it may have seemed in the first chapter that she had told Anya what she had done, she did not. She kept this one secret to herself.

Thank you for all of the hits, kudo, bookmarks, subscriptions and of course, comments!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It was mention in a comment that I did not tag Leksa and Costia's relationship. I have since corrected.

But, I want to make a note as to why I didn't initially. Costia was in Leksa's past, and as I said in my notes before, the first part of each chapter was BC, before Clarke, which you got the first notion of Costia in the second chapter when she remembered her in a fantasy.

This chapter trigger in this person something they did not want to read. I was not expecting that reaction as I had already mentioned her before.

I suppose there is a trust you put into a writer that they will fulfill a story that is to your liking and the disappointment from that comment, I can feel in my chest, weighing down my mistake. It's almost enough to make me want to quit.

I spend a lot of time and energy writing for free. I'm just not sure if it is worth it sometimes.

Also, this comment suggested that Clarke is somehow second to Costia. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not in my mind or how I write, if you have read any of my other stories.

I thought I might tackle some writing tonight, and here I sit trying to beg people not to give up on my story.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all of the kudos, bookmarks, subscriptions and my favorite, comments. Sorry for any errors I missed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Leksa led her horse through the forest, ducking her head under a hanging limb and gently pulled back and quietly whisper a command to stop Draco when she heard an unusual sound of laughter. She lightly taps on his side, and he continued to move towards the sound. In the distance, Leksa saw a dark-haired young woman playing with a little boy by a stream. Sitting nearby was an older woman with a small girl, laughing with them as they played in the water. Leksa smiled and watched the young woman hold the boy just over the water and then dip his tiny feet in causing him to giggle then pulled him back and swung around in circles. The girl could not see her from the edge of the forest and nudged her horse to move them out of the shadows to get a better look at the woman. She was a stranger to Leksa but knew she must live near this place. The younger woman turned catching Leksa spying on her from her horse and set the boy down giving her a smiled and held on to his hand, cupping it with the other as they moved away.
Leksa held still at the intensity of her gaze. The girl's eyes didn't linger long, but long enough that she could tell when someone was studying her.

The women's hair was wavy, hanging in long curls down her back. Not unlike her own, after a bath when she refused to let them hair braid for the day. Her skin was the color of dark honey, and Leksa wondered with a silly thought, did she taste as sweet.

Nearly eighteen years old, and yet to bed a woman. It became a desire when by chance she would catch the eyes of an attractive girl. She never held a girl's hand, much less kiss one on the lips. Anya found this amusing until Leksa ordered her not to speak of this again. Then later that night, a contrite Anya came offering her favorite spirits, and they talked long into the evening about omegas. She offered up questions and Anya quietly gave answers, this time she held her laughter. Leksa embarrassingly did not know a lot about sex and mating. Anya said it was her fault she had not explained everything to her when she was younger. However they got to this point, Leksa remained pleased to learn that as an alpha she could sire children. Leave an heir should she die young. And when she saw the young girl near the water, Leksa sensed the woman desired her, something she was not willing to accept from another omega or beta before.

Leksa nudged her horse with a knee leading him down to the sandy shore. Draco whinnied when he smelled the water and trotted to the edge and began shaking his head almost pulling the lines out of her hands. Leksa leaned over and slid off of her horse with a thump and released his reins and let him have his fill. Her legs almost gave way as she stretched her back from her aching muscles and kicked her legs to bring back the circulation. Her legs would grow numb riding the long distances as she moved throughout Trikru land that bordered on the other clans. She had secured the fourth member into her coalition not counting her own, with seven more to go and miles to travel back to home, the more distant clans she sent messengers, asking to meet with her in Polis and hear her offer of peace and unity.

Leksa decided to remain longer in this area and instructed her men set up camp nearby. Her scouts located this place earlier and since it held fresh water with good hunting grounds, she would give them time to unwind and give her warriors a few days rest. She left Anya in charge, telling her, she needed to get away from the constant noise from her men. It was grating on her nerves and wanted to hear just the water and the trees murmuring to bring her back to herself again. She was not alone, a fact she had not considered when she became Heda. She was never going to be alone again. Back in the trees, her warriors were waiting for her.

She could not linger long and as she turned to leave the young woman appeared again. Her face held modest eyes that were like golden amber and framed with dark lashes. Her pleasant smile drew Leksa gazed. The young woman began petting the horse on its side. Asking his name, and Leksa rubbed his nose and shyly said His name is Draco. Pausing to add. My name is Leksa. Then she got the courage to asked her name with a blush. They didn't linger long, and after Leksa left, the rest of the evening she said her name over and over in her head. Costia.

The next few mornings she would meet the girl and take long walks along the shore and let their conversations wander onto trivial things. It was a relief to speak to someone as an equal and not have the trappings of her station make this girl feel like she was just a subject, and not a friend. Costia was an orphan of the last fighting in this area and was taken in by her father's family and lived with her aunt and uncle and their two children.

On her last day, Costia prepared lunch, and they lingered into the afternoon. Leksa played with her, and she made the first move by holding her hand. Entwining her fingers with an omega for the first time. Her hands touching another woman's not in battle but out of fondness, something she had not experienced before.
Leksa rose pulling Costia to her feet. "I must return to my men. We leave in the morning." She hated to part with the woman, but it was unfair to ask her trudged the long distances, in sometimes awful weather and bedded down in wet conditions if she were to ask her to join her on their trip to another clan before they headed back to Polis.

"Leksa, please just asked me." Costia reached up and cupped her cheek. This simple gesture was breaking her resolve, not caring for the moment to put this omega through the trials of days on a horse's back. Her thoughtful mind made her remember, it may have seemed adventures for the first few miles, then the reality would set in that the day would not be over until they found a suitable place to bunk down for the night. Exhausted and had to get ready and leave early the next day.

"It would be unfair as much as I have enjoyed your company and will miss you when I am away. I promise to return to you."

Costia's eyes grew wet and leaned against her chest. Leksa kissed her forehead and wrapped her arms around her back. "It is a long trip, Costia."

"I would like to see more of the world with you, Heda."

Leksa held her tighter and closed her eyes and making a decision whispering in her ear. "Then stay with me tonight. Tomorrow I will show you the world."

After Costia explained to her family, she would be leaving she gathered her belongings, Leksa led her to her tent that was set up in the middle of their camp surrounded by her warrior's more simple shelters. "It is not much, but I promise when you come to Polis, my home is much more comfortable.

"As long as I am with you Heda, I will feel safe."

~

"So, I see you have decided to bring a friend along." Anya was busy sharpening her sword. "She is pretty, this Costia."

Leksa just kept herself from smiling like a young fool. Too green to know what to do with a girl, but had a pretty good idea. "Is it too soon..."

Anya smiled and stopped sharpening her blade. "No. Heda. If the omega is willing, and she is of age, learn together what it is like to be with another. She may be as inexperienced as you are." The thought that another might have touch Costia caused a red hot flame to sink into her belly. Anya saw the fear and anger rise quickly in Leksa and needed to counsel her against making a harsh judgment of one who came before. "Do not worry about the girl's past. Go into this understanding, that she is with you now. Let her know that you desire her. Costia will forget anyone that came before."

(Leksa knew why Anya spoke to her about this. One morning in quarters in Polis, Anya caught her stroking herself and was almost at her release, and begged her forgiveness backing out of her cleaning chambers. Then Anya laughed saying over her shoulder, Be careful you do not hurt someone with your long sword. Ducking out of the room when she tossed a knife at her, embedding it into the wall next to her head. Anya knocked every day after that and waited before entering Heda's room.)

~

Anya moved her men away from the camp that night told them to go about their business of hunting wild game to distribute among the people of Trikru on their journey through their land. Her real
intention was to give Heda privacy and let her feel free to be with Costia without the embarrassment of her men listening. Anya was aware this would be the first time for Leksa and wanted it to be special for her. A promise Heda Ainia asked of her before she died. One last request she was bound to keep the rest of her life.

Leksa returned to her quarters, and Costia looked lost inside of her large tent and had made a small bed for herself on the floor next to hers. "Costia, I...you. I mean, I was hoping that you would rest with me, in my bed."

"I did not want to assume a place higher than my station, Heda."

You are my friend, Costia." Leksa grew concerned about how it may be for omegas in her village. "Wait, do omegas who take a partner sleep on the ground away from the mates?

Costia blushed then smiled, and with the realization hitting her, Leksa knew of what she just confessed. "No, they do not, Heda."

"Please, call me by my given name and If you desire you can sleep in my arms and not the cold hard ground."

Costia smiled and moved to sit on the bed and tapped the surface. Like a moth to a flame, Leksa moved closer. Too excited to stop her beating heart and from her lips, that curved into a smile, crossing the tent to sit beside the girl.

"I have another confession to make to you Costia. If you desire me, I beg you understand that I am inexperienced with..."

"I also, have no experience, Leksa." That caused Leksa's heart to soar and took a breath and released it out slowly in relief and ran the back of her hand over Costia's cheek. "So we will do this together."

Leksa leaned in and softly kissed Costia's lips. She tasted of the sweet wine she shared with her earlier and moved closer to her, and felt Costia's arms go around her back. Her clit stirred so fast she groaned against her lips and Costia melted into her embrace. Her body grew needy and when she drew back. Costia's amber eyes grew dark. Without saying any words, they stripped each other of their clothes and fell into bed laughing. Leksa held herself over Costia. Kissing her hand when she reached up to touch Leksa's face. Moving closer until her body fit along Costia's. Whatever she imagined it would be like laying with a girl for the first time did not prepare her for the surge of alpha instinct that rose up quickly, turning her body all need and the desire to please the omega.

Later that night, Leksa leaned her chin against one raised knee on the edge of the bed and watched Costia sleep. The light from the candle played over her contented face. The first time in her life she felt connected to another, other than her friend Anya, except intimacy. Costia would not just see the world for the first time with her she was saving her life.

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Finn watched just out of sight at the hidden tent that Clarke pass through earlier. After Clarke left, he was dragged off by workers who were tending their tasks and then joined in. They spoke in their language, and occasionally they would say a familiar word he could understand. He picked up pretty fast what they wanted him to do and seeing as nobody was concerned with him, he just went along. Collecting wood for the fire, and helping skin the rabbits and other fowl that would be for tonight's meal. He didn't mind the hard work but was missing out of the negotiations. Surely Clarke needed help making them understand that they weren't a threat. He hadn't seen Clarke for over an hour. The only movement from the tent happened when their leader stepped outside and talked to another
woman and then left. As far as he knew Clarke was alone with her and wondered what could they be talking about without him?

After cleaning his hands, he tossed the rag into a heap of other things that needed to be washed and headed over to the main tent. In front, two large warriors blocked his way.

"I need to speak with Clarke. She came with me. She's blond and about yay high." Clarke was just an inch shorter than he was and one of the warriors laughed and poked the other.

"Branwoda." [Fool.] One the men said to the other.

Finn misunderstood and tried to push past them, and they shoved so hard he landed on his back. Both men had swords to his throat in seconds, and he put his hands up. "Wait a minute, fellows. I'm just trying to get some answers."

"What is going on?" Anya strolled over from the cook's tent just to the left of a stand of trees tucked neatly to the side carrying a covered tray in her hands.

"He wants to speak with the omega."

They released him, and he stood and dusted his pants off.

"Oh really, beta. Is it customary to interrupt your leader when she is in negotiations?"

"Finn, my name is Finn. My what? No, Clarke's not..." Anya's right eyebrow rose a half an inch. "No, it's not. I'm sorry. I've been waiting for a long time, and I wanted to see how things are going."

"That you are still alive should be all you need to know. Clarke kom Skaikru is under the care of Heda Leksa." Anya smiled at the truth of her statement. "By morning everything should be clear to you." Anya paused her eyes growing amused then smiled and said, "Finn."

Finn didn't know what the hell that was supposed to mean. He couldn't even talk to Octavia. Not that he knew her that well. She was off with her new mate getting acquainted no doubt.

"Is there a place I can bunk down tonight? Since it's clear, we won't be leaving anytime soon."

"Give the boy and place to sleep." Anya told one of the guards and left and entered the tent that he was not allowed to go.

"Sha," One of the betas said. He pushed Finn on the shoulder and led him away from the center area down a long path until he shoved into an old metal hovel not much bigger than the length of his body with a few animals tied up next to the pen, just a few feet from where he would sleep. It had the warmth of a fire just outside and across the way and family was tending a much large place, quite like a home. He wasn't ready to go to bed at the moment and was growing frustrated with the lack of information on whatever was going on around here.

A small boy with dark eyes stepped out of his house and pointed a stick at him. "Yu laik branwoda." [You're a fool.] Big brown eyes blinking at him. Finn waved at him and smiled. The boy smiled and waved. An older woman saw Finn and quickly called the boy back into their home, and they shut the door and latched it shut.

"Damn it." Looking around at this small place and shook his head. 'It was your idea to volunteer. Mimicking Clarke from earlier, she was right.

"Finn?"
Finn stepped out of his temporary home, and it was the red-headed warrior woman before that had watched him. Quirking a finger at him, beckoning him to follow her with a smile. "This is wrong, this is wrong," Finn said under his breath. He looked both ways and then followed the woman anyway. His beta nose wasn't able to pick her scent and was sure she was probably a beta like himself, and maybe they were just canceling each other out.

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Anya swayed when she entered the main tent. Closing her eyes at the sounds and smells she could detect just inside her bedchambers. She had promised to bring food for them and left it on a table and made a quick note.

Heda,

The boy, Finn has desired to meet with the omega. I sent him away for now. I have word from your warrior, Kiao saying she will keep him occupied until morning. I do find it curious that this alpha interested in this beta boy. I have sent twenty of my men with Indra to help rebuild.

Pleasant evening,
Anya.

The omega cried out for Leksa to push harder and Anya stopped in place and felt herself reacting. She shuddered, closing her eyes and covering her ears when she heard Heda cry out as well. As happy as she was with her old friend, she did not want to be a bystander to her coupling.

Before Heda Ainia died, she instructed Anya to watch over Leksa. In her heart, she believed she was the one reborn to lead them to peace. Heda asked that Anya promise. Do not let her be alone. Encourage her to find love. She will resist you. It is in her nature because she is afraid to lose again, what she suffered when she was just a child. Give her a reason to believe in herself and for our people Anya. Now not only did she grieve for her family, but it was for Costia as well.

Ahh, sha, Clarke.

Now it was Leksa voice she heard again. Anya smiled. She would find great joy in teasing her later.

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When Leksa first rested her cock against her opening and waited, it was just a split second that Clarke's body wanted to resist. Not give in too quickly to the emphatic alpha. It was with the subtle change in her scent that soothed Clarke and let her pass and open her legs wider, as Leksa nudged herself inside. Clarke sucked in a breath and began to moan as she pushed past her entrance, whimpering when her crown slipped inside. Her body immediately began to react by throbbing hard against her cock. Clarke almost felt split in two until she felt the comforting warmth and weight of Leksa on top of her body.

She had been hesitant having sex before with beta boys and did so out rebellion and nothing else to do. After landing on earth, and the Finn question. Well, it didn't feel like this, he wasn't the answer. Clarke watched the woman over her, taking care to slip inside with subtle moves. Leska went slowly, and Clarke thought, and maybe, just maybe she might be someone to consider as something more, Clarke's hazed mind continued to wander, and Leksa hadn't even fully penetrated her yet.

Clarke gasped when Leksa's hips nudge closer, sinking further inside and took a breath of Leksa's scent to relax her body, helping her to slip completely inside. They held still, caught in a quiet moment of wonder when she felt her cock swelled and grew harder. It triggered her body's reaction
to squeezed down. Leksa moaned falling against her breasts, and she pushed deeper, seating herself to the hilt. It sent shivers down her spine. Clarke shut her eyes feeling a surge of pleasure wash over her body and cried out sparking a desire inside of Leksa, and she started to thrust.

Leksa could not control her hot breaths and groans as she moved inside the omega. She was lost in a moment, feeling the slippery channel clinging to her cock. Clarke was wet for her and even though it was tight she able to make short moves inside, letting the omega get comfortable with the stretch. A kissed at the side of her face and then her mouth and her hips pulled back in reaction and sunk inside once more, her body surging with the binding heat of Clarke's sex. She could feel the strength building in her muscle along her thighs and back as her alpha dominance began to cry out in relief.

Clarke whimpered and whined when Leksa almost completely pulled out of her. Clinging fast to her body, not willing to the lose the friction and fullness her body craved. She moaned in relief when Leksa thrust back inside. Thick, tight and hot. If the room wasn't lit with the half a dozen candles, she was sure that ends of her nerves would have shot sparks around them and light up the room. She clung tight to her as the alpha surged over her.

"Leksa," Clarke moaned.

Leksa was in a dazed, unable to form words less any sentences. Her body was all animal seeking Clarke's release. Bringing her pleasure and giving her seed. Leksa recognized her name and pulled back to watch Clarke's face. Now on her hands, she moved her legs up to grind down firmer, seating herself on each thrust. She gasped as she felt the beginnings of her knot and sucked in a breath. Riding out the pleasure of fully extending herself with a gasp. She looked down at Clarke, and she could see she understood and held her tighter. Leksa groaned and jerked back unevenly and tried to find her rhythm again.

Clarke wanted more and clung to Leksa's body opening herself, and her gasping when feeling the beginning of her knot and saw the questioning look on her face. Her coupling with Leksa didn't mean it was necessary to go this far, but her curiosity and her body deciding she wasn't going to reject something she always craved. She'd heard stories, making her blush and when at the moment you became tied to another, the story she was told that it could last until the Leksa released her. Caught together until the alpha's seed could take hold. Clarke's heart soared at the thought, and it became a goal. If she tied to someone, Leksa was a pretty good match.

"Do it. I want you to." Clarke whispered in her ear. Grabbing her ass and pulling tighter to her body. Leksa had not considered knotting Clarke. But the seed was planted and with each cry and pant from the girl under her she wanted to fulfill her desire. Clarke felt right. Her heart flash to the one she lost and cried out, and she pushed harder, and Clarke answered her back with a loud sensual moan.

"You're so close, Leksa." Leksa was held firm surrounding her slick channel, and now that she was free to go further and wasn't sure could accept her growing knot. But, every time she pressed against her entrance a little more pushed inside. If she knotted Clarke...

"What the fuck is going on? Get off of Clarke!"

Leksa let out a growl, scaring Clarke when she stopped moving then saw fire in Leksa's eyes and then she gasped when she saw Finn over her shoulder.

"Finn!" Clarke yelled as he tried to approach them.

Leksa only saw red and did not need to look at where she kept her knife. Pulling out of Clarke she jumped off the bed and had a blade to the throat of the boy and backed him up against the wall.
"Hakom osir ai nou fragon yu, skat?" [Why should I not kill you, boy?] "Explain yourself." Leksa snarled through clenched teeth and held him tighter against the concrete wall, her blade just resting at his jugular and one slice and it would be over.

Finn couldn't breathe, couldn't speak, and he dared not look down. All his mind could think, of how easily the woman had him against the wall so tight, there was no way he could break himself free.

"What the fuck yourself, Finn," Clarke said as she quickly put on her top and moved to Leksa's side and pulled the blade away from his neck. "You better have a damn good reason for being here." He gave her a pitiful glare, and Clarke yelled, "Shit, not that again. Get the hell out of here, now!" Clarke said with a growl of her own.

"Clarke. Wait," Finn begged.

He tried to move to speak to Clarke, and Leksa blocked his way. Naked, hard and dripping he couldn't help but look down. Leksa gave a warning growl and he back out of the room with his hands up. All the blood drained from his face.

Clarke rubbed Leksa's back to calm the alpha down. "I'm sorry about that and thanks for not killing him."

Leksa just kept herself from purring when Clarke touched her to calm her down. She pulled the blade out of Leksa's tightly clenched hand and tossed on the table. "Come here." Clarke pulled Leksa into a hug and wrapped her arms around her back. The alpha sunk her nose into Clarke's neck. Her scent was telling her everything was okay. A few calming breaths later and she pulled back.

Leksa leaned her forehead against Clarke's and whispered. "I would not have killed him. More like his pretty face would be sore as well as the rest of his body when he awoke the day after tomorrow. He will not make this mistake again."

Clarke pulled back and saw a glint of a smile come over Leksa's face and raised her eyebrows. "Oh, I can tell you right now he's regretting seeing you like this." Clarke waved a hand at her body. Leksa blushed, and that made her feel a lot better. Clarke removed her clothes again and returned to the bed.

"One moment, Clarke. I must see to this lapse." Leksa wrapped a cloak around her body and left to the main tent. She was seething and stood still, taking in breaths of air trying to calm her racing heart. Racing because she was so close to tying with Clarke and if the boy had of come any later, she was not sure she would not have hesitated and pulled out of Clarke to kill him with her bare hands and possibly seriously hurting her. Clarke just kept her from slicing his throat open and quickly pushed it down, not wanting Anya's bedchambers covered in the boy's blood. She found the food and note from Anya and left than to find her guards and see out how the boy had passed.

Leksa looked side to side when she stepped outside of the tent and closed her eyes at seeing no one at the door. She moved running into the open area, and Quint came running towards her. She growled, "Quint. Where are my guards?" Her ferocious alpha scent sent him to his knees.

"Fighting. We did not realize that your quarters were unguarded."

"That is not a good enough answer. Send those men along with Anya's workers to help out the rebuilding of Indra's village. Chain their hands together so they will have to work together during this time, if they still want to fight when they return, send them to me. See that I have competent warriors who keep their anger to the battlefield to guard this door!"
"Yes, Heda."

Leksa pointed to Finn standing lost in the middle of their encampment "The beta over there, who came with Clarke, penetrated my tent. Keep him with you. He is like a little runt that has was trained properly. Do not harm him, just do not let him in my sight until I say. You will hurt more than he will. Informed my Second of what happened."

"Yes, Heda."

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Returning with the tray, Clarke had moved back to the bed, but something was a little different. She smiled when she saw the growing one on Clarke's face.

"You have something hidden from me?" Leksa asked setting the tray down next to the bed. Clarke did and let the covers slip down past her breasts. "Ah, beautiful."

She blushed. "Thank you. I'd have to say you look beautiful yourself."

Leksa was overwhelmed. It had been almost a year since she played with a lover. Surprising herself at how easily she fell into place again. "I have food, if you're hungry, maybe something to drink."

Clarke shook her head. "No. Maybe later." Then lifted back the covers and kicked them further off of the bed and laid back against the pillows. Spreading her legs and letting them wag side to side. She was dripping. Running a hand down her sex and brought back the glistening finger and placed in her mouth and began to suck.

All of the moisture in Leksa's mouth went to her cock. Letting the cloak drop to the ground, then crawled on the bed and sat back on her knees between Clarke's legs. She did not lose her hardness. Clarke's eyes gazed fell between her legs and when on hands and knees to crawl to where she sat. Then moved to positioned herself above her cock and sunk down, taking a breath as the head penetrated inside of her again. Clarke's thighs were soaked waiting for her to return and now she easily slid down and wrapped her legs around her back. The lips of Clarke's sex pressed against her own that surround her shaft coating them until she could feel her slick running over her thighs.

Clarke closed her eyes and rested her forehead against hers whispering just under her breath, "This feels right, Leksa." This time she did not blush. She felt the pull also. Wanting to tie with this omega and throw out all caution of common sense of what they were doing together. Then remembering Anya's advice, she is Heda, she can decide her journey in life. Leksa sat up on her knees holding Clarke around her ass and raised her up a few inches and brought her down causing Clarke to grab her shoulders and start to groan. "God, Leksa."

Their lips met, and she held Clarke suspended above the bed and began kissing her with passion, taking the anger she felt from Clarke's rude friend and replaced with her warmth. Gently moving with Clarke to lay her down on her back. Starting from where they had left off. Leksa waited at first and just held herself over Clarke and felt the connection them as living breathing thing. Clarke's eyes looked deep into Leksa's and brought her hands up to joined them behind her neck.

"Are you doing okay? I mean are you still mad at Finn."

Leksa moved her lips over Clarke's face. "I am angry more at my men who failed to guard my quarters." Leksa breathed out a groan and said softly, Beja Keryon. [Please Spirit.] Leaning heavily against her neck, latching on but not biting down and began moving inside of Clarke again. Leksa licked the surface and pulled back and said, "They will be punished harshly for this and as for your..."
friend. I...I." Going quietly again just the sound of grunting as she pushed in and out of her. "I have instructed that he is not to be harmed and given something to keep him occupied while we negotiate." The last syllable came out as a sigh.

Clarke grabbed her hips to still her movement. Leksa's eyes came open, puzzled at why she had stopped. Clarke twisted her lips into a smile. She couldn't tell if in the short time she knew the alpha was she kidding or not. She squeezed down on her when she laughed. Deciding Leksa just might be playing with her, and went along with the game.

"I like the way we negotiate."

Leksa smiled back at her. Recognized in the lithe of Clarke's voice she was playing with her again. Not what she was expecting at all. She like that Clarke was more, much more of everything. Beautiful yes. Intelligent, no doubt. Here, not just a few hours ago after meeting and she is deeply embedded not only in her body but asking for entrance into her heart. She could not believe she was even entertaining such a thought.

Leksa closed her eyes and pulled out a little and push back inside, not wanting to leave the warmth of Clarke. Leksa held her hips still against the inside of Clarke's legs holding her body just over her with her arms. She wanted to watch Clarke's face and memorize every subtle movement it caused when she pumped her hips forward a mere fraction of an inch.

Clarke moaned. Her face opened to Leksa, showing behind her eyes, everything and nothing about this omega from the sky. In time, Leksa found herself aching to learn everything about her. Leksa pulled out almost completely hearing a sob coming from Clarke, and she slid back in hilted herself and let her knot nudge against her opening again.

"Clarke." Leksa held back the words of what she wanted to tell her. Tell her everything, make this omega understand what it means for her to be with another and pulled back and thrust harder this time, coming close but yet not seating herself inside. Her body hesitated, wanting to be surrounding by Clarke and feel her release around her shaft and hear Clarke's voice awaken in her heart.

When Clarke cried out, pleading with her to let go, she growled and began thrusting quicker and deeper going to her elbows so she could melt into Clarke's embrace and lick inside of her mouth. Holding her firm down the length of her body, using her strong muscles along her back and ass to surged deep inside of Clarke.

"Yes," Clarke hissed. A deep contentment came over Clarke. Something inside of her body, in her mind and heart, was finally being filled up with what she always desired. Leksa was hitting areas inside of her no one before could reach. Deep and hard thrusts making her wrap her legs around her back again to pull her tighter against her and felt Leksa's knot began to push past her entrance. Clarke whispered, "Please, Leksa. You're so close."

Leksa huffed out against her neck and pushed with a steady movement and nudged further inside. Just the little she had wedged inside cause a hard throb along her length. Her body was shaking with the need to tie the omega with her knot and snap her hips harder. Clarke lifted herself up as she came down, hoping with the next thrust, Leksa would tie her and still it out of her reach. She opened her legs further, and Leksa steadily pushed until with one final thrust of her hips she worked herself inside of Clarke, feeling her walls seal quickly around her knot and moaned into Clarke's neck. The omega was so tight she could not move. Clarke cried out arching into her chest as she came hard sending ripples along her cock, and she felt her heavy knot give way and a rushing heat along her length shooting her seed deep inside of her.

Hot spurts of Leksa's come hit the back of her walls, and Clarke cried out when she fell into her
orgasm. Something broke inside of Clarke not for something terrible but a question that she answered with this alpha, this strange woman from the ground. She let herself open to a complete stranger, and it took her breath away. Leksa surging deep inside of her and wanted nothing from her but give to her pleasure was beyond anything had ever experienced before. Now she knew what it was like to be an omega and to desire an alpha. That she was a woman intensified her orgasm. Clarke could feel, smell almost absorb the strength and passion that lay beneath the layers this girl carried. There was a moment for a split second that she alone knew this woman like this, that no other would ever comprehend.

Leksa held suspended over conflicting emotions, one to cry in gratitude as her orgasm had faded and another slow burning need of another began that only this woman could satisfy. Leksa started to make short jogs of her hips. Too tied to pull away, just enough to make her feel everything between them still tightly connected. She wanted more.

"Thank you, Leksa." Blue eyes caught the wondering green above her. Leksa grazed her lips over her.

Leksa rocked against making Clarke's clit grow swollen as the alpha's body rubbed against her with short strokes. Clarke reached down between them to rub her sex. Groaning as her orgasm started to grow again.

Leksa felt Clarke's hand between them, and quickly she moved her hand aside and began to rub her fingers over her swollen tip. Clarke felt relief at the pleasure building again and watched in wonder as the alpha pumped short strokes as she ground against her clit. Leksa lifted her body off her with one hand and caught her eyes gazing deep into her soul. Leksa breaths came out in short gasps. Her face covered in pure pleasure as she tried to hold those beautiful green eyes open, giving to Clarke something she always desired and cried out when she crashed through another exploding orgasm.

They both were covered in sweat, tied tightly together. Lost in each other's bodies as they continued to move against each other. The air in the room held thick with their musk, keeping Clarke fully aware of how sensual joined to an alpha felt like. Everything was wrong and right about this.

Her abdomen felt fuller and looked down between them saw a slight curve to her usually flat belly. Clarke swallowed then looked up into closed eyes above her. To see this woman face so vulnerable as she jogged her hips and continued to spill inside of her, not as vigorous as before but steady. She knew this was something more to this alpha, not only her quiet and strong demeanor. She felt lost in her beautiful face. Then it struck her, Why was she alone, unmated?

Leksa finally relaxed against her body with a groan and kissed the side of her face running her hands under her shoulders and buried her face just under her ear and promptly fell asleep.

A satiated feeling came over Clarke. Her heat that filled her body contented. Running her hands along the firm muscles that line her back, then noticed on one arm five thin lines running around her bicep, weaving into a pattern. Clarke made a mental note of another question to ask the alpha. Yawning she joined Leksa in sleep.

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Leksa became aware a warm softness under her body and licked her lips, surprised that they were caught in a tangle of soft hair and pulled back. Opening her eyes and wiping away the blond curls of the girl sleeping under her. Leksa held still and openly gazed at Clarke deep in sleep. Her lashes were long and dark as well as her eyebrows, it contrasted against her blond hair on her head as well as the dark blond curls between her legs. Leksa wanted to memorize every curve and nuance of Clarke. Now that Clarke's scent permanently etched into her pores, it felt like life-line working its
way to her heart. Leksa could not stop its progression, and a calm contentment came over her filling up the spot in her chest that always felt empty. She sucked in a breath of the intensity of the moment.

They were no longer tied together, and she had already slipped out of Clarke and knew the poor girl was lying in a pool of their release and moved to find something to clean up her contribution. Clarke did not wake, as she brought the towel between her legs to clean her up. She did, however, roll on her stomach and Leksa drew up the covers and tucked them around her body and lightly kissed her forehead causing a soft mewing whisper come out of slightly parted lips.

The words were almost too softly utter to understand what she had said. But her keen hearing knew it was a simple, Stay with me.

Leksa quietly whispered back, "I will not be but a moment." Kissing her again, this time on her bare shoulder.

Gathering up her pants and fitting them over her legs and tucked her softening cock inside. She wrapped her hair back with the leather tie and pulled on a shirt and slipped on her boots and headed to the outer tent and nearly tripped over the buckets of hot water waiting for her.

Anya had left her another longer note.

Heda Leksa,

My apology, for boy's behavior and for my men. I have sent them away as you requested. They are brothers and had a quarrel over a beta and left your tent unguarded. Know this, they beg forgiveness and will obey your instructions of being bound together as you wished. As for Clarke's friend. I spoke with him and for the moment seems very concerned about the omega's welfare. I have explained to the boy about Clarke's condition and said the rest was none of his business. He is not happy, and I will send him back with Lincoln and Octavia to their camp in the morning. I suspected you would not object. Please let your omega I did not harm.

Pleasant evening,

Anya

Your omega. Leksa smiled a reread that part of the note. Was Anya hinting around at something? The thought flooded her mind. She needed to speak with her and tossed it aside and ducked out of the tent. Four guards were now waiting outside the tent. Not the customary two on each side. She nodded to them and headed to Anya's lodgings.

Two of the guards followed behind her back as she paced the short distance, and Leksa pushed past the covering that led to Anya's temporary quarters. Another concrete structure, not as large as her home, but comfortable.

Anya was holding a beta in her arms and feeding her a piece of honey covered bread. Leksa smiled at her Second's relax posture and could not deny that she felt the same then cleared her throat.

Anya's head snapped up. "Heda, I am sorry." Anya quickly rose bringing the girl with her and beg her to take her leave.

Leksa stopped the girl. "It will be just a moment. Please linger so you can return shortly."

The girl blushed furiously and swayed when Leksa looked in her eyes. The girl could probably smell Clarke on her. The girl shook herself out of her stupor and nodded and gave Anya a small smile and shy wave. Anya just barely kept herself from returning the gesture and motioned to Leksa to have a
"No, thank you. I will not be long, Anya."

"Something to drink?" Anya licked the remaining honey off of her fingers.

"Yes, please." She was thirsty. Anya handed her a cup of sweet wine. Another favorite of hers and took a long drink finishing it and holding it out and Anya filled her mug again.

"The omega is asleep, for now. Earlier Clarke asked just for one day to help her pass the difficulties of her heat, and I am ashamed that I do not think I can hold her to her request."

Anya turned her head in confusion. "I do not understand?"

"Clarke urged me to stay with her for a day, and I could not resist her pull. I still feel her connection, even though we are apart. I want more with this woman, Anya. But, I feel there may be more between us that I was prepared to admit."

Anya looked at her neck, relieved to see it was still bare. "You decide to mate with whom you desire. I would never counsel against what you seek. Just..." Anya paused and moved to stand in front of Leksa. "She is unknown to you, as well as her people. Yes, for now, they do not seem hostile and may prove to be our allies one day. But, talk to the girl before. Make sure if you want to go further, that this mating is something she also desires. A loveless, empty relationship would harm your reign and possibly your coalition of the twelve clans."

Leksa smiled. "As always when my head in the clouds you make sure I know my feet are still firmly planted on the ground. Thank you, Anya." She turned to leave and said, "About the boy?"

"They are returning in the morning to their camp. Lincoln will take them home and stay with Skaikru for now. I instructed my men to set up a small camp just to the south of their location and relay messages as they become necessary."

"Good and again, thank you. Pleasant evening."

Clarke awoke alone, now on her stomach and wiped the drool away from her face. No obvious that sometime in the evening, Leksa withdrew and cleaned up the mess between her legs and pulled a cover over shoulders. When she turned over, Leksa was sitting in her robe at the end of the bed with food spread out. Fixing what looked like a piece of bread and a pile of meat and took a large bite. When she eyed Clarke, she quickly chewed her food and swallowed it down.

"I am sure you are hungry. But, here first you need to drink some water, or would you prefer hot tea?"

"Water is fine, thanks." Taking the mug and drinking the liquid. "I am starving, but I need to..."

"Where you bathe, you can relieve yourself. There is more hot water if..."

"Thanks, I'll be right back. Leksa held out a soft pale blue robe for Clarke, and she slipped it on. Before she left Leksa, she leaned over and brought her face up and ran her thumbs over her eyebrows. Leksa blinked, and they held their gaze, and she bent over and kissed her lips, lingering a moment then moved to the alcove in the back.

Leksa heart soared. Clarke's smell was little different after waking. It was growing in intensity
signally her heat would be rising again soon, and her scent held in it promises that caused a
movement between her legs. Her clit that was tucked neatly against body began to stir, and she
shook her head and adjusted her hips to give room as her cock swelled completely out of her control,
and she groaned against the growing hardness. Leksa's first thought was to cover herself and shook
her head. She wanted Clarke to know she desired her that she wanted to be with her again, as much
as the omega needed. Yes, she asked for just one day, but maybe the omega could be easily
persuaded to let her linger.

Clarke returned, her face freshly washed and braid her thick hair back off her face. She brought her
clothes that she had stripped off of her before the bath. "Is there any chance I could get some soap
and wash my smelly clothes? I can't bear to put them on later as filthy as they are."

"I will have your clothes cleaned for you Clarke, just leave them just outside of the door. Someone
will attend to them for you."

Clarke did as she said and returned and climbed on the bed and pick up a piece of meat and stuffed it
into her mouth. "Hmm."

Leksa laid on her side and propped her head up on a hand to watch Clarke devouring her food and
ran a hand along Clarke's bare knee to her hip. "Sleep well?"

"Yes. Besides being literally pinned to the bed with a gorgeous hard alpha inside of me, it was
glorious." Leksa's face burned, turning the tips of her ears red, and Clarke laughed. "Oh my god,
you're so shy. I thought you were some fierce warrior or something."

Leksa growled then winked at Clarke. "Enough of hard alphas. How are you feeling?"

"Rested and still really horny."

Leksa raised her eyebrows off her answer. "I do not understand. What is..."

"It means, that after we eat. Then we eat some more." Clarke leaned over, wrapping her arms around
her neck and gave her kiss. Leksa held her around her back, and Clarke perilously leaned against her
body. Her breast pressed against her naked chest and Leksa held her firm and pulled her closer
falling on her back and spilling the food underneath them.

"Oops," Clarke said against her lips and pulled back and put everything back on the tray and shoved
it out of the way.

Clarke moved to hover over her, and her robe fell open to her navel. The swells of her breast
showing through the parted fabric, enough that it let Leksa's mind fill in the rest. Clarke reached for
the tray and picked up a piece of fruit taking a bite and gave the rest to her.

Clarke grabbed another piece. Licking her lips before she took another bite. "Hmm. I never knew."

Leksa was getting warm. The more Clarke ate, the more intense her scent became. Leksa put her
hands behind her head to prop it up. "Never knew what?"

"Everything down here on Earth is rich. Like the smells of the flowers and dirt and one day, it
rained. My god, I just wanted to stand in it all day and let it cover my body until it soaked me to the
skin. And the animals. The birds were flying like nothing I could have imagined, oh and fascinating
insects that glow after the sun sets, and dew on the leaves in the morning. I think I've died and when
to heaven, Leksa."

Leksa understood the omega's love for the forest. She grew to love it when she was alone those
many years ago and could only find solace when the world weighed heavy on her shoulders.

"Sometimes, Clarke, the air grows very cold, and the rain turns to light white crystals."

"You mean snow?"

"Yes, ash daun."

Clarke smiled and repeated. "Ash daun, that's your word for snow. I guess I should learn your language. But, I have to admit, I will need a lot of help."

"I could teach you, Clarke."

"I would like that." Clarke was hungry to start over with Leksa. Her heat was pooling in her gut again, and she felt like running her hand down to her center and cup her mound and edge a finger inside in front of this alpha. Play with herself for a bit and maybe lure her stay another day, but this day wasn't over yet and the time on her watch said she had still most of it left. It just turned midnight. Maybe this first day would be enough to get her through her heat, but if the alpha was willing to stay longer...

"You have a question behind your eyes, Clarke?"

"I do, Leksa. I know I only asked for you to stay for a day with me and believe me, you have helped me immensely." Leksa's heart started squeezing tight inside of her chest. She had not contemplated that the omega would send her away sooner. "Can you stay longer with me?"

Big blue eyes blinked at her, and Leksa stumbled out, "What?"

"I understand if you have to go to battle or something with your people. Maybe I shouldn't have asked."

"Shh, Clarke." Leksa gathered her into her arms. She did not know what to say to her at this moment and nor did not want to rush headlong without being sure about this woman she just met. Her heart decided for her. Leksa pulled back and moved the hair that had fallen into Clarke's eyes away and cupped her face. "I would be a fool to leave you, Clarke. I am yours as long as you want."

They finished the meal and Leksa lit more candles around the room. Clarke sniffed the air and noticed a slight change in the place. "What am I smelling, Leksa?"

"It is starting to rain. You are smelling the droplets of water waking the soil and filling it with life again."

Clarke tilted her head surprised at how close it was to what they were doing and if the alpha caught the double meaning. "God, you sound so sexy when you explain things. Tell me something else about your world."

Now that Clarke put Leksa on the spot every clever thing escaped her mind and what remained seemed foolish. She smiled at Clarke.

"As with all things you desire in life, Clarke, sometimes times I find it is best to wait until my words come easier."

Clarke shook her head and put out her hand. "See, that's what I'm talking about. It makes me wet
hearing you talk about nothing."

Leksa smiled then started to laugh. "Where did you come from omega?"

Clarke smiled and pointed upward. "Ooh, I know. What does beja mean?"

Leksa’s mouth came open to the girl’s innocent plea she did not know she was requesting. Her body wanted to answer. "It means please."

"You said another word with beja."

"It was Keryon."

"Please Keryon?"

"Keryon means spirit."

Clarke smiled. "Of course, I guess that's sort of like. Oh god, Leksa, please don't stop."

"Clarke, are you making fun of your Heda?"

"Maybe. But, it would be better if after you're done lighting this place up, you come over here and see to one of your subjects."

Leksa knew the Clarke was teasing and would go to her grave never telling Anya she played this sort of game with the omega. Shaking her head, no doubt if she thought these things Anya would also have. Being an alpha the opportunity for mating was strong, she felt it all the time but had channeled it into her duty as Heda, than thinking of finding pleasure in a woman's arms.

Leksa blew out the small stick she used to light the candles and moved back to the bed. Pulling off her robe and tossing on the chair beside the bed. She crawled next to Clarke laid her head against her stomach, and their hands met across Clarke's breasts and threaded together.

As she watched Clarke, she felt a truth come to the surface, "You are the first omega I have been with, in her heat."

"The only omega?"

The shock of what she revealed wash over Leksa's face which Clarke noticed. Her heart shared a feeling of sorrow she wanted to keep buried. Her foolish tongue confessed a secret.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked you such a personal question. Just forget I said anything."

Leksa took in a breath and pushed down a growing need to tell Clarke everything. It was too soon, and when they part, some of Costia will leave with her.

"I promise that one day when it becomes appropriate, I will tell you what I keep in my heart." What she would tell Clarke was she was the second omega she laid with because her heart was broken by the loss of the first. Something that ate at her, it was her fault putting her in danger.

"Hey, that sound okay to me. Whenever you're ready, I'm here for you too."

Leksa felt that statement settle into her heart. Memorizing how Clarke's face held not sadness, but understanding. Instead of continuing this conversation she squeezed Clarke’s hand and turned her head to kiss just under her breast. Gazing into Clarke's eyes as she ran her tongue around and brought her body up and wrapped her lips around her nipple.
Clarke was lost in her words, and felt her sadness and wanted to know more, but knowing this wasn't the time to bring up her past. She let her body relax as the alpha licked her nipples until they grew harder and bit lightly down on them. They were sensitive, and every brush of her lips and teeth sent a jolt of pleasure between her legs.

Clarke ran her hand over her face and then move it toward her mound. Curious green eyes watch her, and the clever alpha shifted her body so she could lick over her breast and see Clarke play with her clit. She wanted to see more herself and pushed a pillow under her hips to prop herself upward. Opening her legs and running her finger down through her short curls and pushed a finger inside with a groan.

Leksa let out a pitiful moan wanting to release Clarke's nipple from her mouth and lick over Clarke's sex.

In Clarke's heats before, she would use both hands. One hand to open her lips apart, the other to rub vigorously over her clit. Sometimes it would be pillow between her legs. Thoroughly soaking it, then later that night it was impossible to find a dry spot to sleep.

Now, with this alpha hard and dripping and waiting to ask her to penetrate her again was making her scent even apparent to herself. All of this was new to her. Clarke had heard of the notion of the omega come alive when around a strong alpha. Now experiencing for the first time caused her to pulled the alpha's head up and draw her into a deep lingering, toe-curling kiss that before she could comprehend the alpha was nudging herself back inside of Clarke with a grunt.

"God, Leksa, you feel so good." Leksa moaned deep in her chest and pulled the omega's legs further apart, giving herself more room to move between them. Her muddled mind stopped herself from burying her cock deep inside of her Clarke. Her scent made her mouth water, and she shifted downward and pulled her legs over her shoulders and licked deep into her sex.

"Fuck me," Clarke groan slow and loud as Leksa ran her nose over her clit and wrapped her lips around her for just a moment, moving to her core and licking up the slick that coated thick around her opening. Clarke's scent was heavy in her nose, and still, it was not enough. She craved to know everything about this woman and bit down inside of her leg. Clarke cried out, and Leksa left a kiss of apology. "Please inside. Now Leksa."

In her plea, it connected to something she felt pulling at her body and crawled up, penetrating Clarke with one smooth movement and started a slow sensual grind against her center.

Clarke sucked in a breath. She almost came when Leksa sunk her tongue her again. In those last few minutes, as she buried her face in her center watching as the alpha lap up her essence, taking in her mouth and connecting with Clarke on a level she had never experienced before. She was lost, wanting what they had together never torn apart. She wanted all of Leksa, even the parts that lay hidden.

Leksa held back her orgasm. She was so close and mere seconds from releasing when she licked into Clarke. It would have made a mess, the bed now already covered with the both of their essence. Once she was back inside of Clarke, she felt the urge again. To bite down on the omega's neck and mate with her for life. But what little sense she held onto, she resisted. She promised herself to talk to the omega. Find out her heart, what was best for both of them.

Clarke senses a change her the alpha's odor. Some internal sense of her scent told her Leksa wanted to mate with her. Clarke felt the pull and groaned when Leksa hit the perfect spot inside. Rubbing her cock against her front wall almost sending her over to climax.
Clarke wanted to Leksa to bite her but hesitated. But did not send out a scent of submission. Holding onto Leksa tightly letting her know she cared for her deeply. Leksa’s intensity grew gentle, and she thrust lighter and took her into a deep kiss as she sunk back inside and her knot swelled. Tying them together again so swiftly it sent Clarke into orgasm.

Leksa’s heart soared when she understood the omega. She knew that Clarke had a deep affection for her and her body tensed up and came. Spilling all she had into Clarke, causing the girl fall again as she clung to her body. Giving all she could for now. Holding on to the promise that Clarke cared for her.

Chapter End Notes

The next update will be in three weeks. If I am able to take care of my RL stuff, (Projects around my house I have been neglecting,) and get back to writing, which I will do in the evenings it could be sooner. I just don't want to make a promise I can't keep. Pushing for an extra week will give me breathing room. thx for understanding, mares
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Trigger warnings in the first part of this chapter. If you have questions, please let me know in the comment section.

Please understand that the motivations of a character derive out of conflicts. If nothing ever happens to them, they would be hollow people with no depth to their actions and development. There wouldn't be any point in writing at all. (I understand you all know this, I just have to get it off of my chest, thanks for letting me vent.)

I have to honestly say, as an amateur fan fiction writer I want the reader to feel the emotions I feel when I write. It is meant to make you sense living, if only for a few hours in a world fantasy. I want the reader to laugh, cry, feel rage and feel the passion.

Also, for the record, nobody puts Clarke in a corner, she is second to no one, especially to Leksa kom Trikru.

The three different Lexas I have written in my stories, all come from a place of learning. How she talks, what she thinks. How she interacts with other people, particularly Clarke in each different universe. In all, no one understands and feels for her with the intensity that Clarke does. Leksa may have loved Costia, but Clarke is her soulmate. How they get to the point of finding each other and making it work, is the story.

One more thing, prior to the comment I received on my last chapter about Costia, I had already written two almost three chapters ahead. All that you read forward was not changed, just proofread. When I reread what I had created, I feel satisfied with my story as is. Thank you for sticking around.

Just for future reference, paragraphs with the () are mostly reflections of something in the past or description of things. Sort of a story within a story to fill in blanks.

Heda Leksa stood rigid, not able to move from the spot she waited. Her hands gripped together behind her back. She needed to keep them in her grasp, less she would strike the next person who dared looked in her direction and would give away the restraint she was just able to control. A rare sight for Heda to be on the ground floor and not tending to her meetings. Anya heard Heda growl for the third time indicating she was at her wit's end and she ushered everyone away to let Leksa pace the large open hall of the Tower of Polis waiting for Costia's return from her home in the South.

Three weeks passed on a trip that should have taken no more than two at most. Now it was going on twenty-one excruciating days apart from her. A mysterious message sent by her family, and from what they could gather from the note, it was urgent that Costia returns home. Leksa's answer was to send ten of her best warriors to protect Costia. She was unable to with Costia because the last two ambassadors were waiting, and if their coalition of the twelve were to work finally, she could not leave the city without securing these two clans.

Costia was close to her heat and going by their records, she only had a few weeks left, before she would miss this opportunity to seal their bond with a bite and mate with her for life. If this time
passed, they would wait until she grew close again, wanting to start their family together the moment they were joined from that second to their last breath.

Leksa knew every crack in the large tiles in the floor. Knew how many she walked on as she paced from side to side. Finally after what seemed like the hundred time she stopped and looked out over the open market, watching as the merchants closed their shops for the day. Hoping still for a rider or something that would tell her Costia would be home soon.

But, when the darkness fell over the city, wherever Costia was, they would have bedded down for the night by now. Anya waited with her, standing silently out of her way and Leksa looked into her direction, and Anya gave a slight shake of her head. Leksa's shoulders and heart fell. Instead of taking the more convenient lift, she trudged up the stairs hoping to tire her mind and body out so thoroughly in exhaustion she would fall deeply asleep.

It did not work.

Worry crept into every part of Leksa's heart and mind. Her instincts told her something was wrong. She spent most of the night looking out over the city. Lost and alone. It brought back all of the terrible memories of when she lay hidden at night alone in the forest when she was a child, missing her family and crying herself to sleep.

Leksa got up before the dawn and headed down to the stables and did not bother to order her men to prepare Draco and completed the task herself. It was foolish to leave without an armed guard protecting her, but the urgency of finding Costia made her make this hasty decision.

As she headed South down the long path out of Polis, her mind wandered thinking of Costia rising this morning, like the days they had spent on the road just a year ago on their way back to Polis. Costia held her tongue most of the way and finally, after fighting with a trivial thing because of her fatigue, Leksa laughed earning her a glare from her omega, and she ordered her men to stop for the day. Later that night she witnesses grateful looks cast in Costia's direction in thanks for the break from the long days on the road.

Leksa kicked her horse into a gallop, and as she grew close to the bend that would take her through a passageway out of the city, she heard two whistles. A sharp sound that made her eyes dart backward. It was Anya's distinctive call, the first one to stop her from leaving the city and the second was a dire message. She turned and in the distance saw Anya next to an open wagon that had just arrived from the North, bent over, her hands on her knees, and something was terribly wrong.

All the breath left Leksa's lungs, and she turned her horse and sent him into a gallop making the people of the markets rush to get out of their way and skidded Draco to a stop then leaping off of his back and joined Anya beside the wagon. The look in Anya's eyes shocked her, and she shook her head sadly she slowly lifted a blanket that covered Costia's body.

Her throat slashed, and a blood-soaked bandaged wrapped her around her neck. A sharp piercing ache surged through Leksa's heart and mind, and her body began shaking. Her heart pounded hard in her chest causing blood to rush to her head and stopped all sound from entering her ears and time stood still.

Moving her body took all Leksa's will as she climbed in the back and knelt by her side. Leksa leaned over and kissed Costia on her forehead and then her lips. They were cold and unfeeling, and her scent was gone. Leksa laid her head against Costia's and began to rock. Confusion clouded her mind. Unable to understand what she is witnessing, what she saw when she looked at Costia's lifeless body.
She cursed her mind as began to paint a life without Costia. She would never see her beautiful eyes gaze into her soul, never see her smile that was for her alone. All the things that they shared together that made her feel whole again after she lost her family. She wanted to scream to the heavens, but her words caught below the lump in her throat, her station would not let her breakdown in front of her people, and she felt her life come to a standstill. It seemed to her that nothing would matter after time started moving again.

The sounds of the market jarred her out of her daze, and she looked up to the only remaining survivor. One of her warriors left alive as a messenger and witness.

"Who did this, Jos?"

The warrior's bearing held a defeat, and he kept his gaze away from her and looked down at Anya instead, ashamed at failing his duty of protecting Costia. His voice was trembling with anguish stating, "Heda, the Ice Nation ambushed us not one day into our trip and sent us North, close to their land. Your warriors fought bravely and took out many of their men, but they outnumbered us. What warriors that were not slain outright were taken away, and I was kept separated from the rest. This was when I saw Costia taken away." Jos cleared the tightness in his throat and continued, "Two days ago, they brought me before the Queen, and she instructed me to give you this." He pulled out a message from the inside of his coat and handed Heda a scroll stamped with the Queen's seal. "When finally they released me the Queen said she would accept your invitation to join your coalition. Then her guards brought me to his wagon. Two men held Costia, as another slit her throat. I tried to help Costia, but it was too late."

"Is she mad?" Anya barked out.

"Hush, Anya, not here." Leksa's alpha scent had changed, and she felt it surging through every pore in her body. It was about vengeance. She knew as this a child when her whole world taken from her and here nearly ten years later it revisits her. This time the woman she loved and wanted to make as her mate now brutally slain.

Leksa looked upward towards the high top of the tower, where the smug Ambassador of the Ice Nation was staying. It would take all of the strength she had to push it down and not toss the man from the tower.

Leksa lifted Costia's body up and held her tight against her chest and stepped out of the wagon and took her inside of the Tower of Polis. Her warriors and the people of the city went to their knees. All her people knew Costia and loved her. Loved that she brought light and life to their Heda. Leksa held her tears from falling, and her face turned to stone, not wanting to reveal how much pain she was carrying. Anya followed behind her, and only the noise between them that remained was the creaking lift reverberating as they ascended to the top of the building.

Word was spreading quickly, and the sounds of wailing echoed over the city, seemingly penetrating the solid walls surrounding them. Leksa carried Costia down the long passageway to the Great Hall, and as the guards opened the doors, outraged covered their faces, and she could see the fire building in their eyes. Leksa did not send out a scent to calm them down. She wanted them to feel their anger.

The Ice Nation's Ambassador was facing away from her and was speaking with his scribes. Their eyes came up and met hers, and quietly they whispered to him, and he turned. Leksa saw indifference covering his face.

"Heda Leksa." Ambassador Khel's voice dripped with a condescending timbre.

This man would die today. It was just in the tone of his voice, spoke of a man who knew things.
"Silence, Khel. I have heard and seen the treachery that lives within your Queen's heart." She poured out her dominate alpha scent, and it sent him and those who stood with him on their knees. It was so strong that even Anya had to back up and not pass out feeling its intensity.

"Costia was an innocent, and your Queen killed her because she desired to hurt me, hurt the people of Trikru that loved my omega."

"Heda, if I may. I did not know this girl or what she was to you," Ambassador Khel tried to reassure her.

"So you were present when Costia arrived in the North?"

"I heard talk, nothing more," Khel replied, still not understanding the weight of his crime.

"And yet, you eat my food and stay in my home, and you knew of this, knew that I would find out your Queen wanted me to feel this pain and try to destroy me?" Each sentence grew louder and echoed over the room as she spoke.

Leksa's motion to Anya and she went to her side and lifted Costia from her arms. Leksa kissed Costia one last time on her forehead and watched as Anya's face grew grim and when their eyes met she gave her a slow nod towards the ambassador and Leksa understood she agreed with his sentence. Leksa turned and started to back Khel up until he fell against the steps that led to her throne.

"Rise Khel."

"Please, Heda."

"Your life is mine Khel, the moment you crossed my land."

"I have secrets of the Ice Nation, some you may find helpful if you want to overthrow the Queen one day," Khel grew uncertain, looking from side to side, desperate to find a way out, but Leksa knew the man was frantic to say anything that might spare his life.

"Lies."

"No, I have her records." Reaching into his leather bag and pulled out a handful of tightly bound scrolls. Leksa snatched them out of his hands and flung the papers across the floor.

"Please, Khel stand and walk with me."

The man must have known he would soon die and tears started streaking down his face. Leksa's heart had hardened and was not moved by them.

"You have the choice, Khel. I can push you, or you can jump."

"Heda please, I beg you."

"Say that one more time and I will make the decision myself."

"I did not know who this woman was to you," Pleading with her. He closed his eyes as they approached the balcony railing and repeated it again, "Heda please, I beg you not to react so harshly."

A promise kept, and she turned and kicked him square in his chest sending him over the wall, screaming all the way until there was silence.
Leksa stood for a moment then leaned her hands on the railing. Squeezing down until the palms of her hands almost drew blood from the pressure of the unforgiving stone.

The last few minutes did not seem real. In the span of those few minutes, Leksa's world now torn apart, and she had killed a man. She did not wake this morning, thinking not a mere hour later she would be alone again. How could she continue to lead her people? She had failed Costia. She should have never let her leave the city. Maybe she should have gone with her. Realizing her vision of bringing the twelve clans together cost Costia her life.

I must send a letter. Leksa began writing a message to Costia's family in her head. To tell them of her death and beg forgiveness for failing their kin.

Anya quietly cleared her throat, and Leksa released the railing calling over her shoulder, her voice now calm and without feeling, "Anya, make a pyre for Costia."

"Yes, Heda. I will prepare everything and send for you when it is ready."

"Thank you, Anya."

Leksa's heart felt raw and exposed. The bitter reality of bringing peace to their world cost Leka everything she held in her heart. She could feel parts of it falling away. Queen Nia's boot crushed it and turned it into dust and blew away in the breeze that brushed against her body as she stood vulnerable on the balcony.

A growing desire started to build in what remained of her heart. She wanted to go to war, take out the Queen and rip her limb from limb. But, when Leksa looked out over Polis, her mind was telling her what it would cost would be more innocent lives. She took in a shaky breath and looked down at her scraped palms.

One dear life for thousands was the price she would pay to keep the peace, for now.

"You scribes, take this dung back to your Queen and tell her I will accept her into my coalition but make her know this. There will come a day, not today or the next. But, one day she will answer for Costia's death."

After she was alone still standing on the balcony, Leksa pushed back her tears as she held her hand over her chest. She closed her eyes and let out a surprised breath when she felt the wetness of the blood that seeped onto her coat. Pulling back her hand and seeing her precious Costia's blood covering it, all she had left of her.

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Anya stood outside of her camp the next morning, her arms crossed over her chest watching Clarke's people going back to their home. Tipping her chin to the boy, when Finn waved at her, unsteady on his horse as it galloped away from his control until her warrior Kiao caught up with him and righted him. Anya shook her head and sighed. She provided horses to make their journey quicker and get the Finn away from Leksa.

She was exhausted. After the beta woman, Keri had left that evening, and she was awakened by Quint, explaining that the boy is out of control, and his orders of not harming him were growing thin on his patience.

"Bring him here," Anya said tiredly.

She grabbed a bottle of her best spirits hoping she could get him drunk and he could go to sleep. Her
first thoughts were to take the boy out in the forest and have a long talk with him, but changed her mind and decided to stay in her comfortable clothes, in her quarters. Show this boy how to behave properly. Show him that they have rules. Giving him the truth, and let him drink his fill after the realization struck him, Clarke had bedded with their leader.

"I understand you may care for Clarke, but you must know this, sometimes what you seek, is not always what is best for you or your people."

"But, she hardly knows that woman. I mean what is she anyway?"

"Please, my leader's name is Heda Leksa, and she is an alpha. Surely you must have known the moment you saw her?"

Finn tapped his nose. "I don't pick up much."

"That is unfortunate. Heda was here earlier and yet I can still smell them in my quarters. Clarke's scene covered Heda's body."

"What? Dear God, don't tell me that."

"It is a truth, which you will accept. Clarke is your leader, yes?"

"Clarke, I guess you could call her that. I mean we're here right?" Finn thought it might be best if kept his mouth shut. Not that Clarke wasn't taking charge right now, but no one had voted who to make in command.

"Yes, and you are here in my tent. Tell me, Finn, can you not sense my station?"

Finn leaned back and took a deep breath of air through his nose. He closed his eyes, and something was tickling his senses, and they came open.

"You're alpha too?"

"Yes. Maybe your nose is not broken after all."

"I wouldn't say that. But, I still don't understand how you and your leader could be alphas."

"Your people do not have alpha women?"

"No, we don't. I just thought alpha women went extinct. At least they did on the Ark. It's not really a big deal. Everyone seems to be equal to me, sort of. I mean we had a lot of rules, and the guys are mostly in charge. I guess since I can't tell who's who apart unless they tell me, I got used to it. The Ark is our home or was my home. All I have ever known."

"And this is our home. Where Heda Leksa is our leader, an alpha woman that we follow." Anya watched Finn yawn, finally tiring after this long day. "I am sending you back to your camp tomorrow. Clarke will be staying with Heda until her heat is over. You do know how dangerous it is for a young omega unmated to be alone in the world, correct?"

"I guess I do now. I'm just not sure why Clarke didn't ask me to help her out." He stopped, now understanding why Clarke kept rejecting him. "She didn't ask me because she doesn't like me like that anymore." His face grew sad and took another drink. "I thought Clarke and me, well we fooled around that one time and I don't know. Clarke was pissed because I cheated on my girlfriend with her. Honestly, it was because I never thought I see Raven again."
Anya shook her head, as he continued to talk. She knew that sometimes strong spirits make a tongue looser as this boy was speaking his mind freely. "You had another, and you bedded with Clarke anyway? Are you saying that Clarke did not know you had this weakness, to give yourself to her when you belong to another?

"When you say it like that, it does sound pretty awful."

"This Raven, does she know?"

"Oh, yeah. It's over with Raven. She came down on the second ship to find out if we survived and found out."

"Raven is an unusual name," Anya stated. She was curious and wondered what a woman with a name like Raven, what would she look like in person? A woman brave enough to descend from the heavens alone, like the soaring bird, albeit the raven was known for its mischievous nature. Anya knew it had intelligence. She was intrigued. "Describe her to me."

"I couldn't do her justice, but I have this." Finn pulled out an old pocket watch and opened it up and handed it to Anya to show her a picture of her.

Images of objects and people were not unknown to Anya. In the books that survived the dark time, held many different pictures. Anya used a candle to see it better, and by her looks alone she could tell she was a beta. Dark hair, deep dark eyes you could get lost in and a pretty white smile. Anya blinked her eyes. Raven was beautiful. She handed the watch back to the boy. "You are a fool, Finn."

"Ya think?"

"There are many people in our world. Others that may find you attractive. My warrior Kiao has found you interesting, perhaps she could speak to you."

"Kiao's nice, but I'm into girls."

"She is a girl, Finn," Anya said flatly, thinking that boy may be dense.

"But..." He was treading water here. One of not to offend. "She's just isn't my type."

"I see. It is not because Kiao has a cock?" Anya just kept herself from smiling watching as he grew uncomfortable with her frankness.

Finn gave her a weak smile, unable to answer that question without sounding like a complete asshole. "There is nothing wrong if you prefer a more comfortable fit for your body, Finn. We all have different desires. I have been with both men and women, but I have decided that I require a more pleasant body and mind of a female beta."

"Yeah, the way you say that it's how I feel." Finn yawned again. Anya thought it might be best to let him stay with her tonight.

"I will allow you to remain with me until morning. Sleep off the hard drink."

"Thanks." He went to sit on her bed, and she shook her head.

"No, not in bed with me." She handed him a blanket and one of her old pillows, and he made a bed on the floor.

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A soft contented sigh brushed against Leksa's ears, causing tired and curious green eyes slowly open and blink a couple of times. Amazed at what she was seeing. The room still lit with the candles casting its light through Clarke's golden hair and making her skin glow, creating shadows against the curves of her body. One of Clarke's hands comfortably wrapped around the swell of Leksa's breast and she was resting her cheek on the other, leaning over so that her mouth was no more than an inch from Leksa's nipple. All she would have to do is poke her tongue out a fraction of an inch and...

As if by the spirits hearing her thoughts she watched in wonder as Clarke did that very thing. A wet pink tongue touched the tip of her nipple and quickly pulled it back in her mouth.

Leksa grinned and said, "I see you wake early in the morning like I do, Clarke."

Clarke jumped at being caught and quickly hid her face against Leksa's belly. A muffled, "Sorry," Clarke said as she lifted her head up and rolled over on Leksa's chest and rested her chin against her hands. "I couldn't resist. I've been awake for awhile, and I could have taken advantage of you, but all I did was watch you sleep." Clarke could not hide her smile this new morning. It was radiant.

"You like what you see, in me?" Leksa dislodged Clarke, pulling her closer to watch the smile on her lips and joy behind her eyes.

Clarke understood the question. But she hesitated to say anything. She did like Leksa; more actually if she could admit it to herself. Last night was still on her mind of how close they were to mating. But, her rational sky person mind drifted back to her responsibilities, and Leksa was just helping her get through her heat. Like a friend helping out a friend in need. Right?

The seconds slowly passed as Leksa watched and waited for Clarke to speak, the play of her mouth as it parted seemingly unsure of what to say causing her heart to start pounding hard in her chest.

Maybe the omega could see her face betraying fear if Clarke were to reject her after she had expressed a desire for her on a deeper level.

Clarke looked down unable to meet her eyes and said, "I do like you, as crazy as that sounds. More than just grateful you've been so generous to me. I just don't want you to think I'm just going to use you like this and take off and never see you again." Clarke ran the back of her hand over Leksa's chest and then looked up and could have kicked herself, seeing the dejected look on the alpha's face. It seemed to have fallen when each word passed her lips. She wanted a hell of a lot more with her. Clarke didn't want to appear that her heat was causing her to make this decision out of lust. She wanted to be clear headed. Something her mother pounded into her head. Think Clarke before you sleep with another beta boy. Save yourself for one that can make your life better, like an alpha male.

Leksa felt anxious listening to Clarke speak of what they may be to each other. Part of her mind understood this coupling is to, what? Help out an omega from another clan, not even of their coalition? Clarke and her people were so unlike any she has met before. It sounded absurd. And yet, she watched Clarke sit across her hips and placed her hands next to her head gazing down at her.

"Oh god when you do that, it just melts me."

"I do not understand." Leksa was a bit confused with Clarke's words. They seem freely said. Like a child would be discovering a new thing. The world had yet to jade the young mind. Though, Clarke was not a child. Clarke was a gift from the heavens. Her face carried in it a softness, not marred by the hard life she'd seen on the faces of her people. Clarke was breathtakingly beautiful.

Watching Leksa laying beneath her, she found her vulnerable. Leksa had put her faith in her hands. If Leksa was sure about her then maybe they could take this a bit slower. Which after she said that in
her head it seemed ridiculous. Her heart and mind had already made its decision. What she felt for Leksa, was something she had never felt with another, it began to settle deep in her bones. It was more than when their bodies had connected. There was a deeper underneath the desire. She could feel her life subtly changing almost becoming fused with her with a passion.

With a slow and deliberate cadence, Clarke began to spill her heart out to Leksa, "That's okay, I barely understand what's happening between us. Because something is, I can feel it. Like it's fixing something inside of me." Clarke smiled and bent over to kiss her lips "How about, we see where this goes. I promise I won't hold back. I'll be honest with you and share everything I know. It's just, I really like you, Leksa. Even if we hadn't, you know..."

Every word that came out of Clarke's mouth was like a soothing balm that she used to patch up the tatters of her heart. A weight she felt Clarke lift off of her, and simply toss across the room and give her room to breathe. That she came from the sky, Leksa wondered if maybe one night watching the stars in the inky blackness from her balcony, wishing to see Costia one more time in a dream, not knowing that may the heavens may have held another waiting. Waiting to join with her and make them one.

"Smuch op." Leksa pointed to her lips. Clarke tilted her head and gave her a sweet smile. Instead of kissing her lips, she kissed the tip of her nose. Then chuckled at the surprised look that came over Leksa's face.

Clarke watched this girl, this woman warrior so surprised at playing that it lifted Clarke's heart and heat. And felt it growing in her loins again, but she didn't want to be penetrated, just yet.

Clarke laid her breast against Leksa's and shifted her hips. Her eyes grew dark as she gazed down at Leksa and positioned herself at the perfect angle to slide down on her cock she felt resting at her entrance. Even with Leksa dripping for her, what she wanted was her mouth. Clarke's lips brushed gently against hers Moving, so they shared the air between them. Connecting their mouths only briefly as Leksa tried to follow, running the tip of the tongue over her bottom lip and sucked into her mouth.

Leksa's hips quivered.

Clarke groaned, closing her eyes as Leksa's thick cock brushed against her clit and she couldn't hold back a sultry laugh. "Ooh, do you like to be sucked?"

(There are red dunes North-East of Polis. So red that when Leksa dipped her leather gloved hand into the sand, it came back the color of the setting sun. Her face felt much hotter and redder than that place at this moment. Thankfully the light from the candles hid her embarrassment.)

She also hid it by holding Clarke's face with her hands and brushed her thumbs over her cheeks, but she could not hide the smile that came over her lips.

"I'll take that as a yes," Clarke said.

Clarke's eyes sparkled and began kissing her deeply. Holding her face as she ran her tongue around hers making Leksa achingly harder. She didn't stop with her mouth, and she started tracing her tongue to the outside of her ear and bit down on the lobe. Holding still then sucking it into her mouth.

A shiver ran down Leksa's spine at the warm breath that caressed her ear. A soft word spoke so quietly; it was only the movement of Clarke's lips she traced, she understood the word she uttered was 'mine.
Where their bodies connected along their lengths, it grew warm and moist from their sweat. Clarke used this to slide her body downward. Her tongue traced another line along her neck and down to breasts.

Clarke wanted to experience more from Leksa and scooted down her body. The heat in her gut hit her hard, harder than the day before making Clarke's clit swell and throb. Wanting to be penetrated by Leksa again. Have her thrust deep inside, and have Leksa's knot expands against the inside of her walls, sealing it shut so nothing could escape. An aching need pierced inside of her core hard, and she pushed it aside making tears leak from the corner of her eyes, and she latched onto Leksa's nipple and began sucking it her mouth and kneaded the other.

Leksa was lost in her pleasure as a steady stream of come began to seep from her slit and dripped on her, running down the sides of her cock. As she watched Clarke licking her breast, she cried out in surprise when Clarke wrapped her hand around the base of her cock and slid it upward.

"Clarke, beja."

Clarke continued to kiss along her breast, biting down and leaving a soft peck behind and she kissed a line to her firm abdomen all the while she kept a grip on her shaft. But moving her hand achingly slow to build her up. When finally Clarke was hovering just over her cock she looked up at her with bright blue questioning eyes. Leksa gave a shy nod of her head.

Clarke kept her eyes focused on Leksa and touched her tongue lightly against the slit, drawing back the offering. It tasted like her scent but more. All of the alpha layered beneath the essence of her that told this alpha's story. She wanted more to learn all of her secrets and wrapped her mouth around the head and sucked.

"Clarke," Leksa cried out and opened her legs so that the omega could sit comfortably between them as Clarke focused on bringing her to release. Leksa could not believe what she was seeing, it had been so long and unexpected and groaned again when Clarke mouth sunk further down on her cock. Leksa slammed her head hard against her pillow.

For Clarke, this was a first. Elated, that in her past that she refused to go down on a guy on the Ark. She was almost positive it wouldn't have been like Leksa. She was gentle, not thrusting up too hard, just enough when she licked at the sensitive place behind her head she cried out in a woman's voice, Clarke felt goosebumps rising along her body. Making love to a woman as she held her cock and sucked harder wanting to taste her come hit the back of her throat for the first time. Clarke let her cock slide out of her mouth and saw a desperate look cross Leksa's face.

"Let go. I'll catch you." Clarke smiled then wrapped her mouth around her again and reached for Leksa's hand. Finding it and threading their fingers together and she squeezed down, and Leksa came with a groan, this time holding still as Clarke took her release for the first time. Leksa's come rushed to the back of her throat, and Clarke rose up so she wouldn't overpower her and swallow all she offered.

Leksa cried out her name over and over as she released herself into Clarke's mouth. When she dared open her eyes and watched Clarke catch all she was, something bright and soothing wrapped around her heart. She was beginning to feel deeper connected to Clarke and wanted to take this further with her. Leksa could not believe she was thinking this again, but she wanted to make her mate and bond with her for life.

"Would you stop pacing behind me, you're making me nervous," Raven said adjusting the dials and
tried to pick up Clarke's radio signal. "She must have it turned off."

Raven set up her radio inside of the dropship on the second level. It allowed her to hook up to the solar panels, antenna and could access the relays that lined the upper floor. It currently was their sleeping area for the younger kids and makeshift medical bay, newly vacated by Jasper who wanted to go outside and breathe the fresh air. He insisted he felt better and got a new lease on life and wasn't going to waste a minute living it to his fullest. Now it was Raven's radio station.

"Clarke is some leader. I should have never let her leave," Bellamy said.

"Oh, that's rich coming from you. It's a little late to be complaining about it now." She was irritated with Clarke, but for an annoyingly stupid reason. This place was getting boring and filling up with ungrateful kids. Itching to go outside of the fence and explore. Bellamy helped her get everyone under control and said only a few could go out with alphas. It almost caused a mutiny. Until Jasper calmed the kids down when he stepped out of the dropship surprising everyone that he's still kicking, happy just to be alive. That took the pressure off. Evidently, the delinquents forgot how dangerous this place could be.

Lincoln told her it probably would take half a day to get there and now it was going on two days. Hell, Clarke could be held captive for all they knew.

"Let me try it again." She changed the channel and said, "Dropship One to Clarke pain in my ass Griffin, over."

Just static, indicating Clarke should be picking up her signal.

"Hey, dear leader, answer the damn radio, over."

Bellamy laughed and started to say something witty when there was a loud explosion outside followed by screaming of their people. He kicked over the metal box he was sitting on and ran to the ladder.

"Wait, close the hatch and lock it down. Let's wait to see what happens first."

"I've got to help," Bellamy said.

"You can't do anything without any weapons. You heard what I heard. That's something more than these ground...I mean Trikru people."

It was a good thing he shut it when they started to hear loud voices on the first floor muffled by the metal, and Bellamy stepped away from the locked hatch and moved towards Raven. They waited until it grew quiet and they both released their breaths.

"Okay. Think Raven," She said to herself and began looking around the room when her eyes spotted a panel similar to one their freed Lincoln. "Over here."

Raven removed the bolts and slid the panel aside just a fraction of an inch to peek outside. At ground level the air was covered in a thick red fog, it wasn't the acid fog this time, and it took a minute for it to dissipate, then she started to see people moving; dozens of men in white coveralls over their entire bodies and wearing protective helmets over their heads. It looked like they carried oxygen tanks fixed to their backs. She gasped as she saw them hauling away some of the delinquents on stretchers and remembering when Lincoln pointed in the direction of the mountain, and it appeared that's where they were heading.

"What's going on," Bellamy whispered.
"It's like The Invasion of the Body Snatchers or something. Here look."

Bellamy took his turn, and Raven remembered what Lincoln had told them about the mountain men. "Reapers, they're going to turn our people into creatures, Bellamy."

"What the hell are talking about?"

Raven explained what Lincoln told them about the mountain and how they were also responsible for the acid fog.

"Hey Raven, this is Clarke, over."

"Shit." Raven dashed for the radio and quickly turned it down. Bellamy kept an eye on the men in white suits, and he closed his eyes in relief, they didn't hear the radio.

Raven put on the headphones and whispered, "Clarke is that you?"

"Hey, yeah. Sorry I haven't been in contact. It's a long story I'll have to tell you about later."

"That's really special, Clarke. I'm sure everything is going great," Raven said sarcastically.

"Hey, what's going on? You sound strange."

Her voice grew louder in her distress, "We're under attack." Bellamy glared at her and put his finger over his mouth to make Raven quieter. "I have to whisper. I think were are being invaded."

"What?" Clarke looked at Leksa, and she shook her head, indicating with a purse of lips and a shrug of one shoulder that it was not her people. "Tell me what happened."

Leksa's fidgeted with her knife, flipping up in the air and deftly landed neatly balanced on its hilt on the palm of her hand. Waiting impatiently for Clarke to get finished and they could...sighing like a small child waiting for another piece of honey candy she craved like she did when she was small, even if meant she was a little sore along her back and between her legs. Clarke's voice became louder, as she questioned her friend, and Leksa grew concerned, tossing her knife on the bed and began rubbing Clarke's shoulders as she got agitated and listened to her anxious voice asking questions.

"How many did you see, Raven?"

"Well, only about a dozen. But, I'm sure there were more."

Bellamy whispered, "They've got a vehicle. It looks like they're putting everybody in the back."

"Clarke this is getting serious, remember what Lincoln said about the mountain men making their people in reapers."

"It's only you and Bellamy inside the ship?"

"I guess so. I didn't see all of the kids; maybe some got away. But, that may not be likely because I've been trying to keep everybody safe inside of her camp. Damn and Jasper just said how glad he was to be alive and went outside, fuck. He's going to be pissed."

"Listen, Octavia and Finn are heading back with Lincoln and few of Heda Leksa's warriors. We need to get ready and head back over to you guys, but I have to tell you I'm in the middle of my heat and I don't know how much use I'll be like this. I may be more of a distraction."
"How many days left do you have?"

"I think just a day and a half, but I probably could leave sooner." Clarke reached absentmindedly for Leksa's hand on her shoulder, and she neatly intertwined their fingers.

"Ooh, that's gotta be rough. All alone in a strange place, I hope found you a safe place to get through it."

"Oh, I'm fine. I'm staying in a very safe place." Clarke squeezed the Leksa's hand. She was dying to tell Raven that she was with an alpha. That there more other alpha women on Earth. Not that Raven would go for one, but you can never tell. She seemed over with Finn, so...

"That's good, now can we get back to what we do now, leader?"

~~~

"As for what Lincoln observed. He stated that a group of men moved in the forest coming from the mountain near the Skaikru's dropship. He did not get close enough see much more."

Leksa had stepped out of her bedchamber to inform Anya to ready her men to leave for Clarke's clan and find out what Lincoln saw, but not before she filled the bath with more hot water for Clarke and brought her more food. Her mind began to wander.  

~

"Beja, Clarke," Leksa's climax finally tapered off. Her head plopped back against the pillow and only just felt Clarke crawl back on her body and laid quietly next to her. If this had been a dream, Leksa would have drifted off to sleep, but as she held onto to Clarke, she began to whimper quietly asking for her and Leksa rolled her on her back and kissed her and groaned when she tasted herself in Clarke's mouth.

"Clarke." Leksa kissed her deeply and fit herself between her legs again, rubbing her cock next to her entrance and found her sex, drenched. She grew harder and slowly moved inside again. Clarke's body did not resist and was still tight, but her slick surely made it comfortable for her, hearing her moan she began setting a slow pace of drawing Clarke's release closer. Then lifted Clarke's legs to wrap around her body as she pushed herself tight against her body and her knot swelled inside of Clarke.

Clarke cried out when she came sending Leksa over with her.

~

Anya watched Leksa seemingly, lost in thought. She let her voice trail off and looked up. Heda gazed out of the open tent a gentle smile on her face. She did not have the heart to take her out of her pleasant memories of the past day, well deserved. Maybe she could let Leksa, live in these quiet moments for a few more hours before the reality of facing the mountain became their complete focus.

Anya cleared her throat and broke Heda out of her spell. "All is well with Clarke kom Skaikru?"

Leksa took in a breath and then began to blush at the knowing grin Anya gave her.

"Clarke is feeling better, thank you. I will let her know you were concerned."

"Leksa," Anya drawled hinting that she wanted to know more.
She could not stop the smile of just the thought of Clarke and how she made her feel. It was hard to express, not wanting to tell the world, less something would burst this bubble of joy she was comfortably resting inside.

"It is as you said before when you laid with an omega in her heat. It is, intense. But not unwelcome. Clarke is." Stopping before saying more than she was sure of herself. "Forgive me. I should not speak about what is between Clarke and me."

"As it should be. Heda I understand. I will ready my men and be eager to head out before dawn tomorrow."

Leksa clarified, "I want to head back well before the dawn, Clarke insists she will come along. But, I need a stronger horse to ride on. One that can take two riders for the trip and a spare."

"I will have Raj and Draco prepared for you and Clarke."

~~~~

Clarke groaned when she finally woke up again late in the afternoon. Sitting up in a daze from the past hours and climb off of the bed, a pleasant ache between her legs drew her attention when she started to walk. Clearing, the sleep from her eyes, noticing a few marks on her breasts and the inside of her legs. She was sure there would be some on her ass as well.

After talking with Raven and making tentative plans to leave when she was able, Leksa let her sleep tossing a blanket over her while a stream of beta girls brought bucket after bucket to refill the tub. At least that was she vaguely remembered. Leksa left her with a kiss telling her she will join her soon and stepped into the basin and hissed as the hot water touched her sex. Moving slower until the heat became welcomed.

She decided just to soak and began to reflect on the past few hours. How it became possible to be where she was at this moment. Safe, warm and well-loved by Leksa, who was beginning to be the most important person in her life.

Her mind drifted to the conversation with Raven and how scared she sounded. But she couldn’t keep her mind from wandering back to Leksa’s face when she came this morning.

Sitting on top her after Leksa knotted her and turned them over and let her ride her, grinding her clit against the base of her cock. When an explosion of heat and come between them and Leksa’s face held happiness, and she was just able to hold her eyes open, knowing that she was watching her as they came together.

A pang of guilt hit her when she began to realize what she was doing. Being completely satisfied for the first in her life. Being treated as though she was Queen of the Ark when the thoughts of her friends brought her back to reality. It began to hit her hard and was at a loss of what to do and how to make it right with her friends. Find a way to save them. How to defeat the acid fog?

Clarke grew impatient waiting for something that would tell her Leksa was returning. Time passed, and she closed her eyes then felt the air move and gasped with Leksa entered the alcove and stripped herself of her clothing and stepped into the bath and went completely under the water. Her legs surrounded Clarke’s. The basin was huge and held both of them comfortability.

What little she saw before the alpha submerged herself was a work of art. Something her fingers were itching to draw. The light from the candles as she removed her clothing, painted lights and shadows against her tan skin. Muscle lined her body and cock. Also a few scars and one intricate
tattoo on one arm. Leksa's was gorgeous.

Clarke saw pictures of alpha women of old Earth past. Lovely sculptures lined the walls of ancient cities of old Earths past. Carved with an alpha woman in all of their glory. It made Clarke hotter than the bathwater, and it helped her pushed her guilt aside.

Leksa sat up with a splashed and grabbed the bottle that Clarke remembered was her favorite. "Anya and my people are preparing for battle. We will leave before the sun wakes out of its slumber."

Clarke shook her head and the creative way Leksa had of saying, they're leaving before dawn. It helped her take her mind off of her friends. "Can I help?" Clarke didn't wait for Leksa to answer and nervously pulled the bottle out of her hand and made a motion to turn around. After she had poured a good portion in her hands, she began at her scalp and ran her hands her long hair. "Hmm, your hair is thick. I'll bet it's hot in summer."

"Sontam," Yes, summer can be cruel. Then it is better to wear a single braid." Leksa picked up a cloth and began cleaning her body.

"Ever think about cutting it shorter? Not that I want you too, just asking." Clarke couldn't keep the nervousness out of her voice.

"I keep it managed, but it is the least of my concern." Leksa paused and looked over her shoulder. Her profile was stunning. Thick dark wet hair, her face still soaked and dripping. Her full lips she was dying to suck on. "I am finding that you divert when you are frightened, Clarke."

"How'd..." Clarke was a little stunned that Leksa could so easily pick up her anxiety she was trying to hide.

"When you thought a rock hit Indra's village. I could see your mind working on the problem, and divert. Maybe you thought I might believe it was your people. I knew you were telling the truth because your voice held no deceit and you explained the truth of who you are."

Clarke was on the verge of tears. "What am I diverting now?"

"Clarke." Leksa turned around, picking up Clarke's hands and kissing each palm.

Clarke began to confess, "I'm feeling guilty because I'm safe with you and my friends are not."

"That is because you are managing what you need to do to move to the next step. Know this Clarke kom Skaiku, you and your people are not alone. I command twelve clans. I have sent word for my people to gather near here and will prepare to battle the mountain."

Clarke fell back against the basin and put her hands over her face. Her tears well up so fast, she almost didn't feel the alpha pulled her into a hug. Hushing her crying as she petted her wet hair along her back.

"Clarke, it is okay to feel lost. All of this is new for you. When I first learned of your existence and heard that you were an omega, I thought your people might use trickery. I almost decided to let my mentor Indra meet with you as Heda until I saw your face. I knew I had made a mistake. I decided at that moment to meet with you as an equal and give you a chance. I was not wrong."

Clarke was vulnerable and felt it in every cell of her body. It was the familiar aching. The lust of her heat clouded her mind, and the alpha's words made her want to spread her legs and let the alpha enter her again. Submit to her powerful lover. But the scent Leksa sent out started to calm her, making it so she could endure.
Clarke's felt the intensity back off and gave her time to slow her heartbeat down and leaned back to look at Leksa. "How do you do that so easily?"

Leksa confessed, "My body and soul is listening to you, Clarke."

Clarke let out a shaky breath. "I want to know everything about you Leksa. How you came to be. Everything."
Leksa groaned when a shard of light passed through the gap in the old curtains and fell over her face. It would be another balmy day. Leksa could feel it already. Along with the humidity, sounds of the merchants peddling their wares carried upward with the heat into her open doors making Leksa turned her head away from the light and noise. On her stomach, the lower half of her body was under a thin sheet and her back covered in a light sheen of sweat. The third night of sweltering damp heat kept her locked in her room after her duties were complete and they did not require her attention for the remainder of the day.

The only way she could endure the heat was in the evenings to soak in her large tub filled with fresh water. Leksa only time of solace and privacy and let the world melt away as she cooled off her heated body. It would bring back pleasant memories of the springs they swam in when she was young. Playing with her brothers in the water and always, their parents on the shore watching over them.

She shifted to turn on her back and found her abdomen stuck to the sheet and pulled herself away falling heavily onto her back. Then grew frustrated when her legs became tangled in the sheets and kicked them off revealing her naked body. Whole and in one piece, except for the multitude of thin cracks that lined her heart.

The muscles along her chest lifted her breasts as she took in a breath then slowly released it. Her eyes roamed over the ceiling as her fingers absentmindedly found the new mark on her abdomen and rubbed against the fading scar.

(A drunken accident she hid from her healers. In anger, she tossed her favorite knife at a wall and missed. The blade ricocheted off a piece of pottery, shattering the pot and sending a broken bit slicing across her bare stomach.

The pot held oil, lit at the time creating a small fire that she quickly put out, using the mug of wine she was drinking; falling on back on her bed and as her arm rested on her stomach. It felt strangely wet. Lifting her head, she saw her arm coated in blood. A tiny piece of pottery caused a cut, and it bled profusely. Leksa stumbled to the bathing chambers and found a cloth, holding it over the bloody mess for quite awhile before it stopped seeping.

Drunk, naked and bleeding lying on her back against the floor as she kept her tears at bay, taking in slow, measured breaths and stilled her heartbeat until it slowed down to rest. It always worked. The warrior never cried.

After she cleaned the blood away, it was no more than a slight cut. This small wound bothered Leksa the most. A reminder of why she threw the knife at all, a tiny scar would never let her forget. Now a visible sign of her grief she still carried over losing Costia.)

Between her legs, her dark curls covered her lower lips, below where a woman exists. The alpha
reached down to cup herself. The times before when she would explore her body, her cock would extend quickly. This past year, it was rare.

And in this past year, she mourned in silence and time did begin to move again. It became easier to picture Costia's face once more without it causing her distress.

Leksa recalled the day she laid eyes on her for the first time. Watching from a distance, now understanding so much more about the omega than she did at the moment. Remembering the first time Costia smiled at her. Leksa groaned when she felt her clit pulse hard against her hand. A precious moment of desire surge through her. Impulsively she started urging herself into hardness and quickly extended to her full length, surprised to see that an alpha still lives within her again.

Warm lips on her's and a body shivering in her embrace as she urged the omega on her back and penetrated her. Leksa's come started to coat her hand as she slid her hand up and down faster and quickly coming as she cried out in relief, a little shocked and grateful that she could feel again.

Today would not hurt so much.

She rose from her side of the bed. Her body satisfied for now and it dulled the reality that her life was not her own anymore. After cleaning and dressing, she waited in her quarters standing on the balcony. Her eyes closed, listening to the city below. A habit she used to prepare herself for another long day. Almost ten months to the day, moving further from the moment she lost Costia. The ache from senseless cruelty at the hands of Queen Nia started to fade in the past.

Leksa sought more information about who was involved in her death and sent a few of her younger warriors with Jos to the North as merchants. Scouring markets and listening for information. Another thing she revisited as a child. Keeping ears and eyes open for talk of the Queen and what she had done. It was a promise she kept with Costia, to find a punish all who were involved in her death.

This day she would meet with Heda Ainia's wife, Alissa. A long overdue meeting. They shared this unfortunate connection of Nia's brutally. Leksa grew fond of Alissa after her loss. When Alissa sent her a heartfelt message, Leksa waited to read until she had the courage. In the letter, Alissa promised if there were anything she could do to help her through her grieving process she would do. Her promise fulfilled with her visit.

In her teaching on strategy and warfare, Leksa was taught to learn about your opponent. Today she would prod Alissa about her sister. What she knew of her weakness and maybe a way to defeat her.

Alissa decided to move to the coast, and Leksa's men brought her back the day before undercover, a request by Alissa herself. She asked for a day rest before they met.

~

Leksa watched when Alissa returned to her old quarters. Taking time to wander around the room, touching pieces of relics, Heda Ainia left for the new heir. After giving her a respectfully amount of time, Leksa motioned for Alissa to join her on the couch.

Alissa sighed. "I never thought I would see the inside of this room again," Her eyes catching another artifact, smiling then turned seeing the sadness pass over Leksa's face and reached out to hold her hand.

"Forgive me, Heda. This must be a hard time for you."

Leksa gently held her hand over hers, giving her a quiet smile. "My nights are long, as you know, but I manage. But, enough of me. How is the coast?"
"As we always hoped. The ocean breeze soothes my soul, Heda. It is hard to explain. You see, it was a dream we had maybe one day. Ainia wished to retire from serving as Heda, but it was not meant to be." Her words trailed off. Not wanting to return the loss of her mate and shook her head out of those thoughts. "My understanding of why Nia did this heinous act may be painful for you to hear, but it is necessary, so you understand what you are dealing with my sister."

"Tell me."

"This may reopen your wounds, Heda, but you must know. Nia may have killed your omega because she did not want you to have an heir, as she did with Ainia. Nia cut me, to prevent a child from growing in my womb. She did not want an Azgeda child sired by a Trikru alpha leader. Nia said I betrayed her people when I laid with and took Ainia's bite and cursed the Trikru Nation. As long as Nia lives, she will not stop hurting the Trikru clan. Her words on paper mean nothing, Heda."

Leksa closed her eyes, and fell back against the couch. Shocked, finally having an answer. This grudge the Queen held over Trikru was older than Leksa herself, and now touched her life.

"The Queen carries that much evil in her heart?"

"Yes, but you wanted to know of her weakness. She has a son, Roan, about Anya's age. She conceived him with an omega she lost in childbirth. She grew to despise the boy and sent him away after he grew to resembled her omega, and Nia could not bear to look at his face; because he was not an alpha as she is. But, it is her weakness, every omega she has bred with has not produced her alpha heir."

"What should it matter what the child's station is?"

Alissa blew out a breath. "You are correct, it should not matter, but for Nia, it is a show of her power, I suppose."

"How many children does she have?"

"From what I learn from my old friends who are still alive, half dozen. All betas sent away from her kingdom; she is unable to sire even an omega girl. She is bitter. I have heard she has brought in a Second, an alpha woman by the name of Ontari, she is also her mate. I heard whispers that she believes that only another alpha can give her what she desired most of all. However, the girl remains without children. She mates with her when the girl is in her rut. The chances grow greater to fill her belly with an offspring. I fear for the child's safety as well as this young alpha."

"What of her clan? Are her people happy?"

"Heda Ainia also wanted to know this, and I will tell you what I told my love. Some of her people show devotion in her presence, behind their walls of their homes they do not. But, any uprising is quickly put down by her elite guards. Well, trained and highly motivated warriors."

"How will I defeat her?"

"By leading by example. You have already begun by uniting the clans. That you offered peace and with the new trade agreements it is more than words on paper. You have to find a way to reason with her people she lords over, even her warriors." Then Alissa began beaming. "Also, having an heir yourself."

Leksa tilted her head back and shut her eyes. She was not willing to mate with another so soon after losing Costia. "You have given me a lot to think over. I appreciate what you have shared. It must
have been difficult for you and Heda Ainia."

"I would do all again if it meant being with Ainia again and it is my duty to help the leader of our clan, Heda Leksa."

~

"How is Alissa?" Anya notched her bow and sat beside Leksa, hidden behind a wall of brush, keeping their presences unseen by their prey.

"She looks rested. The color in her cheeks looks kissed by the sun." Leksa waited for a beat. "She misses her mate." Leksa caught the change in smells when she took a breath of air and motion for Anya to move further into the forest.

Between the trees, they spied a large buck wandering into a clearing, and he started nibbling at the sweet roots that grew there. Unaware of them, Leksa signaled Anya she could have the kill. A respectful arrow through the heart would take the animal down to his knees and would die quickly. Anya held her breath and pulled back her bow and waited. A bee buzzed by her head slightly distracting her for a moment. Then her eyes went back to the animal. She did a count in her head, and on the last mark, barking from a squirrel startled the buck causing it to jolt then jump. Anya released the arrow missing the prey, and it flew away lost in the forest. Anya started cursing, and Leksa couldn't hold her laughter.

"I can not believe I learned to shoot a bow and arrow from you."

Anya turned to look at her, amazed to hear laughter after many months of sullen silence. "Heda lives."

Leksa smiled at her then stood and lent a hand to pull her off the ground. "And I am hungry." She nudged Anya to follow the animal. Leksa did not think he would wander far. There was plenty of food and water nearby to keep him from fleeing deeper into the forest.

"What does she know of Nia?"

"Much. The Queen's desires and weakness and why she killed Costia."

"If it is something you would like to keep to yourself, I will understand, Leksa."

They continued walking as Leksa let the information run through her mind of what she had learned from Alissa. Finally, she said, "Nia is without an alpha heir, for some reason she thinks this is important for her succession. Nia has not been fortunate. Now she lays with her Second, an alpha girl by the name of Ontari." Leksa paused, the next part that Alissa told her, cut her deeply, but she needed to continue. "The truth of why Nia killed Costia, comes from an old hurt. She feels betrayed by Alissa when she mated with Heda Ainia and cursed the Trikru people. Alissa believes that Nia did not want any Heda of Trikru to have a living heir out of spite." It came out without feeling and quickly, and Leksa never wanted to repeat those words.

Anya placed her hand on Leksa's arm stopping her. "I will kill her myself, Heda."

Leksa shook her head; this was her duty to complete. "As you said before, she is mad. But, her time of death has not written as yet. But soon I will finish her story."

~

Returning to Polis, Anya got her buck and had it laying proudly across the rump of her horse taking
the lead to show off her kill as they entered the large wooden gates. What greeted them was Indra. Her arms folded over her chest and dour expression covering her face.

"Indra." Leksa quickly dismounted, holding her forearm in greeting. "What brings you to Polis?"

"It is hard to explain, Heda. Much more than I could have described in a message to you."

Leksa grew troubled at Indra's alarm. "Please, tell me what happened."

"A large object fell to the Earth three days ago. When we approached, we discovered people coming out of this metal craft. A large number of children. We have kept our distance."

Leksa stood stunned, then started to laugh. Surprised at how colorful and almost believing Indra's tale. "You should write these stories down for your children. I could almost picture in my head, my friend."

"Heda, please. I am speaking the truth. I saw the ship myself; as it came down to Earth. It had a large canopy to slow its descent, and it is currently resting directly West of our land."

The detail of the description was too precise to be a fantasy. Before Indra continued, Leksa looked up, sniffing the air and felt it shifting then ducked when a crack of thunder and lightning crashed overhead and opened up the heavens and began to pour over them Leksa grabbed Indra and pulled her under a merchant's stall.

Leksa called out the Anya, "Get the animal on a spit, and I will meet you in my quarters with Indra. I want to hear all of this again. I will send messengers to your encampment and prepare to send out a scouting party." Anya signaled she understood and grabbed Leksa's horse and led them away at a fast trot.

"Indra, please join us tonight for the evening meal with Alissa, then we will speak more of what you saw."

~

Plans were made to travel to Anya's encampment and send out scouts to learn about the strangers who came from the heavens.

Indra and Anya were comfortably drunk laying with bellies full on either side of her large couch. Leksa was in her overstuffed chair. Shoes off, her legs dangling over the arm and all manner of Heda, lying about the room.

"Indra," Anya rubbed her sock cover foot on Indra's ear and drawled, "When is your next litter due?"

Indra batted her foot away. "Two months. But, my wife, Shae would pray it would be tomorrow. Yet, the little one is not ready yet."

Leksa grew silent. She loved Indra's children. She had a boy, Jon and a girl, Lil, both betas, beautiful and smart; now she would be blessed with more.

Leksa let her loose tongue reveal a hope, "One day, Indra I wish to understand all of your joys."

"As do will all, Heda."

They were close to the edge, but no more words would be said. Leksa left her friends as she
stumbled to her bed, face first into sleep.

Leksa held onto Clarke as they soaked in the water. What she needed to tell Clarke was not something she wanted to rush. They were not mates, maybe only then would she feel safe to share her life with this young omega. Going by the way she clung to her, it was becoming most welcomed; something that caused her great comfort along with fear. It was possible that Queen Nia would have become aware of Clarke's people. Now that they were captive it would keep them safe from the Queen, but not from what the mountain men would do to them.

Leksa held her tighter and whispered, "Are you asleep Clarke?"

Clarke startled for a moment. "No, I was just listening to your heartbeat."

"Are you sure that was all you were doing?"

Sleepy blue eyes betrayed Clarke's little white lie. "I might have dozed off for a bit." Then Clarke couldn't hold back a yawn. Holding up the back of her hand to her mouth and then curled back onto Leksa's chest and smacked her lips. Then pulled back and gazed at Leska.

"Do you think you can stand?"

"Probably, but I need some help."

The slowness in which Clarke moved, revealed that she was very tired, maybe a little sore and was unsure of her footing. Leksa stepped out of the tub and waited as Clarke used her body to climb out. Leksa's arms became handles for Clarke to use until Leksa reached out and lifted her out of the tub and set her down on the floor.

"Whoa." Clarke fell into her embrace and looked up into amused green eyes. "Just get me a towel, and I'll dry you off," Clarke said.

Leksa already had one in her hand and began to dry off Clarke. First her feet and running up her legs. A hand on her head, Clarke used to steady herself. She moved around her backside over her shoulders and turned her around to dry the rest.

Leksa quickly dried herself and guided Clarke back to bed, falling over on her back, and Leksa drew her covers over her. "I will let you rest. We will be leaving early tomorrow. I must speak with my Second."

"Don't go," Clarke cried reaching out motioning for Leksa to come back.

"I am not leaving Clarke; I will just be a moment. I promise." Clarke still gave her a little pout.

Leksa's hair was already combed out from the bath, and she fixed it into a braid. Her ears had picked voices in the next room. Quickly dressing and hearing an exaggerated breath as she got the door and returned and kissed Clarke to hold her over for a few minutes. Parting from her lips, Clarke pushed her away. "Hurry, I need you."

Leksa groaned at feeling a throb in her clit and stopped in place. "I will not be long, Clarke."

Anya was waiting in the outer tent with one of her warriors, Petra, one of the alphas she had sent North to learn of Costia's assassins.
"Heda, Leksa." He went on one knee, and she motioned for him to stand.

"What say you, Petra?"

"We captured three of Nia's warriors, who Jos witnessed was part of the killing. He hid his face and was able to recognize the men who were involved. The men are currently waiting in your prison in the Tower of Polis as we speak. They are heavily guarded and have restricted access so word will not spread they are there."

"The Queen?"

"Unaware they are missing. As far as their companions know, these men were heading Northward, towards where the large elk roam to hunt."

"Well done. Anya, see that Petra has a place to sleep and is well cared for tonight. Rest and join us tomorrow."

His face lit up. "Yes, Heda. I will be ready."

"If you could give us a moment."

She patted Petra on his shoulder, and he left them alone. Anya motioned with her head. Surprised to see that her neck was still bare of a mating mark. From the smell of her quarters, the leather covering the doorway could not keep their scents contain. It reeked of their odors. Anya surely thought Leksa would have surrendered to the omega by now.

"Your horses are prepared. I included an extra blanket for the omega to sit on. Undoubtedly Clarke will be tender..."

"Ahh." Leksa did not need to send out a scent to stop Anya from speaking. "Clarke will appreciate that I am sure."

"It is also starting to rain again. I thought perhaps you could use a larger coat; one that might fit both of you comfortably. You can keep the omega warm on the way back to her people."

"Her people. Clarke believes that there are only two. A girl by the name of Raven and the alpha, Bellamy."

"Ah, yes Raven," Anya nodded her head in recognition.

"You know her?"

"From Finn, Clarke's friend. He indicated Raven was his until he laid with Clarke." Anya placed her coat on a chair and did not see the anger rise on Leksa's face until she turned and saw it written across her face and curse herself for her mistake.

"Heda, I beg forgiveness I should not have spoken to you so carelessly about Clarke. That is a story for her to tell you. But, please calm down. Clarke's honor would not let her lay with him again because he had betrayed another. He was disappointed when Clarke chose you over him when she went into heat. He lost both of them because he could not be truthful."

Leksa stopped her anger and started to realize that being truthful to Clarke was essential to her. So far she had said little to Clarke about her life. It was a story that needed telling. It was necessary for Clarke to understand who she was and would she still want to mate with her after she knew. Her mind came back to the boy.
"Clarke is beautiful and smart. It is not unlikely she laid with someone before, as I have. It would not
be fair to judge her against something from her past."

"Wise words, Heda." Anya put out a forearm to shake. "I will wake you when it is time to leave."

"Thank you, my friend." Leksa held her arm a moment longer. Anya nodded her head in
understanding and left to finish preparing for their trip to the mountain.

Leksa found Clarke's clean clothes, holding them up and as comfortable as they looked, they were
threadbare, and in some spots, her flesh would inevitably show through. Clarke needed better, well-
made clothing. Nothing she owned would fit her and moved to find the maker of clothes in Anya's
camp. She requested her garments repaired before they left for the mountain.

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Clarke held her dad's watch in her hand, watching the second hand tick off the seconds and turned
into minutes. That fateful moment at the airlock, he gave her one last gift. Left to him by his father,
James and from her great-grandmother before, Rachel Griffin who was one of the last alpha females
on the Ark. It was ancient yet still kept the time accurately even the current date. A couple more days
and she would be an adult. She actually began to feel like one. Maybe it was because this was the
first time with an alpha, not some clumsy beta boy, who was all for his desire and left her wanting.

No, this alpha made her felt comfortably tender in spots. Leksa left marks over her body, and Clarke
wanted to wear them as a symbol that they were connected. If not with a bite, with something more
than friendship.

She closed her eyes as a series of images began to flash through her mind. One after the other of
graphic, erotic scenes of a sweating alpha, lost in her passion as she surged inside of her. Clarke was
just only aware of how her hand slowly reached down over her swollen clit and to her core and
pushed two fingers inside. It felt a slight bit open and blushed against the knowledge that Leksa left
her mark inside of her as well. She squeezed her muscles tight around her fingers and wondered
what it felt like for Leksa. She pulled out and saw the glistening threads of slick coating them.

Looking up when Leksa returned and showed her. "You did that to me."

"What did I do, Clarke?"

"Make me ready again for you." Clarke waited to see if her ears would turn red again, but Leksa just
shook her head and turned, pulling off her clothes and joined her in bed. Trapping her with one hand
on the bed and the other tangling with Clarke's.

"I wish every night for you would be happiness, Clarke." Her heart began to speak as a lover would
do with a mate. She felt free like their first night together, maybe Clarke would not understand she
felt so much more for her. But, before they went any further she needed to be truthful.

Clarke lifted the covers inviting Leksa joined her. The alpha kissed Clarke on her cheek and drew
her over to settle against her body and wrapped an arm around her back. Since the first time Leksa
touched Clarke, it became impossible not to want to hold her all the time. She could feel the same
from Clarke.

"Clarke, there are things I need to tell you, and after if you have questions, I will answer. I do not
wish to keep anything from you."

Clarke's first reaction went to a dark place, although nothing in what Leksa said to her, warranted
that response it could be her heat clouding her judgment. "S'okay, you don't have to tell me anything.
"I'm good."

"That may be so, for you, but for me, it is necessary to be truthful to you."

"I'm listening." Clarke was petrified, afraid that she was going to let her down, not want to see her again after they fixed the mountain problem. Then Leksa began to speak.

"There was only one before you, Clarke. Another omega and we were to be mated."

Leksa clinched her jaw and held Clarke tighter then continued, "During our short time together, we planned to join when we would begin our family together when I lost her."

"Oh, Leksa. I am so sorry." Clarke could hear the tightness in Leksa throat and see how stoic she kept while she spoke.

"I have an enemy who is a member of my coalition, the Ice Queen Nia in the North. She is the Azgeda Clan. Nia was responsible for her death because she would mate with me, the leader of Trikru."

A sudden surge of protectiveness flashed through Clarke. Like a mother lion protecting her cub from a viperous snake. "I hope you plan on killing her. If you don't, I will." The swiftness of the outrage that filled Clarke's heart stunned her. Someone had deliberately hurt Leksa. Hurt, that word couldn't begin to cover what Clarke started to understand about Leksa. Now she knew why Leksa avoided omegas. Then realizing with a shock, Leksa hadn't rejected her. Clarke blinked her eyes and gazed deeply into Leksa's when she lightly admonished her.

"Clarke. It is not your fight."

"It is now, but you'll have to teach me how to fight. I swear, Leksa I want to help."

"Shh," We need to save your people first. Know this. Since the moment I found out that Costia was gone, I have worked in secret. But, I can not say more than this."

"Plans, that need to be kept secret." Clarke gave her a quiet smile of understanding and nodded to Leksa. Inside she was happy that Leksa was sharing something of her past. One thing that didn't bother her was how she sounded when spoke her first omega. Leksa loved her. Knowing what little she knows about Leksa, she would have loved her with all her heart. Clarke pulled back and saw that Leksa had shut her eyes, but needed to tell her this. "Listen."

Green eyes slowly came open, and Clarke was surprised that she wasn't crying. "Yes, Clarke."

"I'm sorry about your omega, and it wasn't right what happened to her. I wish somehow I could make it up to you. Help you out, as you have to me. A total stranger." Clarke's eyes did grow wet. A tear leaked out and ran down to her chin.

Leksa reached up and wiped it away. There was more she needed to say to Clarke. Something she had sworn to keep to herself about how she felt it was her fault she died. It threatened to rip another hole in her heart until she saw love in Clarke's tears she let fall so freely. Each drop that fell from Clarke's eyes was like some magical thing she was incapable of doing. Clarke was crying for her.

"You are not a stranger to me Clarke."

More tears started to fall, and Leksa tucked Clarke under her chin and let her cry. Making quiet shoosh sounds then began to hum the song her mother sang when she was a child.

Clarke melted inside. At first, overcome with a feeling of love for Leksa. It was love. It had to be.
Then the soft sounds of her soothing made her feel a connection with the alpha more than physical.

Crying also stirred up her other emotions churning inside of her body. Her emotions were raw and laid just under the surface of her skin. Now in the middle of her heat, her scent was building. Clarke could sense the subtle warmth slick growing between her legs. These last few hours Leksa cock and receded. But a growing desire started to stir in Clarke, and she reached down and cupped her sex. Surprised to feel Leksa unaroused, for just a second or two, until Leksa groan and her clit began to extend.

Clarke pulled back the sheet and watched Leksa's cock grow inside of her palm. "Fuck that's hot."

"Clarke."

"Shh, I mean it. Just let me take care of you." Clarke released her and moved her hand up to her chest and ran her fingers over her breast. "I love the way you look."

Leksa wondered if Clarke was trying to get her to blush again.

She had felt this way before with Costia, then remembering a promise she made with her. Leksa still loved her dearly, and as Anya said, she would want her to move on, find love again.

This conversation came up one day when she returned from a battle. A fighter came charging at her on her horse, slamming into Draco, sending him tumbling over an embankment. Her feet caught in the stirrups and was unable to jump free. Stunned by the wind knocked out of her lungs she laid still. Holding on to Draco reins as he cried out with a deep groan and tried to stand. Quint neatly dispatched the fighter. One of her legs was trapped, and with help from her men they were able to get the horse off of her, and she slowly made her way back. No bones broke, but she was bruised and aching for weeks. Leksa told Costia then if something were to ever happen to her, to find love again. She deserved to be happy the rest of her days. Costia in turned told her the same. Little did she know that a few months later she would be gone and she had broken her promise and could not move on.

One thing that Costia said in frankness when they spoke over each others demise. "My heart would break if you did not seek a mate again, Leksa. Someone that has your heart and love over your people will have beautiful and wise children."

Now she could let Costia go and fulfill that promise.

Leksa smiled at Clarke and then stretched out on the bed and spread her arms and legs for her. "I am at your quarter, Clarke."

"Holy Trikru," Clarke said as her eyes zeroed between her legs. This time Clarke blushed. Leksa was beautiful. Erect and gleaming with a soft glow from the candles, and watched as her nipples began to tighten. Clarke didn't know where to start first. Then her eyes caught the bands that surrounded her arm and lifted it up and ran her fingers around the tattoo. "This means something to you, right?"

"Yes, each band connects me to each one I have lost."

"Damn, Leksa. I'm so sorry."

"The story of my family was a long time ago, that I promise I will share with you one day."

Just this little bit unsaid about Leksa's life, Clarke was beginning to understand like a tapestry. One
thread, touched on another, like the bands around her bicep. Linking together to tell her story. Like the small cut on her belly and the larger one on the outside of her right leg. With Clarke's knowledge from what she learned from her mother about medicine the cut was serious but was neatly sewed up. The rest of her body was blemish free, except for the hurt she could sometimes see in her eyes. Why didn't she noticed how profound this was before?

"Thank you for trusting in me and really about everything. You could have easily sent me away and told us to get off your land, but you didn't. And now after everything we've shared together, Leksa. I feel like I'm living in a dream that I don't want to wake up from."

"I assure you all of this is real Clarke and in here may seem like paradise. But our world is harsh and needs a strong leader for our people to survive. That is my goal."

Clarke felt the connection in her desire. It wasn't unlike her own, and there was a need to save her people and peacefully settle down. Finally, have a life not decided by a council of her elders. On Earth, she was finally free.

Clarke made the first move first to kiss her. A languid exploration of supple swollen lips aching to be softly bitten; breathing the same humid air in the space between them. When Clarke pulled back to gaze into her eyes, it felt that Leksa was drawing her in, to fall inside of her world. Become joined to this alpha with her body and soul. A pulsing aching at her clit as she drew herself over her abdomen. Mapping her lips with her tongue and delve inside and slowly making her way over her lap and trapped her hands against the bed over Leksa's head. "Gotcha."

"Clarke, I could easily have you on your back in seconds," Leksa said as she rubbed her nose over Clarke's, then tilted upward to kiss her lips.

"Of that, I have no doubt," Clarke said against her mouth but was quicker and moved her body upward and reached down between her legs to guided Leksa's cock to her entrance. "But, I'm not going to give you a chance." Trying desperately to sink down on her again. Leksa chuckled at Clarke's bouncing breasts on her face; it stopped Clarke in her tracks. "Oh my god, do that again."

This time Leksa did not hold her laughter and help Clarke seat herself on her cock. First, she gathered Clarke's slick that coated her shaft and ran her hand up and down. Watching in amusement when Clarke's chest started to blush as well as her cheeks. Leksa hitched her hips upwards with a snap, sinking a couple of inches inside making Clarke cried out and leaned heavy on her chest, and wiggled the rest of her cock inside.

Clarke worked her way up to sitting and held onto one of Leksa's thighs and one hand flat on her chest and began to ride her. Leksa hissed at the sight. Grabbing for Clarke's hips as they found their rhythm.

Leksa moaned when Clarke squeezed tighter around her and watched her face fall into pleasure, riding her cock as it grew harder. The alpha started growling when Clarke's scent intensified, sensing the omega desire intensely. Clarke reached the peak of her heat and watched as her nipples grow hard and sweat starting pouring off her body.


Leksa growled and sat up, turning Clarke on her back and began thrusting harder, deeper and falling into her scent that continued to flow out of Clarke. Leksa searched for the source and buried her nose into Clarke's neck. It grew soaked in her sweat. Leksa licked her throat finding beneath the drench skin Clarke completely opening up to her. More was promise underneath, layered within the force of
the omega giving herself up to her, greater than any time before. It was Clarke's mating scent reaching out to capture her soul and entwined with her's. Leksa groaned deep in her chest. Clarke's scent was of submission and desire, and her knot began to swell and push inside.

Nothing prepared for the onslaught of deep affection and love for Leksa as she filled her up. Clarke felt drunk on desire, groaning when Leksa cock rubbed against her front wall. Clarke wanted to hold her tighter to her body and wrapped her arms and legs around her body and never let her go.

Her next thrust Leksa's knot pushed past Clarke's entrance and held her tight, and her mouth found her neck. She kissed the spot and bared her teeth and bit down. Clarke cried out as she came around her cock. A sharp bite on Leksa neck as she made short hard strokes reveling that Clarke committed to her. Her knot gave way and spilled all she had inside of the omega. A spark of understanding flowed through her mind and heart. Now comprehending what it meant to belong to another. Leksa continued to move against as Clarke releasing her neck and cried out in pleasure when she came again.

Clarke felt it the moment Leksa bit down on her neck that a deep longing in her omega fulfilled with that bite. A promise of loyalty, love and trust the alpha held for her, and she inturned felt for Leksa with all her heart.

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Rustling sounds woke her first. A gentle hand on her face and Clarke turned and buried her head under the pillow. "It is time, Clarke. We must leave soon."

"I'm coming, just a few more minutes." Clarke's muffled voice made Leksa laugh.

"You said that a half hour ago, my love."

*My love.* That woke her up. She moved the pillow aside. Leksa dressed for battle. Now with her war paint back on her face and fully kicked out with all of her gear.

"Holy shit, Leksa. Are we going to war?"

"Soon. Here I have your clothes ready." Neatly folded at the foot of the bed. Clarke pulled at them and noticed they looked better than she had seen the last time she had time on.

"Was this you?"

"Yes, I hope you do not mind. I had your clothing repaired. Soon, I will have more clothes made for you that you might find more suiting. That is if you desire."

"Yeah, I think I'd like that, babe." Leksa's head picked up at the endearment and gave her a breathing taking smile. "Wow, you should do that more often."

"That will not work Clarke when I need to instill fear into men's hearts."

"Then, just for me?"

"Only for you, Clarke."

Clarke crawled to the foot of the bed and looked around for her rucksack tucked under the bed, and she pulled it up and dumped everything on the mattress. Leksa eyes were trained on her like she was some mystical thing. Then the caught crude knife in her hand.
"Yeah, this was me trying to make a weapon. It's pretty lame huh?"

She flipped it around handing Leksa the hilt. She tested against her palm causing Clarke to gasp. It wasn't able to even break the skin. However, it did have a sharp point.

"I didn't have time to sharpen the rest."

"That handle is good. Did you make this also?"

Clarke looked away. "Nah, it came with like that. It must have torn off the ship when we landed. It did look like it could cause some damage."

"So, this is what you do; you make weapons, Clarke?"

Clarke laughed as began to dress. "No, my skill is medicine, helping people when they are hurt. At least it was until things started to go to hell on the Ark."

A loud shout and rustling came from the other room, Clarke could tell her people were getting restless.

"Hey if you want to check that out. I'll be out in a few minutes."

Leksa almost left, and as she turned, she saw the lost look on Clarke's face and returned to her side. Tilting her chin up to look into Clarke's eyes.

"We will save your people, Clarke. I make you this promise."

Clarke gave her muted smile. "I know you'll do your best." Clarke sucked it up and turned Leksa around with a push. "Go, I'll be right out."

It continued to rain as Anya poked her head out of the tent to watch a line of men and woman warriors preparing wagons with food and supplies that would follow behind them. It was enough for several weeks maybe months if they could hunt as they traveled to Clarke's ship and battled the mountain. She was dreading this. She almost succumbed to the orange mist and lost a good friend, Tris. A beta girl that was tough as any alpha and was a part-time lover. The mountain owed her a debt that she intended to collect; as were a lot of her people. Lost and never heard from again.

"I can hear you thinking all the way from your bedchamber, Anya." Leksa fixed her coat tight around her body and shifted her shirt up to hide her mating mark.

Anya smiled hearing her word spoke back to her. "This might be a one-way trip for many of our people, Leksa."

"We will have to try harder to bring back all of our them back whole, Anya."

"More people to save with Clarke's people and fight against firing weapons. We have no defense against."

Leksa dreaded this knowledge. "It is but a problem that needs a solution. We will have to be clever, my friend."

There was something different about Heda, and the clearing of a voice behind Leksa as Clarke stepped into the room. The first time in two days.
"Hi, Anya. It's good to see you again." She reached out her arm and Anya looked her Leksa gave her a nod, and she returned the gesture.

"I see you are looking..." Anya stopped in place and saw the new bite on Clarke's neck. Her eyes darted towards Leksa, and she pulled down her collar to show her.

Anya turned to Clarke and gave her a slight bow. "Welcome to Trikru, Clarke."
I don't want to surprise anyone. The BC ~ Before Clarke of this chapter is when Leksa was little, and she lost her family. So trigger warnings apply. Also, sorry it was longer than I intended. It is in two parts. Next chapter finished that story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Silence.

Except for her breaths and the natural sounds of the forest around her. The voices of her family gone forever. Leksa choked down a sob as she laid under a pile of leaves she gathered and put the remainder over her body. Tucking herself under an overhang, barely keeping the night's mist from drifting down her. She shivered, curling her body up into a ball and closed her eyes and tried to push down her grief.

Time had no meaning for the young alpha now that she was alone. Her mind flashed back to the last time she played with her brothers. Two very long days and a night ago when what she knew of her world was destroyed and changed forever. Her mind and heart would not let her forget them and tried to recall the faces of her family again, and her mind began to wander on those last hours.

(The day before last, she had spent those moments, wrestling and playing with her brothers. Not caring how dirty they got, for tonight each would get a bath. This day of the week was set aside as a day of rest for her family. Except for the three of them who spent the morning and afternoon romping in the forest near their home.

"A well-made, sturdy home," Mama would say. Turning to kiss her papa's cheek. Mama's eyes were misty blue. Like the days that grew cloudy and threatening to rain and her hair as well as the three children were wavy, colored raven brown like the birds that lived in the tall trees that surrounded their home. But not her papa. His hair was like dark fire and had a full beard to match. The children all favored his green eyes and tan skin. Built like he could lift a house and showed his skills when he made another useful tool or piece of furniture for their home.

Her brothers wanted to play one more game, and here she stood next to a tree, keeping her eyes closed, and hands around her face. The only senses she would use while hiding her eyes were her ears and nose. She counted under her breath as her brothers ran to conceal themselves somewhere in the forest. Recalling when she counted down the numbers and remembering Mama and Papa talking about her as she put on her boots on the porch.

"She takes after me when I was young, Thorn."

"Psst, Ros. Yes, Aleksandra is unsure of herself for now, only because she is smaller than the rest. I agree she still needs her brothers now until she grows older and faces her first test."

"Yes, Benj and Wil are her protectors. I worry about the day when they want to move on. Maybe moved to the City of Polis. What will she do, stuck out on the outskirts of Jacos's village, away from where she might find a mate when she is of age?"
"Go with them, I suppose."

"Not my little girl."

"Hush, Ros. Let them play and be children. Tomorrow, I will teach them a new skill, and the day after that and so on. We will prepare them for the world."

Leksa fell back against the wall and let those words tumble around in her head. She had no idea what that could have meant nor did not have time before her brothers dashed out of their home, and ran to keep up with them, and as she got to the trees, her father called out to her. "Aleksandra, tell your brothers, I want all of you home before the sun sets."

Leksa called over her shoulder, "Yes Papa."

~

Leksa stepped back from the tree and sniffed the air and let her eyes scan through the forest searching for them and seeing nothing. Not the side of a face behind a tree. Even their smell was gone. Leksa stepped carefully moving through the trees, going as far as her papa would allow. Looking side to side, out into the darkness and seeing nothing.

Leksa continued to wander and grew tired of their made up the game called Shadow and Seek, Who went searching first was decided by a foot race to the far tree. Even though they were the same age, her legs were shorter and only beat them a few occasions when brothers felt sorry for her. Leksa kicked the ground when she lost again. Making it two times she went first. Mad because she almost never got to hide.

The first experience Leksa had playing this game with them was about a moon ago, and she got lost while hiding. It was not until she saw lights from Papa's torch and found her huddled against a tree crying and scooped her up in his arms and wiped her tears away, and she hugged him around his neck. Telling him, she hoped Mama was not angry that she missed their evening meal. The next morning her papa taught them all how to make a fire and gave them their very first knife and an early present for their ninth year. Small blades that fit inside leather sheaths they hooked to their belts. Both her brothers acted strangley with her ever since and never let her out of their sight. It might have been that even though she got lost in the forest by accident, she was still very tiny. Surely an animal could have taken her.

A whistle pierced the air, echoing through the dense trees from Papa calling them home and she looked up when she heard rustling, and her brothers started climbing down from a tree, laughing at her that she lost the game again.

"No fair." Leksa made a motion to call back when Benj held his hand over her mouth, and Wil put his finger to his mouth to shush her.

Leksa made to bite down on Benj's hand, and he released her mouth.

"But, Papa calling," Leksa said.

"Be quiet We are warriors hunting for our prey."

Leksa rolled her eyes at them. Another one of their made up games. She trudged behind her brothers. Then followed on her hands and knees crawling through the brush as they did. Benj stood, and they followed his direction, and all hid behind trees, just out of sight of their home. They were almost identical. It was only their size that was different. Benj was taller by an inch over Wil, who was taller than Leksa by two. Even though Leksa was the first born, she was the smallest. It made her feel
better knowing she was their older sister, by a full mark on the candle.

Long minutes passed, and she grew hungry, and her brothers always had to play games when Papa knew where they were all the time. She turned to look at him waiting for them to return home. It was not fair to fool him and made a move to leave her brothers playing their silly games when Wil grabbed her hand and pulled her back.

Wil motion to look between the trees at what he had spotted. Two men coming from the village walking down the path towards their home, and he pulled her to ground with him. Benj crawled closer to the pathway and motioned from them to follow him.

She watched Benj's face and how he grew serious. She could not make out the words. Just voices that got louder until she heard her father yell back. Her papa never raised his voice, and his anger frightens her.

"Papa," She whispered.

"Leksa, please be quiet, I want to hear what they are saying," Benj murmured.

The wind shifted, and their voices became distinct.

"Thorn, you must pay, the barter you owe to Chief Jacos the leader of our people."

"I told you before. We do not live in your land. We are Trikru but live outside of your border."

The man put his hands out and motioned, "All of this ground is Trikru land which our Alpha leader rules over by edict from Polis."
The man turned and then pushed her father hard in the chest. Leksa growled and bared her teeth and made a shortcut to the man and eyed his legs. She heard her brothers cursing behind her as they ran to catch up with her and was not able to stop her from hitting his legs hard and taking him to the ground. She crawled on top of him and started beating him about his chest and face.

"Aleksandra," Papa shouted and pulled her off of the man and into his arms. "Shh, calm down, everything is okay. Her father had a sword in his hand and held it to the man on the ground. "Our friends are leaving, are we not, boys?"

The man on the ground had a bloody nose and wiped his hand across his face and looked down at his blood-soaked palm. He stood up he reached out and smeared a streak across her cheek with his finger. "I will remember this, little girl." He sniffed at Leksa rearing back then looked over at her brothers. "Three alphas you have here?" He smiled at his friend, and they both started to laugh. "You are nothing but a beta. He must have bred with an alpha bitch."

Her papa's face turned ashen and did not answer the man. "This is not over Thorn. The bloody one called over his shoulder as they headed back the way they came. "You have brought more trouble on yourself.

Papa ignored the taunt and quickly wiped the blood on her face. "Now, you are my protector, I see."

"What did they want, Papa?"

He kissed her on her cheek and set her down. "Wash up and will talk about this later."

~

Leksa tucked herself in front of Wil who was in front of Benj in bed their father built for them. All
freshly scrubbed clean and bellies full of Mama’s vegetable stew and thick bread, Leksa was unable to fall asleep and still worried about what happened with her papa and those ugly men, even though he said everything would be okay, her gut would not let it go.

Watching the embers die out in their fireplace hoping the sounds of the soft crackling pops would help her fall asleep. The logs would give up the remaining heat through the night to keep their home warm. Still, her eyes remained open and wandered towards where her parents were sleeping in the far corner. They slept behind a deer hide, separating them from the rest of the room.

She sighed and rolled over pushing Wil off her back, and he turned around and curled around his brother. It gave her room to lay on her back, and her mind drifted to her chores tomorrow. It would be her turn to collect the small game her father set traps for late this evening. She liked this task. Sometimes she would go with Papa in the evenings and watch him set up the trap. Learning more about what the cages were for and what they were catching. Papa had a rule. The young game was too small to eat and freed. They would only keep the larger game, who chance of breeding would make a healthier stock to hunt. He told her one day he would teach her how to set a trap and then it would be her job she would do all on her own.

Leksa’s eyes burned the longer she kept them open and finally gave up trying and closed them. Then did not remain close after hearing a whimper making her heart beat hard inside her chest. She held her breath and recognized Mama crying. She could hear voices, but not of what they said. An itching at her curiosity spurred her to crawl out of bed and stood hidden behind the curtain and listened.

"We should have told the Leksa about her station, and why it must, she keep it a secret. Now we must leave this place, Thorn."

"She's a little girl and too young to understand all of that. But, leaving Ros, to go where?"

"Maybe further upstream, away from these dangerous men."

"It would take at least a week to travel around Jacos village. We would need a pack animal to carry our supplies, and winter will soon be here."

"This is why I begged you to leave earlier. Now we are trapped here. These men will not give up now that they now our children are alphas.

"Hush, Ros. You will wake the children."

They went quiet, and Papa began to hum softly, and Leksa tucked herself back into bed and laid awake thinking of what her parents talked about; leaving their home. She looked around and knew every board and creak the floor made when you walked across. Even a place to wash up. Marks on the door showing how fast they were growing. It may not have been much to the people in the village, but it was all theirs. Papa made from the ground up and more to finish. Her father was hewing logs to build a room for each of them. It held up in the strong winds and rain, and even though some nights would be cold, she had her brothers to keep her warm. Her thoughts were all a jumble, floating to different things until she drifted off to sleep.

~

Leksa used the pole for carrying the cages back as a walking stick. Occasionally banging it against a tree or knock a piece of fruit off of the high branches. The trek to the traps would take a less than a quarter candle mark to find. Another few minutes to gather them together and she would head back. Today she walked the long way there. The plan would take her by the river and search for the fish that lived near the fallen tree that jutted out over the stream. It's where they got their water and where
they swam in the summer. It carried deep into the forest, a place she had never ventured before. The further she walked soon she would have to make a turn to the right and followed the path that would lead her to first two cages. They were empty, and the gates were still open with all of the food gone. It could only mean that smaller animal found the trap and could easily find its way out without setting it off. The last two cages held a bird each. Wild chickens. Still alive and very upset. She looked at the birds when they started to make a fuss and stuck her tongue out at them and told them to hush.

She fit the long pole through the loops and lifted it up to her shoulders and started back for home. The difficult part returning home was finding the more open paths. When all of the cages contained a bird, it would take her more than one trip. Her brothers could do in one. Maybe she would try the next time and carry all of the cages when filled.

It was quiet when she stepped back into their yard. Benj and Wil would still out in back tending the garden with Mama, while her father worked on cutting down the trees.

In front of the home, she noticed things looked out of place. The ground disturbed, and the woodpile was turned over, and logs were about the yard.

"Papa," Leksa called out, setting down the cages and removed the pole tossing it on the ground. Her eyes scanned the yard and past the trees and came back to their home. The door torn off one hinge, and she gasped. Strange men's voices came from behind their house, and an instinct made her run and hide in the forest. Ducking behind a small tree at the edge of their yard, like they did yesterday but it would not cover her body but across for where she stood was a bush she could crawl inside and quickly raced underneath and moved to the center. Her body now covered with a thick green foliage, she went quiet and waited.

The air grew thick from the fragrance of the broken stems. Releasing the branch, she held, and sap began to stick to her hands and body. Leksa wiped her them off and reached for her knife. Holding it out like Papa taught her.

Strange male voices and she moved her head slightly so she could see through the thick brush. Leksa could only see their rough dark colored pants. The men were strangers to her, and they were not the men from yesterday.

Leksa sucked in a quiet breath and held it, and her mind began to race. Where is her family? Why were these strange men here? She could not see her home from where she hid and then heard them laughing.

"The alpha intruders even brought us dinner."

The hens started to fuss again and listened as their squawking grew further away from her.

Leksa let out her breath as quietly as she could. She did not trust that they were not waiting for her. But all she heard was the forest and the birds singing in the trees above her. It was late morning and moving into the afternoon.

Leksa crept out of the bush when she was sure that she was alone. Needing to relieve herself and went to the small room tucked into the trees near their home for just that purpose. She was quick and cleaned herself and moved back to their home. Maybe her family hid like she did and she started to straighten up the yard and restacked the logs. Her papa would be happy that he would not have another chore to do before night fell.

Nothing felt right, she could feel it in her bones. Her head was telling to keep moving and finally stepped into their home. It was dark and quiet and found the place torn apart. Their bed broke in two,
and everything they own was laying in piles near the fireplace. Smoldering ruins of their clothes and
broken furniture lay about the room. Mama and Papa's bed flipped on his side. She started to
whimper growing frightened as the minutes passed and her family did not return. Hoping that maybe
they would be in the garden, Leksa left and headed to the small field of vegetables that grew in back.
Everything looked normal except for tools laying about the yard.

When she turned to head back to the front is when she saw them. Her family hanging from ropes in
the trees tucked back from where her papa cleared the forest away when began to build their home.
Leksa went on her hands and knees and threw up.

Finally giving up all she had she wiped the back of her shaking hand over her mouth and looked
back up. Their chests were bloody, then glanced up at their faces she saw that they held no more life
in them. It was only one look, and it terrified her. Her instincts told her to run into the forest as far as
she could go before she could not run any further and found a place to hide.)

Leksa shivered recalling the memories again and held her arms around her body and rocked. Early
the next morning she woke from a fitful sleep; her neck ached from the position with her head
leaning against her knees. Forgetting everything for a moment until it hit her again and her eyes filled
with tears. Her family was dead, and she was alone in the world.

Time kept moving as the first days kept passing and the sun made shadows within the trees growing
from day to night, and she struggled to survive.

It started as a whisper in her mind. Thoughts of right and wrong and other awakenings began to
surge through her body. A mission to avenge her family and making a promise to them. Then an
instinct rose to assert itself within her soul. An inkling of an alpha senses was starting to wake from
its slumber to stretch, then growling and showing its teeth.

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"I don't know about this," Clarke whispered when she saw the giant horse Leksa wanted her to ride.
The first horse that got a whiff of her didn't seem to like her at all, and this animal was much larger.
Dark as the night, and well cared. Her name was Raj. Leksa said that in Trikru language it meant
Paradise of all things. Clarke petted the horse on the side, and Raj swung her head around butted
Clarke in her chest and sniffed.

"See she likes you, Clarke."

Clarke placed her hand on against the large head and pushed her away, with a little scratch. "If you
say so, Leksa."

"Let me mount first, and I will help you get in front. It is simple." The horseman pulled off the
leather sheet to keep the fur dry. The horse's shoulder was at Leksa's height or a little more, and of
course, she had no problem, fixing her boot into the stirrup and hauling herself onto her back as she
swung the large coat over Raj's rump, then reach down for Clarke's arm.

"There is no way I can do what you just did," Clarke said with her hands fixed on her hips looking
up to Leksa over five and a half feet off the ground.

Clarke looked around and saw one of the wagons. "How about if I do this?"

Clarke stepped into the back of the wagon, and Leksa guided Raj closer, and now she could easily
swing her leg over her back in front of Leksa.

"Well done. But, there was a step you could have used." Leksa pointed to a stump on the ground.
"You mean to tell me you drag that stump around where ever you go?"

"Hush, no we do not," Leksa said with a smile while Clarke pulled her coat tighter around her body. Leksa wrapped the larger one around the both of them. The rain had tapered off a little and Clarke settled against Leksa chest as she pulled the cloak hood over both of them. Leksa clicked her tongue, and Raj started moving.

"Another thing I can scratch off my list of stuff to do, riding a horse."

Leksa smiled. "Yes you are on a horse, but you yet to master the lead. Would like to learn how to guide Raj?"

Clarke could only turn her head so far but was sure that she would see a smile on her face. "Sure why not."

"Good. Place your hands on mine and hold them. Feel the muscles in my hands and the slight movement of my fingers." Leksa then tucked her legs closer to Clarke's. "Feel my legs as I urge her to go faster and then pull back gently on her reins to slow down. Leksa demonstrated with ease, and Clarke began to blush.

"I think you're doing that on purpose."

Leksa caught her meaning and laughed. "Do as I say, sky girl." Then kissed her cheek.

Clarke pushed back in fun and did as instructed. Leksa's hands were strong as Clarke lineup each finger, so they laid perfectly on top of hers. She adored the subtle movement of Leksa's hands and legs; sensing their connection grow stronger between them.

Anya watched the interaction and saw that Leksa's head was in the clouds again. These last few days she witnessed her friend find her footing. Each step did not seem like a burden. Leksa appeared finally to be overjoyed. She saw the changed after she learned about the metal ship from Indra. The duty to protect her people turned out more than she could have hoped when she met Clarke of the sky people.

Clarke. The moment Heda laid eyes on the sky girl she fell hard. At first, when she discussed this with Indra after they had left them alone for the first time, Indra smiled in what seemed like relief and told her two things.

"I see it in her eyes now. Her alpha heart still beats strong." Indra paused and then said. "Heda's heart broke, but that does not mean she was broken. I've watched her this past year. I have seen Heda struggle then catch herself from acting recklessly. It made her more sure of herself than she realizes. It would not be something I could explain to Heda. But, in time it would not be necessary."

Anya did not understand at first when Indra spoke those words to her. But, when Leksa asked for her advice about the omega, it seemed only fitting to let her heart tell her it was okay. Anya smirked. It appeared to be a lot of people wanted to make sure Leksa be successful. She always felt that way for her, of course, but Heda Ainia felt that way as well. It was a chance to right the world that turned so violent for her as a child and then as an adult. The second thing Indra said confused her.

"I feel her journey was to meet Clarke kom Skaikru. If she is the true alpha, her path was never going to be easy. Maybe, the cycle of violence ends now. With these two."

Anya did not add more to the conversation, but thinking about what Indra said only hours after they met, even before Heda bedded the omega. Indra saw it in Heda's eyes. Indra would know that look. It is the one she had for Shae. Indra was devoted to her wife and children with deep eternal love.
Understanding now what she meant. Indra knew that Heda loved Costia, but she never once spoke of her as she has about Clarke only moments after meeting her.

Leksa managed to bring together a stranger from the heavens into her clan with not one life lost. Life. The word held heavy in her mind and looked to pair playing with each other. Even in the darkness and her warriors all around them. They acted as though they were alone in the forest. Remembering that Leksa mated with their omega leader in her heat and Anya's face flushed. Heda would have released into Clarke. She could sire children through this mating, and her mind went to Queen Nia and the curse she put on the Trikru leader.

Anya cleared her throat. "Heda Leksa, if I may speak with you for a moment."

Clarke turned and pulled the hood away to try and make out Anya's features, but it was way too dark to see.

Leksa urged Raj closer. "What is on your mind, Anya?"

"The Queen."

Leksa could see Anya in the darkness as she gazed towards the omega. Instinctively she held Clarke tighter to her chest. "I will deal with her soon enough. But, I must speak to you about an idea Clarke offered. A way to stop the acid fog."

Anya moved closer to them, and Leksa whispered to her, "You have seen the mountain man's device, correct?"

"Yes, Heda." Every young alpha tested their skill against the fog until forbidden by Heda Ainia. To find it, then drop a token at its base and leave before the fog would come. Most times it lay dormant. A few unfortunate times it took the lives of our promising alphas.

"Clarke, please if you would explain your plan to my Second."

Clarke waited until she could make out Anya looking in her direction and said, "I thought that maybe we could dam it up. Like, plug the pipe up. You could use a log, or something could be jammed up inside of it and wrap it off with a large piece of leather and tie it off with a robe or heavy wires. That should hold it in place."

Leksa added, "Surely, that would keep it from flowing into the forest. Maybe it would give us time."

"Hmm, I believe that could work, Heda. Very clever, Clarke." Clarke smiled at Anya's kind words. "Since I have seen this menace. I know its width or close to it. I will send scouts out to find it and complete this task."

Leksa was proud of her omega. Out of the blue Clarke's mind started preparing for the mountain man's attack and came up with this idea. It could work if the mountain men were in their slumber. Her people could find the pipe and have it plugged up before they reached Clarke's camp.

Anya broke the silence again. "Heda, about the Queen."

Leksa thoughts grew dark and took a tighter hold around Clarke. She hated thinking about her. Nia's vicious, corrupt mind that had poisoned her people and to take her out would cause all-out war. "Do you have any thoughts?"

Anya felt caught. Unsure to voice any ideas on this matter. "No, Heda. I am sorry."
"Nothing to be sorry for Anya, it is a complicated problem. One responsibility is to respect the Azgeda people and bring them out of the shadows of the Queen's darkness. I have studied the scrolls left by the Ice Nation's ambassador after his timely death. Some of what I read I found useful, but there were notes in the margins, I was not able to translate."

"What did they look like?" Clarke asked.

"I can not describe them properly, but I have them with me so I can read them when I have time. Perhaps, when we get to your camp, we can study them together."

"I'd like to that. You said that those people live under a shadow of the Queen?"

Clarke's words were said softly and with reflection behind the question and said, "Yes, they do. From, her sister."

"Her sister?"

"Yes, Alissa was the spouse of our last leader, I succeed Heda Ainia after her death, and she told me of Queen Nia's weakness. Clarke, Queen Nia has held a long hurt in her heart turning it black. There is nothing she would not do to rain down destruction on all who keep her from her goal. I made a promise in my heart when we mated that I will not let anyone harm you."

"I promise too, Leksa."

The mated pair grew quiet again, and their words were for their hearts only. Anya shook her head and pulled over to let the two have privacy for the next few hours. Smiling at a thought that jumped in her head. Maybe Clarke could come up with another plan to take out Queen Nia as well.

Lincoln had held Octavia close to his chest when she grew tired of riding her horse alone, mounting in front of him as they made their way back to her camp and after a few hours of riding he whispered, "Octavia, it is time to wake."

"Are we there yet?"

"A quarter's distance more. I need to give my men rest as well as the horses." Lincoln decided to take a different way back to their camp. It would take a half a day longer. Lincoln did not want to take a chance of being discovered on the well-trodden path that was frequently used by heavy horses and wagon.

"Then would it be okay if I take a leak?"

Lincoln smiled already growing accustomed to Octavia frank tongue. "Yes, over here." He whistled the command to stop, and the warriors held up the horses and began to dismount.

"Go about your business, and be silent," Lincoln said to his men.

"I'll be quick," Octavia said and headed off into the darkness. Only one thing did she missed about the Ark, at least there was place in private to use the bathroom. In the forest, it was harder to keep clean and unseen, but brought her canteen of water and used it to clean up afterward. She zipped her pants closed and started to jog back when her foot caught in something hard and took her to ground flat on her face. "Fuck."

She felt around the ground by her feet and thought it might be a root of a tree until her fingers
brushed against something cold and hard. Octavia ran her fingers around the piece and although she couldn't see it clearly if felt like it could be a handle to a door. "What the hell?"

Now on her hands and knees, she began clearing around the metal until it was apparent this was a door that led underground.

"Octavia," Lincoln whispered.

"Over here, Lincoln. I found something. Help me with this will ya?"

Lincoln found her quickly and looked down and saw she had cleared away most of the forest debris and he kicked off the rest.

"Wanna check out what's inside?" Octavia said.

Lincoln smiled as he fit his hand on the handle and strained to open the frozen hinges. Releasing it and shaking out his fingers. "Let me try again." He used both hands and legs and pulled with all his strength, and it started to budge enough that Octavia wedged a long thick branch under the opening.

"Take a break. I can use the branch as a lever, that should help even the odds."

Octavia spat on both hands and rubbed them together and got a good grip on the wood and shoved down as hard as she could and it bounced open. Lincoln quickly grabbed the door before it could come back on Octavia's head as she tumbled over onto her butt. She went on her hands and knees and crawled to the opening and gazed down inside the dark hole.

"Do you anything to make a fire?"

Lincoln fixed a torch and handing over it Octavia, and she promptly stuck in the opening finding a ladder attached to the wall.

"I'm going in." Octavia started to scramble down the steps, as Lincoln tried to stop her.

"Wait, Octavia. Please be careful." He was not quick enough.

"Check this out." Octavia slowly moved around the room with the torch. "It must have been a fallout shelter." It was still stock with supplies, not touched in almost a hundred years and covered in layers of dust.

"I have seen places like this before. Mostly it just held bones of the forgotten."

"Well, whoever owned this place never got back to it, and now it's ours."

Lincoln found a few candles and used the torch it light them. Soon the room was glowing, and he was shocked to see cans of food and blankets. A stack of heavy boots and strange clothing, along a couple of walls in the back rooms. The light flicker against the far wall, catching Octavia attention. The wall seemed out of place and bought one of the candles to illuminate its surface. It was made out of metal and didn't fit the rest of the room that was solid concrete.

"Something might be behind this wall, Lincoln."

Getting closer, she noticed it wasn't a wall, it was a metal door attached to rails on the top and bottom and must slide open. There wasn't a handle where one should be. Just a lock hooked through an old-timey slide bolt.

"Maybe I could break it open." Lincoln found a metal tool and reared back to slam the lock as hard
as he could.

"Wait a minute. Sometimes, my brother left a key hidden for me on the Ark. Maybe other people did that too. Lift me up."

Lincoln hoisted Octavia around the waist, and she felt around the top of the railings and found the key. "Yup, I found it, now let's see if it still works."

Lincoln lowered her down, and she quickly had the lock removed. But, the door stuck like the top hatch. Time and moisture made the railing creak when Lincoln pulled with his body and legs and it grudgingly open. Octavia held the candle high to the light the room seeing it made out of concrete like the other room. Then her eyes caught the gleam of metal.

"Fayagun," Lincoln exclaimed recognizing the weapons.

Octavia got the meaning right away. "A lot of them too." She turned and to reassure him, "Now we've got something to fight against the mountain."

The word around Anya's encampment after Clarke had spoken with Heda, and all agreed that the mountain men had tried to destroy Indra's village.

Lincoln stepped back. It was forbidden for Trikru people to touch such weapons. But, maybe Heda would not be too upset with him if they could level the field of battle.

"Only I can touch these weapons. Maybe we could ask your friend Finn to help us."

"You wanna go get him, and I start organizing everything?"

He leaned over and kissed her on her forehead. "I will return shortly."

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When Raven and Bellamy finally felt it was safe to venture out of the dropship, they crept around the camp. It was deadly quiet. Food still out. Even the occasional rodent wasn't about. They grabbed the foodstuff and carried everything back to the ship along with water and what weapons left in place. Bellamy left a sign for Octavia. Something he told Raven she could recognize as a hidden note to find. To let them know they were hiding inside the ship.

Bellamy took the first watch. But, there wasn't anything to watch, just listen. Raven couldn't fall asleep and leaned against Bellmey's shoulder. She wasn't into him. It was this restless need to feel a little grounded around the alpha male. It kind of pissed her off. Needing to feel comfortable and safe with a guy. Something that she had relied on with Finn for the longest time. Now, she saw that he held her back.

"Why don't you go to sleep, Bel. I guess I'm kind of wired right now."

"You sure?"

"Yeah go ahead."

It didn't take much coaxing, and he fell into one of the beds that lined the walls.

Raven pulled her one leg up and wrapped her arms around. Her hands wanted to fiddle with something. She wanted a tool in her hands and grease under her fingernails. Nothing needed repaired on a broken ship. Just electricity and that was working just fine. It was mostly, just cold hard metal.
Not unlike the Ark itself. She hated it; hated the cold feel to it. Some parts of the Ark would grow extremely cold, and it was up to the people like her to engineer a solution. Which they always did. Now on earth and after this beast gave its last breath it became a carcass they could sleep inside. Still, if they could open up holes on the side of the ship it could bring some fresh air, and it wouldn't be half bad. Her mind was like gears and circuits, restless in need of motion of something to do. The outside fresh air, sun, and ground under feet were tempting. Maybe after all of this, if they survive, she could take a day off to go and explore this joint.

Clarke was already finding her bearing and getting immersed deeply in this place. From the sound of Clarke, it looked like the first attempt at leading their people in a negotiation for peace worked. Her last message let her know they would be here by morning. Even though it was only a few hours to sunrise, surely Octavia and Finn would have been back by now.

Bellemy sighed and sat up and leaned against the hard metal wall.

"I can't sleep either," Bellemy said.

"Yeah, pretty hard to relax knowing our people are in some serious shit."

"Yeah, but I have got the extra worry about Octavia."

"I wouldn't be. You know Lincoln is crazy about her."

Bellemy groaned and picked up his pillow and scream into it as quietly as he could.

Raven laughed at him. "Oh, brother give me a break. At least you have a sister. Do you know what I would have given to grow up with someone I was related?"

"I'm sorry. But, part of being the big brother is to worry. I was there when she was born, changed her diapers and fed her. Taught her everything I know."

"Well, then the kid is really prepared, don't you think?"

He laughed. "Your probably right. So, you like this guy Lincoln?"

"He's okay. I mean he's built like a tank, don't you think?"

"Yeah." Bellmey looked lost. Raven never noticed it before till now. Octavia a little spark plug of an omega wedged herself deep in her brother's heart. She felt kind of bad for him. Having to share protecting her with another and soon she would have kids her own and her brother, he'd have to let her go. Bellemy sighed again and laid back down. This time he closed his eyes and turned away from her.

The rain picked up again causing a few of Anya's men to grumble. She quieted them down and took them into the lead. Earlier she sent her best warriors to find the acid pipe and do as Clarke suggested. It pleased her that the omega was bright. In all the time Anya knew of this killing device, not one time did they think to disable it once a for all. She was beginning to respect Clarke with the warmth, that Leksa felt for her.

Clarke tucked herself into Leksa's chest and tried to doze off a few times. She released her hands, and Leksa continued to lead Raj but held her tight to her body with one arm across her waist, and she leaned her head against her shoulder. The motion of the horse was keeping her awake, and her heat was making her resent that there was a horse between her legs when she wanted it to be Leksa.
Between her legs felt like a furnace. With her heat and warmth of the horse through the thick blankets and with Leksa behind her. Her omega mind decided she had too many clothes on and came up with an idea. She’d just open one button on her pants and sneak her hand inside. The trick was if she could slip it under Leksa’s arm that was around her waist without being noticed.

Then her lustful omega mind took over and started to have an out of body experience as she removed Leksa’s hand around her waist and guided it between her legs. Leksa instinctually began cupping her through her pants and nudged against her ass as she let out a quiet groan of pleasure. Clarke chuckled softly.

Slowly she brought Leksa’s hand to her waist and let her feel the first button open. Leksa leaned over a bit. No way could she see past her breasts, and Clarke opened another one. Leksa used her chin to move the collar of her coat away and mouthed her neck. It sent a shiver through her. She found her bite in the darkness and Clarke needed her inside of her now.

Opening the last button, she shoved Leksa’s hand in her pants, and she continued until her fingers were just at her sex and slid it around her clit and few times. Clarke wanted to cry out. She kept quiet, while Leksa continued to mouth her neck, slipping inside of her. The longest finger at first then slid out and came back inside with two.

Leksa lost herself in a haze of radiant warmth as the rain poured down on them. Her cock had not lost its hardness from their mating. It was not a side effect. It was of their bond causing her to desired Clarke. After mating, it would be strong between them for days.

Being around Clarke with her shaft at her backside was causing her to throb. But her concern was for Clarke. If it were only her fingers giving Clarke pleasure, she would not deny her this. Her alpha instinct wanted to protect her, and with the large coat that surrounded them, no one was the wiser. Her mouth tasted a slight bit of healing ointment Clarke applied to both of their bites. No doubt she broke the skin and it only safe to treat a wound even if it was of their mating marks. Properly healed she would wear it proudly.

Clarke tightened around her fingers, and she pushed deeper. She wanted Clarke to scoot back and sit her lap. Her mind went to a place where they were naked, and she was taking Clarke from behind. Deep inside of her sex and knotting her and sending her into her release.

Clarke wanted to come, wanted to be filled with Leksa. Her fingers found the swollen patch lining her front wall and felt her fingers curled around as she moved around inside of her. Her small clothes now ruined after Leksa removed her fingers and gasp when Leksa sucked gently at her neck and rubbed her palm over her clit. She saw tiny white lights when she tilted her head back. The rain had stopped overhead, and the clouds broke away, and the moon showed through as she came under the canopy of stars in the heavens.

Leksa felt the moment of her release. Soaking her fingers and palm. Letting Clarke ride out the waves of her pleasure. Leksa did not release. It would be too much to hide, and she would have to feign excuse to relieve herself in the forest and take care of it later if she could hold out.

After Clarke's muscles relaxed, she pulled out of Clarke and held her close to her chest causing a soft sigh to escape from her omega. Leksa kissed the side of her face. Clarke stirred and whispered, "Thank you, Heda. But what of you?"

It was said so innocently that Leksa's body became all need. A quick whistle to Anya, let her know she is taking a break from the trail. Anya motion for their party to keep moving, except at a slower
pace so they could catch.

Leksa lead Raj to the edge of the forest, and she handed off her reins to her one of her guards, and she slid off the horse. Waiting for Clarke to bend over into her arms and came off off Raj's back with a grunt. Clarke quickly turned her back away from the beta holding the horse, her pants still unbuttoned. Leksa smiled as she grabbed her hand and drew her back into the forest until they were tucked quietly away from everyone.

Clarke found her lips and wanted to climb her body. Leksa in turn kept Clarke from backing up into a tree too hard then used both hands to slide her pants down. They would have to be quick, and Clarke turned and wrapped her arms around a small tree and presented for Leksa. It was the easiest way for Leksa to enter her without removing her pants. Leksa pulled her cock out of her pants and pressing against Clarke's sex. Leksa groaned as she pushed inside a few inches. Warm wetness greeted her. Her hands went to Clarke's bare hips and hilted deep inside and began to thrust. Leksa was all alpha seeking to dominate the omega. Wet and hot from her climax her sex clung tightly to her shaft.

"Oh god, Leksa. Harder." Clarke whispered and needed more. She removed Leksa's hands from her hips and shoved them under the shirt, and Leksa pushed up the bindings that held her breast. Clarke held her hands over her fingers as did early learning how to guide the horse and Leksa surged inside of her. The weight of her breast and tightness around her cock cause Leksa to fall over Clarke's body and grind into her backside.

Clarke was in ecstasy. Surrounded by her dark hooded, cloaked warrior. Taking what is hers.

Leksa was so close to coming, but could not knot Clarke. Despite the throbbing of her knot swelling and pushing against her opening. Her alpha instinct made her growl against Clarke's neck, and just as she was going to bite her neck again. Clarke slipped her hand between her legs and wrapped around her knot and began to stroke her causing her to groan into her neck and sending chills down Clarke's back.

Leksa came, pushing forward as deep as Clarke's hand would allow, filling her with her come until her short strokes petered out. Leksa's body began to relax and released her breast. Clarke started to chuckle.

"Another thing I can scratch off my list."

Leksa huffed then withdrew and helped Clarke pull up her pants. Turning her around and holding her hands around her cheeks and kissed her.

"Someday, you will have to show me this list of yours, Clarke," Leksa said as she started to dress. Clarke pushed her hand away and tucked her cock into her pants.

"Can't. It's all up in here." Clarke pointed to her head and gave her soft smile.

Leksa held her hand and led her back to Raj and easily mounted.

Clarke's legs were like jelly. "So, how am I going to get back on?"

The guard that had waited for them bent over at the waist and bent down. Leksa held her hand out, and Clarke grasped it, and she stepped on his back and got on top of Raj as he rose upward.

"Oh," Clarke said as she settled in front of Leksa again.

"Yeah. Oh, Clarke." Leksa left the hood off. The night was cool, and both their bodies were still on
After awhile Clarke quietly said, "I like being here." She followed her statement with a yawn then drew quiet.

Leksa sighed. The tightness in her chest was gone. She liked being here too with Clarke. She held Clarke a little tighter. By morning they would be at Clarke's camp. Days from now they might be in a battle for their lives. Leksa leaned her head against Clarke's, and the alpha began to purr. It was an instinctual submission the alpha was showing to the omega, that she belongs to her. A way of saying I love you, without uttering the phrase. She hoped Clarke understood.

Chapter End Notes

Next Friday, October 20th, I am posting a special Halloween one-shot based on The Chauffeur. Two weeks later, look for chapter 8, of NAWCC.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, you had to wait an extra week for the next chapter. I do have a couple of new stories at my works you can check out. One is another ABO modern au story I co-wrote with wolfjillyjill and the other is in the universe of The Chauffeur, for Clexa Halloween Week.

The tender alpha spirit that lived within Leksa retreated and grew timid as fear took over her dreams at night. What urged her to take revenge was still too unsure of itself with how she would survive, and it made her afraid. Worry brought her back to her altered world. How it was harsh and unforgiving; one small mistake could take her life. The first days and nights alone, thoughts crowded in her mind, that here is where she would die. Alone, frightened, without a soul in the world who knew she even existed. Leksa could not move from the spot she hid, and every sound could be the men returning to kill her as she shook with fear.

Her stomach growled and complained all the time. But when her tears stopped flowing, Leksa could only guess that her body was shutting down. She rolled over disturbing the leaves covering her legs and looked out as the early morning sun rose to change the darkness into muted colors. The new day also woke the animals that lived nearby, and they began to stir.

She watched a bird flitter overhead quickly snatching a bug in flight with its tiny beak and flew away to hover near a bloom and suck up its nectar. Leksa looked away in jealousy thinking how easy for animals; even the smallest could find food to eat and knew what to eat. The young alpha sighed and closed her eyes and began to rock herself. Holding her arms across her stomach to keep it warm and settle the discomfort and drifted off to a restless slumber.

A noise of a rooster crowing nearby disturbed her from her sleep. It also woke the spirit of her alpha that lived within her. Papa taught her, if there were a rooster nearby so would be his hens. Leksa waited until he called out again and crawled out from under the small overhang, and followed the sounds. Ducking behind a large outcropping when she heard chickens starting to fuss. Peeping around the rock, she spied two birds fighting over a fat worm. The swiftness of the animals would not allow her to capture one, but in their nest would hold their eggs and her mouth began to water.

After feeding on the eggs she found and drinking from a stream, Leksa broke branches from the small trees that grew nearby and wove them into a cover to place over her small den where she slept. Later that night, with her belly full, the pain faded away, and she could sleep. Tomorrow she would search for other things she could eat and hunt for another place to live instead of the on the cold hard ground beneath the fallen leaves with scarcely anything over her head.

The will to live began to rise in Leksa. It grew alongside another strange emotion after her the strange men killed her family. A name for what she felt, unknown to her. Leksa knew that whoever killed her family would keep killing others if she did not stop them. Leksa's changing world made her grow up faster than her body and mind were ready, and as the time moved on, the understanding of the forest became her focus. Remembering places where her family picked berries and other foods and she watched what the animals ate. Clean water was also essential for life and struggled at first to build a fire as her father instructed. A needed relief to keep her warm at night and to cook her food
and boil water.

Leksa returned home only to gather what she could find not destroyed. Mama's last loaf of bread had gone hard. Still, she took that and the remaining food that the rats missed. Her clothes, a few blankets, some of Mama's cook pans and something to hold water. The safety of her home was shattered. Her family remained in the back of their house and the dread of seeing them hanging still haunted her thoughts. It was the only reason she would not return to the garden to take the food that grew there. Leksa only wanted to remember when they were alive and move past the reality of what the awful men did to them.

Those men.

Leksa let her rage grow to a determination, to hunt them down and kill them. She swore even if it took the rest of her days she would fulfill the promise she made to her family.

Leksa waited for a full moon before leaving the forest, taking the long path from her ruined home and wandering around the nearby village. Then joining with the younger children playing and listened to the elders speak. Day after day Leksa returned to play with her new friends, effortlessly blending with them until one day she spotted the bloody man who came to their home. Drunk and playing a game with the other men of the village.

Leksa tossed the hide-cover ball over to a new friend, Mika. Keeping her attention trained on him across from where they played. The bloody one's voice was loud enough to hear them from a distance when two other men joined them in their game. Something about them tickled at her senses. Watching as they bullied the other men. One of them pushed the another out of a seat and took his place. That is when she noticed his pants. Leksa remembered seeing them when she hid in the bush. It was also his voice along with their laughter as they stole wild birds from her yard. Leksa growled quietly. She had found the men who killed her family and sudden urge of rage filled her heart. Leksa dropped the ball and started walking in their direction and pulled out her knife. Then she saw the man with Papa's knife. The sharp blade, her father, used to make small carvings of the animals that live in the forest. The man who killed her family was using Papa's knife in their stupid game.

She could smell his stinking beta scent as well as the other one sitting with him and made to move to attack him when she felt a hand on her shoulder and turned. Her new friend Mika placed his body between her and the men and concerned covered the boy's face, Shaking his head and looked over his shoulder, and he pulled her away.

Mika whispered, "You must stay away from these men. They could take advantage of you." Leksa nodded her head, not quite understanding what that meant, but pushed down her anger anyway and spent the day playing with her friend until night descended over the village.

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When Mika pulled her away, he also told that most times the men of the village ignore the children, but get in their way, or make yourself noticed was not wise. The men continued their game, and the desire to kill them rose up again. Her alpha grew awake when it got a whiff of their scent. An odor of sweat and filthy clothes. A smell she could recognize of cruelty and false domination. Her alpha spirit even in her small body was stronger willed than all of those men together. Nothing within her would let this go. Large men or not she would kill them for what they did to her family.

Leksa returned later and continued to watch them get drunk and listen as they boasted of being the sons of the only alpha leader for miles in all directions. Bragging how their father would not tolerate alphas within his domain and would order them to put them down, even if they were children. Leksa's ears perked up. Another man, responsible for her family's deaths. Leksa turned to look at
them. Two sons and now a father on her list. She looked away and ducked out of sight. Their father's time would come. Tonight Leksa would visit his sons.

The sun sank behind the tall trees, and the air grew breezy. One by one, the other men fell away to their homes, and Leksa kept her watch over the remaining brothers. Leksa did not notice at first, but outside of the tent where they played their game, two women waited. The stronger one fought his weaker brother and grabbed the woman he favored and pulled her into this tent. His brother followed him with the other. Leksa would have to wait.

She closed her eyes and pushed down her fears and let the faces of her family filled her mind. Focusing on the promise, she would keep, replacing doubt with anger. Her alpha licked its lips; it had smelled its prey. A short time later the women stumbled out of their tent, and Leksa waited until the last villager moved out of view and slipped around the back. She cut a small slit through the material and peered inside. Letting her eyes adjust to the light and looked around the room. The men appeared to be asleep. Almost like the fat hog Papa caught and took a day to cut up. He would slice the animal's neck first and drained it of its blood. Remember how he sharpened its edge continuously in that task and spying her papa's knife on the table. Leksa bounced the small knife in her hand and gazed down at it. Reckoning that the knife Papa gave them for their ninth year was too small to slice their necks and probably not sharp enough when she spied another one laying on a table next to her fathers.

Both men were passed out on their rough beds, barely covered from the waist down, and she cut a larger hole that she might pass through and rose up behind the larger man. Leksa fit her papa's knife into her belt. The first time she ever touched his blade. It felt warm and comforting. Its brown hilt and intricate designs along the sharp edge filled her mind with memories of the many times she witnessed her papa using this knife. He said it was very sharp and it could easily hurt little hands. Now feeling the warmth of the hilt in her palm and shut her eyes and murmured, For my family. Using the man's knife, she held her breath and made a quick cut along his throat. Blood began gushing out of the wound making a mess, and she stepped back and watched him die. It happened so fast that the man did not wake. Leksa was shocked at how easy it was. The man was vulnerable as he slept and now realize it was the only way she could have killed him. Leksa sent a silent thank you to her friend Mika.

The other man stirred, and she went to her knees, hiding on the other side of the dead man. Barely breathing and put her head down and waited until he began to snore.

Leksa hesitated when she made the cut against his throat and made another slice when the man began to wake. He grabbed for his throat, and she pushed them aside. This time she did hold back and cut him again, and the man started coughing and making loud noises. Enough to draw attention and held her hands over his mouth until grew quiet. Then wiped the blood from her hands on his bed and tossed the blade on his bloody bare chest.

Leksa left the way she came and returned to her den under the small overhang. Pulling a cover of woven sticks and branches and curling up in her blanket. Taking her papa's knife and holding to her chest. This night she slept till morning. The first peaceful rest since her world changed.

That night as she slept, her dreams went to her family. Happy scenes of playing with her brothers. Warmth and love and the scent of Mama's fresh baked bread. Papa resting in his chair next to the fireplace. Poking the embers back into life and turned to give his children an easy smile.

Leksa did not feel her tears leaking from her eyes as she slept, but a sense of peace fill her heart. The morning when she woke, the young alpha remembered what she had done and felt no remorse, only justice. Wondering how many other alphas did these men claim? The cruelty they held over this land
would no longer take the innocent.

The following day Leksa returned to play with her friends and kept a vigilant watch of their quarters and waited for anyone to discover that they were dead and to learn who was their father. It did not take long, and the men found; soon after villagers burned them on a pyre. The people of the village did not linger long. Even the bloody man and his friend did not grieve for them. Only a couple of men remained to keep the fire under control and waited until the bodies turned to ash. No father appeared, and Leksa held her tongue, waiting to ask her friend what happened to them after the village quieted down. It was Mika pointing out to her when a man came into the settlement riding a horse. He was fat and had a long beard and stunk of alpha dominance. Their father's name was Jacos. The man who ordered her family slain.

Jacos would remain in the village after his sons died. In his anger, he put down the bloody man and the other when they tried to explain what happened. Leksa turned away and smiled as the men fell to the ground and bled into the dirt. She left the village to return to her home and plan the father's death. In the evenings, Leksa started to carve a point to a long straight stick out of boredom. The alpha in her had smelled blood. She could almost taste it the back of her throat, and it made her want Jacos to suffer the most.

The night was long after the sunset and Leksa pretended to hear the voices of her mama singing to her and humming as she bathed her for the last time. Missing the comfort of the warmth of her brothers laying by her side as they slept. Wanting to play their silly made up games with them again. If only in her dreams. Feeling all the kisses Papa put over her face until she fell into laughter on the floor. She would never know that feeling again of belonging to a family and having someone to care for her. To keep her safe and protect her. Tears clouded her eyes, and she let them fall freely. Tomorrow she would kill this man and leave this village forever.

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Leksa found an empty cave to live. It provided added comfort on the long cold nights. Staying warm by her fire, finding food and learning new skills was her only focus. Weeks grew into months, and the young alpha learned how to survive. The winter came and then spring. Through those colder months when the snow fell, she held up inside, sleeping most of the time. Searching when she was able and stealing from stores of nuts put up by the animals that lived nearby.

One crisp morning Leksa scoured the forest near her home, finding fresh fruits laying on the ground, and her heart soared. Today was a good day, and she knelt down and started to gather all that was there and tucked them in her shirt when the earth moved away from her, and she was hanging in the air in a net someone had set.

She was caught in a trap and began to struggle. Pulling her papa's knife out and hurried to cut her way free before the hunter found her. Then voices began to rise and soon surrounded by strange faces of men and women peering at her as the net twirled around in circles. Her heart started racing and her breathing hoarse, and could not push down the fear, and wet herself as she shook. Leksa curled into a ball and watched as a woman stopped the trap from spinning. The woman spoke, but her words made no sense as Leksa's vision grew blurry and passed out from fright.

Bright voices now and water on her lips made her eyes come open to see the same strange woman sending out a soothing scent and offered her food and asked her name. Leksa's words caught in her throat afraid to speak. The woman leaned back and the young pup dash across the tent in alarm and searched for a way to escape. The woman caught her and brought her to a small pallet and tucked a blanket around her back and let her be. Leksa feigned sleep but could feel her eyes on her. Later the woman was joined by another.
"Found another orphan, I see, Anya," The woman remarked. Moving to eye the girl while Leksa kept perfectly still.

"You are correct, Tris. Not far from here. I found the girl living in a cave. I am almost certain she is an alpha," Anya remarked.

Tris held her hand over her nose and winced. "Well, this alpha needs a bath."

The woman laughed. "That she does. Go on, fetch the water for me, and I will do the task myself."

Leksa could not stop shaking as she heard the woman approaching. Feeling a hand on her back and soft words, "I promise I will not hurt you little one." Leksa's body reflexively flinched, and her eyes welled up with tears and sniffed. It was the kindest sounds she had heard from another person in many, many months. But her fear of people made her want to flee. Leksa lost trust in everyone and turned, baring her teeth at the woman and growled in her tiny voice.

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"Clarke." A soft whisper joined with a kiss on her cheek. Clarke felt the warmth of the arm around her waist squeeze along with the comforting heat on her back from her alpha.

"Mmm." Clarke tried to burrow deeper into Leksa embrace when she felt another kiss on her face.

"Time to wake, my love. We are at your camp." Sleepy blue eyes blinked open. Clarke's focus came into view, and a familiar surrounding filled her vision.

"I'm awake," Just barely Clarke groggy mind mumbled. She wasn't a morning person. The other morning waking with Leksa was the exception. That much sensual heat and her alpha's naked body couldn't keep her asleep. But, now her heat would dissipate, and life would go back to normal, but it didn't stop her from resenting it.

Heda's warriors dismounted and led their horses to a pasture nearby to graze. The rain had started up again and didn't stop until almost morning. Everybody was miserable and grumpy. The newly mated pair, however, were both mostly dry having stayed warm under the large coat. Clarke's pants were only a little bit wet, but between her legs was soaking and throbbing a bit. Her heat peaked hours ago and usually by this time the urge to mate had faded into the background. It hadn't stopped around Leksa. It was too much of her scent filling her lungs. Leksa's penetrating aroma filled her pours. She wanted to be in bed with her again if only to sleep in her arms surrounding her love when a loud voice jolted her out of her musing.

"Fucking about God damn time, Griffin."

Clarke poked her head out from under her warm nest and saw two brown eyes from her friend peering at her, from the gates of the dropship, her hands on her hips waiting. She made a move to speak, and Raven continued.

"Holy, hell what are you riding on?" Raven looked around at the growing group of warriors. "You sure brought a lot of people. Octavia got here with her boyfriend just a bit ago with the rest."

Clarke stopped her with one finger held up, and Raven put up her hands in the universal sign of frustration. "Could you give me a second." Leksa released her grip on her waist and dismounted. Clarke slid off into her arms and sighed, "Let me calm her down, and I'll see you in a bit."

Leksa stepped over to Anya, whose eyes were fixed on the brunette walking away with her mate. She cleared her throat and bumped Anya's arm. Anya waited a moment longer until the two women
passed inside of the gates and turned seeing a curious look cross over Leksa's face.

"I will start organizing camp and sending out warriors to hunt."

Leksa moved to stop her from leaving by grabbing her arm. "I am sure they can handle that without you. I would like my Second with me when I meet Clarke's people."

"You do not have to do that on my account." Anya was not usually a shy person, but finally seeing Raven in the flesh took away all the boldness she was known.

"No, I do not. But, I prefer to have you by my side. Unless your affairs are more important than this." Leksa was playing with Anya with these few precious moments of peace with her. She wanted to shift away from the looming problem they still had to face.

"It is my honor to meet your mate's friends, Heda."

Leksa handed her reins to Quint and proceeded. Stepping past the crudely built gate that looked hastily erected and easy to beat down. They had the right idea, but the construction would not stop heavy arrows or the mountain man's fog.

Raven pulled Clarke aside. "So, it's true what Finn said? You hooked up with a woman?"

"Damn it. Finn and his big mouth. I was going to tell you, but I wanted to do in person." Looking over her shoulder watching Leksa gaze around their shabby home. "I did more than that. I brought peace and people to help us get our friends back from the mountain."

Raven snapped back gently, "Don't get huffy with me, Griffin. I'm on your side. Finn has a new friend, but I know he's still got a thing for you."

"Too damn bad. Did Finn tell you, he barged in on us while Leksa and I were..."

Raven shook her head to stop Clarke. "No, he didn't and TMI. Oh, I also want to tell you that before you guys got here, I finally got a call from the Ark."

Clarke stopped and spun her around. "You what? Have to talk to my mom yet?"

Raven nodded her head. "Yeah, it was a couple of hours ago until I lost the connection. What little, Abby could tell me, the Ark is shutting down, and they’re going to try for a reentry soon."

"Oh my god. Do you think I could talk to my mom?"

"We could try, but there's no guarantee I can reach them. Abby sounded distracted and scared."

"I don't care. I want to try. Let's go." Clarke waved Leksa over. "First, let me make introductions. Raven, this is Heda Leksa kom Trikru and her Second, Anya."

"Nice to meet you and for taking care of Clarke." Raven hooked a thumb over her shoulder in Clarke direction. "Hey." That was to Anya who began to blush. Before Leksa opened her mouth to speak, Raven got a whiff of the alpha staring at her with gentle green eyes and grabbed Clarke's arm and moved away from the two women.

"Oh my god their leader is an alpha?"

"Shit, Raven. Don't be rude." Turning to see both women with puzzled looks covering their faces. Clarke couldn't hide this for long and pulled her collar down to show her mating bite. "Leksa is also my mate."
"Oh my god. That woman did that to you? Did she force herself on you? Are you okay? Did it hurt? I guess, if you're here, they can't be all that bad and well, you kind look pretty great, I think you're sort of glowing, but you could use a bath." Clarke waited for Raven to wind down. First Clarke grew outraged over the wrong assumption to a mild amusement and little pride, but a little pissed off about the last remark and waited until she calmed down. "I want vivid details. So what about..."

"Any, yeah she's alpha also. Women seemed to be in charge down here."

"You don't say." Raven glance back at Anya catching her eyeing her ass. Raven couldn't help but give her a smile causing the alpha to trip over an exposed root.

Heda caught Anya by the arm and kept her from falling to the ground. She covered her embarrassment by saying, "Sky women are...interesting, Heda."

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Clarke led everyone inside the dropship and found Bellamy in another heated argument with Octavia. On the floor around them were boxes of weapons and other sorted odds and ends.

The moment Octavia saw Heda she went to one knee. "Heda Leksa."

"Octavia." Leksa motion her to stand, causing Bellamy to shake his head at her sister allegiance to this stranger.

Clarke made their introductions. "Where the hell did you find these?" Clarke bent over and picked up a pistol, waving around causing Bellamy to duck and gently removed it from her hand.

Bellamy placed the weapon back in the box. "On the way over..."

Octavia interrupted her brother and gave him a look. "I found a cache of them on the way back. Guns, ammo along with what looks to be bullet-proof jackets, new-old boots, and some clothes. We were going through stuff and starting to organize everything."

Back in one of the corner's Clarke spotted Finn with one of Leksa's warriors and he gave her nod. She did the same and turned to Bellamy. "Is there anything we could do to help?"

"Sure, we need to clean the weapons and see if they still work. Whoever stockpile them made sure that they protected against humanity," Bellamy said. "I've got some experience in using them. Maybe we could train some of her warriors."

Clarke looked at her partner as Leksa pulled her aside. "I can not allow my people to come in contact with firing weapons. It is too dangerous to allow one clan to have superior power over another."

"But, you're not fighting against your people."

Leksa looked around seeing that this may not be an ordinary circumstance agreeing with her partner. "In this battle, I will allow of few of my people to train and handle the faygons. Our enemy is not against my coalition but against the mountain, who also use these weapons."

"Great. So, Bellamy, would you like to be in charge of that?"

"You got it, princess."

Clarke cringed seeing the puzzled look fall on Leksa's face. "He doesn't mean that. It's a joke." Then turned back to her friend. "Raven, do you think we could contact the Ark now?"
"Sure, follow me."

One by one they took the ladder to the upper floor. Anya was drawn to the dark haired woman and followed behind her. Inside the ship was a new experience for both of the alphas. In all of their travels, they had never stepped foot inside of a craft from the heavens.

"Interesting material, Heda," Anya said as she began to climb the ladder. Blushing at catching another glimpse of Raven's backside.

Leksa was happy for her friend. Since she was young, she knew Anya to sleep with a lot of women. A friend grew into a sometimes lover. But nothing more. Raven seemed different than the other women that attracted her friend's attention. The dark-haired woman was soft and secure with a streak of independence. Someone that Anya no doubt would want to conquer. It might become a contest of wills if the beta sky girl was not interested in Anya. It would not be something Heda would involve herself, only as a friend would she counsel her if need be.

(It was almost six months after Anya found Leksa struggling to survive all alone, her mentor continued to train her with simple chores and skills. First learning how to run long distances and climb trees. How to hold a knife and sword and other small tasks.

During this time Anya allowed her to stay with her at night until she grew contented and the woman was sure that the young alpha would not run away and placed her with children her age. It was then when she noticed that Anya had a close friend, another warrior, who began to spend her nights with her.

The warrior's name was Tris, close in age to Anya herself and one of her best warriors; standing shoulder to shoulder as they trained the younger children. Boys and girls Leksa grew proud to be counted among Polis's new initiates. Belonging to this group of people, Leksa now considered her family.

It was late the next year when Anya, Tris a few of her warriors headed out with Heda Ainia to take down an uprising to the South. One morning, as Leksa tended the campfires overnight the group of warriors returned. Anya led them back to Polis, with one less rider. The body of the warrior Tris lay covered on the back of her horse.

That evening Tris's pyre was lit, and Leksa stood beside Anya and placed in hand into hers. Anya looked down at her, and her face was covered in tears and pulled Leksa close as the watched the flames consume the warrior's body.

Leksa stayed with Anya that night. It was the beginning of their close relationship. They would always be there for one another. Through all of their hardships and triumphs. Her, best friend, mentor and now her Second.)

Raven began adjusting the dials and plugging information into a keyboard and checked her calculation of where the Ark could be in orbit. "The Ark is in a fixed position and finding the radio signal could be tricky because it's spinning to give it gravity."

"Just do your best, Raven," Clarke said.

"Dropship to the Ark, over." Raven repeated, "Dropship to the Ark, come in please, over."

A young male voice broke through the static, "Dropship, can you hear me, over?"

"Oh my god it's Monty," Clarke said with relief.
"Hey, pal. It's good to hear your voice," Raven replied, giving Clarke a thumbs up.

"I can't talk for long. We are in a lot of trouble."

"Yeah, Bellamy and I saw what happen. Tell us what you know."

"I haven't seen at least about a dozen of the delinquents. They're keeping the rest of us in a dorm. They're feeding us, and we have a place to sleep, but we are not allowed to go any other places."

"How did you get a radio?"

"Stole it."

"Good job, Monty."

Clarke motion to talk to him. "Monty, this is Clarke. We're going to get you out of there. But, first, we've got to find a way in."

"Thanks. We've made some friends, and I'm sure everyone would like to get out of here, but what about the acid fog?"

"Don't worry about that. We have to make time when we should talk. I want you to make notes. How many guards. What happened to the other kids and who's in charge. Does anything look out of the ordinary?"

"I can already say yes to the last part. I've seen a grounder in here. I think a woman from outside is working with the leader of the mountain men."

Leksa and Anya both started to growl.

"How many outsiders?"

"It was only the one woman. She has scars on her face and a resting bitch face that could melt rivets."

Leksa whispered under breath, "Queen Nia."

"Okay, that's good Monty. I will contact you in a couple of hours with tentative plans."

"Roger."

"Who's Queen Nia," Raven asked as she noted the frequency he used.

"Later Raven. See if you can get my mom."

Clarke turned back to the two alphas. "What could that mean, the Queen is working with them?"

"It is not good Clarke. Queen Nia signed an oath in writing to our treaty, that our conflict was with the mountain. The Twelve would stand against them in a time of war. Leksa paused at looked towards her Second shaking her head in disgust. Turning back to Clarke. "It also could mean her men are on the other side of the mountain in nearby camps. That Nia is inside the mountain and working with our enemies after she agreeing to our alliance breaks our treaty with the Ice Nation."

Anya continued, "The mountain men did not spare her people from her people abduction. The Queen lost scores of men and women over the years."
Leksa sighed and questioned, "To what end, Anya? The Ripa's are few and are not the large number of people she has lost, what do they do with the rest?"

Raven grimaced. "Eat them?"

"I doubt that, and eew," Clarke said.

Anya looked directly into Raven's eyes. "No Raven, the mountain men would know how dangerous it is to eat human flesh."

Raven eyed Anya back. "Yeah, sounds like that could be dangerous." Anya gave her smile then Raven blinked not sure what just happened." It was curious brown eyes staring deep into questioning brown eyes. Clarke nudged Raven breaking her out of the spell. "Ark. The Ark. Give me a minute," Raven said and focused on the radio.

"So, we've established that Queen Nia, one is a horrible person and two is a traitor to her people. That's if they are unaware their Queen is with working with the mountain men."

Leksa could see where Clarke was going with this. "And if Anya's warriors find her people near the mountain, she would have come with just a few of her best. The balance of power could shift and bring her people out of the shadows."

"You said you had papers of hers?"

"Yes, Anya when you return, bring my leather satchel. I want you to send scouts and check for campfires. The other clans should be arriving. Direct them where they can set up their camps and send their leaders to me. If Nia's men are a small number, I want them captured and held until we resolved this matter with their Queen."

"Yes, Heda. I will see to that now." Anya left with a glance back to Raven.

"I'm getting something now," Raven said. "Dropship to the Ark, over." Clarke sat by Raven's side, and Leksa rested her hands on her shoulders. "Hey, guys. Raven here, Come in. Over."

A woman's voice crackled through the speakers. "Dropship, this Abby, over."

"Mom?"

"Clarke, oh my god. You're alive."

"Yes Mom, is there anything we can do?"

"Just hearing your voice is a relief, baby. What your father feared is happening. We have to break the ship apart, and we are coming down in sections. I'm hoping from what Raven told me; we can try for control landing in an open area near and avoid coming down in occupied land."

"Maybe we can send word around and tell them to watch and be prepared to move out of the way. I don't know, Leksa?" Clarke looked at her partner for guidance.

"That would be wise, Clarke. How many sections?"

"It could be upwards of twelve. Mom, what station will you be in?"

"Alpha, but we're only sending five sections. We lost over thousand people when the Exodus ship broke free. They hit off the atmosphere and broke into pieces somewhere over the ocean. That's what happened before when we lost contact with Raven."
"Oh, mom." Clarke grew frightened. The craft the delinquents came down in, made for landing on earth. She didn't think the Ark could survive the heat and landing without a parachute.

Abby was interrupted by shouting. *"Honey, I have to go. If I don't make it, please I want you to have a good life. I just wish I could have seen your face one more time."*

"Mom, stop. You're going be okay, we all are. I have so much..." The radio went silent, and Clarke cried out. "Mom, mom...oh Leksa, I didn't get to tell her I loved her."

Clarke stood up and fell into mate's arms and started to cry. Leksa quietly soothed her. Running her hands along her back and pulled her close.

Raven looked up and around the dropship and came back to them after a few seconds and cleared her voice. "I'm sure they'll do the best they can, Clarke."

"Without chutes?"

"Who said they didn't have chutes. That's if they're still working. Big suckers too." Raven lost in thought said, "I hope they still work." She began to worry her lower lip.

Clarke pushed back and gazed into Leksa's eyes. "I'm sorry."

"It is alright, Clarke. Remember I told you, that you are managing what you can. But, understand you are not alone."

Raven looked away, but couldn't help but noticed the scent the alpha put out. Potent and sensual as hell, it made her blush. They were interrupted by Anya returning.

"A hand Heda."

Leksa reached down and took the leather bag that held her documents and brought to one of the metal beds and searched for Queen Nia's papers. It was a stack of neatly written documents all in Trigedasleng.

"Oh," Clarke said. One after the other. Clarke's eyes roamed over the strange words as did Raven.

"What this?" Raven asked.

"It's written in their language."

Anya looked towards the beta. "Maybe I could teach you, Raven."

Raven's left eyebrow rose and scratched her head. "Sure, why not. That's if we survive." Raven put out her hand to shake, not certain why she needed to feel the alpha's hand.

Anya's heart jumped into her throat and reached out and clasp the beta's hand. Giving her a soft smile when she felt the rough texture of someone who used her hands. Clarke caught the silent moment between the pair then turned back to the papers.

"See here, in the margins, Clarke?" Leksa questioned. Alongside the paragraph was a crude drawing of what looked like a mountain along with one word.

"Read me the paragraph next to it, Leksa."

"One hundred to be sent to the mountain in the eighth month of the new moon."
Raven eyed the notes in the margin. "Homines is Latin for men. The Nia bitch sent a hundred of her men to the mountain, for what reason isn't noted or for what purpose, and going by this date in roman numerals, MMCXLVIII. Twenty-one fifty-eight, that was last year."

Leksa knew the date well. "Yes, that date would be correct, Raven." Queen Nia and her Ambassador lied to her about their treaty and dealt with their mortal enemies.

"So, the rest of this stuff along the side is pretty must the same. This Nia person sent a lot of her people over the last few years to the mountain," Raven remarked as she straightened the documents and handed them back to Leksa.

"Thanks, Raven," Clarke said and hugged her. She was proud her people could help out. Seeing as there was only four of them left for now.

"Heda, my warriors returned from the forest and completed Clarke's plan. The pipe is sealed shut. Now we can move closer to the mountain."

"Let's wait to hear from Monty and get an idea how many there are and maybe we can find an advantage," Clarke said.

"Like why do use oxygen on their backs and why are they all covered up?" Raven asked.

Clarke looked at her partner. "Did you know that did that, Leksa?"

"Not many of my people survive long enough to report what they have seen. Only faded memories of a past of strange men coming from the mountain covered head to foot who killed a great number of Trikru people living peacefully near the mountain. That's when our people started to disappear."

"That would make sense," Raven said.

"How so?" Clarke questioned.

"Obviously there's still radiation on earth. Hell, we've were exposed to all our lives, and we built up an immunity to most of it. Maybe they didn't because for the very reason they live inside the mountain."

"I think you're right." Clarke medical mind ran over the lectures from her mother. Teaching about medicine and how to treat the sicker people on the Ark. The technology of the mid-twenty-first century discovered the cure for long-term radiation sickness for people living space. But, it wasn't available to the public because of its cost. They were the lucky ones. After the second generation, their DNA made it naturally occurring. A thought crashed into Clarke's head. "Oh, my god. It's their blood they want."

"Yeah, I could see that." Raven agreed. "Doesn't explain the reapers though."

Both the alphas were thoroughly confused. "Clarke, if you could explain," Leksa asked.

Clarke spent next to few minutes breaking all the details down to the women so they could understand, beginning with nuclear weapons. "...so the mountain men couldn't handle the radiation from the fault out, now it's possible they are trying to find a cure and started using the clan people's blood. It probably can't completely heal them, but gives them some relief. Now with the fresh supply of Skaikru delinquents, this may fix them. It doesn't explain why the Queen would do this and betray her people."

To Raven, this didn't make any sense. Living on the Ark, one way or another, people had to work
together to survive. "If they wanted help, why didn't they just asked?"

"Raven, you're talking old school. Imagine, you're the so-call lucky ones, and your family survives the nuclear bombs. You have electricity, food, everything to keep your generations continuing, but you grow restless and find that people survived. That culture of fear still lives within what remained from their leader's ancestors who caused all of this in the first place. Even we had that same fear when we got here."

"Yeah, I get that."

"The first mountain people who survived couldn't communicate with Trikru and probably didn't try."

Leksa agreed with Clarke and Raven. This meeting of the minds with her friend she began to realize maybe part of a larger plan. A force unseen shaping their lives. And now with these two intelligent women, they could right the wrongs that had plagued her people for generations could it come to an end if they could defeat the mountain men and Queen Nia. All it took was Clarke and falling from the sky.

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Clarke watched as Leksa chose a few of her people to train with Bellamy on how to handle and shoot weapons. Raven pulled out a table and Clarke joined her cleaning the guns. Twenty warriors were selected. Leksa and Anya both declined, but allowed Kiao, Lincoln and with eighteen others who were Leksa's most trusted fighters.

Leksa worked with a few warriors in swordplay. Her blows were hard against the other's blades and few times she easily knocked the sword out of the larger man's grip and tucking her blade against his throat after she twirled her sword around in an instant.

Good nature laughter followed then, and one of her men tossed her towel to dry off the sweat covering her arms. Now in a light tunic, her muscle’s gleam in the late morning sun. It was, of course, making Clarke hot herself. She was lost in thought when the air stirred next to her when Raven fanned her with a cloth and watched them start up again.

"So, you want to tell me what happened with the two of you?" Raven motion with her head toward the alpha beating back another warrior.

"I fell in love with her."

"Before or after you screwed?"

"Raven." Clarke had to admit; it was after. But there was more to it than just screwing. "She's special, Raven. It's hard to explain. On the outside, all you see is a warrior, inside she all woman and cares deeply about her people and now ours."

"You must have one magical..."

"Would you stop." Clarke started to laugh.

"An alpha woman? Sooo...," Raven drawled. She had to know if it was different than beta men.

Clarke couldn't say this out loud without her face giving away her pride and embarrassment and whispered in Raven's ear about Leksa's stamina, along with some other juicy details. Raven's eyes grew big and focus on Leksa, noticing that yes she could tell that Clarke was still affecting her after they mated.
"You're one lucky girl, Clarke."

"I know. But, it's moot if we don't defeat the mountain." Clarke eyed Anya taking a break from fighting and nudge Raven. "Go talk to her."

"Me? I wouldn't know what to say."

Clarke snorted. "That'd be a first. Go on. I know you want to."

"I don't know. I'm still a little gun shy after Finn."

"Haha," Clarke said and locked another piece of the pistol in place. "Anya is Leksa's best friend. She's promised me to tell the story of how she found Leksa when she was little."

"Really?" Raven decided to make the first move and grabbed a towel and a canteen of water and wandered over to where Anya was stretching.

Clarke motion to Leksa and she trodded over to her and pulled her into a hug. "Eww, you're all sweaty."

"Does this bothers you?" Leksa tried to pull away, but Clarke already wrapped her arms around her back and held her still.

"Not even a little bit. Are you done for the day?" Leksa nodded. "Is there someplace we can clean up?"

Leksa held Clarke's hand and headed out of the drop ship's gates. Guards followed behind them as they made their way to the new camp. Tucked next to a hill held their quarters. Hidden from view from two sides. Leksa held the flap for Clarke and began stripping pieces of clothing off and tossing them into a pile as soon the door shut behind them.

Clarke turned around and watched her for a minute. "Can I help with anything?"

Leksa stopped in only her dark pants, bare feet and chest; she looked all the warrior to her hungry eyes that gazed at Clarke and saw conflicting lust with fear. Leksa examined the lost look and held her arms out. Clarke felt into her embrace.

"Why does everything have to be so hard, Leksa? My mom could be crash landing at any time. Our friends are maybe already dying in the mountain. And that bitch Nia may have an army to the north."

Leksa knew Clarke was right, but as a leader, you needed to understand that each situation is different and handle accordingly.

"My people are waiting as instructed and will help your people when they arrive and give them places to stay until we resolve the mountain."

"About that mountain. I did have an idea. From what Monty told me just a bit ago, the people are not to please with what's been going on. They were not aware of the kidnappings."

"So, you think the mountain men's people could rise against and overthrow their leaders without weapons? They could slaughter all of them before we get there, Clarke."

"You're right. Our friends need an even playing field, and we have no way to get inside," Clarke growled.

"Shh, enough of this talk for now. I can not provide a basin to bathe, but I have this." She motioned
to a tub of clean water. "The water will not be as warm."

"Anything to get clean again." Clarke was lying. She loved the bath she had with Leksa. Thinking that was only yesterday and seem like longer.

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Not only did their quarters have a bed and all of Leksa's weapons. It held a map which she spread out on a table and position all of the players like a game of chest, Clarke in her mind began to move pieces. The Queen she placed next to the King, a man by the name of Dante Wallace, who was the President of Mount Weather who had a son. The bishop and rooks, where their personal, forty or more. All of the knights slash guards, according to Monty's report numbered around fifty. All men. The pawns, his new friends, under three hundred.

There was a hospital that cared for their sick and now confirmed they were receiving blood treatments for radiation sickness. Monty's new friends said it was an experimental organic treatment that was grown on their farms on other levels until he explained what was going on.

His friends were outraged and wanted to revolt until the delinquents calmed them down and warned they must wait and not take matters into their own hands. Monty's called his new friends; the Mountain Clan. Clarke instructed Monty to let them know that the sky people would help with a cure, only using willing subjects, after they rescued everyone.

"You make a good leader Clarke," Leksa remarked after Anya and Raven left and they fell into bed.

"I have a confession to make, Leksa."

"What's this?" Leksa was curious what the skai girl would come up with next and lean on an elbow and ran a hand over her thigh.

"I'm not actually the leader of my people. I just assumed that role, because...I'm not sure really why." Clarke wrapped her arm around Leksa waist and laid her head on her shoulder.

"Being a good leader changes how you look at the world. Not only do you seek a peaceful existence for yourself, but all that you rule over."

"I could never do that."

"You have already begun." I see it when you talk to your people. They respect you."

Tears formed in the corner of Clarke's eyes. The weight of the responsibility pushed them free. Leksa must have sensed, turning and held herself over her mate.

Leksa was in awe of Clarke and ran her lips over hers and asked for entry. It was meant to say I am sorry that when you came to Earth, it was not as you expected. Clarke could feel the compassion flowing out of her alpha and something else deep in her soul.

"I love you, Leksa." It came out quietly, and she wanted to pull it back until she saw Leksa's mouth part. She looked at her lips and up into her glistening blue eyes. In those three words, Clarke had taken all of her grief and loss over her lifetime and put in a room and closed the door.

"I love you as well, Clarke."

Leksa sat up and started to untie the straps that held on her shirt when Clarke stopped her and began doing the task for her. Sliding it off her shoulders but not removing it from her arms from the sleeves.
Keeping her trapped in the garment as Clarke nuzzled her neck and kissed her mating bite.

Leksa hissed when her cock started to throb. With Clarke that deep surging want for her, made it grow harder. Clarke ran her hands along her stomach then cupped her stiff cock and groaned. Clarke wanted her alpha on her back and pushed against the bed and started working on her pants. Clarke was quick with the fastenings and worked them part way down until Leksa was trapped.
"Gotcha."

Leksa looked down at her body, bare from the knees up to her chest. Every limb caught in her garments. She started to laugh then groaned when Clarke wrapped a warm hand around her thick cock.

"Leksa," Clarke said in quiet wonder, and she slowly removed her clothes and sat down her pant covered legs and lean her body over until her cock was laying on her stomach and started to drip down her sides. Clarke held her gaze as she licked her nipple and sucked it into her mouth. Leksa's mouth fell open with the view of Clarke's breasts enveloping her shaft and mouth on her breast.

Leksa tried to watch, but the sensation of Clarke sucking on her with her cock between her breast was overwhelming her senses. Her alpha mind submitted, "Beja, Clarke jok ai."

Half-opened blues peered up from her breast, and Clarke pulled away and ran her tongue around the tip, then bit down gently. "Hmm?"

"Please, Clarke fuck me." The tips of Leksa's ears grew deep red, but Clarke relented and slipped downward and kissed the tip of her cock and kept going until she hovered over her. Clarke ran her hand down to her base and held on as she slipped her inside. Groaning at the first few inches and Leksa tried to reach out to hold her, but her arms were still trapped. She would have to submit to Clarke completely.

Clarke fit the rest of Leksa inside and fell against her chest. The fullness of her cock inside pushed her desire to the surface. Their joining she felt in every pore of her body. Clarke now connected to Leksa for life, and she started to grind her clit against the base of her shaft. Clarke wondered why Leksa had not held onto her yet and opened her eyes to see she still had her trapped.

Clarke pulled Leksa into her arms and help her remove her top. "I'm sorry. I forgot."

"Shh, Clarke. I've got you." Leksa's lips found hers and kissed her deeply. Her tongue finding Clarke's and kissing her breathless. Clarke pulled away and let her head fall back as she rode Leksa's cock and started to breathe hard.

The sight of the omega freely giving herself made her heart soar, and lifted Clarke's breast to her lips and began to make love to them. Leksa pulled her tighter against her body as her knot swelled inside of her and Clarke came. Leksa held on and watched Clarke release the pent of fear that had filled her heart until the pressure of Clarke's sex tightly squeezing down her made her give way and spill all she had inside of Clarke. Leksa kept pumping as Clarke's forehead touched hers and they breathed the same air. Clarke pulled slightly back to gaze into her half-open green eyes.

"I love you, Leksa."

"Ai hod yu in."
Chapter 9

It didn't feel right not to include a moment of Clarke's life when she was little and had to grow up before her time. In this short scene, Clarke was seven years old. It would put her at about the same time when Leksa lost her family.

Clarke studied the handout after she penciled in the first letter out of boredom. The tip of her pink tongue poked out of the side of her mouth as she created a game of filling each letter of the title of today's subject: Story Book Time with Mrs. Raymond, to see if she could finish before her teacher returned to class. Making sure to stay inside the lines and filled in this last letter of her name and glanced up when another kid from her class came into the room and found his place in front of her. One of her lessons from earlier in the year was telling time, and from the clock above the alphabet letters on the wall showed ten minutes after the hour, and Mrs. Raymond was late to class. Clarke could not remember a time before when her teacher was not at her desk, preparing the day's lessons.

Clarke sat in the back room with all the other little girls. The teacher instructed Clarke that this was her assigned seating when she asked, but noticed that sometimes when a new girl or boy joined her classroom, they sat in the front with all of the other children, even if they were younger.

It didn't make any sense to Clarke. Now in her second year, she thought that all the new kids had to sit back until this new school year started and saw her name in the last row again. It wasn't fair. The kids in the front always got the least worn out books of their own and Clarke had to share her books with another girl, Lisa who was two years younger. When Clarke check out the rest of the last row, she noticed that it always the girls in the back.

Clarke was the same as age as her best friend, Wells Jaha, and he sat in the front with all the other boys telling her maybe one day she'll get to change seats. He wasn't in charge but, just him saying that made her feel a little better.

Always the last to be picked for a game. Clarke thought it was because of her size and because she was a girl. It wasn't until she came home, sad almost in tears that her parents explained the other children were jealous because she was special.

(Clarke's parents didn't tell her at the time, that she was an omega. And Omegas did not have status on the Ark, and in all things, it would mean she would always be last. One day that would change when she grew into a woman, and her station would give her sway when choosing an alpha to mate. But, that lesson would come later.)

The minutes continued to tick off on the clock, and the children grew restless. It was only after Wells's father appeared first at the door and motion for him to come with him that it became a steady stream of parents one by one until all of them had left except for Clarke and the little girl next to her, who started to cry for being left behind. Clarke hoped her parents would come soon and tried to quiet Lisa down by showing her pictures in her favorite book. After awhile after pointing out to her another simple tale from Aesop's Fables, Lisa sniffed and shifted in her seat.

"What's wrong?"
Lisa looked up at her with big brown eyes. "I has to go."

Clarke couldn't let the little girl leave by herself and decided to be in charge and told her, "You have to wait for your parents, Lisa."

"No, Clorke." Lisa leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I has to use the bathroom." Clarke's blue eyes grew wide.

"How about I take you home with me and then will find your parents. Okay, Lisa?" The little girl nodded her head, and Clarke led her out of the room. Looking both ways, and held her hand as they left their school room and headed down the long passageway towards her home. Quietly passing open rooms and gazing inside, as Lisa held onto her arm with both hands. Clarke thought Lisa might think that she would leave her alone, which she would never do. When they got to her home, the door was locked. Now Clarke grew scared and wondered why her mom and dad didn't come for her like the other parents and looked down at the little girl facing the door waiting for it to open.

"What's wrong, Clorke?"

"Nothing." When that couldn't be further from the truth and twisting her mouth into a frown. Blinking her eyes when she heard her mother's voice and hurried down another long hallway, following the sound.

"Are you lost, too, Clorke?"

"No, Lisa. I'm going to get my mom."

Clarke wasn't allowed to venture further from home and to school without her parents, and the hallway was not familiar. But, she couldn't let her new friend know. Lisa looked like she wanted to cry again.

"Look, there's my mom, Lisa. You don't have to cry anymore." Clarke saw her mother talking with other adults and waved, calling out to her. Her mother turned seeing Clarke and rushed to both of the girls and tried to move them quickly from the area.

"You can't be here, Clarke."

"Why not Mama?"

Her mother wasn't in time, and Clarke saw her teacher and began to wave and called out to get her attention. Mrs. Raymond smiled and waved back and started to cry. She stood inside of room by herself and a man on the other side pleaded with them to stop. Clarke knew in her gut that something was terribly wrong when a sound echoed through the hallway and, she saw Mrs. Raymond sucked out into space. Clarke went quiet and brought her hand down to her side. Whatever happen caused Clarke to join Lisa and started to cry and her mother started cursing and dragged them around the corner.

"I'm sorry, Clarke. You shouldn't have seen that." Her mother quickly changed the subject. "Who is your new friend?" Clarke could only whisper her name and remained quiet.

Clarke grew frightened after what she saw and began to shut down. The image of Mrs. Raymond was in front of her mind after Lisa's mom picked her up. Clarke held onto her mother and began sucking her thumb and hadn't said a word after what she had witnessed.

Clarke was changed, quiet and withdrew into drawing in her sketchbook. Trying to makes sense of her world. When they returned to class the following week, a new teacher took over. Clarke decided,
she would not let herself grow close to her for fear she would lose another person.

When Clarke got older, her mother explained, that they floated Mrs. Raymond for stealing. Instead of eager to learn, Clarke became a scared, almost afraid of her shadow, afraid to make a mistake. It changed Clarke and made her careful and wary of people. Mrs. Raymond would not be the last person she would lose to the vast ocean of space by the Ark's Council.

When Clarke became a young teenager, she held a lot of her anger inside. Seething resentment grew in her belly. Another good friend, gone the day before. Passing by one of the Ark's windows, she placed her hand against the thick glass and peered out at the Earth so close yet unable to reach. She longed to be anywhere but in this place. She hated the Ark.

Now aware of her station as an omega, Clarke began breaking minor Ark laws and push just to line, to her parent's distress. Clarke told them, it shouldn't matter if she got floated. Life on the Ark had no meaning, especially someone that was an omega.

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Clarke laid very still next to Leksa when early morning came with no word from the scouts if they had located pieces of the Ark. They didn't have the advantage of seeing it fall to earth but could hear the sonic booms echoing through the forest. It was a total of five spaced over a few minutes. It sounded like they would have all dropped reasonably close together, and the re-entry uncontrolled, so chances of all of them surviving were at best fifty/fifty. It also worried Clarke because undoubtedly the mountain would have become aware of them as well. The urgency of getting in the mountain grew, saving her people and defeating the Ice Nation caused Clarke sit up in bed, overwhelmed with every kind of scenarios trying to find space in her head. A warm hand caressed her back, and she leaned over into Leksa's arms.

"Is it too early to get up?"

Leksa listened for the sound of the camp stirring. Distant noises of people starting to rise. "It may only be a few hours before dawn and too dark to meet this new day, Clarke."

"So what are our plans, to take down the mountain?" Clarke yawned.

"We wait for word from your friends inside and make our way to the passageways and kill the mountain men with your firing weapons. Find the Queen and executed her for breaking my treaty and end this war with the mountain once and for all."

Clarke shook her head. "Sounds so simple, but it isn't really."

"No, it is not Clarke. We need to make a secondary plan if this one fails."

Clarke sighed, "I didn't think about if the direct approach didn't work." Leksa pulled Clarke closer and laid her head on her shoulder. "I don't want to see any of your people get hurt, Leksa."

Leksa petted Clarke along her back towards her hip. "I am afraid they already have. My warriors know of the sacrifice they make when they choose this life, as I do."

The thought of losing Leksa wasn't even a thought until she said those words and held her tighter. "I don't to lose you either."

"And you as well. Sleep Clarke. The morning will be here soon enough."
Clarke did fall asleep in the comfort of her lover's arms and woke hours later. Leksa was already up and out. Leksa wasn't kidding when she said she was a morning person until she checked her watch. It was nearly nine. "Fuck." Clarke found fresh water and clean herself, dressing and dashed out of the door bumping into Raven.

"Ouch, Raven." Raven's usually grumpy but good nature had vanished. "Is everything okay?"

"We need to talk."

"Can we do that on the way back to the dropship?"

"Sure, it's just I want to avoid Anya."

Clarke stopped and pulled her back into their tent. "Tell me what happened."

Raven walked around the tent, trying to find the words, which usually wasn't that difficult for her. "Last night Anya and I hung out. Friends, but not with benefits. As you said, I wanted to get to know her."

"Did she hurt you?"

"Oh, no nothing like that. In fact, Anya is cool and has a great sense of humor. It was that all of her girlfriends were hanging around her last night. It's like she's got a harem or something."

Clarke smiled. "Yeah, Leksa mention that to me. Anya's been single for some time. She lost a good friend, and she decided not to fall romantically in love and just has casual sex with her friends."

"Well, that sucks."

"How so?"

Raven kicked the ground. "She's different. Like I said cool and fun to hang around."

"And you don't want to share her?"

Raven looked up and shook her head. "Not after Finn, no. I'm not going to get my heart broke again."

"Maybe I should say something to Leksa."

"Oh, no please don't. I want to make a big deal about it. I'm sure it will pass, and Anya will find someone else to hang out with."

There was something more to Raven's hesitation and asked, "So, did you kiss her?"

Raven quickly looked up. "What? No. Well just on her cheek."

"What did Anya do?"

Raven smiled as she remembered. "She turned to leave and ran into a tree and nearly knocked herself out."

Clarke fell out in laughter and grabbed Raven's arm and pulled her towards the bed causing Raven to laugh with her. "She's got it bad for you. You know that right?"

That comment caused a cautious smile to grace Raven's face. "How can I be sure? I've only been
with one guy, and you see how well that worked out."

"Don't judge yourself on what Finn did. That wasn't your fault." Clarke ran her hand down her hair over her back. "Listen, my advice, if you're asking. Be yourself. You're a pretty awesome chick."

"Thanks, Clarke. So that you know, I saw Finn coming out of one of the warrior's tents this morning. He had a bunch of hickeys all over his neck that he tried to hide soon as he saw me and took off the other way."

"Who was it?" Clarke remembering kidding him about having his sex with someone born on Earth and supposed he finally did.

"I think her name is Kiao."

Clarke pursed her lips and shook her head. "I haven't met her." Clarke made a note in her head to ask Leksa later.

"He'll probably become pretty useless now."

Clarke petted her hair again and moved the stray hairs they fell into her eyes. "Raven. Talk to Anya. Forget about Finn. He wasn't worth you."

"I know, I know." Wrapping her arms around Clarke's back. A first time for both of them, having a woman to woman talk and Raven held her a little tighter squishing her boobs and whispered into her ear. "You know you stink like sex."

Clarke pulled back. "I'll bet." Then gave Raven a wink. "Come on, let's find some breakfast and see what trouble we can get into today."

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Clarke picked through the coats that Octavia discovered in the bunker and found a black one that had a lining the stopped bullets. At least that's what the tag said. It still smelled of fresh leather as it came out of a plastic bag. She also found boots, but too new to wear if they planned on walking for long distances, but put them near her rucksack, claiming them for herself. Her old boots were ancient and could use a couple of new soles, and she would use them for now. She did change into new pair thick socks.

Leksa agreed to try on a bulletproof vest. It fit neatly under her coat. Anya, along with a few other warriors also would wear the protection as would others carrying firing weapons.

The assumption they had about Queen Nia's warriors was correct. Apparently, she had only brought a small group from the Ice Nation, and they waited near the mountain as she went inside alone. What they found nearby was a secret passage. After Nia's men were persuaded to talk, they said the entrance would have guards waiting inside if they tried to breach the way. Nia lost a few men in the scuffle with Anya's warriors all coming back alive, with only a few bumps and bruises. Anya sent warriors back to guard the door.

Leksa had a prize with the captured of an angry and very pregnant Second, the young alpha Ontari. Some of Alissa information was old and could not have known that Nia may finally have what she always craved, in this girl. Still, it would be unknown if she indeed carried the new heir until she gave birth.

"I am surprised she would bring along her mate heavy with child. Nia cares nothing about the harm that would befall this young woman."
Clarke watched the girl as they placed her inside of a newly built cage, made from the trees that grew near. Pounded into the ground with neatly woven longer branches. Giving her blankets, food, and drink and set up a fire nearby. Ontari was no leader and being the Queen's Second made no sense to Leksa and Anya. Leksa's warriors informed her that when they captured the girl, she did not fight back and went on her knees. A timid, quiet girl that kept to the back of the cage. Growing frightened if someone approached. She was as wild as Leksa when Anya found her those many years ago.

"If Nia were to fall, this girl would probably die at the hands of one of the Queen's warriors, in a hostile takeover," Leksa remarked.

"Does she speak?"

"Barely, and not in English. I am sure she's just aware of things, but not of the details and complexities of being a leader or why she is even here. Now you see the cruelty of Nia's heart is more wicked than even her sister was aware."

Clarke grew suspicious watching how Ontari kept her eyes on Leksa's stronger warriors. There was something in the way she held herself. Clarke had experience from watching people on the Ark and sort of an outcast when she was young; she carefully observed how people acted so she could learn how to fit in. Clarke turned her back to the girl. "What if she's faking?"

Leksa's eyes quickly darted to Ontari. Now standing with her arms crossed over her pregnant belly, then releasing them to let them hang by her sides. Her demeanor changed, clenching her hands into fists, itching for a fight. "She is an alpha. The cage may have triggered her instinct. Now she can not hide in the guise of a simple mind. The girl shows she is not so timid and frightened as before."

"So, I'd keep an eye on her, have her check for weapons and keep her from the rest?"

Leksa's eyes came back to Clarke and nodded. "You are a keen observer, Clarke kom Skaikru." Then called out to her warriors to go with her and headed towards the girl.

"Oh, and later. I need to talk to you about Anya and Raven." Leksa stopped in place. "Maybe Finn and Kiao, also." Leksa turned around. Clarke gave her a sweet smile. "What can I say. I guess we're a likable bunch."

~

Raven headed to the Trikru camp in search of lunch; falling in line with people waiting for food. It felt a little like home on the Ark. Except the day was beautiful with the sun shining and everyone was a stranger until she saw Finn in line ahead of her with his new friend. The pretty redheaded woman with a sleek, toned and tan body whose eyes never left his face.

"Just fucking great." Before she could glance away, Finn caught her staring in his direction. "Do not waltz your ass over here, Collins," Raven said under her breath. He did. Raven crossed her arms over her chest and waited.

"Hey, do you want to cut in line with us?"

Raven could have choked him dead in front of all of these strangers, and no one would have stopped her.

"What are you twelve?" Raven said but didn't wait for him to answer. "I'm happy for you, but I'm okay, right where I am. That moment Anya appeared behind Raven and Finn glanced up at the hard stare from the alpha and put his hands up and back away.
"Son of a bitch." Raven kicked at the ground still pissed that he could get under her skin so quickly.

"Raven," Anya spoke softly behind her back, making her spin around.

"Hey, Anya." Damn, she looks good. Anya's pulled hair back into a long braid, wearing a sleeveless tunic and sweating. It made Anya's toned muscles stand out and accentuate her tattoos. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Not long. I was looking for you and hoping you have not eaten. I went out earlier to hunt and caught lunch. Would you like to join me?"

Anya did not want to say to Raven that she had been up way before dawn, hunting a killing a few birds and set them on a spit to cook for Heda and herself. Hoping she could coax the beta to spent some time with her after making a fool of herself after Raven innocently kissed her. Also, to not let her know that she had observed her and when she spied Finn approaching her. Something inside her could not stand to see him near her.

"Say no more." Raven hooked her arm with Anya left with her.

"What do you call this? Clarke said as she pulled the meat off a bone.

"It is a hen. A bird and that was her leg."

Clarke gave her a look and dropped the cleaned bone down to her metal plate. "I shouldn't have asked. I like it, though."

"You did not have time to hunt and kill prey before you came to Anya's camp?"

"Yes, but not very well. Our guys did try. It's not a skill required for living in space. Nothing to hunt."

"Would you like to learn?"

Clarke opened her mouth to answer when shouting drew them outside. Anya sprinted through the camp running with Raven in tow.

"The scouts are back, and they have found survivors, Heda."

The pounding of hoofbeats echoed around them as Leksa took the lead with Clarke on Raj's back. The distance to the first ship that came down from the heavens was merely an hour away. Clarke clung to Leksa back, giving her more control over the horse.

The word from Leksa's scouts, a large piece fell Southwest of the dropship, and if they were correct, it was the ship her mother would on. Hopefully alive and not injured. In her head, she made a silent plea. One to forgive her mother and hope for her safety and another if she did die, it was painless.

The dust from crashing into the earth had not yet settled as they grew closer to the ship. She could see her people stumbling out of the ship, looking towards the heavens as they did when they first stepped on Earth, not so long ago and then she saw her mother, alive an in one piece. Her face turned up towards the sky.

"MOM!" Abby turned at the sound of her voice and began waving.
Leksa kicked Raj to move faster when a gunshot rang out and struck Leksa on the side of her vest and fell over onto ground taking Clarke with her tumbling to the ground.

"LEKSA!" Clarke stood up and shouted. "Stop shooting at us. It's me, Clarke." Raj stood protectively in front of the fallen warrior as Leksa tried to catch her breath. Clarke opened her coat and found that the bullet was caught by her protection, saving her life. Clarke looked at the sky in thanks then leaned over to covered her body to protect her.

"Clarke," Leksa rasp as she closed her eyes in pain. Unable to take in a breath from the blow to her chest.

"Shh. Just relax and try to catch your breath. You're okay, but I'm about to take someones head off for this. Stay here."

The young Arker. A boy she knew from school, who fired the gun, came over to her. Clarke didn't give him time to speak before she gave him a roundhouse punch to the jaw knocking him down and started kicking him until she felt hands wrapped around her body pulling her off of him.

"Clarke, stop!"

"Mom? Why are you shooting at us?"

"It was an accident."

"I find that hard to believe. Jason just shot the commander of the coalition. We're here to help."

Her mother's eye grew concerned and moved quickly to her side. "Let me see. Can I examine you, Commander?" Leksa nodded as Clarke got to her side. There was no blood, but a nasty bruise began to grow on her muscles along Leksa's ribs. She felt around then closed her eyes in relief. "No broken bones, but you're going to sore for awhile," Abby said then realized in shock that the woman was an alpha as her angry scent began to grow.

Leksa gave her name as she stood up without any assistance and seemed to grow two sizes larger. Clarke watched as Leksa bared her teeth and spoke out in a clipped tone as she backed her mother up.

"They call me: Heda Leksa, Commander of the Twelve Clans, Leksa kom Trikru, The Last True Commander. An aggression like this would cause a war. Do you want to go into battle moments after arriving on my land?"

Abby looked at Clarke for help, and she just held her hands up and back away.

"No. I'm sorry, we do not want to go to battle with you, Commander."

"And I do not want to go to battle with you also..." Leksa looked towards Clarke.

"Oh. Leksa this is my mom, Abby Griffin."

"Abby, I welcome you and all your people to my land. But, know this. We are many. I lead twelve clans, whose warriors obey my command. You are but a few," Leksa gazed into Abby's eyes daring her to look away. She wanted to say more. This first meeting could confuse her people if word spread of how Sky people decided to greet them. It could cause distrust to grow among her people.

"What, Leksa's trying to say, mom. Not a good first move. I'm glad you're alive." Clarke drew her mother into a hug and Leksa began to calm down, stepping away and joined Anya who rode up
behind them.

"Your mate knocked the man down with her bare fist, Heda." Anya crossed her leather covered wrists and rested them on the pommel, clearly impressed.

"I wish I could have seen that." Leksa winced when she held her hand over her tender ribs. "It was a lesson I was not aware I needed to know. Yes, the weapon took me to the ground but did not kill me. What if the mountain men also wear these?"

"Aim lower," Anya said simply, but with a smile.

Leksa started to laugh then groaned, and Anya caught mother and daughter as they looked back her. "Heda, I will instruct my men to give the sky people a wide berth, until they learn how to behave themselves."

"I want them to be kept in this area. Let the sky people venture no farther than this field and where they can retrieve water. You may need your men to start providing them with food. But, first, let me talk to my mate."

"Yes, Heda." Anya turned her horse and started to call back to her men and waved them back into the forest and to set up their new camp.

"Take Raj with you." Leksa whistled calling the horse to her and handed her reins to Anya.

"Leksa, it's safe to go inside. Let my mother check you out again."

"Very well, Clarke."

"Again, I'm sorry about my man, Heda," Abby said.

"You may address me as Leksa, Abby."

Everyone stopped as Leksa walked around the new arrivals. Clarke recognized people and waved. Others bent over on the ground and began kissing the earth, while a few were throwing up.

"It must have been a rough landing," Clarke remarked.

"Is this what happened when you arrive, Clarke?"

"No, we were okay."

"Stronger stock I supposed," Leksa said. Still irritated, and her comment was a way of letting out her aggression, without striking the man down who had shot at her. She did see a sky woman dressed as a warrior pull the weapon out of his hand and clap in on the back the head. Not unlike an unruly child disobeying an angry parent.

"Your people are more like us than I would have assumed, Clarke."

Abby heard the comment as she led them inside. Relieved that the commander was calming down. An alpha woman. It had been years. Abby befriended the last alpha women who survive the culling. With Abby's help, she hid woman's station, and the woman lived well into her sixties. Bearing an alpha male, who still lives. She died in an accident. So they told Abby. Her quarters had lost oxygen, and she died in her sleep. Abby never believed them and grew to resent the Ark as much as her daughter. Now she was in charge, the new Chancellor. Jaha dead along with Kane. She was the one person with the most experience and knew how to lead people. Eying the alpha again, this young
woman was undoubtedly an experienced leader herself.

"Clarke the med bay is a mess. Let me clean up a spot for the commander and get things organized. Do you think you could help out with some of the wounded?"

"You bet, let me wash up. Leksa have a seat. My mom will take care of you."

Abby set the examination table upright and locked the wheels to keep them it moving. "Let me get your coat and shirt."

Leksa let her. Unashamed to be seen bare for the hips up as Abby examined her ribs, then did a cursory glance at the rest of her chest and saw the fresh mating bite on her neck. Abby's eyes quickly darted towards her daughter, just as Clarke pulled her hair back into a braid. Clarke wore the same fresh mark. Could Clarke have mated so soon?

Abby's eyes went back to alpha and watched as the woman held in her groans as she carefully lifted her arm and felt around again. Then noticed that her eyes never left Clarke.

The alpha's breast also bore other marks, that were more intimate in nature and kept what she wanted to say to herself. She'd know Clarke's bites anywhere. She had a penchant for leaving marks on boys and girls she hung around. When she looked up, Leksa was staring at her.

"You do not have the same color eyes?" Leksa queried.

"No, Clarke got that from her father."

Leksa nodded her head. "Ah, yes. I am sorry for your loss."

"She told you that?"

"We have spent many hours together over the past few days. As we worked on our negotiation for peace, we spoke of many things. Your daughter is very wise. You taught Clarke, well."

"It was not all me." Abby almost blushed.

"Was it not medicine that you taught Clarke and her compassion, Abby?"

"Yes, but." Stopping herself from saying something foolish, Abby knew a sweet talker when she heard one and put her hand on her hip and gave her a look.

"Mom, can you help me set Jim's arm. It's out of its socket," Clarke asked.

"One second." Abby finished covering the wound on her abdomen and held her hand against a little harder than she should have, but it only caused Leksa to smile. Clarke mated with the first alpha that crossed her tracks, and it happened to be the leader of this place. This woman was smart, and Abby was a little irritated at her charming nature. "You might want to stay on your back for a few days a let this heal."

Leksa winced when Abby finished. After speaking so harshly to Clarke's mother, Leksa wanted the woman to feel appreciated by Clarke, but by the way, she acted, she may have offended. Hopping down she dressed and found with her chest bound; she could move without pain.

"Clarke, what would you like me to do?" Leksa asked.

"Sit down and wait till I finish helping out. Better yet, come over here." If she was right, her mom had a room where she could get some sleep. A part-time storage area and breakroom and it still held
an old couch. Clarke tossed the boxes laying over it and padded the surface. "Lay down and don't move for a while. It may not seem like it hurts a whole lot now, but later you'll begin to feel it. I'm going to get you something for pain for later tonight. I don't want to knock you out until we get back home." During the time she talked to her, she had fixed her the bed made her sit down and pull off of her boots. And tucked the blanket around her chin and kissed her on the forehead like she was a child.

"I am not sleepy Clarke."

"Give me an hour, maybe two. Okay? One of your guards showed up and will be just outside, is that better?"

Leksa was not one to pout like a small child in need of a favorite toy. But, the thought of Clarke out of her sight made the sides of her lips curve down. It drew Clarke back and sat down next to her and held her chin.

"I'll try and make it an hour." She kissed her sweetly on her lips lingering for a few precious moments. Try to still her still racing heart. Thankful Leksa agreed to wear the vest. Outside Quint was guarding a gave her nod as Clarke shut the door.

Clarke was exhausted from setting bones and sewing up wounds, and few people were still unconscious, and their prognosis wasn't good. Another group of Arkers came into camp with a few of their wounded, their ship not far from where they landed. In between fixing up her people, Abby filled her in all that happened before they came down to earth.

"How did Jaha and Kane die, Mom?"

"Jaha was shot by one of the people who escaped in the Exodus ship and didn't survive. Kane died in the crash. We need to set up a place to bury him with the rest."

"Land is pretty precious down here. Leksa's people burn the dead in pyres."

"We could do that. There's enough work to be done without having to dig graves." Abby watched Clarke. For someone who had lost her father, locked in jail for the last year, forced down to Earth without the knowledge if they would survive and then end up mated. Clarke did look contented.

"How are you really, Clarke?" Abby motion to her neck.

Clarke forgot about her mating mark and reached for her neck and began to blush. "Happier than I've been all my life, Mom. I love her."

Abby began to believe her daughter was more cunning than she had given her credit. "I wasn't sure before about your mating with someone after you just got here, but now we have peace with this strangers, I could see how this give us a higher standing within her clans, Clarke. Good thinking."

Clarke grew outraged. "Wait a damn minute mom. My mating with Leksa had nothing to do with negotiating peace, and I'm not going to allow you bring the politics of the Ark down here. Besides, we still have to deal with the mountain."

"But, Clarke. What about our decisions? Don't we have a say?"

"About what? About peace, we got that. About being apart of a community that will share with us, done. Now our job is to pull our weight, and I can't believe I'm even saying this, finally; the days of the Ark is over. We now live on Trikru land. Why not catch your breath? Settle down and enjoy the
fresh air." Clarke threw down a towel she used to wipe her hands off and headed for the break room then turned around. "I need some pain meds for Leksa. Then we're heading back to our camp on the other side of the field."

Abby gave her bottle and let her go. "I'm sorry, Clarke."

"Just go outside, Mom. The Earth is more beautiful than any of us could have imagined. Think about that before you want to bring the ugliness of the Ark down here."

Abby let her go. Clarke had grown up in the short time they were on Earth. She was a little irritated and proud. Deciding after the last patient, she liked to go outside and look up to the heavens instead of being apart of them. Though, the conversation with her daughter wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

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"Take in a breath." Leksa did as Clarke listened to her lungs and heartbeat with her stethoscope. A gift from her mom when she started studying with her. In the haste to get the delinquents on the dropship, it was left behind in her room. "You're lungs are clear." Off Leksa's confused face Clarke clarified, "After an injury like that. A blow to the chest might cause you to retain some fluids around your lungs. But, it sounds all clear like your heartbeat."

Leksa laid back down and took a breath while Clarke fastened her shirt. She could tell that Clarke was in her element and wondered with the delay because of her injury could she talk her out of going to the mountain the day after tomorrow. Although her friend Bellamy had given Clarke a basic class on shooting and from his comments on her ability, her aim was good.

Leksa also wondered after all of this was over, would she like to go hunting with her. Learn how to use a bow and arrow. After seeing that the faygon quickly take down an animal from a great distance, the hunt did not seem fair.

"Heda Leksa, may I enter?" Anya called out from outside of their tent.

"Yes, Anya"

Anya gave Clarke a nod. The usual calm woman was anxious. "Heda, Clarke. I am on my way back to the dropship. I will start bringing the rest of your men, Clarke's people, and the weapons."

"Good, Anya."

"Clarke, if you do not mind. I need to speak with Heda alone, of a private nature."

"You can speak in Clarke's presence," Leksa said as she tried to pull herself up.

Clarke looked at Anya and saw her discomfort immediately. "I'll just be outside."

"Thank you, Clarke."

"No problem. There's still a little light left." Clarke kissed Leksa and picked up her sketchbook and headed outside.

"What say you, Anya?"

"Yes, about Clarke." Leksa right eyebrow shot up. "Oh, no. What I meant to say. About Clarke's friend, Raven. I'm sure, Clarke has spoken to you about us."

"Clarke has not said anything to me about you and Raven. But, tell me, Anya, is there an us now?"
Leksa was happy for her friend but kept her expression neutral.

"Not yet, Heda."

"Then I do not understand your problem. Is the beta not someone you wish to conquer?" A somewhat low blow, but needed to find out the nature of Anya's intention concerning Clarke's friend. Leksa did not want Raven's heart to be hurt by Anya. It would cause stress for Clarke, and she would have to console the beta. Maybe caused their friendship to strain.

Anya stared up at the ceiling of the tent. "It has been a long time, my friend. To feel that special feeling when I look at this woman's face. Not, that I feel that she better than the other women I have laid with, I can not explain how she makes me feel."

"How would you know, Anya? If you have not laid with her."

Anya looked back at Heda. "Would Clarke be upset if I did?"

"I would not dare to speak for Clarke, but as your friend and one who has known a sky woman, it would be wise not to hurt her heart." That was close to a warning she could give Anya. As Clarke's mate, one would think a duty is to keep her happy.

"Yes, Heda. I understand. I will return early tomorrow and make ready for the mountain."

As Anya turned to leave Leksa called out, "Before you leave, I have a question about the dark-haired boy, Finn, and your warrior Kiao."

Anya smiled. "The boy has turned into a man."

Leksa laughed and understood the comment. Finn fell for the alpha. "Kiao was a kind and brave warrior. He should be so lucky to have her protect him. About tomorrow, Anya. It does not have to be early. The afternoon is fine. Sleep in."

Anya nodded and headed out, and Clarke came back and crawled next to her.

"She's in love with Raven," Leksa said as she lifted the blanket up and Clarke curled by her side.

"Yeah, I figured as much."

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*Burning faceless people surrounded her broken body. Leksa laid in an open field of burnt grasses and lifted her head at the pain radiating down her body and saw a sword had taken one of her legs and she cried out in shock. The earth was soaking up her life's blood. Her ending was near; struck down in battle with the Ice Nation.*

*A voice called out to her. A familiar sound. Leksa gazed once more at what had made the noise. It came from a figure coming out of the smoky mist. It was Clarke. Her hands bound behind her, someone pushing her to walk and bringing her to her knees to watch her die.*

"Leksa!" Clarke cried out and pulled her bindings trying to get to her causing her to bend over at the waist. A figure behind her drew her up.

"I see I have to put down another of your bitches, is that right, Heda?"

*The Queen had won, and bodies of her friends and warriors dead and dying on the field. Anya laid over Clarke's friend Raven. Her skull bashed in, and blood clotted in her mouth. Leksa cried out*
when she saw Costia and then her family all dead, and in her heart, she knew it was all her fault. She put everyone she ever loved in danger, and now they were all brutally taking away from her again.

Leksa went on her belly, crawling to her omega and begged Nia not to take Clarke's life. She's bearing her heir. Leksa prayed to Keryon that there was still a bit of humanity left in the woman. Only laughter was her answer, and Nia brought her knife up and made one quick cut across Clarke's throat and tossed her at Leksa's prone body. Leksa tried to staunch the flow and Clarke turned her head and uttered as her beautiful blue eyes grew cloudy. "You failed me. You failed us all."

"Nooo," Leksa cried out.

Clarke was drawn out of sleep as Leksa began to thrash around in bed. "Hey, it's okay. I've got you."

"Clarke, uh...nooo," Leksa cried out.

"Mercy!" Clarke grew concerned when she didn't wake. "Leksa please you've got to wake up you're having a nightmare." Clarke held her closer and sleepy green eyes open, unsure what had just happened.

"Clarke?"

"It's me, and it's late. I think you had a bad dream."

Leksa held her hands over her mouth then looked back at Clarke then pulled her close.

"Carefully, you going to hurt yourself." Clarke rocked Leksa as she took in and released her breath.

"I do not think it is wise that I take any more of you medicine Clarke."

"I think you're right." Clarke held her tighter. "I'll bet you've never taken anything for pain."

"No, only strong spirits, Clarke." Leksa pushed herself out of bed over Clarke's objections and made her slowly towards a table and drank down a mug of water.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Leksa did, but not with her omega. It could frighten her. "It is late, my love. I would like the let those dreams remain where they are."

"Okay." Clarke drew her knees up and wrapped her arms around them and watch as Leksa came back to herself again. The confident, strong and proud warrior she fell in love. Clarke waited until Leksa gazed in her direction and patted the bed next to her.

"I use to get nightmares on the Ark all the time. Although I wasn't asleep when I had them." Leksa joined Clarke back in bed and let her take care of her again. "It was hard at times. Losing people you love. Our leaders killed people for minor crimes."

Leksa nodded her head as she listened. She wanted to put the injury in perspective. That the accident with the sky person's weapon was not an omen that would portend a possible future. Up to this moment, everything she had experienced with Clarke was pointing to a hopeful one. To give them both what they always sought. That one person who held their soul in her heart. Now, seeing how quickly she could lose everything.
"Then Raven said that Anya knocked her up." Clarke noticed when Leksa attention was elsewhere.

"Hmm," Leksa hummed. The night was late and talk like this was not what she wanted to do with Clarke. In their bed. Then withdrew Clarke's hands from her shoulders and pulled her into a kiss and pushed her back against the mattress and let her feel the arousal rub against her.

Clarke wanted to object to being ignored but groaned instead and fell into her kiss. Her heat over and what lay between them would be a new chapter. Leksa dipped her tongue inside. Clarke loved the taste of her mouth on hers. It heightened her arousal when their tongues touched as their mouths moved together in a sensual harmony. Leksa's hand at the edge of her shirt shifting upward and the urgency before still lay under her skin. Leksa pumping out her alpha scent caused a spark against Clarke's flesh as she ground her dripping cock over her naked belly.

"Mmm," Clarke purred and reached down between them and found her cock and began to milk her. Leksa bit her lip softly and leaned her forehead against Clarke's.

Leksa's breathing grew urgent, and a tingling itched at the base of her cock. Clarke had barely touched her, and she was ready to mate. Clarke's scent grew submissive, and Leksa arched her back and pulled Clarke's legs apart and began thrusting. Not inside of Clarke, but in her hand.

Clarke was reeling from the sudden power pouring off of the alpha as her scent intensified and she responded in kind. She felt the moment Leksa grew harder and her knot pushed hard against her hand. Then it hit her, Leksa was coming into her rut with her cock extended the better part of four days, and now the force behind the instinct would be on display.

Clarke whispered. "Let me help you now." She continued to purr and brought Leksa's cock down to her entrance, and Leksa moaned but stopped from rushing inside.

"Can you turn over, Clarke?" Leksa felt the heat rise upon her cheeks at her request.

"Sure, baby." Clarke did and put a couple of pillows under the hips to give her alpha more access.

Leksa in her urgency licked a line from the base of her neck, down her spine and her tongue sunk into her sex. Clarke ground down wanting it to go further when her tongue replaced with two fingers pushing inside. Gentle at first, then she felt the head of her cock resting at her opening and Leksa held onto her hips and filled her up to her knot. Clarke cried out in ecstasy.

Leksa wanted to howl as her cock sank deep into her omega's sex. Hot, wet and silky tight around her. Then a growl came from her throat, and a scent filled her nose when Clarke's submission grew stronger. Clarke's walls tightened around her shaft knocking a groan free from her throat. Feeling her cock grow harder and stretch Clarke's core. Her body became all need and the throbbing at the base of her cock needed to release. But in her rut, her knot would swell larger. Even in the haze of her desire, she would not want to hurt her mate. Clarke cried out feeling split open by her alpha. Leksa pulled all the way out then slam herself back inside until she grew slower and extracted herself from Clarke's warm core.

"No, please don't stop Leksa I need you inside of me." Clarke turned over and pulled Leksa down.

"Please."

Kisses on her face and Clarke sucked her tongue her mouth and put her hand on her again. Leksa pulled back and saw the longing Clarke's face.

Leksa pulled back showing the growing bulge at the base of her shaft. "I do not think I can fit inside of you."
"Let me help." Clarke turned her over and moved down. A hand on her knot began massaging and her other hand wrapped around the thick cock to direct her inside her mouth. Pulling back and flipped her hair out of the way and went back to tease her slit and gather her come on her tongue. Clarke began moaning at her taste and sunk back down on her.

Leksa slammed her head back against the pillow and guided Clarke's head with her hands. Her come flowed out of her cock coating Clarke's hand as she slicked her up and took her down to her fist.

"Clarke," Leksa uttered. All this was too much and too little. Leksa heart was filling up with all the love she kept inside for so long. Clarke was the one for her. Her heat triggered her rut. A strong bonding for two just mated. More than that she wanted Clarke to bear her children. Leksa gasps and almost released.

The taste of Leksa filled her mouth. It was her scent of her alpha pouring into her lungs and mouth. Swallowing then sucking harder. Clarke seen videos of rutting alpha's, it was graphic, and the girls were miserable afterward. Leksa wasn't like that at all. Her scent was intense, wondering why Leksa didn't just ravish her.

"I don't want to lose you," Leksa whispered and her thrusting tapered off.

And there it was. Clarke released her and crawled on top of her. "Hey, I'm right here."

Leksa turned her over and rubbed the head of her cock against Clarke's sex. Afraid she may not fit inside of the omega as she grew thick. "I just found you, Clarke."

"Then prove it," Clarke said, and she wrapped her legs around her back. "Fuck me."

Another wet kiss on her lips and Leksa let go and started to edge inside, inch by inch. Never in Clarke's life prepared her for the moment of being desired by another as she felt for Leksa. Even with her injury, the alpha rolled continually. Her cock rubbed against her front wall sending jolts of pleasure through Clarke's body.

"Ahh...I want all of you, Leksa. Oh god..., tie me."

Leksa wanted to cry for the love she felt for Clarke, but she unable to release her tears. Pulling back and pushing harder, trying to sink deeper inside with her knot. Clarke released some of the pressure, but until she embedded within Clarke, she would continue to expand.

"Feels so good, Leksa." Leksa pulled her legs apart and worked harder to find the angle she could edge herself inside. "Do it."

Leksa pushed harder then lunged forward edging past the tight ring of her opening and worker herself entirely inside with a satisfied groan. The tightness of her muscles massaged her knot coaxing her to release, and she did. Deep pulsing hot streams of come shot out of her cock and Clarke fell with her.

Leksa began to rock with by constant movements. Rising over Clarke and ground down the base of her cock against her swollen clit. Bringing Clarke to another climax and continued to fill her with her seed.

"Ai hod yu in."

Clarke understood and began to cry. Leksa wanted to tell her more. Tell Clarke she had saved her life. Instead, Leksa held on and pumped short strokes to bring to another release.
Later, after Leksa could untie herself she pulled the sky girl close to her chest. Leksa wanted to cry in relief. Tell the girl all she kept in her heart. It would be too much. Maybe one day, if they survived the mountain. Leksa would confess all.
Chapter 10

Anyá checked the sky after leaving Heda's quarters. Gaging she only had a few hours light left to make it back to the dropship, back to Raven. The thought of her alone in this new world spurred her to gather the reins and mount her horse in one swift motion, turning and nudging him into a gallop and led the horse down the path laid down by their trip here. The journey back would make her arrival after dark with the moon just a sliver of itself.

A desire started to grow inside her chest. Along with a need to see the beta's face again. Stay with Raven if she was frightened, now that they were close to the beginning of their war. A thought occurred if she were brought down in battle, she wanted to know Raven, in every way possible. Anyá shook her head and cursed herself at the growing urge to aggressively pursue the beta, knowing she must it push it down. Anyá could charm most women, but Raven was different. She wanted Raven to come to her without her fearing that is all she wanted from her was sex. Her clit throbbed when she recalled her scent and closed her eyes and cursed, "Jok." Thinking about Raven almost stimulating her into hardness, and she slowed down adjusting her pants then kicked her horse back into a fast trot.

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It was late in the afternoon when Raven got in touch with Abby by radio. It took the efforts of all of them. With Lincoln climbing the tallest, closest tree to the dropship and cut branches as he went along to use as handholds to the highest part of the tree. Bellamy fished the wires to Octavia, being the lightest weight and crawled to the very top and attached the antenna. She stayed in the tree until they had a strong signal then secured it in place and Raven made contact.

Raven got word from Clarke about their plans for the mountain but hesitated to ask what Anyá was doing. Clarke did mention in passing that Anyá would be heading to the dropship for them and Raven feigned she wasn't interested when the alpha would be back. Even though they were just becoming friends, she was almost certain Clarke didn't believe her. Now she was hanging out with Bellamy, Octavia, and Lincoln around the fire after food was provided for them earlier. Her new friends were just on a little edge, yet laughing a little more than usual. Of course, the bottle that Lincoln was sharing did help to loosen everybody up. Even Bellamy worked to accept the new member of their family.

Raven only sipped at her cup wanting to wait for Anyá, reasonable clear-headed. They didn't have time at lunch to talk when word came about the Ark arriving and Anyá was gone. The question Raven needed to answer, why did she become curious about what this stranger was doing? She barely knew her, and Anyá had plenty of willing women who wouldn't hesitate and knock boots with her. It was silly she should even consider Anyá was interested in her.

Still, Raven wondered if Trikru people went on dates or just did just hang out together. Remembering the look on Anyá's face as she took the first bite of the meal she cooked for her, and it hit her. The lunch. That was Anyá's way of breaking the ice, to get to know her she liked her. Raven smiled, could it have been their first date? Raven tapped her fingers against her leg, pushing back the doubt that she may be reading more into what Anyá had done.

Everything thing about this alpha was intriguing. The lines of her body, clean and simple. Curves of a woman as well, but having define muscles of an athlete. Her face. Hmm. Yes, she liked her looks a
lot. Anya was pretty. But, if she was honest with herself, she more like beautiful. It was her profile, high cheekbones, and curious eyes. Raven bet there some cool stories that went with her tattoos. Raven's thoughts went back to her muscles. Raven shook her head getting lost in a memory of Anya wiping her arms dry of sweat. No, it wasn't all sexual, trying in vain to convince herself. It didn't have to be. It could be an understanding between them, or at least they needed to go slow.

It was an unexpected when Clarke returned with new friends to suddenly have one of the women show interested in her. Maybe Anya genuinely liked her. But, honestly, even with her somewhat confident exterior, she wasn't one who fell into a girl crush with the first attractive woman to cross her tracks. Anya would be the only alpha that ever gave her the time of day. Raven's cheeks started to burn when she thought of Anya's blinding smile when she told her the meal was excellent.

"Haha, Raven can't hold her liquor. She's already turning red." Octavia laughed at what she thought was a funny joke and fell over on Lincoln.

"It's the fire, Octavia. I'm going to cool off," Raven lied and walked into the darkness leaving her cup behind. She gazed through the trees. Now having the time and the relative safety to check out this place a little more. It was strange to see the stars from this angle and without a piece of glass between her and the vastness darkness of space and began to feel part of the universe.

Raven took the path outside of the open gates. It was something she began to think a lot about now that she had actual ground under her feet and kicked a rock. The concept should have made her feel like being here was otherworldly. But it was the opposite. Raven felt connected to something after Finn betrayed her. The bruised pieces of her heart inside her chest began to ease when the alpha drew near. She smiled softly and wondered if she let down her walls and would Anya fill in the emptiness?

Raven wasn't sure if it was how Clarke felt for Leksa, but damn they sent off a lot of vibes and scents between them. Invisible strings that bound them together. Stronger than any metal or force that would try to drive them apart. Raven had to admit she was a little jealous.

She looked into the distance when the sound of camps filtered through the forest. No distinct voices. Only folks, preparing for war. Raven wondered how many times would this make for them. One thing she noticed right away with her new Trikru friends, they were efficient. A quality she could appreciate. Nothing wasted. Watching after Anya left with Leksa and Clarke with their party to find what remained of the Ark, a man brought in deer and proceed cut the animal up into smaller pieces and toss it into a couple of large pots and make into a stew. It fed dozens of people and even the bones and deer hide saved. She wasn't sure for what. But it was possible they could use it for clothing, buttons for a coat or some other useful thing.

Wandering further Raven's eyes caught the luminous flowers that Octavia mention. Finding herself standing in a sea of blue and green flowers and bioluminescent moss on trees and bushes. Roaming in the growing dusk, it was calm here. She put her head back and closed her eyes. Yeah, this place was pretty damn peaceful, for now. Opening her eyes and they came back into focus. She turned to head back to camp and stopped. This doesn't look right. Raven turned around again. "Shit." Raven realized that even though the area was glowing blue and beautiful, she forgot which way was back home.

"I'm okay. I can find my way back. No need to panic, yet."

A crack of branch and Raven turned around. Instinctively reaching for her hip, remembering her weapon left inside her bunk. Then felt around in her back pocket and finding a screwdriver and brought out to defend herself. Rustling sounds and now heavy breathing.
"Who's there?" Crunching sounds and now she could see a figure. "I said who goes there? I've got a weapon if you've got any funny ideas."

"Raven? It is me, Anya."

Now she could see her outline. Almost glowing like the flowers and ran into her arms making Anya grunt against her embrace. Anya held Raven tight to her body and ran her hand along her back over her hair. Quietly humming and Raven started to sway with her.

"You're late." Raven pulled her closer getting lost in Anya's soft but firm body.

Anya smiled into her hair, happy that the beta missed her and playfully answered, "Hmm, I am sure I did not give you a time I would be back."

"Still, it is dark out." Raven didn't want to let her go. The heat from her body warmed her chilled skin, and her scent was seeping into her skin. 'So this is what Anya smells like if she little aroused.

"Were you lost, Raven?" Anya pulled away, and her hand naturally felt into Ravens as she led her back home.

"Not really. I think I got turned around. Where are we heading?"

"Well, back to your metal ship. Is there somewhere else you would like to go?"

"I'm not sure." Raven released her hand and turned to face Anya. "Not yet. But I still want to spend time with you." Saying but not saying what she wanted. She hoped Anya understood.

Anya grew bold taking a chance the beta would not send her away. "Perhaps, I could stay with you tonight, where you sleep. Stand guard for you, then?"

Raven tilted her head surprised at her modesty. "I'm pretty sure I don't need anyone to guard me overnight, but yeah. I'd like to hang out with you."

Anya released her breath she was holding. "I too would like to, hang out with you, Raven," Anya replied. Pleased that Raven's hand returned to her hand and she guided her back home.

It felt right, Anya's warm, reassuring grip on hers. "How did you find me?"

Anya was thankful it was dark as her cheeks grew red, but could only tell the truth, "By your pleasant scent, Raven." Then laced their fingers together.

Raven couldn't help let her lips fall into an easy smile and moved a little closer to the alpha.

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Leksa's rut lasted for hours the night before leaving Clarke a little tender but thoroughly loved. Clarke adjusted her stance while leaning over the table studying the map of Mount Weather. Monty gave a description and a sense and breadth of the insides of this complex. Now, they had an idea of the strength and ways to infiltrate. Along with stealing the radio, he also got more information about the Queen.

Monty had a close call when he went exploring trying to find places to shield the mountain people from their entry. To sealed them off until the air was no longer toxic to them. Down below in the lower levels would be the safest and plans were made and information passed to the people he trusted. They just need to know when to start descending and decided the remaining dropship
delinquents would go with them, to minimized casualties. Then he told her a story about the Queen. A story narrated to him by their new friend, a girl by the name of Maya.

(Late last summer Maya and a few other people came down with radiation sickness from a group of individuals they called Outsiders. They carried contaminates that lingered on their skin and clothing, telling him the people living in the mountain are extremely vulnerable to outside air. Monty explained that it was just as deadly for them as the acid fog they used on the Outsiders.

After recovering, Maya remained to help in the medical unit when she saw the Queen for the first time. She brought with her another woman but much younger who fell into step behind her. Obviously ill and needing medical assistance that they could provide.

Monty stopped at this point and told Clarke that the mountain people did not have omegas or alphas, only betas. As the Ark culled the alpha females, the mountain rid themselves of the multiple births that were frequent among those stations. So any male or female, alpha or omega was terminated before birth. The population kept to a minimum under four hundred, to survive the long wait until the outside air would be breathable for them if they couldn't find a cure.

Maya helped take care of the girl, named Ontari. Pregnant and almost to term. She became her friend. Maya told him how happy she was to meet someone who breathed the fresh outside air and tell her what it was like to feel the sun on her face. The two woman talked for hours, confirming what Clarke suspected about the young alpha. Ontari feigned her innocence when she first arrived near the dropship. Now at the new camp, they let her know they knew her secret. Clarke wasn't surprised when the girl threw, with what her mother would have called a 'hissy fit. Albeit, from an alpha's point of view and it was downright scary.

However, the sad part of Maya's story; Ontari lost her baby, an alpha boy. The Queen could not be consoled and almost left without her, but not before Maya heard the Queen muttering about her sister for bringing this shame on her. And now the alpha girl was pregnant again.

Leska explained that it was not long after that, the Queen kidnapped Costia. Leska walked away seething in anger, mulling over the depravity of the Queen's cruelty. Clarke watched the rage built up within Leksa as the pieces began falling together.)

Hours later Leksa's anger was replaced with determination. "I have sent for Nia's sister. She will arrive later in the week," Leksa stated as she sharpened her sword, her eyes wandering to Clarke. Her rut still keeping her extended and hard.

Clarke didn't look up from her drawing and made a note in the margins. "Is she far away?"

"No, only a couple days journey. I requested Alissa to remained in Polis when I traveled here when you came from the sky."

"Hmm." Clarke continued to study her map. It was early, and they were waiting for Monty's scheduled contact with an update.

Leksa placed her sword on the table and washed her hands. Eyeing her partner's backside and leaned over and pulled Clarke on her lap, causing a playful laugh from her. Leksa picked up Clarke's hand, kissing her knuckles then pressed her palm against her chest.

"This is coming full circle, Clarke."

"How so?" Clarke felt the strong heartbeat under her hand.

"Alissa is owed a debt from Nia as I am. When I capture her, I will ask Alissa to deliver the first cut
to the Queen for her capital punishment: Death by a thousand cuts. For her crimes of mutilation, murders, and treason."

"When you capture her? Confirming for Leksa at least, they would not lose this battle.

Last night during Leksa's rut she confessed a fear of losing her. Clarke tried to tell her with body and soul that they would live. Explaining with everything both of them had been through in their lives, that surely the fates would not deny them this happiness. Leksa smiled at her words. Clarke knew it to appease her along with her body. But, Clarke could feel Leksa's worry as a living breathing thing as their connection grew stronger every day.

"When are we leaving?"

"Later tonight. Once I bring the leaders together and inform them of their roles."

"You do know that the mountain probably has missiles right? Like the one that burnt part of Indra's village.

"The mountain men are trapped inside and unless they have a way of knowing where we are without eyes I can not see how we are in danger."

"But..." Clarke knew that wasn't completely accurate.

"Remember your journey to Anya's encampment and the people you saw?" Clarke nodded her head. "Those were the mountain men's eyes. Now we have their tunnels guarded by Anya's men so no one can pass."

"I understand that, but chances are they also have radar." Leksa blinked her eyes, not quite understanding as Clarke continued, "It's a device that can detect things on the ground, especially if it's moving."

"Is this what you call technology, Clarke?"

Clarke's eyebrows rose. "Yeah, it is. Where did you learn that word?"

"In Earth's old history books. It was a hard concept to understand. The devices we would find were broken, ruined and made into something else."

"So, I need to have Monty do us one more job. Knock out any radar they have."

"Ah, Monty." Leksa held Clarke tighter. "Is he an alpha?"

"Nah, he's a beta."

"Interesting, he makes a fine warrior."

Clarke chuckled then agreed, "You wouldn't know to look at him, but you're right. I let him know you said this after all of this is over."

Leksa joined her in her laughter and lifted Clarke up bringing her back to bed. Leksa turned on her side to face her and ran her finger up and down Clarke's palm. They didn't need words, at times it would be a touch, scent or grateful long glances into one another's eyes at having found each other. Clarke moved the lock of hair that had fallen over her face.

"Sometimes I forget how strong you are."
Leksa smiled, growing modest and ducked her head to kiss her lips lightly. They had hours to go before they left for the mountain. What better way to spend the time with the one person who could keep her safe. A quiet understand Clarke could feel in their connection. Knowing that Leksa still desired her, Clarke laid her hand over the swell in her pants.

"You've had ruts before, Leksa?" Clarke stroked her. Wanting to build Leksa's desire and let her release before their time wasn't their own anymore and they would head to the mountain.

"Just one other. But..." Clarke put her fingers to her lips to quell her words. Leksa grew shy.

"I understand." Leksa's scent rose. "The next time will take off for a couple of weeks by ourselves." Reassuring her alpha, they would both live. Smiling at Leksa and kissed her and laid on her back. "Leksa, come here." A small request and Leksa pulled herself up on one elbow and ran her hand over Clarke's cheek and fell into her invitation. The moment she placed her on their bed, the urge to mate rose between them. Understanding for all of their hopes and dreams, fate was not always fair, Leksa would fight through the remaining doubt she harbored.

Clarke let Leksa undress her, still in comfortable clothes from this morning's bath. In turn, Clarke pulled at her shirt, removing it as Leksa slipped out her pants. Clarke played coy to bring down any lingering uncertainty. "Do you want me to lay on my belly again?" A humble request punctuated by a shy smile and twinkle in her blue eyes.

Leksa's cheeks turned a light red. "No, Clarke. I do not."

Leksa pressed her palm over Clarke's short blond curls and sensually glided her hand down one leg and coming up the other. Mapping her features and contours with her fingers and laying down these memories of her omega's body. Wanting to remember Clarke as she is on this day before the battle. Never before these few days with Clarke did her alpha fully extend itself with everything she was. From the small child learning how to eke out a will to survive, to the leader of all of the lands, but it was nothing compared to what lay next to her. Her mate for life, Clarke kom Skaikru.

Clarke felt the craving through Leksa's fingertips. The strength and the power behind her alpha when her scent hit squarely between her legs. There was a power behind her smell and a longing behind her sweet, green eyes. A kindness in her voice over the first moments they spoke. Under the exterior of a warrior, lived a proud alpha woman, pushing back her pain and protect all the people who entrusted their lives to her. Clarke wanted to give Leksa everything. Give her joy, laughter, and love for all eternity.

Clarke's eyes focused on Leksa's cock. The head grew red and dripped with her knot already filling with her seed. Her more lustful mind wanted again, streams of her come to fill her. Rushing deep inside until her belly swelled. Clarke released a groan out in desire when Leksa hands drew close to her sex again, causing her cock to spill suddenly over her abdomen.

Leksa caressed Clarke's full breast, lost in the weight of them and lightly pinched her nipple then bent over and captured it in her mouth. Moving to hold the other and made love to them. It was not enough and too much with the sensation as the tip grew hard in her mouth as she sucked on her nipple. More come shot out of her shaft.

Clarke came back to her senses and remembered a secret she had kept from Leksa as she ran her fingers through her long hair. Hissing at the bite under her breast and held her in place. She asked her mom to removed her birth control implant. One reason to wait to tell Leksa, chances are they couldn't get pregnant until her next heat. Besides, she wanted to be ready and who knows, maybe they'd get lucky.
Leksa’s cock reacted to Clarke’s scent as it grew in intensity and shut her eyes. It was through her heat had returned and reached down to cup her sex. Clarke was warm, wet and easily slid a finger inside and watched as Clarke sucked on her lower lip and shifted her legs apart and held Leksa hand tight to her sex, pressing her palm against her hand.

Clarke opened her eyes finding forest green looking back at her, quietly whispering as if telling the secret might break the spell, of hope, and yes of desire. Holding up her arm and showing Leksa the bandaged that covered the small wound, where she wore her birth control over the last seven years. "I had my mom take it out."

Leksa shook her head in confusion until Clarke patted her belly. "Who knows, we might get lucky."

Leksa’s heart had not fathom this possibility so soon. "We could have babies, Clarke?"

"Maybe, someday. That's if you wanna."

Leksa blushed a bit and moved up, cupping her cheeks and kissing Clarke in reverence. A worship of love so profound Clarke fell into her passion. This time felt different with the alpha. Even having spent the better part of four days together connect in body and spirit Clarke thought she knew all of this woman. But her urgency moved Leksa to gently pressed her head of her cock at Clarke's entrance. Going slow, knowing she was still tender from the night before.

"Let me know..."

"Hush, you're fine." It did hurt a little in all the best ways. An inch more and Clarke pulled Leksa into a breathtaking kiss, and she eased herself all the way in and held still. Clarke pulled back and whispered against her lips. "Perfect, just go slow at first."

Leksa did and wrapped Clarke's legs around her body grounding them to this spot. In this time. If they could only live in the moments between the seconds and she began to move. Slow at first, testing the resistance to her shaft grow smoother as Clarke's complex scent filled her lungs and made this a perfect moment connected to her omega. Clarke tightened as she thrust, squeezing down sending waves of pleasure down her legs and around her back filling her entire body. Leksa swelled and grew harder.

Leksa bent her knees and pulled Clarke's body closer. Curling her hips and grunting with each thrust. Hitting Clarke impossibly deeper. Their bodies covered sweat, as the musk between them poured off of in waves. This time she didn't hesitate and pushed deep on each thrust and pulling Clarke tighter to her body and her knot reached deeper inside each time. She felt wetness against her cheek as Clarke began to cry, "I need you. I need all of you."

Leksa needed Clarke also. Needed to join with her if this was the last time. Share this bonding for however long; if the fates decided if she were to fall in battle... "No, we will both return, Clarke," Leksa whispered in the shell of her ear.

Clarke held onto Leksa as she pushed harder, steady and her knot slipped past her entrance with an explosion of warmth surrounded her shaft as Clarke cried out and rocked in her climax. Rolling waves of muscles pulsed around Leksa’s cock. Tightening around her knot until she could no longer hold out and came, spilling deep inside of her omega and she growled and mouthed her neck. Unsteady as pulses of come filled her mate. More wetness against her face from Clarke's tears. Leksa moved to kiss her cheek and whispered a quiet hope.

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Queen Nia sat across from the President of Mount Weather, Dante Wallace for what seemed the hundredth time, when in fact it might be under twenty. At his table in his private office, picking at his bland food. Thinking with all their wealth, and knowledge of medicine, their food would be better. In her eyes, he was a weak, frail old man who held power over her. It irked her to sit and listen to the same stories over and again. How many men and women did she already sacrifice for a promise of an heir. Too many, and too many times, watching his smug aristocratic face as every word past his thin droning lips.

Dante would die and planned his death the moment she saw him. She tilted her head to feign interest as he pointed to a painting on the wall. It would have to be slow. Her favorite method. No, not let the outside air claim him. It would be a delayed-acting poison she used on her enemies.

How she killed Heda Ainia.

Nia smiled as Dante reference another mundane fact about his home. It was easy if you pay enough to the right person to do the deed. After Heda Ainia's death, the woman who poisoned her, returned for the reward promised but killed herself. No witness. It made Nia hard thinking of the pain she put Ainia through. Nia made Heda suffer for years, denied her an heir and left her sister a widow.

Nia picked at her food and took a small bite. She did not focus too much on the new Heda pup, other than agreeing to the treaty, just to keep her restrained, but by luck, word passed to her with an opportunity to take a young omega from the new Heda, so she seized it. It soothed the ache she felt for losing her first alpha child.

Yes, Dante would die, this time it would not take years but long enough for him to know it was her. After, she would take over Mount Weather and kill every living thing here. Plans would be made to move away from the North to a more suitable climate and established Azgeda in the West.

It would also mean taking out Heda Leksa. Something she had not given much time to consider. Her worry was over alpha carrying her litter. Once Ontari gave birth, she would set her intentions in motion. She would return with her army of warriors left behind in North and make plans to evade Trikru. This trip to the mountain in secret and only brought her most trusted men who waited with the pregnant girl for her return.

Nia was surprised to learn that Dante set off a disruption when he sent the missile to the east after word of a ship arrived on Trikru land. A way to divert blame and keep the green alpha distrustful of new arrivals. The young visitors were much like the mountain men themselves; naive, untrained, unskilled and weak.

"You don't like the quiche?"

Nia gave him a weak smile. "I'm not fond of eggs."

"Maybe we can bring you something else." He waved for an attendant.

"No the wine is enough." The sweet wine, the only thing that made his company bearable.

"So your young wife. How is she? I'm surprised she did not attend your meeting with me."

"Ontari likes the air outside better." Young wife. Nia hated the girl. Mated with her from advice from her healer and vile old women she now kept locked up in a high cliff. The woman promised her an alpha heir; to continue her lineage into the future. Nia was giving the girl one more time, and if she failed, she would be rid of her and fuck every last woman until she succeeded.

"Oh, well. I do understand. You see now with these new volunteers. We stand a chance of joining
you in the real world. Away from quiet sounds of our voices. What I would not give to hear the rustling noises of the new morning in the forest with the sun on my face.” Dante closed his eyes, trying to recall a memory he did not possess.

Nia then asked, "You said you have more medicine for my young wife?" Another trial experiment. She was close last time, and now Ontari was stronger, than her first litter.

"Oh, yes. Dr. Tsing, Lorelei has another treatment in pill form of course. One dosage a day in the last month until she gives birth and you will be a new..."

Nia waited to see what this beta idiot would say, that she was a papa, maybe a father. She wanted to scream it to the heavens that she would be the Queen to the new alpha heir and soon to be the Queen over all of the clans, the only way possible she believed, now within her grasp. She finally stated, "Mother is fine, Dante." An image of a blade through his blue eye cause a smile to cover her face.

Dante thoughtfully smiled back. *Oh, yes Dr. Tsing has your medicine for your little alpha bitch.*

Years he strung the Queen on promising her an heir, in exchange for the blood of her people, hundreds over the decade. The medicine he gave Nia's mates was nothing more than a placebo. Even with every failure, Nia returned to seek his help. It was too easy to fool the desperate Queen of the savages.

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Clarke did a quick sketch of Leksa as readied herself for war. Making notes in the margins of the details for later. More pails of hot water delivered and Leksa stripped down to bare skin and soaped up a cloth and washed her body clean. After she dressed in her robe, her attendants braid her hair into the commander's distinctive designs. Not unlike the day she laid eyes on Leksa riding Draco, approaching her from across the field. Remembering her scent as it filled up her lungs.

Next, it was her clothes and gear. First her black pants and boots an clean undershirt. Clarke held her bullet-proof vest, waiting till Leksa eyes caught hers and held out her arms. It was a pleasure and relief to step behind her mate and slip the protective gear over her shoulders. Coming around to the front and strapping the velcro straps in place. Leksa eyes fixed on Clarke as she did the task. The wound on her side still tender, but bearable. Leksa leathers fit nicely over the vest but motioned to Quint to discard pauldrons for now, and he finished with the two swords over her back then left the tent. At her hip, Leksa tucked her knife into its sheath with a familiar sound. Leksa finished by applying her war paint. Black around her eyes, with streaks running down her face. Then fixing her bronze Helm of Awe squarely between her eyes. The entire length of time to prepare, under a half-hour.

Clarke tipped her head side to side and walked around Leksa. "Damn, you look hot."

Leksa smiled and caught Clarke pulling her into a hug. "It's time for you to get dressed." With a whistle, Quint returned and laid out new clothing for Clarke, fitting the mate of a Heda. It was similar to Leksa's gear, with maybe more room for her breast and she slipped on the new protective coat over her shirt. "It's perfect, Leksa. Thank you."

"Can I braid your hair, Clarke?"

"I would like that, yes."Clarke sat, and within a few minutes Leksa had parted and quickly fixed her hair back into one long, intricate braid. Leksa then motioned with the container of black if she could apply and Clarke nodded and focused her eyes on her mate. Clarke thought the black makeup would be cold to the touch, but it warmed by Leksa's hand, with each stroke and dab of black, she worked quickly over her face.
"Close your eyes," Leksa asked. Two soft kisses on his eyelid and Leksa finished applying the rest. "Open your eyes, Clarke."

Leksa pulled out her knife and held it up to see her reflection in its shine. The lighter makeup she applied was subtle, but still a face with purpose.

"Wow," Clarke said as she moved to the light and saw herself. Really saw herself for the first time as the mate of Heda Leksa kom Trikru. With her hand's clasp behind her back, Leksa face carried a proud smile. "I'm ready to kick some butt."

"After you."

Leksa pulled open the tent flaps and guided her out into the crowd of mingling warriors. They nodded in deference to both of them. The scents are what hit Clarke first. Alphas and betas alike sending out aggressive smells that almost overwhelmed her.

"Whoa," Clarke said. Even in the dark. The lit torches created a scene like out of a movie. Stretched across the field, warriors waiting to battle the mountain.

"I'm ready if you are," Clarke whispered.

Earlier Leksa requested two hundred warriors total, volunteers from the clans to joined her in this war against the mountain. All took an oath to reaffirm their fealty to her. All armed with blades and throwing weapons, until Clarke pulled Leksa aside and explained that inside the mountain the fighting would be close quarters. Once they breach the entry, her warriors could fall if they did not have protection. These men could be taken down with their firing weapons.

Leksa agreed and would still use them, flanking each entrance. A second way inside indicated by the map Clarke drew from Monty's description. The one that Anya's men guarded and the one they would enter. It's door less guarded.

Raven arrived this afternoon with Anya and brought with her freshly charged radios giving one to Bellamy who would join forces with half of Leksa's warriors and headed to the first entrance to mountain earlier. They would travel to the lower entry. Leksa motion to Clarke with her head towards Raven making her way back to Anya. Clarke noticed the change right away, and now it seems they became inseparable.

"Maybe, Raven should come along?" Clarke asked still watching as her friend slip an arm around Anya's back.

"Is she a fighter?"

"No, she's a mechanic. We need one of those, right?"

Leksa saw Anya wrap her arms around her and speak low and turned to answer Clarke's question, "I believe you are correct, Clarke." Clarke smiled. "Please invite your mechanic along. I am sure her services will come to great use."

"You got it, partner." Clarke made the short walk over to them and gestured over her shoulder to where Leksa stood, and Raven jumped a little and ran for her gear. Anya gazed in her direction and dipped her head in thanks.

"One less alpha that will be distracted," Clarke smirked as she came back.

"I hope so, Clarke." Leksa turned and shouted. "Gona maun op!" [Warriors mount up.]
Behind Leksa, her horseman arrived delivering their mounts; Draco for Leksa and Merci for Clarke. A gentle gray mare with a strong back and legs. Clarke didn't hesitate to fixed her boot into the stirrups and pulled herself up and onto the horse with as much grace as she could with Raven having help from Anya and they fell into line behind them. Leksa to the lead for the long line of men and women warriors. Some riding on horses, the rest on foot.

Clarke kept her radio near, waiting for one last call from Monty and how he was progressing taking out the radar. Monty and Jasper took turns, like little mice scurrying about the ends and outs of this place and by his last called he said they found their war room. Not unlike the control room on the Ark. Having live in the Ark and its complex layout, they said mountain was a breeze. It had at least four levels, the middle floor the easy to circumvent. The lowest level, well that was the tricky part. It was the President of Mount Weather's office and just adjacent to the archive warehouse. An isolated room with a separate ventilation system. One by one they sent people down the empty hallways and shafts. Breaking inside, sealing it off and where their new friends could stay protected until they brought down the mountain.

The final total of trusted mountain people under three hundred men, women, and children. The other people they considered hostiles. In violation of the spirit of surviving the annihilation of the world, the commitment with the doctrine they live by, dedicated in day one, year one, May 11, 2052, Monty read it to her:

"In the world's destruction, we will rise like the phoenix from the ashes of the old world. As we find our footing down through our generations, we hold these truths living in peace and good works we strive to give homage to those who paid the ultimate price.

It's what they taught in their schools. Probably the real reason they were all betas. The people were docile and easily led. Their whole world now a lie. It was not hard to get them to go along with the strangers from the heavens and earth.

Leksa took the lead with Anya as Clarke and Raven fell behind them. Clarke was curious about the smile Raven had on plastered her face for the past hour.

"So," Clarke whispered, moving Merci a little closer.

"We're friends still. Maybe benefits in the future."

"Oh really. Did you talk?"

"We did. Anya is a good listener. We talked, or I should say, I talked for hours with her last night, and yes we stayed together, in the same bed."

"To keep you safe, no doubt." Clarke saw Leksa turned her head a bit. Almost certain with her keen hearing she could hear what they were saying.

"We kissed for real this time."

"Good for you, Raven."

"Yeah." Raven went quiet after that, and she let her be. Making her way back to her partner and Anya changed places with her.

"So," Leksa whispered.
"Oh please, you heard everything."

"I missed the last part." Clarke moved closer and whispered what Raven told her. "Ah, good for Anya."

~

They traveled on foot after leaving the horses halfway between the Ark and the mountain. Clarke finally received the long-anticipated call from Monty. Everything now set in motion.

Monty couldn't turn off the radar, though he did find something better. A terminal connected to their computers and hacked into its system and put their computer systems into a self-diagnosis mode with a password. The missiles unusable now, unless the mountain men could see a workaround. The key to this whole invasion depending on unlocking the doors. Monty found they were held shut by a magnetic lock and set the power to be cut at precisely four o'clock opening the doors. Any mountain man in that general area would die once the doors were open.

Clarke passed the information to Bellamy already in position and wished him good luck. Now approaching the looming mountain, the size shocked Clarke the closer they got. Even without the moon to guide them its presence created its gravity. Pulling at them and bringing them closer to either their victory or doom. Clarke found Leksa's hand and held it for a moment, and she received a squeeze in return. They were in this together. Their first battle.

~

What they found at the entrance was a large almost semi-circle cut out of the rock, held in place the structure for the door. Made out of dense metal. Barely visible was the name Mount Weather Complex over the top. One lonely light fixed to the right of the door. The door itself held shut by a large metal hinged door seemingly impenetrable by her eyes.

"I don't about this Leksa." Clarke approached the door and placed her hand on the wheel mechanism and tried to open. It was still locked and checked the time. "We've got few minutes."

"Warriors, fall into position," Leksa instructed. "Two by two on either side." Leksa's fighters along with Clarke and Raven, all wearing protective gear, ammo, and a gun in hand and a spare. They would enter first.

One minute.

Clarke held her breath as she waited next to Raven, giving her a nudge and felt one returned to her.

"Hey, Ray. Don't get hurt or anything."

"I shoot better than you do, Griff. But watch you ass yourself." Raven playfully pushed against her.

The light went out as they heard a click and whirling sound. Clarke tried to door again. It moved this time and twirled it around until the large door groaned against the metal and opened.

Leksa motion her warriors to flank the opening and slowly made their way inside. The hallway stunk of dankness and mildew. A backup generator kicked into life as one single light blinked on at the far door deep inside triggered by their movement. The large door they entered was only a blast shield. Another door blocked their entrance.

Clarke tried the next door, and it too was unlocked. Edging the door open just an inch and peered inside and found brighter lights in the empty hallway. No blaring warnings of their invasion but
Clarke wanted to be cautious and not enter too soon, then her eyes caught the camera at the end of the hall and slowly edge the door closed without locking it.

"I need to contact Monty, see what he knows about the cameras, stay here."

Clarke walked the distance until she was outside and radio her friend.

"Monty, come in."

His anxious voice came through quickly, "Clarke are you here?"

"Were just outside the main door outside, but I saw there's a camera down the hallway; do you know if they are working?"

"They shouldn't be. I heard the President and his men go crazy a few minutes ago, so chance are, they're heading in your direction."

"Okay, thanks. Stay there until we reach you, okay?"

"You got it and be careful."

Clarke joined them back at the door. "It's now or never guys." Clarke pushed the door open moved inside, bringing out her weapon with Leksa by her side.

Voice's rumbling from the far door and they quickly ducked into a room across the door, and rapid gunfire flew past them. Clarke fired her weapon and Raven followed her and took down the first man. Leksa could only watch as each took a turn accompanied by her warriors when one went down, and Leksa pulled her to safety."

"Take this Heda. Our blades are of no use here. Anya came up behind her, and Raven tried to hand a weapon to her also.

"We can not," Leksa said. "Keep it safe with you, warrior."

Each hallway they were met with gunfire. Another of Leksa's warriors went down with a grazing shot to a leg. Lincoln and Clarke took the lead and beat back the men. One by one they fell. The light grew brighter as the primary source of electricity came back on. The walls now covered in blood from the men they killed, making Clarke a little ill. It was different in the dark and couldn't see the slain men and pushed down the guilt.

The hallway became silent, and Leksa took the lead and made their way down another long corridor. The mountain men lay dying shot to death and not wearing white coveralls for protection. Maybe they were right about the blood, and sky people were saving their lives, except now, not against firing weapons.

They continued down another hall coming to a choice; go forward or down. "We need to clear out any men on this level first. "Raven, Anya take four warriors with you and eliminate our enemy and try and find Bellamy and Leksa's warriors."

"You got it, Clarke," Raven stated, and proceed down the corridor in front of them. Leksa sniffed the air. "Beta's below us. At least twenty by my count."

Clarke raised her eyebrows. "You can smell them?" Leksa smiled and nodded her head. More flurries of gunshot and they waited for a break, then fired back. Groans and cries as the men were taken down and Octavia took a hit to her chest.
"Ahh, fuck that hurts," Octavia cried out. Lincoln lifted her up and handed her off to another warrior who would take her back the way they came.

"Don't you die on me, partner," Octavia called back to Lincoln.

Now instead of finding bodies of the mountain men they shot, the men were taken down by the outside air.

Leksa sniffed the air again not finding a beta scent but the strong alpha. Queen Nia.

"The Queen is close Clarke."

"Yeah, I think I can smell her now. She stinks of fear."

"You are correct, Clarke."

Now at each level, the way became safer. The mountain men laid dying or already dead. They kicked their weapons out of their hand’s none the less.

"This looks interesting," Clarke said as she pushed open a door leading to what looked like a lab of some sort. More bodies of lab workers dead where they stood next to their workbenches. Clarke's eyes followed the clear plastic pipes filled with a red substance to a door with a circular window and peered inside. "Oh my god." Clarke tugged at the door and found it locked. Clarke looked around and saw a dead woman behind a desk and pushed her out of the chair and searched and found a set of keys it in one of the drawers. Leksa looked through the glass at what Clarke had seen, her fury growing with each moment.

"Hurry Clarke."

Inside were bodies of Leksa's people hanging upside down, being drained of their lifeblood.

"Monsters," Clarke uttered. Feeling for a pulse and shaking her head and hearing cries of Leksa's people filled the air. Locked in cages dressed in rags. One by one they were released and led out.

Clarke joined Leksa back in the hallway. Head up and back down and reached for her radio and called Monty.

"Monty, come in."

"Clarke, we're still here. We've heard the gunshots. Are you guys okay?"

"We're good. We need to clear out the rest of the mountain men. Later after everything is secure, we will find a way to suck out the bad air and replace so your friends can leave the shelter. Stay put until you hear back from us."

"You got, Clarke. We've got a lot of relieved people down here. They're pretty damn grateful for your help."

"Tell them it was a team effort, with Leksa's people. We are all one now."

"See you soon."

"Go ahead and check out the lower levels, and I want to look over this medical area, see what they've been up to; maybe they've kept records. By my count, we're missing a couple of dozen people, and they're not on this floor," Clarke said, "Then added, they could be heading towards
Bellamy and your warriors, but that's just a guess."

Leksa agreed. "Petra, Quint stay with Clarke." They both joined Clarke, by her side. Leksa and her warriors continued downward, but not with one glance back up Clarke until she passed from view. The Queen was near and approached the door to the lowest level. Slowly opening the glass doors, pointing to her warriors go to either side of her. A white-haired man was facing away at his desk, and she quietly approached. He didn't react when she spun his chair around. Leksa grimaced. A knife embedded in dead man's eye. Pushing him back into his chair and eyeing the blade and recognized the symbol of that of the Ice Nation. "She's close, check the other rooms." Another younger man lay on the floor beside him, dead from a slice to his throat. Leksa tilted her head and gazed back at the older man. He resembled the dead man in the chair. Leksa looked around the room and grimacing at the odor. The Queen's scent was heavy here, her dominance that lingered smelled putrid in her nose. "Heda, no others are here." "But, the Queen surely..." Then spying a stain against the wall, urine by the smell, the Queen, made her mark here. Leksa realized a fatal mistake and looked upward and took off out of the room. Clarke. Leksa took the stairs two at a time, sending her men to scour each room. Wishing she had a radio to contact Clarke and cursed herself for letting her go without her. When the approached the room that held her people, Leksa smelled Clarke's scent from earlier, then her fresher odor. It was layered in fright and uncertainty and motioned her men to follow her. Passing the now empty cages, and through the door at the far end, she opened it slowly and listened. Looking around and discovering a cave. Hollow with echoing drops of water, it was a dark and dangerous place. Then heard a man groaning. A light flickering above him. Her warrior Quint lay in a heap on the ground, and gaping wounds to his thigh and he was losing blood quickly. Beside him, Petra was dead. His throat slashed. "Jok." Leksa pointed to her men to bind his wound and take Quint and the dead alpha back outside to attend them. Clarke was alone with the Ice Queen. Here she was helpless with a sword that did her no good. She tucked it away and followed Clarke's scent; the cave illuminated by the lights. Each step Leksa took felt like ten. The heaviness of her mistake of putting her mate at risk an error she could not correct. She was witness to a living hell of her making. Another beloved lost to the Queen because of her mistake. Her guilt welled up, cursing her stupidity. Then heard a faint voice cried out. "You don't have to do this." It was Clarke as Leksa came to a fork in the caves. Go forward or to the right. Leksa closed her eyes and used her senses, detecting the distance and location. Now hearing feet stumbling in water. To the right. Another sound of rushing water and coming around the bend the light became more visible, and she started to run. Clarke scent became terrified and recognized Clarke could sense her coming as did alpha Queen could and skidded to halt. Up to the right, the light grew brighter. She could not look down the passage without being seen. Quietly pulling out her blade held the blade, reflecting what moved down at the opening of the cave.
Two figures. The Queen drug Clarke by her hair. A rage grew inside of Leksa, nothing she had never felt before. Her muscles increased in strength, and she pulled out her sword, the sound reverberating against the walls of the cave and she turned the corner and moved into the light.

Leksa roared out a command, "Hod yo wuskripa!" [Stop you monster!]

The Queen whirled around, Clarke at her feet. Her blond hair clasped brutally in her hand.

The Queen sneered. "Caught another of your little bitches."

Leksa moved closer, looking for a way to stop the Queen and save her mate.

"Ah, ah." She motioned to Leksa to stop as she pulled Clarke up by her hair as her face held fear and tears ran down her face.

Leksa eyed the Queen. "You have lost this war, Nia. But, I am willing to negotiate. I have your mate Ontari with me. She is unharmed. Surely we can exchange one for the other." Leksa had no intention of agreeing to what she just said and inched closer. Every cell in her body was urging her to start running towards Clarke.

Nia laughed. "I served as Queen longer than you've been alive, pup." Leksa crept closer to them. "I can smell you deception from where I stand."

"And yet, the offer still stands. Release the omega and leave the way you came. I will arrange to send your pregnant mate home."

Nia looked over her shoulder to the spillway behind them and back to Leksa. She pulled out the blade and pulled back Clarke's head by her hair again and putting the edge to her throat.

"You will not let me live, now that you have captured me. But, I can still inflict one more fatal blow to you and send your nation into war. Destroying everything you hold dear. Ruining your precise coalition and killing your omega."

Leksa was within six feet. She and had jumped that far from branch to branch as a young trainee from a standstill. Behind her, she could hear Anya and her warriors approaching and put up one hand to stop them. Making a decision and tossed her sword to the ground and pulled out the other dropped as well.

"Fight me, Nia. You, with your knife. Me, with just my hands."

Clarke shook her head, pleading with Leksa. "No, Leksa."

"Stay silent Omega!" Leksa growled and cursed herself under her breath for speaking harshly to her mate. She did so out of fear that if uttering her name, Nia would take it with her to the underworld when she kills her.

"Okay, Heda, I will fight you." Nia held her head back proudly. Releasing Clarke and she began to run towards Leksa until the Queen pulled Clarke back and hurled over the edge.

"NO!" Leksa screamed. Clarke's piercing cry cut threads of her soul away. Leksa let out roaring scream and ran full force into the Queen sending them both over the side.
Dear Gentle Readers, please have faith. Please note that to truly get to the meat of a story it has to play out. I hope you keep reading and trust in me.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Gentle readers, remember Clexa is endgame.

The last thing Clarke saw before the Queen yanked her over the side was terror covering her mate's face. Freefalling head over heels away from the safety of Leksa's arms. Clarke cried out for her alpha, her mind trying to cope with dropping uncontrolled over the spillway. Her heart pounded hard against the inside of her chest as her arms tried in vain to grab hold of anything. Rushing water filling her vision as it splashed around and over her while twisting in the air, landing feet first and hitting the water bone-crushingly hard and everything went cold and black.

(Clarke searched through the medical offices and passed through another door that led to a refrigerated room. It was the smell that hit her first. The odor of death. Clarke brought her shirt up to cover her nose and moved inside. On the floor, dozens or more bodies laying side by side. She pulled the plastic away that draped over one of them and discovered the naked, mutilated and bloody body of a missing delinquent. The face of her new friend she didn't have a chance to know, frozen in anguish. Her people lost over the mountain's last gasp at surviving.

Clarke knelt down and cupped the cheek of a dead girl. Her face was icy cold sending a fear through her body at what they must have suffered. "I'm so sorry we didn't get to you sooner." Brushing away the dark hair that fell over the young girl's open eyes and carefully shut them. Clarke felt the weight of the guilt hit her for not getting to them in time and closed her eyes and recited softly through her tears.

"In peace, may you leave the shore. In love, may you find the next. Safe passage on your travels until our final journey to the ground. May we meet again."

Clarke returned the plastic over the delinquent's body and returned to the main room and found medical records on the mountain men's experiments. At the top of the notes, the title read: Harvest Project. The first page indicated treatments for patient number five showed improvement over the radiation sickness. The donor listed only gave a description. Volunteer forty-two, Male/Asian Fifteen. Bone marrow extracted from both femurs. Donor: Deceased. Page after page of the same thing. Nearly half of the delinquents dead. Clarke tossed the doctor's notes in disgust and followed Quint and Petra back to the area where the mountain men held their people in cages. It still smelled of fear and despair and another odor that wasn't present before.

"Do you guys smell that?" Clarke twitched her nose. An annoying subtle scent that she couldn't identify its meaning or source.

Quint nodded, and the men took the lead through the far door on the other side that led to a dark cave only partially lit. A way out she supposed. Maybe a way to get rid of the bodies under the noses of their people. The guilt over killing the mountain men dissipated and now she was seething with anger. Clarke turned to return to the harvest room when a rush of movement from behind her pushed her roughly to the ground, making her lose her gun and radio in the process. Quint went down with a groan, and Petra grunted in pain as he gurgled blood from a wound to his neck and toss to the ground. Clarke scrambled to recover her gun when a hand pulled her up by her hair.
"Who might you be?" The woman snarled into an ear.

Clarke went into panic mode. Her mind registering, strong, woman and alpha. *The Queen.* Eyeing her radio way out of reach, but it would be of no use to call out for help. Raven would be too far away to get to her in time with Anya, and her warriors. Cursing herself from leaving her mate’s side and unable to contact her. Leksa carried no way of communicating with her.

"Not Trikru. Not by your smell. You reek of an alpha's scent though." The woman grabbed Clarke by the back of her neck and brushed her blond braid away, discovering her mating bite and growling she said, "Freshly mated." Releasing the grip she had on Clarke. "Who are you bonded to omega?"

Clarke kept her mouth shut making Nia huff in surprised by the omega's boldness. Stepping over Petra, she moved to Quint laying against the wall and stabbed him in his leg and turning it to inflict intense pain. Quint did not cry out, but held on to his leg, trying to staunch the flow of blood when the Queen removed the blade.

"Stop hurting him, I'll..." Clarke saw Quint shake his head to keep her from telling the Queen. "The Queen stuck him again, and Quint could not hold back his cries. It was tearing Clarke apart to see him in pain. "Please stop."

"Tell me who is your mate?" The woman made another gesture to stab the man.

Clarke shouted, "Leksa. Heda Leksa."

The alpha woman's scent changed to one of domination and aggression, frightening Clarke with its intensity. She struck Quint one more time and dragged Clarke down the cave. Away from safety. Away from her mate. But not before Clarke kicked the radio closer to Quint.]

Raven crashed into Anya's back when Leksa signaled to stop. Anya growled low until it grew threatening with anger watching the Queen at the end of the cave holding Clarke with a knife to her neck.

"Oh my god, Anya."


"But..." Raven stopped when Anya turned back and kissed her on her cheek.

"Please stay." A shout and Clarke was over the side with Leksa taking the Queen with her. Anya roared in anger, "Jok!"

Raven pushed her from behind and yelled, "Go." Anya took off running as her courageous alpha followed Leksa over the edge. "Dear god, please don't die." Coming to the edge, Raven saw Anya come up from the pooling water and whipped her hair out of her eyes and swam to where the Queen was making her escape and caught her. Hauling back her arm punching her over and over with her fist. Raven couldn't help but mimic Anya as she knocked the woman into unconsciousness. Movement on either side of her, Kaio and Lincoln dropped their firing weapons and followed Anya over the edge. Finn came up along her side along with Bellamy to watch the melee in the water.

Moments earlier, Leksa fought with Nia and managed to wrestle the blade from her hand, kicking her away and landing with a jarring crash into the water. Falling deep and keeping her wits about her as she searched for Clarke under the water. The water falling stirring it into a foamy surface but
underneath was worst. She continued to search through cold depths until her lungs burned and came up for air. Spinning around in circles hoping to see Clarke somewhere on the surface and dove back into the depths.

Blond hair is what she saw first, as Clarke continued to go deeper. Her face looked at peace and reached down to grab her hand and hauled her to the surface with a gasp. Pulling Clarke to her chest, she wasn't breathing, and Clarke's head lolled to Leksa's shoulder. The water was moving too fast to get a breath in her and propelled her to the shore. Clarke's wet clothes weighted her down caused Leksa to struggled to pull her by her arms to the bank. Frantically turning Clarke on her side and hit her back over and over trying to bring life back to her, turning Clarke over on her back, inhaling in a lung full of air and blew into her mouth.

Anya and her warriors dragged Nia to the soggy shore, throwing her face down and began to tie her hands around her back and kept her in place. Nia turned her muddy face to watch as Leksa worked on her partner and she smelled the vile woman's stench. "Jok! Remove her from my sight," Leksa snarled as she continued to work on Clarke.

Kaio and Lincoln pulled Nia to her feet and started to haul her back to the line of men and women at the entrance of the mountain but not before Nia called back, "Killed another of your omegas." Leksa removed her mouth from Clarke and glared in her direction. Seeing the dare that Queen laid at her feet, but she could not leave Clarke side. "I leave you with another dead mate and without an heir. It is my curse over you for as long as I live, pup." The Queen laughter carried through the forest until Leksa could no longer hear her, damning the Queen for her cruelty. Pushing down the fear, she may have lost a loved one again. Trying to still her thoughts of regretting putting her heart and soul into the chance of love, only to have it taken from her once more.

In silence, Leksa and Anya took turns pumping on Clarke's chest and breathing air into her lungs. Over and over for long minutes. Anya pulled back, growing exhausted, afraid that again, Leksa would suffer another terrible loss, but let her continued until Leksa fell on her chest and began to beat on the ground near Clarke's head with her fists.

Still, the warrior held her tears from falling. Leksa couldn't let this break her, rising to hovered just over Clarke. Her face was at peace taking with her the rest of her broken heart. Leksa placed a kiss on her forehead and stood, walking to the edge of the water. Taking a deep breath of air, cursing her life and fell to her knees. She would be alone again. The few precious days with Clarke would have to last a lifetime. No more would she allow another to come within her boundaries.

She took in another deep breath of fragrant air, hating the beautiful day. Even with the new sun covering her body she still shivered against the cold surrounded her and seeped into her heart. It was freezing over. Crackling in the cold as it turned to ice and nothing within her could stop it. It had to be this way. Her duty would always be for her people, and that meant being alone. The weight of her mistake, filled every cell of her body.

The water falling over the spillway filled their air with a fine mist, and she watched as the stream kept moving, just as the world would despite her pain. The woman who saved her life and soul, that made her believe again taken for her. She cursed herself and the world she lived in and wanted to lay next to Clarke and die with her. Leksa looked down at her empty hands. The feeling of Clarke against her skin only sad memories would remain. Even then it would fade to nothing. Just bits of a time long gone.

Leksa squeezed her eyes shut trying to recall Clarke's face. To etch it down in her memory, so that it would last a lifetime.

The water rushing by almost covered the sweet sound of a cough. And then another hoarse cough
followed by puking of water and the inhalation of a deep breath of air and Leksa turned and rushed to Clarke's side as she began violently coughing. Then frighten eyes found Leksa looking down at her and reached up to pull her close. Clarke clung to Leksa's body. Her scent muted by the heavy smell of the forest around them. Clarke continued to cough and shake with the cold. Leksa couldn't speak and buried her face in Clarke's wet hair. Feeling the life that was gone just seconds ago, firm against her breasts. Leksa knew then she must have gone mad, or maybe she died the moment Clarke did. A dizzy whirl of emotions rushed through her, freeing a surge of sensations bubbling up from her gut, through her chest and moving to her throat and she exhaled a sob. An overwhelming feeling of profound gratitude began to warm her soul and melted away the brick of ice that threatened to send her life out of control. A strange warm wet sensation fell over her face as her eyes grew blurry and let out a cry she couldn't hold back, pulling back she stared into at Clarke as if she were seeing her for the first time. Her eyes are blue.

"Hey, hey," Clarke said as she wiped Leksa's black-stained tears away. "I'm okay, sweetie."

Leksa began to cry harder and fell into Clarke's lap and wrapped her arms around her back. Anya squatted behind Leksa and rubbed her back also having a few tears caught in the corner of her eyes and looked up at Clarke. Her face carried in it what Clarke could only describe as a relief, she smiled and wiped them away. Clarke couldn't help but join them and rubbed Leksa gently on her back. The profound meaning of what just happened began to hit her. She almost died.

Clarke broke down the last barrier Leksa held around her heart. The release of tears took down years of pent-up pain she pushed away. Not all warriors can cry, rang over and over in her soul, the words from Heda Ainia she tried to keep true. But the other words she spoke also lingered. My young alpha, do not be afraid to find love if you are the one. It makes all that we do have meaning. It may be the missing peace.

Clarke was the missing piece of her life. Leksa had not been afraid to find love. She was fortunate to have found it twice in her life. Leksa pushed herself up from Clarke's lap and let her tears fall freely and looked at Clarke with wonder. Kissing her lips as if it was a holy divine blessing. Relishing the warm delight and savoring the taste of her mate's mouth and kissed Clarke's smile again.

It was a precious gift.

The words she needed to speak to Clarke she would keep until they were alone, warm and safe. They needed to finished with the mountain. Clarke motioned to be helped to her feet and coughed again.

"Oh my god." Clarke stumbled a bit.

"You will no doubt be very sore, Clarke," Leksa said and pulled Clarke's arm over her shoulder. A whistle echoed from top of the spillway. Anya stepped over to the shore and waved to Raven, pointing in the direction they were heading.

As they traveled back to the entrance to Mount Weather, Clarke stopped and grabbed her mate's arm. "Wait a minute."

"What, Clarke?" Leksa looked at Clarke seeing wonder come over her face.

"We won," Clarke said in astonishment.

Leksa dipped her head to Clarke. No truer words have another spoke to her in all her life. "That we did, my love."
Raven gazed back down at Anya and saw the three of them move off into the trees. "Now what, guys?"

Bellamy and Finn shook their heads as the radio came to life. "Monty here. Is anyone there? What's going on?"

"Hey pal, this is Bellamy. It seems we've beat back the mountain men and will head your way. Just as soon as we find a way to suck out the bad air for your friends."

"Awesome." Behind Monty's voice, they heard cheering.

The trip back to the entrance took a shorter amount of time than Clarke anticipated. What she didn't expect was the death grip Leksa kept on her hand, not willing to let it go and helped her through the densest part of the bush. Her body was sore for the bottom of her feet the top of her head. Swallowing all that water could also be trouble and needed to get warm soon.

A fire brought to life in anticipation of their return with the Queen, now captive placed on her knees and her arms held tied tightly behind her back. The sun showed bright over them, but the light seemed absorbed by the darkness that crawled around Nia. In the cave, Clarke wasn't able to see the Queen while she drugged her down the dark tunnels, and now in the light, evil lingered around her. In the growing sunlight, she still couldn't see this monstrous woman's scared face as a shadow fell over her and made a move towards the Queen when Leksa held her back.

"I'm good. I'll just be a minute." Clarke walked over to the Queen and began to fixed her hair back into a braid after she rung it out.

The Queen looked up, disappointed to see the omega lived. Pushing it down and changed her frown into a sneer. "Here to gloat, omega?"

"No, not really. Just surprised."

"How so?" Nia spat blood on the ground near Clarke's feet caused by Anya's beating.

"I thought you'd be bigger. Your reputation surely had me worried. It seems that the better alpha conquered you, and your mountain friends." Clarke said matter of factly.

"So you are gloating."

"When we fell to Earth, what I saw for the first time took my breath away. Seeing the wonder and beauty of what came out of the ashes, and finding there still lives violence, made me question why. Why did you have to be this way?"

Nia looked to Leksa who just waited behind Clarke, surprised when she didn't answer her.

"Okay, maybe I can answer. I think you lost something or someone that was dear to you. You let it feed the pain you felt. All I see when I look at you is an alpha woman with the wrong sense of who you are. What it means to be a leader. It made you drunk on power. It's consumed your entire life, and you've ruined everything you've touched."

Nia looked up in disgust. "You know nothing."
"I know a few things. We've all known pain. Lost. Yet we still stand. Proud to have survived what stood in our ways. Even what you tried to do to me and my mate."

"Silence, omega!" Nia was fuming and tried to break out of ropes.

Clarke drew closer and looked down on Nia. "Your sister, Alissa is waiting for you when we get back to camp." That caused Nia to stop fighting and looked up at Clarke with pure hatred. With that, Clarke turned and made her way back to her partner. "Sorry about that, I just wanted to give her something to think about on the way back."

Clarke was fuming inside herself. Having survived almost drowning at the hands of their enemy, she began to realize what that would have done to Leksa. It would have crushed her. She wanted to inflict pain on the Queen, but not with fists but with words and reason.

"You are correct about Alissa. She is owed a debt. An ending of their story and the beginning of ours. Clarke began shivering. "Enough of this evil. Let me get you warm." Leksa led Clarke away and found a quiet spot to pull her close and hold onto her. The warriors set up a small tent and let them have privacy to get warm while they cleaned and dried their clothes.

Raven liked challenges, but this one was giving her fits. It would involve timing with a delicate balance. The air they brought into the mountain was a monstrous amount to suck out and restore. The filters would have to replaced, cleaned and put back into place. Food and water needed to be provided first to everyone. She bet there wasn't bathroom either for them and devised a way of clearing out an area outside of the archive room and into the presidential offices. There was running water, and a supply of food especially saved if the mountain were to fall. With the glass doors sealed shut, she would change out that air to give the people room to breath. But, Monty and their people wanted out first.

It would take some time, thus the delicate balance of not creating a vacuum, a little good air in as she sucked out the bad. She could do the math if she knew the dimension of the place but that thought made her head throb. Inexplicably Raven found herself missing Anya even with her friends keeping her company. Finn and Bellamy stayed along with Kaio and dozen more warriors who began to removed the dead from the mountain. The deceased delinquents were extracted first and prepared to be moved back to their new camp, back to their families. Then the dead mountain men were stacked outside and arranged for the huge pyre. Raven didn't hear her approached, but smelled her scent and smiled. "I thought you'd be heading back to camp, Anya."

"Nia's will not be executed until her omega gives birth, probably another couple of weeks. Clarke requested Heda to show compassion. Well, my friend is smitten with her omega and..."

"I understand. It's kind of sweet. The way they are together." It didn't mean to be a hint but received a kiss on her cheek none the less. "It's going to take another couple of hours for the air to change out if you're hungry. They've got a mess hall on the level below us."

"After a day we have had today, I am starving." Finn and Kaio kept watched over the dials as they headed downstairs. The quiet surrounded them except for the footfalls as they made their way back down. The bright lights made this place kind of cool if it wasn't the fact it was under thousands and thousands of tons of rock and dirt. The contrast to living in space made her dizzy, and she tripped on the last step. "Whoa."

"Raven," Anya called out. "I've got you." The warmth of the alpha's arm around her back felt like home. A safe place she could tuck herself next to for the next few days. The chance remained she
would stuck in the mountain for awhile, and it would be too much to ask for Anya to stay with her. Raven pulled away. "Hey, it's nice that you'd like to hang out with me, but this is going to take a long time to take care of all of this and surely..." Raven sentenced was cut off by warm lips over hers, and she fell into her embrace.


A pyre was lit to burn the dead mountain men. Leksa along with Clarke stood by to watch their fallen enemies go up in smoke. Their fight was over. Clarke couldn't understand why the mountain decided to use force to extract what they needed. A desire to live is undeniable, but at the expense of a perceived weaker people was mass murder.

Leksa’s warriors started the process of moving the dead sky children back to their families along with the Queen. Riders sent earlier to build a cage for her. Clarke coughed again causing her mate to move closer and wrapped another blanket around her shoulder. Clarke could feel heaviens in her lungs a sign she could be coming down with pneumonia and led Leksa back inside the mountain to the medical level to find some drugs. Penicillin would work best. After her shot, they took the stairs down to the mess hall and caught Anya on top of Raven wrapped around one another in a heated kiss, laying on a couch. "Someone needs to get a room," Clarke called out before they approached.

Anya jerked and moved to rise and caught Leksa's amused eyes. But, Raven wrapped a leg around her thighs to hold her in place causing Anya to bury her face in her hair. "Uh-uh, you're not going anywhere." Raven motion to Clarke to get the radio, next to a set of keys. "Call your mom, ASAP. The keys are for a room you can crash. Oh, and they've got honest to goodness chocolate cake in the kitchen."

Clarke gave them a thumbs up and coughed again. "Damn it. I'll skip the cake for now. Let's see if they've got some soup."

They did. Not the dehydrated bland tasting meals from the Ark. The vegetable soup made recently. Clarke poured a couple of jars into a large pot and turned on the heat, like rote. Not that she ever had experience in this in real life. She just had seen on the recordings of shows from old Earth's past. They both dug in. Sharing a loaf of bread and eating without speaking; exhausted from the last few days. Clarke wiped the remained bits with the last of the bread and pushed back after her second bowl.

"I need sleep." The radio crackled to life making Clarke jump. "Calling Raven, over."

"Damn it. I forgot to call my mom. I'll make it quick." Leksa took care of cleaning up after them. "Hey, Mom is me." Clarke didn't almost recognize her voice. It was getting rougher by the minute. "Clarke, sweetie. I'm so glad to hear you. I heard you took a fall."

"Yeah, got soaked. Leksa got me to the shore just fine. Although, I might be coming down with pneumonia."

"I heard it was more than getting wet, Clarke."

Clarke saw the flash of fear wash over Leksa's face and placed her hand on hers. "Yeah, mom it was something more than that. Can I talk to you later about it?"
"Sure, you'll need to eat and rest."

"I'm already on that. Say, if things are quieting down at your camp, do you think you can head this way?"

"Yes, about that. We've decided to name our camp, Arcadia."

Clarke closed her eyes. A name she hadn't heard in ages. Arcadia was the town their great-great grandparents were born. Fitting name for their new camp. "I like it, Mom."

"I've also had some ideas for curing the mountain people. Based on the researched I found on the Ark servers."

"Great Mom. Leksa's warriors are heading back there today."

"Will keep watch for them. Get some sleep, honey. I will see you by mid-day tomorrow."

Clarke yawn on cue. "That's where we're heading. Good night Mom."

They stumbled out of the kitchen and back to the mess hall. Raven and Anya were gone, no doubt borrowing a room for privacy. Down one of the long hallways leading to the quarters of the mountain people and found the lent apartment. The place was not unlike the first room they slept together. Concrete reinforced walls. Decorated with old paintings and area in the back with a comfortable looking bed. Even a bathroom and an old tub with a shower.

Quickly stripping each other of their clothes, they took their first shower together. One the Ark, they had something like this. Not one you could use every day, no. They assigned usage by rank and title rotating down to the lower classes. Clarke bathed in a sink. Once in a while, she'd get a turn in a shower for five minutes. It almost wasn't worth the torture. So to stand, with their bodies naked and clean and wrapped around each other. Reacquainting with kisses and hugs for over a half hour was like living in a place you might call heaven.

The water was warm verging on hot when they both sank into the tub. One at either end. Both war faces gone, along with the stink of the river down the drain. Still, the weight of day hung between them with the pain Leksa kept buried finally revealed. Clarke picked up Leksa's foot and pushed her thumbs into the tightness in the soles as Leksa shut her eyes and let her have her way with her. Clarke eyed her foot, and for an alpha, they were pretty darn cute and kissed her big toe causing one green eye to come open along with raised eyebrow.

Clarke relented and released her foot. Leksa's other eye came open and pulled herself up. "Come here, Clarke."

Clarke did and fell into her arms. Finally asking, what she hoped wasn't true. "Did I drown?"

Clarke felt her take in a breath and slowly release. "I'm not..." Leksa pulled back and cupped her cheek. "Yes, my love."

"How long?"

"Minutes." Shaking her head and saying, "Just minutes, Clarke. Too long." Tears began to well again in the corners of her eyes and freely let them fall. Too long had she kept her pain inside.

"I thought you just didn't cry," Clarke whispered. Remembering the moment when she told her of Costia's death, she was close, yet.
"I couldn't, not since you."

Clarke needed to understand the revelation of her statement. In the few days, she has known Leksa a new truth began to emerge within her passion. Some deeper layer to her mate kept pushed down and hidden. What strength must she possess to have carried the pain for so long. Then felt her mate sigh. Clarke could wait to learn about her enigmatic partner now that they had time.

A priceless gift of time between them.

"There is a lot of firsts I've experienced since I got here," Clarke said as Leksa laid back and pulled Clarke with her. Entwining their fingers and placed them against her breast as Clarke closed her eyes she remembered the first few days on Earth. "Smelling the forest after it rained and the sounds of a thunderstorm. The sunlight as it filters through the trees in the morning, seeing your face for the first time."

Leksa gave her a comforting squeeze and smiled remembering the first notion of Clarke of the sky. "I was told by Lincoln that you were plain and ordinary."

Clarke snorted. "He's not wrong."

Leksa kissed her forehead and continued, "It was the color of your golden hair I saw first. Then how you carried yourself. Not a frightened young woman but when I saw your blue eyes, I could not look away for fear you would disappear. I fell under your spell, my love."

"When I saw you across the field, a proud warrior atop her horse..."

"Stallion."

"Hush, it's what I saw, but not what I was expecting. You see as I told you before, the Ark didn't have alpha females, so I was assuming you were a beta or even an omega. Then your scent hit my senses." Clarke began humming now in a deeper tone and enjoying the moment again. "Finding something I didn't know I was missing in my life."

"You bowed to me."

Clarke blushed. "That I did. I'm not sure where that came from, it just felt natural around you."

Clarke waited for a beat, "We got lucky, Leksa." Leksa nodded her head and held still, thinking over this day and what would have followed if she would have lost Clarke forever. They both grew quiet. Leksa tried to face what could have happened and held her tighter when Clarke shivered, protectively releasing a calming scent to soothe lingering worry until the water was no longer hot.

Leksa stepped out first and quickly dried herself then assisted Clarke out of the tub. Her legs were shaky, and she was unsure of her footing. The warmth of the water would help her aching muscle, but Clarke would be extremely sore for a few days at least. They both decided that they were not going anywhere anytime soon. Clarke's hair was almost dry when the tucked themselves into a strangers bed. It would be the first night they just slept. Leksa's cock finally receded after nearly five days erect, and Clarke knew her body was not in any shape to be intimate as much as she loved Leksa. They both needed rest.

~

Anya lifted her head and looked around. Grateful that Heda left the room with her mate. But when she looked down at Raven she couldn't help but smile back at her.

"Maybe we should do what Clarke suggested," Raven said fully aware of Anya's erect shaft pressing
between her legs. Talking braver than she felt. Anya dipped down and pressed a kiss next to her smile.

"Raven, over."

"Son of a bitch." Raven pushed at Anya, sitting up and reached for her radio. "This is Raven, over."

"Hey, Finn here." Raven shook her head, closing her eyes. "We need you to come back and check on the filtration system."

"This can't wait until morning?"

"Not if you don't mind if the motors burn out."

"Shit. I'll be down in a few. Dial back for now and see if that doesn't cool the motors down."

"Roger."

Anya pulled Raven from the sofa and held her tight. "Would you like me to go with you?"

"Nah, I can fix it in no time, give me twenty minutes or so."

With that, Raven was out the door. Anya looked around the empty room then to the door Raven left. The young beta worked non-stop getting ready for their war and hunting through the halls for their enemy. Helping her people out of the safety room and now worked to free the rest with barely any breaks for herself.

"Then you must remedy this, alpha." Anya scolded herself for not seeing to Raven's needs and got an idea.

Raven's motors were overheating and needed to slow the speed of suction and replacement down. Easily fix. But she would have to keep an eye on the temperature until it started to drop. The mountain people now lingered in the outer office. Beds now litter the area and the people fed. A two-way com and camera system allowed them to communicate. Gauges at each level tied into their computers gave Raven control over the movement of clean air. As much as she hated the leaders of the mountain, they did see to everything. The next step of her plans was made to continue the extraction of the bad air overnight in the lower levels. Already locked down air tight. Raven's rough calculation she thought would take a lot longer than a few days to at least get to the medical level. Then Abby could start working on curing them.

Monty and Jasper took over watching the machines and told them to contact her if anything else goes wrong. Raven wandered back to their room. The anticipation of being with Anya over the last twenty minutes grew to an hour. Her scent naturally mingling with Anya as they made out was turning her on. When she turned the corner of the hallway, she found Anya leaning against the wall and waiting. Smiling when Raven drew near and linked their hands together and led her to the simple, quiet place waiting for them. It held a bed and a few candles and a bottle of wine. Something the mountain men produced.

Dropping her hand, Anya stepped back and waited. Raven put her hand up to her mouth and turned around to see the smile come over her face. "Where did you..." Raven stopped and pulled Anya into for another kiss. A growing seed of hope started to sprout in Anya's heart as she held on to Raven. Too long idling her downtime with her friends in meaningless sex. Yes, the time she spent with the other women satisfied that longing. But with the past few days with Raven that seed was nurtured into something more with her new friend. She quietly shut the door behind them, and the hallway grew quiet.
Leksa became aware of a leg draped over her stomach and hand wrapped around one breast under her shirt. Soft breaths against her ear causing a wake of downy hair to rise along her arm. Clarke snuffled. One nostril definitely clogged. She brushed aside the blond hair and felt her forehead. Warm not quite hot and dared not to wake her; through the night she listened while her a mate cough. Now that she was finally asleep she could let her rest and bring back a morning meal.

Leksa carefully extracted herself and tucked another blanket around her body and left her a note, just in case she woke. Leksa now used to checking Clarke's watch, found it laying in the pile of clothes from last night. The time was near dawn and too dark and cold to venture outside. As she dressed and fastened her belt, she reached for her father's knife to straighten and her heart jolted when she felt sheath torn and empty. Heartsick that the last thing she owned that was a connection to her family lost to the river. Looking over her shoulder laid her mate. Wounded but alive. If it took losing a part of her past for her future, there was no contest.

After dressing, she made her way back to the kitchen. Wondering if it were possible to make a meal for Clarke. The light was on, and voices carried out into the open area they served the meals. Leksa moved into the area and was greeted by Kaio and her new friend, Finn and eyed fresh bites on both their necks that followed the red that covered their faces in embarrassment.

"Heda Leksa." Kaio went on one knee.

"Please, Kaio it is too early for formalities. I am in need of a proper meal for Clarke." She caught the look Finn gave her from the corner of her eye and turned to face him. "Good morning, Finn."

"Hey, I know Clarke likes..." Both alphas glared in his direction, and he went back to drinking his tea.

Kaio prepared two mugs and a container that kept water hot. "Plug this wire into the wall where there are holes like these." Kaio pointed to a wall socket. "It will heat the water for you."

Leksa picked up the container, understanding the concept from old books she had read. Another artifact almost lost to time. "This is a fine device. Clarke will be pleased." Kaio made a tray of honey, bread, and a container of tea, and she headed back to their room.

"Wait," Finn called out.

Leksa closed her eyes for a moment then turned around. "Yes, Finn."

"I owe you and Clarke an apology for my thoughtless behavior at Anya's camp."

Leksa was not shocked, but impressed, but needed to know what prompted this apology. "You were lucky you survived the night, beta. But, why say this now? Did someone ask you to do this?"

Finn looked back to the door of the kitchen. "Oh, no. No one told me. I don't have an excuse for what I did. I just didn't know to treat two exceptional women properly. I'm beginning to learning with Kaio."

"I understand and accept your apology." Leksa put out her forearm. "Welcome to Trikru, Finn. Maybe when Clarke is feeling better, you can tell her what you told me." He nodded and turned and walked back to his new mate.
Leksa was on her second mug of tea watching Clarke sleep as she leaned against the headboard. Clarke found her body in her slumber and wrapped herself around her legs. Clarke's head rested against her chest and laid a protective arm around her back. The gift she received from the heavens, now safely nestled against her body. To think only hours ago she nearly lost Clarke shook her to her core.

A slow rumble and Clarke pulled herself up and began coughing. Leksa rubbed her back until she caught her breath. Clarke noticing the room now lit softly with her partner by her side. Leksa rose and poured a hot mug of tea and added some honey. "More, ugh." Clarke winced at her voice. It was about three octaves lower. Lexa added another spoonful stirring and handed to her partner. Clarke sipped first then closing her eyes as the sweet tea warmed her throat.

Clarke hoarsely whispered. "My mom should be here at noon."

"And you should rest until she gets here. You are not to leave this room until you are feeling better." Clarke wanted to object until she saw the concern over Leksa's face. The thought of causing any more distress wasn't an option and nodded her head. "My mission now is to find the Queen's oldest son and inform him of her betrayal. He is the next in line to inherit her reign. That's if he is up to the challenge."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, but I am sure Alissa is aware."

"What's his name?"

"Roan."

Clarke drew quiet and nibbled on the honey and bread. It was rough going down and let her hand fall to her lap. Unable to enjoy its taste. "You know I don't feel that bad. Maybe I can help out with something."

Leksa went to her side and felt her forehead again and shook her head. "Please, Clarke just rest. Do this for me."

Clarke relented and knew Leksa was correct. If she pushed herself too hard, it could take getting better much longer. "I just wish I could do something with my hands, you know to keep myself busy."

Leksa looked around the room and found a couple of books on one low shelf. "It's not much. I am sure I will be able to find more for you in this place."

"Maybe they got something I can write with; I need to put down paper of what happened in this battle."

Now with a mission. Leksa poured Clarke another mug of tea and cupped her chin. Drink this down, and I will return shortly."

"Yes, ma'am." Leksa gave her look, and a smiled over her shoulder as she left.

~

Two weeks passed, and it was the first day Clarke stepped outside in the sun. Now only having a light cough and her strength returned. She joined with her mother who cleared the some of the mountain people to escape their home for the first time. Their skin was pale against the bright
morning sun and welcomed the warm light. Clarke watched as Monty led his new friend Maya out of the bunker and shielded her eyes from the sun's rays. Tears began falling, and she motioned to her mother in thanks and hugged Monty.

"We're heading back today, Mom. Ontari is due to give birth and then..." Leaving the unpleasant reality of what was in store for Queen Nia. One evening, Leksa explained their laws and began teaching her their language. It was rough going at first but needed to learn and wanted to become fully immersed Leksa's culture. Not having one of herself, she enjoyed the challenge.

"So they are going to execute the Queen?" Her mother asked. They had words before about her fate until Clarke explained her crimes and finally relented.

"It's their..." Pausing to correct herself. "It's our law, Mother. Queen Nia committed treason and other crimes. If Leksa doesn't meet out the full measure of her law, she could lose faith from her people. You must understand this."

Abby watched her daughter grow from this timid young girl into a woman before her eyes. "I do understand Clarke. I'm sorry that I was so reluctant before."

Clarke drew her mother into a hug. "Things will get better after this, I promise."

"Clarke it is time." Leksa rode up on Draco and handed Clarke her mount, Merci."

"I'll check in later after it's over."

Abby drew Clarke into a hug. Looking over her shoulders at the woman who saved her daughter's life and gave her a quiet nod of approval.

"I know this is for the best, Clarke."

What greeted them at outside Camp Arcadia were members of nearly every clan of Leksa's coalition. Hundreds of men and women, grouped off in their camps. The flags of their nations flying over their people.

What shocked Clarke the most was when the sea of people all went to their knees when they rode among them. Whispers and nodding of heads. She heard her name mention and eyes went in her direction, and she stood taller on her horse.

Leksa motion her people to stand and rose up in her saddle. The first words she spoke drew a loud roar over the land. Clarke translated to herself, roughly understanding:

"Warriors. Victory is ours. The mountain has fallen."

Leksa scent changed as her people cheered. Growing in what Clarke could only describe as intoxicating. She spoke of the Queen, and in this part, the warriors seemed to all hold their breaths. This time, it wasn't cheering it was a somber affair. The weight of this duty, none took likely.

After she got better earlier in her second week, Leksa spent more time outside filling long sessions with Anya, fighting with her sword. She would come back and be exhausted and spend time teaching her their language and up the next morning. Clarke was learning that for an alpha, extending themselves in battle created a lot of energy that Leksa needed to burn off. If not she would be restless and pace the floor.
Then Leksa said her name that she heard clearly. "Ma houmon, Clarke kom Skaikru." [My mate, Clarke of the Sky People.]

That drew a louder cheer and as it died off, Leksa them towards the main tent. More prominent than she saw it last. "It looks magnificent, Leksa."

Outside the tent they kept a fire burning to stave off the growing crisp to the air. The sky now dark gray and threatening to rain as shadows danced along the tent and entered. Waiting was an older woman, and Leksa quickly went to her side and gathered her into her arms. It was a weighty moment for them as Leksa began talking fast in Trigedasang. This part she didn't catch at all.

The woman looked over her shoulder, and Clarke stepped to greet her. "Alissa kom Trikru. My mate Clarke of the Sky People."

Clarke put her hand out, but the woman shook her head and drew her close. "Clarke, I have heard so much about you. Your friend mate's description of you does not do you justice."

"Is Lincoln talking about me again."

Alissa laughed and held her hands. "The strong alpha male with Octavia. Yes, because he has only eyes for her. As does this one; I am so happy to see Leksa smiling again."

Leksa poured them each a mug of wine and motion to sit. "Have you spoken with Nia yet?" Leksa inquired.

Shaking her head, Alissa said, "I have not. It is not my place, Heda."

"Do you want to before..."

"No. But I must. I have questions that only Nia can answer. That is if my sister can find the once proud alpha inside her that I knew as a child. I have hope. But speaking of children, her young alpha, Ontari is very close to giving birth." Ontari was now at Camp Arkadia. Under watch with her warriors and allowed to have comfort as she was close to giving birth. The night grew too cold, and Leksa's people were not heartless.

"Heda Leksa," A warrior called from outside.

"Come."

"The young alpha gave birth to omega, moments ago."

"Omega child?"

"Yes. The Queen is without an alpha heir. But the girl is not well. The healer is saying she may not last the day."

"Can I see her?" Clarke asked. That drew Alissa to her feet.

"Me as well, Heda. She is my kin."

~

The young omega was deadly white. Ontari's organs were failing from the loss of blood that they couldn't replace in time. Ontari had moments with her daughter and motioned Alissa to sit on the side of the bed. Clarke immediately saw the kinship between the two women, watching as the older omega cupped the young dying alpha's face. Speaking low as Clarke and Leksa moved away to let
Alissa have this time alone with her.

Alissa gasped when Ontari handed the child to her and moments later the monitors hummed out a solid tone. The girl died giving birth to a beautiful dark-haired omega who started to whimper and cry. Alissa gave her pinky to suck on and turned around. Tears fell over her cheeks.

"She said the Queen owed me a child."

"Oh, Alissa," Clarke said, and they gathered around the baby. The child blinked up at Leksa and smiled around the finger. Pulling it away she reaching for her mate. Leksa looked lost, then up at Clarke and then to Alissa.

"She won't bite," Alissa said and stood up and gently placed her in her arms.

She looked so small in her mate's arms that Clarke felt an urge grow in her loins. She almost swooned at the picture she was witnessing. Leksa didn't look up and said as she let the baby play with her finger, "What will be her name?"

Alissa cupped the baby's chin to wipe some drool away. "Too soon to know. But, Ainia had one picked out before. The name of her favorite season. Summer."

"I like it," Clarke said. She asked with her eyes and Leksa handed the baby over to her. "She's probably hungry." Motioning to a nurse who handed her a bottle. Then looked up the Alissa and gave her back. "You should do the honor, Alissa."

Alissa's cheeks grew red, and they found a place to settled down and to let the baby take in nourishment.

Watching this new life, and soon to be taking one. It almost made Leksa's head spin. The weeks waiting was agonizing but necessary. Justice can only meet out when the victor does not lose themselves in vengeance. Leksa decided to let there be a pause until morning. Let Nia have one more day. She would see her child for the first and last time and received her punishment. Blood must have blood.

~

Leksa returned with the child after she met with Nia. Even the light of this new face did not sway her heart. She cursed her mate, and Leksa protectively pulled the baby closer to her chest and returned to their tent. She kept what Nia said to herself and would only tell Clarke later. Alissa did not need to know one more finale indignity of her kin.

Alissa stayed with them that night, and they all took turns watching over the young charge. Alissa seemed to grow younger. A dream denied by her sister now almost redeemed by the gift from her mate. Clarke hinted at the baby needing godparents and talked Alissa into choosing them as the legal guardian, just in case.

Morning broke with a horn, sounding one long wail indicating an hour to go. Raven arrived with her new mate Anya that morning, and it almost became a fight who would hold the child first, until Alissa calmed them down and handed the baby to Raven. They would stay with her until Alissa returned.

"Leksa, can I speak to you?" Clarke brought her mate back into their tent and pulled her close. "How are you doing?"

"Meeting death out is never easy." Drawing in a breath of Clarke's clean scent. "But, a necessary
"Have you done this before?"

"Yes, and it is never easy but necessary. Queen Nia certainly is due this faith. It is time, Clarke. But, know this. Stay only as long as you want. No one will think badly of you if you leave."

"No, I have to do this now. It is my duty as your mate."

Leksa bowed her head and brought Clarke's hand to her lips and kissed them. Leading her out with Alissa making their way to where Nia was bound to a pole. The new light broke through the clouds just coming up over the hills.

Leksa and Clarke stayed behind as Alissa approached her sister. Bringing her hands up to hold her face, turning it side to side. "You've added a few more marks to your face, Nia."

"You still stink of Trikru, my sister." Clarke balled her hands into a fist with Leksa holding the nearest and sending a scent to calm her down. "You got old, too."

Alissa shook her head. "You have not changed, but now I think I finally see through to your true heart. I am sorry I hurt you when I left, my sister. But, I was in love with Ainia. You do know of love, of your first mate as I did for Heda."

"Damn you, why must you bring her up."

"To make you remember. Your first born will now become your heir. You may not be proud of Roan, but he is already beginning to show signs he up for the responsibility to lead Azgeda."

"You can not do that."

"It is done none the less."

As Clarke watched this exchanged, Alissa tried to reconcile with her blood and didn't have the luxury of not inflicting the first cut.

Alissa drew out a small knife from her belt. Nia reared back against the pole and began to smiled then it turned into a laugh. "I have kept a secret from you all these years. It is what helps me sleep at night knowing Ainia was dying. Oh so painfully. It was me. I had her poisoned. I killed your mate, my sister.

Nia's eyes went wide when Alissa struck her below the belt. Clarke saw Leksa wince. Alissa withdrew the knife and dropped it the ground as though holding it burnt her hands and walked away.

Clarke waited as one by one of the warriors took turns. It felt like forever to her and very hard to witness. Leksa could sense her distress would ask with her eyes if she had enough and Clarke remained. Nia was coughing up blood by now having sunk down on the pole getting weaker by the moment when it was time for the last cut.

She felt her mate take in a breath and squeezed her hand and moved to stand in front of the Queen. Taking out her knife and pulling up Nia's head by her hair.

"Ai laik Heda Leksa kom Trikru, sentence you to death." Nia's eyes came open and tried to speak. "For treason and the deaths your people and mine. For Heda Ainia, Costia and causing harm to my omega. Your curse over my people ends." Leksa sliced her across the neck in one swift movement. Shocked covered the Queen's face as Leksa let her head dropped and moved back to stand with
Clarke. The Queen's body was removed and prepared for the pyre. Leksa found her hand, holding on tightly. Clarke felt her shaking. The weight and burden she carried, finally released. Leksa broke the curse over the Trikru people once and for all times.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

I want to thank each and every one of you who stayed with my story till the end. Thank you for all of the hits, kudos, subscription, bookmarks, and comments.

A mist along Clarke's path kept her from moving until it began to clear from her sight. Then she was drawn forward into a lush field of glowing flowers swaying in the breeze. The sound of Leksa's laughter caused her to glanced back over one sun-kissed shoulder. Clarke's joy overflowing in this space met with the footfalls of her alpha behind her. Clarke smiled as her hands brushed over the fragrant petals and remembered the day she conceived. Reaching down at feeling a kick and a places a hand on her belly now heavy with child.

Arms went around her waist, and Leksa drew her down on their bed. Filling her with her seed and making a new life within her. Their room danced with candlelight as love filled this space. Clarke cried out and wrapped her legs around her mate as she surged inside of her and held her in place, in this bed, in their chamber in Polis.

Clarke hissed and held onto Leksa's hand as Abby helped them deliver their baby. Watching as tears filled Leksa's eyes and held on to the new life, the new heir, an alpha girl. Full of dark hair and her smile.

A muted laugh from Clarke broke the silence of their bedroom drawing Leksa out of sleep this early morning. Blinking her eyes open at hearing Clarke's soft sounds waking her from slumber. She smiles and tucks one arm under her head and watches Clarke sleep and listens intently. For the past week, since they arrived back at Polis, Clarke began mumbling in the early mornings. It appeared that Clarke's dreams were giving her happiness. If only she could peer inside and bare witness but even with her soft laughter, Clarke would wake the next morning with no memory of those dreams.

They were in the middle of Fall as life went back to normal without the dread of war with any other nations. The first peace on this world in almost one hundred years. At least in this part of the country. Clarke called it the Northeast. The upper part of what they used to call America from where the beginning of the destruction of the world originated. The information she collected over the time when she was an initiate until she became Heda began to make sense. The Kongeda's [Coalition] ancestors clawed their way out of the ruins and survived despite the end of the world. Her duty now was to protect and sustain it into the future with Clarke.

Any remark how she was right all along after the Queen's death, the mountain that fell and peace that began to spring forth from their land; that she was the one foretold. Leksa still did not believe in her fairy tale. It did not matter who people thought she was. All that matter to her was Clarke in her life.

A voice still thick will sleep broke the silence of their room. "I can hear you thinking in my sleep." Clarke's blue eyes halfway open as she snuggles nearer. "Hmm, and you're warm, roll over."

Leksa did and fell on her back and wrapped her arm around her shoulder and pulled the blanket around her. "I heard your laughter again."
Clarke closed her eyes and tried to recall. "It's a blank, but I do feel happy, probably because we have visitors today. Raven and Anya will be here along with Indra, Shae with their children. I can't wait to see them."

Leksa noticed in Clarke's morning voice she could sense her longing. She felt it also. Now she saw children everywhere the went as she showed Clarke the markets of Polis. Having the luxury and not the trepidation of war; her land could soon begin to flourish. Clarke laughed, saying it was the young people finding a partner for the long winter and well, one thing led to the other.

Clarke, on the other hand, showed no signs. Not yet at least. Clarke stated she would know the symptoms. Morning sickness and maybe swelling, especially her breasts. But no, Clarke felt normal, looked the same, possibly even lost a little weight from her illness.

Clarke picked up a lock of Leksa's hair and began twirling it around her fingers. "You came to bed late last night." A little worry in her statement.

"A message from the North delayed me from returning at a proper time. But, I have good news. The people of Azgeda have a new leader. Plans are being made to bring King Roan to Polis to sign our new treaty. It will bring stability to the region that has been long overdue."

"What of Nia's other offspring?"

"Still searching. As you know, Alissa has requested to remain here in Polis, and I have decided to make her an Ambassador for Children. Arrangements are being made to set up an place in the tower to care for unwanted or lost children. Maybe find a way to place them in families so they will not grow up alone and unwanted."

"That sounds like a brilliant idea."

Leksa smiles and holds her tighter. "Not brilliant. I have known of being lost and alone. The time has come that I finally put this in motion. I am hoping that our new generations will not have to struggle to survive as so many have before. Our wars are over; the time has come to thrive." Leksa stretches dislodging Clarke and with her duties looming she stood wobbling a bit still sore from her workouts and heads to their bathing chamber. Leksa called over her shoulder, "I enjoy our mornings together, but I am afraid that today will be no different. I have to review more requests from our neighbors to the far south in trade negotiations."

Clarke pouts at Leksa's retreating form. She had little to do, and it was beginning to annoy her. She blows out a frustrated breath and joins her in the other room and came up behind and wraps her arms around her middle. Her subtle way of wanting her to stay. Kissing one shoulder and peering around and watches her in the mirror. Leksa and sees as a shadow falls over her mate's face.

"What is it, Clarke?"

Clarke looks away unsure of how to explain what was bugging her, then just came out with it. "Everyone here has a job. Not that I mind checking out your home, but isn't there anything I could do to be helpful?"

Leksa leaned against the counter. Ashamed that she did not foresee this sooner. "First of all, this is our home, Clarke. Second, this is my fault. I thought you still needed rest. But, of course, I assumed after you were feeling better you could work with our healers. Bring them the medicine of your people."

Clarke shut her eyes and blushed. "Damn, you're right. I completely forgot about that. I'd love to
help out, but I wouldn't want to step on anyone's toes. I know how my mother was in her medical bay."

Leksa pulls her into a needed embrace and kisses her forehead. "Clarke, no one would object. There is always a demand for experienced healers."

"I would like that, Leksa."

Leksa brushed Clarke's blond hair out of her eyes and watched as they began to sparkle and took her into a heated kiss. Deciding between those kisses and hugs that nothing was more important today than to spend it with her mate. Leksa would send word to her advisers that she would be occupied and would join Clarke when their friends arrived.

~~~~

Indra and Shae's daughter, Lil was bashful and held onto Indra's legs. Poking her head out with one thumb in her mouth to look at the light-haired woman holding her little sister. Jon, on the other hand, boldly requested to be pulled up into Heda's arms. Leksa watched the radiant smile fall over Clarke's face holding the new baby as she pulled another braid out of Jon's curious hands.

"She's beautiful Shae," Clarke said as she let the newborn, Meri grab her fingers to mouthed.

Shae, motion to Lil with an outstretched hand and pulled her onto her lap. "Soon the two of you will know this blessing."

Clarke's eyes darted quickly to Leksa as a quiet moment of hope hung in the air between them and said, "I guess it's always a possibility."

Indra motion to Leksa and she set her son down, and he ran to his mother. "You look well, Heda."

"It was not me that almost died at the hands of the Queen."

"More fortunate that you were nearby." Indra drew Leksa away from their mates to speak in private. "I saw it in your eyes the first day you first met Clarke of the sky. That your alpha heart still beats strong. Heda Ainia would be proud of what you accomplished with your new mate."

"Thank you, Indra, but it was not just Clarke and me alone in this battle."

"Of course, Heda. But, when I heard what you did, so soon after finding Clarke, it was more than we could have hoped. Maybe your journey would have always lead you to Clarke. Together perhaps, the cycle of violence ends with you both."

Leksa nods her head. She was too humbled to answer her profound statement and said instead, "I have missed you Indra." Leksa kept her thoughts to herself. She did wonder how many others saw what Indra witnessed when met Clarke. *Did she always wear her lovesick heart on her sleeve?*

Indra thought that the light that was missing in Heda's life now glowed brightly. Both could have quickly gone to war with one another, but Keryon had other ideas. "Maybe we can go hunting later after Anya arrives. I hear she has also settled down, with a sky girl."

"Yes, Anya finally found the beta that could break down her walls. I have not seen Anya this happy in a very long time." Leksa did not have to continue; Indra also knew of Anya's lost those many years ago. A knock on her door followed the distinct sounds of Anya and her new mate, Raven.

"Clarke, we made it!" Raven pulled Anya along then left her standing and rushed to hug Clarke
losing all interest her mate. Anya tipped her head to Indra and Leksa as they watched in silence while Clarke and Raven cooed over the baby. After a few minutes of uncomfortable silence, Leksa thought they could continue to stand to wait for attention from their mates or...she felt a tap on her arm from Anya, and the three alphas slipped out the door.

"Hunting you said, Indra."

~

Clarke saw Leksa leave with the others already missing her presence then looked down at the precious bundle in her lap. Bright, inquisitive eyes of little Meri, an omega girl just over a month old. Thick curly dark hair atop her head and chubby legs and cheeks. She loved babies and saw too few on the Ark. Now they were everywhere and tried not to be jealous.

"How far along are you, Clarke?" Shae asked after she put her other children asleep on their bed.

Shocked covered Clarke's face, and sputtered, "I'm not...umm." Clarke stopped. "I don't think I'm. We've been through so much in the last month that, well I don't know do you think I could be?"

"She looks the same to me, Shae," Raven said.

"I am sure I smelled it earlier. May I?" Shae motioned to Clarke's wrist and inhaled the surface, closing her eyes. "Your scent holds in it a new life, Clarke."

Clarke brought it up to smell, then Raven grabbed her other arm and took a whiff, and Clarke said, "I just smell like me."

"Yeah, I've smelled her after sex, it's nothing like this." Clarke gave her a look as Raven shrugged her shoulders.

"Your scent is similar to me when I was pregnant. It still lingers on my skin. Clarke took a cautious smell of Shae's wrist and agreed it was alike. "Is there any other way to tell?"

"Your mom could tell, Clarke in fact, I brought with me, one of those devices that can test you. Now that Anya and I are a thing, I keep a couple of them handy." Raven pulls out a small box from her kit and hands to Clarke. "You pee on the end of it and then wait. It takes about five minutes. But it has to be the first urine of the day. So if you've already gone today, you'll have to wait until the next morning."

Clarke read over the instruction just in case, and Raven was right. It would have to be tomorrow.

~~~~

The alphas left the horses near a stand of trees, tended by Quint still recovering from his injuries, but now walking with a distinct limp. His courage was intact and would continue to guard Heda with his life. The knife wounds he received from the Queen almost took his leg. But with Abby's help, brought him back to life. At his belt, he carried a thick lock of Petra's long dark hair to remember him. He was the only death among all of Leksa's warriors.

Leksa took the lead into the densest part of the forest that surrounded Polis, nearby a river that would attract wild bucks. They settled in the bush and Leksa would take the first kill. Nocking an arrow and sniffing the air to detect their odors. Now with the weather changing, hunting the large animals would grow difficult, and they would have to wait for one to arrive. It did not take long for an itch on the back of her neck to began to grow as she sensed eyes watching her from the two mentors. Instead of sending out a scent to back them down she sighs, "What is it?" She turns and leans against a tree
and found both of them sitting crosslegged sharing a skin of wine. Anya offered it to Leksa, and she
downed a long pull. Wiping the back of her hand against her mouth and gave it over to Indra. "Does
the cat have your tongues?" Anya drew an item out of her knapsack, wrapped in leather and handed
it to Leksa. "What is this, not for my day of birth?"

"Please, open it, Heda," Anya requested.

The weight felt familiar as did the length. Freeing it from the leather covering was her father's knife,
and her eyes quickly darted to Anya and sucked in a surprised breath. "How did you...where did you
find it?

"Near the river where you saved Clarke. I tripped over it in the mud when I went searching for it
before we left the mountain. I did not have time until now to return it to you. I am sorry you had to
wait."

"That is quite alright, Anya." Leksa beams in relief and offers her forearm to Anya. Grateful for the
recovery of her father's knife. She had let the pain of losing it pass. Holding now in her mind as only
a memory, she kept tucked away. Now it was back in her hand, firm and unyielding. She unhooked
her belt and removed a new knife along with its sheath she carried instead and handed it to Anya.
"This knife has a finer blade than my fathers; it would be an honor to give this to you my friend." She
still wore her father's empty sheath on her belt now repaired after the fight with Nia. Keeping it
to remind her of what she lost. Leksa slid her father's knife snugly into place. The familiar,
comfortable weight now back in place on her hip.

"It is a good knife, thank you, Heda." Showing it to Indra and fixing it on her belt.

"How long has it been since we were here last?" Leksa asked as she took back the wine back.

"Out here?" Anya asked and guessed. "Five, maybe six weeks."

"Feels like ages," Leksa said and eyed the smile that covered Indra's face. "I see the joy you have for
your new child, Indra. She is beautiful."

"Thank you, Heda. When I see my children, I see all of Shae. You will soon know."

Anya laughed. "I was afraid I would never see your face again after you mated, Leksa. Your
attention is never far from your mate."

That caused a smiled to fall on her face. "As do you," Leksa said "I can not wait to see your untamed
sky babies from Raven. You will have your hands full."

Anya reflected on the joy mating with Raven has given her. "In time, no doubt. I will enjoy seeing
our children growing up together. Do you think that Clarke..."

Leksa shook her head. "Not yet. Maybe I should find out your secret, Indra."

"Heda, there is no secret, only love."

~

Leksa and Anya walked behind Indra, who kept turning around snickering at them. After Leksa got
her buck, Anya challenged Leksa to wrestle. Standing over the river on a fallen tree that
conveniently stretched across its banks. Leksa made the first move and grabbed Anya. She thought
she could easily pick her up and toss her into the swiftly moving river. However, Anya whipped her
body around and landed on her feet then kicked at Leksa who jumped out of the way but when she
came down the tree dislodged itself from the shore, and they both fell in the river.

"It seems that the tree won the fight," Indra smiled then chuckled. Both women were cover in mud and grime. They had to swim quite a distance before they found their way out of the river. Then Anya pushed Leksa, and she landed in the muck, and it was all out brawl. "And the mud."

They wash up downstairs and leaving their clothes behind after they cleaned them. Now wearing lent ill-fitting clothing, they headed back upstairs. Leksa left Anya to change in her quarters and moved down the hallway to their bedchambers. Taking a deep breath to brace herself against the coming storm from Clarke.

Raven saw Leksa first and put her hand over mouth. Clarke turned to see what she was looking at and found her partner standing sheepishly in the doorway. Her hair soaking wet and nothing on but an ill-fitting sackcloth. Clarke smiled and tried desperately to keep from laughing and sputtered, "What are you wearing and what happened to your other clothes?"

"Anya and I fell in the river."

"That doesn't sound like you," Clarke said.

"That doesn't sound like Anya either, spill it."

Leksa shrugs her shoulders and tosses her gear on her work table and begins pulling off of her boots. Trying to hide her embarrassment hoping that her mate would come to her rescue, and not have to explain how she ended up this way.

When she looked up, Clarke was still waiting, and she relented. "Anya and I fought and fell into the water. Then we fought again and ended up in the mud. I wash up and left my clothes downstairs. I did not want to bring my filth into our home." Saying what she hoped would get her off the hook for being thoughtful.

"Who won?" Clarke gave her wink, enjoying this new side of her mate. She rose and fished through Leksa's standing closet for more fitting clothes.

"Indra will say the river and the mud. The fight was only in jest, Raven."

"Oh, I know. Let me check on Anya and will be back and share the couple bottles of wine we brought.

~

Leksa threw another log on the dying fire. Clarke had rearranged the area, to where they could sit comfortably by the heat on the large sofa. Leksa's chair to the left of it with a table at the center. All of this happened after they left to hunt. Raven and Anya took the large sofa while Clarke curled up in Leksa lap on her overstuffed chair. Clarke was having a second glass of wine while Leksa stared on her third.

"You promised me a story," Clarke motion to Anya as her arms when around Leksa's shoulders and snuggling further into her body.

Anya closed her eyes recalling the memory. "Twelve years ago my duty under Heda Ainia was instructing the new trainees. I had my initiates scouting and learning how to hunt for prey. You know the drill, Leksa. It was a bitterly cold winter, and this skill is needed to survive. It was early spring on this excursion; I believe we were hunting for rabbits and it was Quint who spotted her first." She held up her hand no more than four feet off the ground. "Skinny too."
"How old were you, Leksa?" Raven asked.

Leksa spoke softly, "Eight going on Nine. I lost my family the year before." Clarke snaked a hand under her shirt and pulled her closer. The skin on skin contact giving her the courage to describe this story she had yet to tell her mate. The moment finally felt right.

"If I may Anya." Anya agrees and lets her continue. Leksa began by holding out her arm and pulling up a sleeve to show Raven a tattoo covering her bicep. "To remember my family. One band each for my mother and father, Ros and Thorn and the other two for my brothers Wil and Benj." Clarke caught her breath and could feel tears coming at hearing the names of Leksa's family for the first time. "We lived outside a village, where later I came to understand was southwest of Polis. It was unknown to me that it was dangerous to be an alpha. I, along with my mother and two brothers all from this station. My father was a beta. I did not know at the time, but my parents kept us away from the larger villages to keep us safe until the men of the village near to where we lived found out."

"How?" Clarke asked.

"Two strange men came to our home demanding barter from my father." Remembering like it was yesterday. "One of the men pushed my father, and I got angry and attacked him.

"Oh my and you were only eight?"

"And tiny," Anya interrupted.

"Still, I wanted to be my father's protector and gave the man a bloody nose."

"That's my girl." Clarke squeezed her.

Leksa smiled sadly and took a long drink. "More men returned the next day, looking for us. I was away collecting the catch from the night before and saw two different men leaving our home when I returned. Being small, like Anya said, I hid until they left. It was only later I found my family slain. Strung up in a tree their necks cut and I ran away." Leksa felt the rage and shame all over again. Trying to quell her scent into something other than anger and her sorrow.

Clarke's eyes well up with tears and spilled over. Unable to find the words and wanted to protect her mate against her pain and asked instead, "How you did survive by yourself all that time? What happened to the men?"

Leksa took a breath now having the courage to speak of what she had done as a child. Anya knew her secret, with Heda Ainia taking it her grave, but no others. "I taught myself how to survived. Then I hunted down the men and killed them as they slept."

Clarke gasp and Raven just shook her head. "I knew you were a bad ass."

"What happened after that?" Clarke asked.

"I left the village and never returned. Finding shelter was crucial, and by chance, I found a cave that had water nearby. I returned only once back to our home taking a few things. I did not possess the courage to help my family into the afterlife with a proper pyre, to this day I regret not begin able to send their souls to Keryon."

"I am sure the spirit would understand, my love."

"Maybe." Leksa held Clarke tighter, smelling her scent radiating out her love and soothe the hurt she felt at remembering the faces of her loved ones.
Anya began again, "Quint told me where she stayed, and I took over looking out for her. Leksa ate anything she could find. Still, she was skinny and wore only ragged clothing. We needed to devise a way to catch her. This young girl appeared suspicious to approach in great number, so we set a trap. It didn’t take long for her to find the sweet fruits and up she went into the tree. Caught like a rabbit in our net." Anya smiled at the memory. "Still we must have terrified Leksa because she fainted. We did not mean to scare the young alpha, but I could understand years later when she told me about her family."

"So, you became good friends after that?" Raven asked.

"Not right away no, but soon. Leksa escaped after a couple of days, and we had to track her down. Then she stayed and began to talk."

"I think I bit you the first day when you tried to bathe me."

"I still have the scar." Holding up a wrist and showing the small dent in her skin.

"Is that why you think that Leksa is what you call, the one?" Clarke asked.

"It was always a dream to bring peace to our land, Clarke. When I took over the duty of training from my mentor I learned of the legend as a youth. It was as this young pup grew up I began to sense her skills as a leader and fighting. Her cunning when it came to hunting game. Learning how to speak your language took her half a year. So much for such a small one, I felt she could fulfill the legend. She lost everything and survived and grew into our leader conquering the mountain and slew the treacherous Queen. She succeeded what no others could in only a few years after she became Heda. Anya lifted her chin in pride of what she had accomplished. "And now with the peace across our land, I believe that Heda Leksa kom Trikru is the one."

Clarke understood what Anya was saying having found the incomplete text in a dusty old book. It wasn't fiction either. Leksa could be from a long line of women warriors whose lives were fated to save the world or die in the quest. What an awesome responsibility her mate carried having achieved her destiny.

"Anya, what is not stated and for me is the real truth. None of this could have happened if we did not work together. It took my mate and her people to fall out of the sky, and as Clarke is an omega. It only takes determination, my friend."

Anya would not give in and took another drink. "I wish always to challenge you on this subject, Heda. But, I will agree that sky women are unique." Anya pulled her mate closer, and Raven winked on cue to Clarke who yawned.

"It's getting late," Raven said rising and pulling and Anya with her. "See you guys tomorrow."

~~~~

Clarke combed out her hair, watching Leksa from the mirror as she moved about the room preparing for bed. Her mind wandered back to the conversations of their stations. She experienced prejudice growing up on the Ark because she was born omega. It was worse for the alpha females, culling them before birth, weeding out the rest through their technology, age, and accidents. It made her resentful, self-conscious and jealous at times of never quite fitting in and made friends with the other outcasts. The mountain men had their own set of rules; aborting the alphas and omegas, leaving only betas. Queen Nia desired to sire only an alpha to follow in her lineage, rejecting her beta children. And of her precious partner and her family, who as a young child fought to survive the cruelty of being born an alpha unknowingly competing with others. Each of their worlds grew out of
desperation and greed altering the course of their existence.

Clarke longed as an omega to feel equal in her people's eyes. In her world, they thought she would be of no use, except when it came to the bedroom. All these different groups had power over others because there must be a need for them to feel superior. She found equality with her mate. Leksa openly challenged that notion. It wasn't just an alpha that conquered the mountain and Queen Nia. It was all of them. Alphas, betas and omegas alike, brought together all under Leksa's leadership.

In Anya's belief, Leksa was the one true alpha woman that would save them all, but maybe not the way she assumed or did she? Now she was beginning to understand why her mate disagreed with Anya's opinion. Leksa's words from earlier rang in her head; Everyone, alpha, beta, and omega were equal. All had worth in her eyes. Maybe they both were right.

She felt the pull from Leksa's alpha that resided inside of her. Feeling her powerful waves of passion taking her down on knees that one time. She smirked thinking about a fond memory with Leksa. Her people adored her because as brutal she could be in a fight, she was kind to her people. She knew most of them by their names and as well as their children. Leksa just didn't understand how she affected her people. It was more than conquering an enemy; it was bringing people together. That is what makes a true leader.

Clarke watched as her partner place her father's knife alongside her other weapons. Resting her hand on it for a quiet moment, perhaps feeling that connection back to her family.

Clarke thought on the conversation earlier with Shae and wanted to share a quiet hope and joined Leksa standing by the fireplace. The nights were growing colder, and the comforting heat would last long till morning light. Wrapping her arms around her middle resting her head against her back. Leksa laid her arms on top of them; loving the feeling of Clarke holding her safe in her arms. The weight of the world lifted gently from her shoulders and placed away from her for the night.

"I love the fire," They both said in unison, Leksa silently chuckle under her arms. She drew Clarke from behind her to change positions and let her feel the heat. Clarke put her hands out to soak up the warmth, quietly whispering a quiet hope just under her breath. "Shae thinks that I might be pregnant." She felt the sudden intake of breath, but Leksa didn't utter a word. Clarke turned to see tears welling up in her eyes and let one fall.

"But, you are not sure, Clarke?"

"Raven brought a device with her than can detect a pregnancy. But, we will have to wait until morning to try it. We shouldn't get our hopes up, not just yet but it's not for lack us of trying."

Clarke's blue eyes sparkled bringing a smile from Leksa and pulled her closer and willingly fell into her depths. A subtle shift in her scent grew in Clarke's lungs. Her senses were reminding her of the time they were connected and closed her eyes when Leksa deepened her scent meant to draw out Clarke's heat. Perhaps Leksa remembered when they were tied together as it grew intense and made the space between her legs wet. A throbbing pulse rubbed against her clit as Leksa's arousal starts to extend between her thighs.

Her heat along with Leksa's rut was nearly a month ago. Recovering from the illness took some time, then her days were filled with helping the wounded Arkers that kept arriving. They didn't have the time nor the privacy to be intimate. Leksa left on a short journey for a few days and didn't see her until they were heading back to her home. To her new home, in Polis. This first week back Leksa spent reacquainting with her duties. Decisions that only Leksa could make, put on hold until she returned.

With only the quiet crackling of the fire to keep them company, Leksa took her hand and led her
back to their bed and helped her underdress. Lifting the covers. Clarke laid back against the headboard, and by the light of the flames, Leksa kept her eyes on her as she unbuttoned her top and tossed it on the floor. Kicking off her shoes, and sliding her pants off her hips to reveal her body. Clarke watched as Leksa's clit swelled from her lower lips.

"Damn," Clarke whispered. Her eyes focus on her mate's expanding shaft. The past week together, Leksa body looked like hers. She found it pleasant to lay her hands between her mate's legs and feel her unaroused. Wondering what it would feel like to place her mouth on her this way and lick into her. But, would probably never have the chance. Leksa wouldn't last long she would grow firm and hard for her in seconds. Still, they had a lifetime to explore each other's bodies intimately and tonight would be the first, in their intricately carved bed. Clean linens and more than enough pillows for the both of them.

This time Clarke drew Leksa down into her arms and made room for her body to fit between her thighs. A familiar longing filled her body as her mate gently laid on top of her, and Leksa found her lips. Taking her into an extended heated exploration of her mouth with her tongue; Clarke almost swooned with Leksa drew herself up on both arms, her form on display. The past weeks training, her body grew firmer. Taut muscles lined her arms and torso. Clarke's hunger increased when she realized what her mate was doing and reached up glide her hands over her shoulders and her breasts. When her hand brushed against Leksa's firm abdomen, she pulled a whimper from her mate.

"I've missed you. Like this," Clarke purred and edged her hands every so near to her mate's arousal. "Your body is beautiful, Leksa. I know I never tell you as much as I should."

"Your eyes tell me everything, Clarke. As do, your lips." Leksa bent over and grazed lightly over her lips with her tongue then asking entry again; her taste held the hints of the wine from earlier. Leksa kissed a line down her body and glided her warm mouth around her firm nipple. Clarke hissed as the tip grew harder in moments under Leksa's mouth. More sensitive than before in her heat. Leksa moan rumbled against her flesh, licking and tasting her nipples and maybe she could sense what she was suspecting was true.

Leksa was under Clarke's spell the first moment she laid eyes on her from across the open field. Her heart was racing along with her body drawing her to the woman coming from the forest, proud and not afraid. "My omega," Leksa purred against her breast; two halves that made a whole from their broken lives. They were destined to find each other in this life and break the cycle of violence. Clarke took her hand and drew down her body to her center when Leksa took over finding the clinging wetness coating hand up to her wrist looking up saw the desired in Clarke's face. Quickly needed her to fill her with shaft again and edging the head against Clarke's entrance. Bringing it higher to rub her clit making Clarke cry out, unconsciously lifting her hips. Presenting to her, wanting to be filled deep and hard with her cock and did so in one swift thrust.

Leksa almost spilled her seed at the familiar tightness surrounding her. The comfortable warm of her lover clinching down on her to hold tight to her body. Leksa resisted the urge release and kept herself from filling her mate and found Clarke's mating mark. Licking at the edges drawing a low moan from Clarke and she began to move.

Clarke's mind tried to register the fullness inside. Pulsing hard and thick. Stretching her and taking with it her breath when her mate's swollen shaft pulled a cry out her again when Leksa hit deeper on each thrust. Slick friction threatened to set her on fire when she claimed her once more seating herself over and over.

"My alpha," Clarke whispered into Leksa's ear making her alpha faltered for a moment then found her rhythm again. Drawing Clarke's legs around her body. Wanting and desiring the warmth and
strength of her legs around her, keeping her grounded in this place, at this time, in her mate. She had found her home her connection to the one that held her heart gently in her hands.

Clarke held her firm and squeezing down causing an ache inside desiring her mate spill and swelling her womb. Her arms and legs went around her as Leksa continued to surged inside. Leksa was her home, her heart, her mate. One thing more she needed from Leksa was to tie her. Claim her again. Knot her so thoroughly her body naturally opening herself upon each thrust as Leksa worked to penetrate her entirely and seal herself, to release once more.

"Ah..I need..you...all of you, please, Leksa." Clarke's tears covered her face crying out again, "Take me, ahh fuck....tie me..."

Leksa was close. Feeling the edge of Clarke's opening stretch around her knot as she thrust into her. A sudden warmth surrounded her shaft, and Clarke's wetness spilled over her thighs. The omega's body preparing for her knot the alpha bared down and pushed herself inside sending waves of pleasure pulsing around her cock making Clarke release in a blessed moment around her. The both hung suspended in bliss as their connection again fulfilled. Leksa groans and cries out as rippling muscle massages her knot and cock, coaxing her to release inside of her and she came, steadily thrusting as she emptied inside of Clarke. Gasping as her swollen knot shoots out thick bands of come over and over. Until surely Clarke could hold no more. Clarke squeezed down and pulled one last pulse of come from her.

Fingers brushed against her sweat coated back. Laying breast to breast and tied with her mate, Leksa snuggled her face into Clarke's neck and mouthed her mating mark again. Drawing a light laugh from Clarke. Leksa kissed her neck and muttered. "I could move you to the side if I am too heavy."

"Uh-uh. Don't you dare move."

Leksa reached down and pulled the covers over both of them running her hands under Clarke's shoulders and grew sleepy. Clarke sighed and prayed to Keryon a silent hope. Just when she thought that Leksa had fallen asleep, she heard her quiet wish murmured against her neck.

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Clarke woke first. Her body was sore in all the right place and didn't have the urge to move just yet. A warm arm around her middle keeping her close to the body behind her with Leksa's face buried in the nape of her neck. Her soft, steady breaths send chills down her arms. But she kept still and hated to wake her partner this new morning.

She reached down to the hand holding her belly, entwining their fingers together and felt a squeeze and snuggled of warmth pulling her impossibly tighter when the urge to go to the bathroom planted itself in her mind.

Slowly she extracted herself from her mate and pulled on the robe against the coolness of the room. As she sat, she remembered Raven's tester and found it on the counter. The test was simple enough and completed the task as the instructions indicated and held it in her hand and waited.

Usually, five minutes wouldn't seem like a long time, but the device remained unchanged. Cursing herself when she remembered she had a watch to gauge the time. Now she was at the mercy of waiting, hoping.

It was a subtle change from white to blue; just a faint mark that grew to a brilliant dark blue. Tears welled in her eyes blurring her vision, and she cried out in thanks. She carried the heir of Heda Leksa kom Trikru, her mate, her warrior, her wife.
It was the absence of the warmth on her chest that woke her first, then the faint sound of Clarke in the other room that drew her quickly from the bed, finding Clarke standing with tears falling down her cheeks and pulled into her embrace. Fear took hold of her until her senses detected Clarke's scent. It filled the room, surrounding them with love.

Clarke pulled back and gave her a smile through her tears. Leksa brushed them away and found her lips. Clarke couldn't find the words of what her heart could already sense. She carried Leksa's children.

Overjoyed, Leksa lifted Clarke in the air and spun her around. "Clarke, is it true?"

Clarke brushed the tears that welled in her eyes as Leksa sets her back on the ground. The profound love radiated from Clarke filled the emptiness that was her whole life before. But, no more. Without words, Clarke nods her head, and Leksa found her lips and took the mother of her children back to bed.

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